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ANNALS

OF THE

AMERICAN PULPIT;

OR

COMMEMORATIVE NOTICES

OF

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CLERGYMEN

OF

VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS,

FROM THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY TO THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.

WITH HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS.

BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

VOLUME IV.

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JOHN MITCHELL MASON, D. D.*

1792—1829.

JOHN MITCHELL MASON was born in the city of New York, March 19, 1770. He was a son of the Rev. John Mason, D. D., who emigrated from Scotland to this country in 1761, and took the pastoral charge of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, New York, where he laboured with great fidelity and success, until his death in 1792. One of the noblest tributes which a son ever paid to the memory of a father, is to be found in the Address which Dr. Mason (the son) delivered before the Presbytery, relative to the resignation of his pastoral charge;—a tribute which no one can read without feeling a sentiment of veneration for the parent, and of admiration for the intellectual greatness and filial sensibilities of the son.

Young Mason is said to have been characterized, in his childhood, by a freedom from every thing vicious, an unusual sprightliness of temper, and a strong relish for study. It was obvious, in the earliest development of his powers, that he possessed an intellect of no common order; and the rapid improvement and brilliant exhibitions of the boy gave no equivocal presage of the pre-eminent greatness of the man. His father, who was distinguished for his classical attainments, mainly conducted his education, up to the time of his admission to College; and it was during this period that he laid the foundation of those habits of intellectual discipline, for which he was subsequently so much distinguished. In May, 1789, he was graduated at Columbia College in his native city, at the age of a little more than nineteen. After having alluded to his diligent application, it is hardly necessary to add that, with such powers as he possessed, he held a distinguished rank in point of scholarship. His comprehensive, brilliant, versatile mind gave him the power of attaining the highest rank in any department of learning to which he applied himself; while he is said to have been actually most distinguished for his familiarity with the classics, and with metaphysical science.

The foundation of his religious character seems to have been laid, at a very early period, in the blessing of God on a course of faithful parental efforts. His mind was imbued with a knowledge of the great truths of the Gospel, as soon as its faculties were sufficiently developed to admit of comprehending them; and these truths seem to have become very early, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, the commanding principles of his conduct. He once incidentally remarked that, at the age of ten, he used sometimes to go into the garret, taking with him Ralph Erskine's work, entitled "Faith's Plea upon God's word," and, as he read it, to weep in view of his sins, and humbly supplicate God's mercy. At seventeen, his religious views and feelings were so matured and settled, that he made a public profession of religion, and was received to the communion of the church of which his father was pastor.

* Memoir prefixed to his work.—McElroy's Fun. Serm.—Snodgrass' do.—MS. from Rev. J H. M. Knox.

From the time of his leaving College, and probably at an earlier period, his views seem to have been directed towards the Christian ministry. His course of preparation for the sacred office was begun and continued for a while under the direction of his father; and it was during this period that he became so familiar with the original languages of the Bible, especially the Greek;—a circumstance which he afterwards turned to great account in his expository labours. But, after having passed a year under his father's instruction, he crossed the ocean in 1791, with a view to complete his theological course at the University of Edinburgh. Here he was honoured with the respect and friendship of many distinguished men, among whom were Doctors Hunter and Erskine, who rendered him marked attentions, and continued his cordial friends through life. Here also he became associated, as a student, with several individuals with whom he formed an enduring intimacy, and who have since risen to the highest respectability and usefulness.

One of the most important advantages which he seems to have derived from his connection with the University, was the admirable facility which he acquired at extemporaneous speaking He possessed an original talent for this, in no common degree; and here he had an opportunity to cultivate it, which, at that time, he could scarcely have enjoyed in an equal degree any where else. Connected with the University there was a Theological Society, composed of students, which held its meetings every week, for the purpose of mutual improvement; and the exercises of this Society consisted chiefly in extemporaneous debate. In these exercises Mr. Mason had a prominent share; and no doubt this was an important part of the instrumentality by which he ultimately attained a rank among the first extemporaneous preachers of the age.

Towards the close of the year 1792, his course in the University was suddenly arrested by his receiving the afflictive intelligence of the death of his father, together with an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the church with which his father was connected. Considering that it was the church in the bosom of which he had been born and educated, and that he was now but little more than twenty-two years of age, this might have seemed, at first view, a hazardous experiment; but the knowledge which they had of his talents and piety, and their conviction that he was destined to eminent usefulness, led them unhesitatingly to direct their eyes towards him as their spiritual guide. The event proved that their confidence was not misplaced. In compliance with their wishes, he returned immediately to this country; was licensed to preach in November, 1792; and, after preaching for them a few months, was installed in April, 1793, as their Pastor. In this relation he continued, growing in favour and usefulness, for seventeen years. On the 13th of May succeeding his installation, he was married to Ann, the only child of Abraham Lefferts of the city of New York,—who survived him several years.

One important service which he rendered to the Church, especially to the denomination with which he was connected, a little before the close of the century, was the publication of his "Letters on Frequent Communion." Up to that period, it had been the practice of the Associate Reformed Church in this country, to celebrate the Communion but once, or at most twice, a year; and to precede it by a day of Fasting, and follow it by a day of Thanksgiving. The "Letters" now referred to were addressed to the

churches of that denomination, and were designed to bring them to a more frequent celebration of the ordinance, and to lead them to view it more in what the writer regarded its scriptural simplicity. This pamphlet was extensively circulated, and produced a powerful, and to a great extent the desired, effect; for it was followed, on the part of most of the churches, by a gradual, and ultimately an almost entire, relinquishment of the ancient practice, and by a practical adoption of the views which the "Letters" were designed to recommend.

As Mr. Mason had known by experience the advantages of a thorough theological education, he was exceedingly desirous not only that the standard of qualification for the ministry in this country should be elevated, but that young men destined to the sacred office should enjoy better opportunities for theological improvement. This led him, about the beginning of the present century, to project the plan of a Theological Seminary, to be established by the authority, and subject to the direction, of the Associate Reformed Church. This plan he succeeded in carrying into effect in 1804; and the result was the establishment of an institution, which soon attained a high degree of respectability. Of this institution he was himself the very life and soul,—he was appointed its first Professor, and continued to discharge the duties of the office with almost unparalleled ability, in connection with his various other official duties, until, by the gradual decay of his constitution, he was admonished to retire.

To aid in the accomplishment of this favourite object,—the establishment of a Theological Seminary, he again visited Great Britain for the purpose of procuring a library; and he succeeded in obtaining about three thousand volumes. During this visit, he made an impression of intellectual greatness which few other men have ever made;—an impression in respect to which, in some cases at least, I am myself a witness that, after the lapse of nearly half a century, it remained as vivid as ever. Some of the most eminent clergymen and statesmen of England, rendered the highest tribute to his genius and eloquence; assigning him a high rank among the very first preachers of the age. It was during this visit that he preached in Edinburgh, before a Society for the relief of the destitute sick, his famous Sermon, entitled "Living Faith;" and in London, before the London Missionary Society, his Sermon, entitled "Messiah's Throne;" both of which have been several times printed, and are justly reckoned among his finest efforts.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania in 1804.

In the year 1806, his fertile and active mind projected the plan of the Christian's Magazine; a periodical which he conducted for several years, furnishing not a small part of the matter which it contained from his own resources. In this work his versatile mind had full scope. Though it partakes, in no small degree, of a polemic character, it shows that he was equally at home in almost every species of composition, and almost every department of learning.

In 1810, owing to the small size of the building in which Dr. Mason preached, as well as to various other circumstances, he formed the purpose of establishing a new congregation; and in view of this, asked and obtained leave of his Presbytery to resign his pastoral charge. On this occasion he delivered the Speech already referred to, stating the grounds of his request,

and urging it with a force of argument and eloquence, which perhaps he himself never surpassed. I have been assured by more than one competent witness, who heard it delivered, that its effect upon the audience was entirely overpowering.

During the interval that elapsed between Dr. Mason's resignation of his pastoral charge, and the completion of the new Church in Murray Street, which was built under his direction, the infant congregation to which he ministered, held their meetings for public worship in the Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street; and never, it is said, did his transcendent pulpit talents shine more brightly than during this period. But though this arrangement was exceedingly pleasant to him, it was an occasion of some subsequent annoyance, as he suffered it to bring him into more intimate relations with Dr. Romeyn's Church than were thought by some of his brethren to consist with his obligations to his own denomination;—not only joining with them in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, but using what, with the Associate Reformed Church, was an unauthorized version of the Psalms. At the meeting of Synod in Philadelphia in the spring of 1811, the alleged delinquency came up as matter of formal investigation; and, though it resulted in a very conciliatory resolution on the part of the Synod, their doings in the case were the subject of severe animadversion, especially by many of the ministers and churches at the West. It was this circumstance that suggested to Dr. Mason the idea of writing his work on Catholic Communion, which apppeared about four years after, and which produced no little sensation on both sides of the Atlantic.

In the summer of 1812, the Murray Street Church was ready for occupancy, and was henceforth the place of his stated ministrations, until his increasing infirmities obliged him finally to relinquish the active duties of the ministry.

The duties of Dr. Mason as Professor of Theology, and as minister of a large congregation, in connection with the numerous demands which were made upon his time by other public engagements, and in the ordinary intercourse of society, were enough, and more than enough, even for his gigantic constitution; but, in addition to this accumulation of labour, he accepted, in the summer of 1811, the office of Provost of Columbia College. This with him was much more than a mere nominal concern; for he was really the acting head of the institution; and, by the splendour of his talents and the energy of his efforts, he gave to it a character which it had never had before. The amount of labour which he performed for several years, after accepting this appointment, would seem scarcely credible. During five days of each week, he was in the constant habit of attending to his classes in College, from twelve o'clock until half past one; and to his theological students, from two until half past three; besides devoting part of every Saturday to hearing and criticising their discourses. In addition to this, he made his preparation for two public services on each Sabbath; and though his preaching, so far as language was concerned, was, to a great extent, extemporaneous, yet, it was always full of weighty instruction, and often the result of much intellectual labour.

But Dr. Mason, during these years, was exhausting his strength more rapidly than either he or his friends imagined; for, while he was seen moving majestically forward under this mighty burden of responsibility and intellectual toil, in the enjoyment of vigorous health, it seemed to be

almost forgotten that any shock could be severe enough to undermine his constitution. But time soon put this delusion to flight. In 1816, his health had become so far impaired by his excessive labours, that he found it necessary to resign the office he had assumed in connection with the College, and resolved to try the effect of a voyage to Europe. On the Sabbath previous to his departure, he preached a Farewell Sermon on the text—"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." The parting with his family is said to have been a most striking example of the tenderness of natural affection, united with the sublimity of Christian faith.

At this time, Dr. Mason visited the Continent, and travelled extensively in France, Italy, and Switzerland. The journey was a source of constant delight to him, not only as bringing relief from the cares under which his constitution had begun to sink, but as carrying him into a field of most interesting observation. His familiarity with the classical as well as religious associations of the countries through which he travelled, and the cordiality with which he was every where greeted by the wise and good, as one of the most distinguished characters of the age, gave him an advantage which few travellers in foreign countries have ever enjoyed.

From the Continent he passed over to England, where he arrived just in season to attend the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society,—an institution which he regarded as among the brightest ornaments of the British Church. On this occasion he delivered an Address which did justice alike to his powers and his feelings, and which was received with most enthusiastic applause. During this visit, he had an opportunity to revive many of the friendships of other days, and to hold delightful communion with some of the purest and brighest spirits of the age.

In the autumn of 1817, Dr. Mason returned to this country, and met his congregation, for the first time, apparently in a much improved state of health, on the 2d of November,—the day after his arrival. On the evening of that day, he preached to an immense congregation from the text,—"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish his work;" and I can truly say (for I happened to be present on the occasion) that I never heard him preach with equal force or effect. It is much to be regretted that this sermon is not included in his published works; and still more, that no trace of it is known to exist, except in the minds of some who heard it.

Dr. Mason now resumed his accustomed labours in connection with his pastoral charge, in the hope that his health was so far confirmed that he should be able to prosecute them without interruption. But it was not long before the painful conviction was forced upon him that his constitution had been effectually undermined by the labours of preceding years, and that his subsequent course must be one of gradual decline. In the summer and autumn of 1819, he experienced, in two instances, a slight paralytic affection, which, however, soon passed off, though it was an admonition to him and to his friends of an advancing process of decay. After the second attack, he reluctantly consented to suspend his public labours for six weeks; but, at the end of that period, he resumed them, and continued them without further interruption until February, 1820, when an affecting and monitory incident occurred in his pulpit, which left no doubt that his work was drawing to a close. During the week which preceded the Sabbath on which the incident occurred, his family had noticed that he had not only lost his accustomed cheerfulness, but was in a state of great bodily deprcs-

sion. When the Sabbath came, he went to the house of God as usual, and commenced the service; but, shortly after reading the portion of Scripture on which he intended to lecture, his recollection failed, his mind became confused, and, bursting into tears, he told the audience that such was the infirmity that had been induced by disease that he was unable to proceed; upon which, he immediately offered a short prayer, gave out three verses of the fifty-sixth Psalm, and dismissed the congregation.

His people being now fully satisfied of his inability to sustain the burden of care and labour incident to his pastoral charge, and yet wishing, if possible, to retain him among them, that they might enjoy his counsels and sympathy, and do what they could to brighten the evening of his days, resolved to endeavour to procure an assistant minister. Repeated attempts to effect this, however, proved unsuccessful; and, meanwhile, Dr. Mason, by entire cessation from active labour, had gathered so much strength that, on the first Sabbath of October, he again appeared in the pulpit. He commenced, at this time, an exposition of the First Epistle of Peter; and it has been remarked by some who listened to him, as far as he went, that though these lectures exhibited comparatively little of the fire of his genius, and of that overpowering eloquence which had marked his earlier days, yet they breathed a spirit of more earnest piety and indicated a more simple-hearted devotedness to the cause of his Master, than most of the discourses which had borne a deeper impress of his original and powerful mind. But here again, his course was quickly interrupted by continued and increasing infirmity, and on the 25th of October, 1821, he finally resigned his pastoral charge.

Previous to this, he had been invited by the Trustees of Dickinson College, Carlisle, to the Presidency of that institution; and as he thought the labour incident to the station would not be more than he could perform, and withal hoped that the change of climate might be favourable to his health, he determined to accept the appointment. Accordingly, he removed to Carlisle shortly after, and entered upon the duties of his new office; but even those duties he was soon convinced required an amount of exertion to which his shattered constitution was quite inadequate. During his residence here, it pleased God to try him with severe affliction, in the death, first of a beloved daughter, and then of a promising son,—on both which occasions he discovered the keenest sensibility, qualified, however, by the actings of a sublime Christian faith.

Dr. Mason transferred his relation from the Associate Reformed Church to the Presbyterian Church, and became a member of the Presbytery of New York, in 1822,—being one of a considerable number that seceded from their original connection at that time.

In the autumn of 1824, Dr. Mason, having resigned his office as President of the College, returned to the city of New York, to pass the remainder of his days among the friends who had enjoyed the best opportunity to appreciate his talents and virtues. From this time he relinquished the idea of attempting any thing more as a public man; and determined to seek that state of quietude in the bosom of an affectionate family, which his circumstances seemed loudly to demand. During a considerable part of the time until near the close of his life,—notwithstanding it was manifest that there was a gradual decline, he enjoyed comfortable bodily health, and was capable of a moderate degree of intellectual exertion. It was painful to all

who saw him, to perceive how that mighty mind was verging back towards the imbecility of childhood—nevertheless, up to the last day of his life, there were evidences of strength and majesty amidst all his weakness. There were times, even after his mind seemed little better than a wreck, when it would suddenly wake up from its habitual drowsiness, like a giant from his slumbers, and soar away into the higher regions of thought, as if it had been borne upward on the wings of an angel; and then, perhaps, in a single half-hour, there could scarcely be discerned a trace of intellectual existence. I have heard of instances in which clergymen who visited him, after the decay of his faculties, have started some query in respect to a difficult point in Theology, or the meaning of some obscure passage of Scripture; and his mind has instantly grasped the whole subject, and disentangled it from all difficulties, and thrown around it a flood of light, which could scarcely have emanated from any other intellect than his own. A striking instance of this momentary kindling of mind happened to fall under my own observation. Not long before his death, I had the melancholy pleasure to call upon him, charged with friendly salutations and messages from some of his friends in England. At first, he seemed to hear without any interest, and said not a word to indicate that he had any recollection of the persons whose names were mentioned to him. At length, when an allusion was made to Rowland Hill, his faculties instantly brightened into exercise, and the image of his old friend seemed, for a moment, to be before his mind: he then related a characteristic anecdote concerning him, with as much correctness and effect as he could have done at any period of his life; and, after remarking that he was afraid to go to England again, because he should be obliged to look for most of his friends in the burying-ground, he relapsed into the same state of mind from which he had been roused, and apparently took no longer any interest in the conversation.

During this melancholy period of Dr. Mason's life, he habitually attended church when his health would permit, and would sometimes remark upon the services with much taste and judgment, though always with kindness, and often with high approbation. Though his residence was remote from the place of worship in which he had formerly officiated, yet that was the place to which his inclinations carried him; as he was surrounded there by his own people, and every thing was fitted to keep alive the most interesting associations. It is believed that he always declined any part in the public services of the sanctuary, after his return from Carlisle, with the single exception of administering baptism to an infant child of his successor. He, however, uniformly conducted the family devotions of his own house, up to the close of his life; and his prayers on these occasions, I have been informed, were scarcely in any respect different from what they had formerly been, except that they were characterized by more of the tenderness, and spirituality, and depth, of devotion. After having gradually sunk for several years under the power of disease, the hand of death was at length laid upon him, and he passed calmly to his rest on the 26th of December, 1829, in the sixtieth year of his age.

The following is a list of Dr. Mason's publications:—A Sermon preached in the city of New York on a day set apart for Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer, on account of a malignant and mortal fever prevailing in the city of Philadelphia, 1793. Mercy remembered in wrath; A National Thanksgiving Sermon, 1795. The Address of the New York Missionary Society,

1796. Hope for the Heathen: A Sermon preached before the New York Missionary Society, 1797. Letters on Frequent Communion, addressed particularly to the members of the Associate Reformed Church in North America, 1798. A Letter to the members of the Associate Reformed Synod, illustrating the Act of Synod, concerning a Synodical fund, 1798. An Oration on the death of Washington, 1800. The Warning Voice to Christians on the ensuing election of a President of the United States, 1800. Pardon of sin by the blood of Jesus: A Sermon preached in Philadelphia, 1801. Living Faith: A Sermon preached before the Society for the relief of the destitute sick in Edinburgh, 1801. Messiah's Throne: A Sermon before the London Missionary Society, 1802. An Oration commemorative of the late Major-General Alexander Hamilton, pronounced before the New York State Society of Cincinnati, 1804. A Letter to the members of the Associate Reformed Church relative to a Theological Seminary, 1805. Report relative to the course of instruction and discipline in Columbia College, 1810. Speech relative to the Resignation of his Pastoral charge, 1810. Christian mourning: A Sermon on the death of Mrs. Isabella Graham, 1814. The Address to the people of the United States, of the Convention of Delegates to form the American Bible Society, 1816. A Plea for Sacramental Communion on Catholic principles, (an octavo volume,) 1816. Speech before the London Bible Society, 1817. The Evangelical Ministry exemplified in the Apostle Paul: A Sermon preached in Murray Street Church on occasion of resigning the charge of his congregation, 1821. An Address delivered at the organisation of Dickinson College, 1822. A Sermon on the text—"To the poor the Gospel is preached,"—published in the National Preacher, 1826. A Sermon on "Christian Assurance," published in the National Preacher, 1829.

Besides the above, Dr. Mason was the author of various Reports of the Synod, the New York Missionary Society, &c., which, though not always bearing his name, bear so strongly the impress of his mind that their origin cannot easily be mistaken. In 1832, a collection of his works, consisting partly of those that had been, and partly of those that had not been, printed before, was published, in four volumes, under the superintendence of his son, the Rev. Ebenezer Mason. In 1849, a second and more complete edition of his works appeared, which contains nearly every thing of importance that is known to have come from his pen. Most of his contributions to the Christian's Magazine, particularly his Essays on Lots, on Episcopacy, and on the Church of God, are contained in these volumes. In 1856, a Memoir of Dr. Mason's Life, with portions of his correspondence, was published by his son-in-law, the Rev. Jacob Van Vechten, D. D.

Dr. Mason was the father of seven children,—five sons and two daughters,—all of whom lived to maturity, and became members of the Church. Four of his sons were graduated at College. One entered the profession of the Law; two became clergymen; one died shortly after his graduation; and the one who was not graduated became a merchant. Both daughters were married to ministers—the elder, to the Rev. John Knox, D. D., of New —the younger, to the Rev. Jacob Van Vechten, D. D., of Schenec- All his children are deceased (1856) except the eldest, the Hon. Mason of New York.

skine Mason, the younger of the two sons who entered the minis- will be found a distinct sketch in this work.

EBENEZER MASON, the elder son, was born in the city of New York, June 15, 1800. Having pursued his elementary classical studies in the New York grammar school, he accompanied his father to Europe in 1816, and for about a year was a pupil in the High School in Edinburgh. Returning to the United States in 1817, he entered the Junior class, soon after, in the College of New Jersey, where he was graduated in 1820. He studied Theology for some time under the direction of his father, and, in 1823, became a student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where he completed his preparation for the ministry.

He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York in 1824, and was subsequently ordained by the same Presbytery; and, having accepted a call from the Reformed Dutch Church of Brooklyn, L. I., was installed Pastor of that Church by the Classis of Long Island. In 1826, he was married to Sarah Locke, daughter of Silas E. Weir of Philadelphia.

He remained in Brooklyn about two years, and resigned his charge in 1828, on account of a difference of opinion between him and his church in regard to the proper subjects of Baptism,—he adhering to the strict side. In 1829 or 1830, he was engaged in establishing a Presbyterian Church in the Sixth Avenue, New York; but, though he succeeded in gathering a respectable and somewhat select congregation, the labours attendant on the enterprise, especially in connection with a revival of religion, proved too much for his health, and he was obliged to resign his charge. In 1836, he went with his family to Europe, and remained there,—chiefly among Mrs. Mason's relatives in Ireland, till 1840. After his return to the United States, he started a project for providing a place of worship for the accommodation of the Americans in Paris; and, in January, 1846, he crossed the ocean again, in the hope of establishing himself as a minister in the French metropolis. But this enterprise failed for want of the necessary pecuniary means, and after about two years he returned to this country. In 1848, he accepted a call from Blooming Grove, Orange County, N. Y., and immediately removed to that place, where he died suddenly in March, 1849, leaving a widow and five children.

Mr. Mason was uncommonly prepossessing in his personal appearance,—having a fine form, an expressive countenance, and uncommonly bland and graceful manners. His intellect was vigorous, discriminating and highly cultivated. His spirit was eminently genial and friendly, his powers of conversation remarkably good, and his presence was always felt to be an element of pleasure in every circle. As a preacher he was highly acceptable, especially to the more cultivated class of minds. While he held with due tenacity his own theological views, his Christian sympathies embraced all in whom he recognised the Saviour's image. His departure from the world was worthy to crown a truly Christian life.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT McCARTEE, D. D.

NEWBURGH, March 10, 1856.

Rev. and dear Sir: If you had asked me twenty years ago to give my recollections of Dr. Mason, I could have complied with your request in a manner much more satisfactory to you and to myself, than I can now. Dr. Mason, as you know, has been in his grave for a quarter of a century, and for years before his decease, he was so broken in mind and body, as to be almost shut out from intercourse with any except the members of his own family. Many incidents that

occurred during the period when I enjoyed daily converse with him, have passed from my memory, or are so imperfectly remembered that I should scarcely venture to record them. But Dr. Mason was a man endowed with such rare gifts that all who knew him intimately must have received impressions, which, however weakened by the lapse of time, can never be wholly lost. And yet, when I sit down to review my own impressions and to reduce them to order, so as to give to others something like a picture of the man whose memory is so dear to me, I am troubled with the fear that I shall quite fail to reproduce the noble image which rises to the view of my own mind.

Brought up in the congregation of which he was pastor, my reminiscences, I may say, go back to the days of my childhood; but these are necessarily somewhat dim. At a later period I was brought into close relations with him as a communicant in his church, as a theological pupil, as a fellow presbyter, and as a friend admitted to frequent and intimate fellowship with him in those private circles where he shone as brilliantly as he did on the arena of public life.

No mere verbal description can convey to those who never saw Dr. Mason, an adequate idea of what he was as a *preacher*. With reference to his manner of speaking, I may state that no one was ever less indebted to the tricks of oratory for his power over his audience. He was a man too true and real to resort to such arts, even if he had not been restrained by his profound sense of the solemn nature of the business which took him into the pulpit. His whole demeanour in the sacred desk plainly showed that he was himself conscious that he appeared there as an ambassador of Christ,—a steward of the mysteries of God. He was a man of a singularly noble presence,—one, to whom the eyes of a crowd would spontaneously be turned, if he had chanced to be in the midst of them, and the question were raised—"Who shall be our leader." During his first visit to London, in 1802, as he was one day sauntering through St. James Park, a young lad, supposing from his air and manner that he was a military officer in undress, came up to him, and, touching his cap, said,—"Doesn't your honour want a drummer?" The mistake was a natural one. Dr. Mason entering at once into the humour of the thing, replied,—"No, my boy, I am in search of *trumpeters;*"—one object of his mission to Britain at that time being to obtain a supply of ministers from Scotland for the destitute congregations of the Associate Reformed Church.

His commanding person, and the first few utterances of his majestic voice, capable as it was of the most varied intonations, could not fail, I think, to have fixed the attention and raised the expectations of an audience totally ignorant of his name and of his known talents as a preacher. Yet these were only the outward adornings of a nature susceptible of the tenderest and strongest emotions, and which had received the finest culture. Occasionally the subjects of his sermons were suggested by the events of the day, or by some great question that engaged the public mind; yet the ordinary strain of his preaching was evangelical, and this in an eminent degree. It was so in its topics and in their treatment. Christ crucified, in the manifold aspects and bearings of that central truth, constituted the very staple of his sermons. And while he expounded the principles embodied in his text, and defended them against gainsayers, like a master of theological science, he at the same time combined with his exegetic analysis and his close logic a holy unction which overspread the whole, "like the precious ointment that ran down to the skirts of Aaron's garments," and by the evident influence of the truth upon his own heart, he said to his hearers "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." When in the full vigour of his powers, all his discourses derived a certain glow from his own ardent temper; but there was a class of subjects pertaining to what he deemed the very marrow of the Gospel, on which it was impossible for him to preach without exhibiting the deepest feeling. Such themes were invariably chosen by him on Communion occasions. On these seasons, I have often seen the tears

literally streaming down his cheeks; and yet, such was his wonderful self-command under circumstances which would have quite overpowered most men so as completely to choke their utterance, that his voice never faltered in the least.

Some preachers are great only on great occasions. They need some rousing question or some rare event to excite or to concentrate their energies. What Dr. Mason could do under excitements of this sort, his Orations on the death of Washington and of Hamilton, and his Sermon entitled "Messiah's Throne," sufficiently discover; but I think that he delivered discourses not less masterly and eloquent than the very best of his published ones, in the ordinary course of his ministry. One of these is deeply fixed in my memory. It was from the text, "For me to live is Christ,"—the subject of it being "Jesus the Charm of Life." At this distance of time I cannot undertake to give a minute analysis of the sermon; but I well remember that the address to the several classes of hearers was quite overpowering. He put the question—"Young man, what is to thee the Charm of life?" following it up with an appeal to the young in the highest degree appropriate, searching, tender, and which so wrought upon my own feelings that I actually experienced for the moment a physical pain of the heart.

There was another sermon of which I retain a distinct remembrance, and to which I advert partly because I regard it as one of Dr. Mason's greatest efforts, and partly because it serves to illustrate a feature of character for which he was distinguished above most men—I refer to his fearless disregard of consequences in the discharge of what he deemed a public duty. The Sermon was preached upon a Fast day, and at a time of extreme political excitement. Personal violence had been threatened in case he denounced, as he had before done, the proposed alliance with France. I myself remember to have heard a young lawyer and a violent partisan declare that "if the Doctor dared to repeat the thing, even the horns of the altar should not protect him, for he would himself be one of the first to pull him out of the pulpit." When the Fast day arrived, a large audience assembled, expecting to hear a sermon "to the times." The Doctor chose for his text Ezekiel ii. 3, and the whole chapter was read in his most impressive manner. Near the close of the discourse, he broke forth into a solemn and impassioned apostrophe to Deity in nearly these words—"Send us, if thou wilt, murrain upon our cattle, a famine upon our land, cleanness of teeth in our borders; send us pestilence to waste our cities, send us, if it please thee, the sword to bathe itself in the blood of our sons; but spare us, Lord God Most Merciful, spare us that direst and most dreadful of all thy curses,—an alliance with Napoleon Buonaparte." As he uttered these rousing sentences, the blood gushed from his nostrils; he unconsciously put his handkerchief to his face, and the next instant made a gesture which looked as if he were designedly waving it before the audience like a bloody and symbolic flag. You can fancy better than I can describe the impression which this incident, coupled with the awful apostrophe, made upon the crowded assembly. Next day I asked the young lawyer why he did not proceed, as he had promised, to pull the Doctor out of the pulpit. "Why," said he, "I was perfectly horror-struck when he wound up that terrible apostrophe by waving his bloody handkerchief."

The reference to this sermon leads me to say that Dr. Mason was accustomed, during the first half of his ministry, to discuss political topics both more frequently and freely than most of his contemporaries in the city of New York. His own political opinions were very decided and well known, and his animadversions upon public men or their measures subjected him to no little odium, and perhaps also to some personal danger. By some of his brethren, members of the same Synod with himself, his conduct on this head was deemed open to censure. They thought that he sometimes unduly mixed up things secular and sacred. It is, however, due to him to say, that when he handled matters which other men

abstained from as foreign to the proper business of the pulpit, he did so because he believed that they were closely related to the moral and religious interests of society. He deemed it to be his duty as a minister of Christ to expose and denounce sin in all its forms—whether found in the skirts of the State, of the statesman, or of the private citizen; and in doing so, he was only imitating the example of the venerated fathers of his mother Church of Scotland in her best days.

As a preacher, Dr. Mason was singularly happy in what used to be styled "the opening up of the text," and in the analysis of the subject contained in the passage. One illustration of this statement occurs to me. It is from a sermon which I heard him preach from the words, "I have no greater joy," &c., III. John, 4.—"The Spirit of God," said he, "by the pen of the Apostle presents us with these points, viz:—

1. The greatest of all Interests,—The Truth.
2. The First of all Duties,—Walking in Truth.
3. The purest of all Joys,—Hearing that our Children walk in Truth."

He told me that, in the earlier part of his ministry, his habit was to write the introduction and the application of his sermons with great care, and then to commit them perfectly to memory. The body of the discourse consisted of a very full analysis of the subject, or of the passage on which the sermon was founded, which he studied as thoroughly as he could, but leaving the language in which his thoughts should find utterance to the inspiration of the moment. He could do this with entire safety, for few men possessed a greater *copia fandi*. Such was his method of sermonizing at the time of his first visit to London in 1802, and hence his famous Sermon before the London Missionary Society, as well as the many others which his English friends were so urgent to have published, required to be written out in full after delivery. But in later years (except the very last of his ministry) his numerous duties forbade his making even this kind of preparation for the pulpit, and if he had not been compelled by the importunity of friends to reduce to writing what he had already preached, some of his most admired sermons would have been lost forever. Towards the close of his life the failure of memory consequent upon the disease which paralyzed mind and body, obliged him to write his sermons, and even to read them. It was not without a severe mental struggle that he consented to put on this ignoble yoke as he viewed it, for he had all the old Scottish prejudices against "readers of the Gospel," and had said as hard things about them as any one. The first time he preached for me in this way was in Spruce Street, Philadelphia, where he knew the people had an especial dislike of "the paper." He laid his notes on the Bible, and then said—"My friends, I must ask your indulgence for adopting to-day a practice which through life I have condemned. I must read my sermon—the hand of God is upon me. I must bow to his will." I need not say that the bitterest haters of "notes" in the audience were melted, and for a time the church was truly a Bochim.

The mention of his prejudices against reading sermons reminds me of his prejudices against funeral services, as they are connected with a very tender, and to me ever memorable, scene. For this latter feeling he was mainly indebted, I imagine, to his Scottish training. He was strongly opposed to "funeral services," under the plea that they were apt to become mere occasions for eulogizing the dead. When his son James died at Carlisle, I went there to attend his funeral, and was requested by some members of the family to beg the Doctor to allow an Address to be made at the grave, for the sake of his son's young companions in College. I did so. He at once replied, "No, no, these things are so often abused." Of course I did not urge the matter. As the young men who rved as pall-bearers lifted the coffin, the afflicted father exclaimed in tones hich those who were present can never forget—"Young men! tread lightly;

ye bear a temple of the Holy Ghost"—then, overcome by his feelings, he dropped his head upon my shoulder and said—"Dear M., say something which God may bless to his young friends." An Address was made, and very soon a revival—powerful and precious in its fruits, began in the College and the town, with the history of which you are familiar.

In these reminiscences of Dr. Mason as a preacher, I must not omit to notice his manner of reading the Scriptures. He used to say that "correct emphasis is sound exposition," and he certainly illustrated the truth of the remark in his own practice. Often have I thought that the chapter he had just read needed no further exposition. He attached great importance to this part of a minister's public duty, and once complaining of the little attention paid to it, said to me,—"there are twenty good speakers to one good reader." A friend of mine heard him preach on one occasion in the Crown Street Church, Philadelphia. The large house was thronged in every part, and crowds were at the door eager to push in, and necessarily creating some confusion. At the hour appointed for Divine service, the Doctor rose, and leaning over the pulpit, rapped smartly two or three times against it, and by this unusual procedure effected instant and perfect silence. He then read those noble stanzas in Dr. Watts' version of the 17th Psalm, beginning with—"What sinners value, I resign,"—in a style that told with amazing power upon the audience. My friend said that if he had heard nothing more, he would have felt himself richly recompensed for his long walk to church; for Dr. Mason's reading invested the glorious hymn with a fresh majesty, and almost gave it a new meaning.

There is another point which I must not omit—*his public prayers*. They were scarcely less remarkable than his sermons;—remarkable for their appropriateness to the times, and to the circumstances of his audience; for their comprehensiveness, for their holy, scriptural unction, and their exquisite tenderness. Unlike the prayers of some good men, they were never didactic; there was no preaching in them. They consisted wholly of supplications, intercessions, thanksgiving, and were evidently the utterance of a soul in conscious, confidential, yet reverent and earnest converse with the great God our Saviour. I have heard prayers characterized by a certain sublimity of sentiment and language, fitted to beget admiration of the person officiating, for his eloquence, rather than to awaken true devotional feeling. Such a performance was wholly at war with all Dr. Mason's ideas of the nature of the exercise. And yet, if by eloquence in prayer be meant the giving intensity to the devotions of a worshipping assembly, then I may say that Dr. Mason's prayers were often pre-eminently eloquent. I have repeatedly seen the whole congregation drowned in tears, some of them being scarcely able to restrain convulsive sobs, during the prayer before the sermon. This profound sensation was produced by nothing that even approached a theatric trick—it was simply the result of the sympathy kindled by the warm outpouring of the preacher's own heart.

During the earliest years of Dr. Mason's ministry, I was too young to appreciate his qualities as a pastor; but I remember that he was very attentive to the children and youth of his parish. He had several catechetical classes for those of tender age, and for young men and women; and in conducting them, he evinced a marvellous power of adapting himself to the capacity of the youngest child present, and of enlisting the attention of all by striking remarks and apt anecdotes. I could name many warm hearted and intelligent Christians, most of whom are fallen asleep, though a few remain unto this present, who look back with fond and holy affection to the old room in Pine Street, where they used to recite the Catechism to Dr. Mason, and listen to his simple and forcible exposition of it. So far as my recollections of his pastoral qualities go, they accord with the testimonies on this point, which I have received from those who were older than myself. From what I have heard from them as well as from

what I know myself, I feel warranted in saying of *him* what was said of his venerable father, by a most competent judge, and one very chary of his compliments—"he was the completest minister I ever knew." In supervising the various details of parochial economy, in systematic family visitation, in conducting fellowship-meetings, in the sick room, in the house of sorrow, by the bedside of the dying, in dealing with troubled consciences, I do not believe that Dr. Mason's superior could any where be found. He was exceedingly happy in his treatment of the class last named. He put them at once at their ease, so that they could unburthen their hearts to him with entire freedom. I once called upon him in much distress of mind produced by the fear that I had not experienced in a sufficient degree what the old divines were wont to call "the law-work." He listened to me patiently, while I described my mental difficulties and desires, and then said,—"Dear M., take care that you don't become rash in your prayers. While I was in Scotland, as a student in Divinity, I was myself tempted just as you now are. I called upon a venerable clergyman with whom I was upon terms of intimacy, and told him my trouble. He replied to me,—'My son, take heed what you ask of the Lord. I was once thus tried, and I prayed the Lord very earnestly that He would enable me to realize deeply the terrors of the law. He answered my request, and cured me of my folly. His Spirit, as I may say, took me up, and for a time shook me over hell. It was enough. I have since asked the Lord to lead me by his love, and to save me from the terrors of his law.' And such," added Dr. M., "is my advice to you."

In the progress of his ministry, the duties incident to his manifold relations as Pastor, Theological Professor, Provost of Columbia College, Editor, and confessedly the master spirit of the Associate Reformed Church,—the denomination with which he was connected during the whole of his active life, compelled his congregation to be content with seeing and hearing him on the Lord's day. Yet amid these multifarious engagements, he never lost the pastoral sympathies. His heart was with his people in their joys and sorrows, and when distance or the press of other duties hindered his going in person to weep with a stricken household, his pen was employed to convey to its members his condolence and his counsels. Many of these letters are to be found in the recent Memoir of him by the Rev. Dr. Van Vechten, but they form only a small part of his correspondence with afflicted friends; and if they were all collected and published, I think that the volume would take rank among the sacred classics of our language.

For three years, during the period when he was in the full vigour of his mental powers it was my privilege to attend the Seminary of which he was the head and founder. Of his pre-eminent fitness for the post of *Theological Instructer*, no one who knew him and is competent to judge, can have a moment's doubt. He frequently introduced his course of lectures with one on Modesty, apparently with the view of showing those of us who had just come from College, with our academic laurels quite fresh, how very little we knew. Starting some topic in Ethics or Theology, he would ask—"What is it? Why? How?" He used to say to us—"Gentlemen, don't go round a thing, nor above it, but drive straight into it;"—"if you are asked, what is the text-book in the Seminary,—say, your Bible." He did not deliver a formal and regular series of lectures either in Systematic Theology or in Biblical Criticism. But when we were studying the argumentative Epistles of the New Testament, he was accustomed to give us, in connection with the recitation, a critical exposition of the more difficult chapters. On these occasions, while he was the expounder, he required us to come to the lecture as fully prepared as possible, by a careful examination of the words, phrases, and grammatical structure of the passage, and also of its historical and geographical allusions. In these exercises, perhaps more than in

any other, he displayed his masterly powers of analysis and argument, his deep insight into the meaning of Scripture, his exquisite scholarship, and his command of language. This, I may add, was his favourite department, involving, as it did, the study of the Bible itself, i. e. the truth of God exactly as it lies embedded in the written Word of God. He by no means undervalued the importance of Systematic Theology, but he considered it a comparatively easy task for those who had been drilled from childhood to attain a respectable acquaintance with this branch of study; while the ability to discover and expound the real and precise meaning of Scripture, to gather the various passages bearing upon any article of faith, and to show how they establish its truth, could be acquired only by laborious and careful culture. Accordingly, his aim was to make his pupils "mighty in the Scriptures," and they were, in fact, the grand text-book during the whole theological curriculum.

In his method of tuition he combined the lecture and the catechetic exercise,—the latter, however, being the predominant element. Every answer to a question, if it contained an averment or a proposition of any kind, was instantly followed by his "Prove it, Sir," or "Now for your proof." And you may be sure that each proof text or argument was subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. "Think," he was wont to say; and in these exercises he at once compelled and taught us how to "think" to purpose. Let me here remark that Dr. Mason has been charged with encouraging his students to cultivate that sort of "thinking" which is commonly allied to inordinate self-esteem, and which looks with contempt upon the established formulas of Theology. Nothing can be more unfounded. Some may indeed have mistaken or perverted his advice on this head, but he certainly never designed to beget or to countenance the independent thinking which affects new views and original speculations. No man was more quick to note or more prompt to condemn a departure from the "old paths." "New light," said he, "is in most cases only a second edition of old darkness." His object plainly was to guard us against mere traditional beliefs, against the acceptance of opinions because they belonged to the creed of this or that sect, or were connected with the name of this or that eminent man, and lead us to examine for ourselves the grounds on which Christian doctrine rests, so that we could give to every man that asks for it a sound and intelligent reason for our faith. That this was his sole object in saying to us "think—think for yourselves," is manifest from the fact that, with only two or three exceptions, the entire body of those trained by him for the sacred office have ever been remarkable for their tenacious adherence to the olden Theology.

Dr. Mason observed himself and required in his students the most rigid *punctuality* in regard to the Seminary exercises and appointments. He stigmatized the want of it as a lack of virtue, thoroughly entering into the sentiment of Seneca that "time is almost the only thing of which to be covetous is a virtue." He used to say—"You may steal my money, I may be able to make more; you may steal my goods, I may be able to replace them; but my *time*, neither you nor I can replace, if once lost." Indeed it would have been impossible for him to have gotten through the half of the multifarious duties that devolved upon him during the most active portion of his life, if he had not adopted and insisted upon the rule of punctuality. At our Seminary exercises, five minutes were allowed for variation of watches, and for unavoidable detention. If in that time the Professor did not appear, the students were free to go to their rooms. I can recall only one instance of the Doctor's failure in promptness. On this occasion we watched for him with no little anxiety, when we found the moments of grace were nearly gone. The five minutes having expired, we at once left the house, but when we reached the street we saw the Doctor approaching at a very rapid pace. As he joined us, noticing our time-pieces in our hands, he exclaimed, "All right, gentlemen, all right, but hear me before you separate God in his provi-

dence called me to visit an aged parishioner and friend now upon his death bed I have come from that scene of sorrow as rapidly as I could. I will be happy to give you the usual lecture, if you can spare the time." I need scarcely say that we all gladly re-entered the recitation room.

I know not how I can better describe the relation in which Dr. Mason stood to his students, than in those words of Paul,—"Ye know how we exhorted and charged every one of you *as a father his children;* we were gentle among you as *a nurse cherisheth her children.*" No one could be brought into daily intercourse with a man of such commanding talent, even if it consisted only in listening to an exegetical or doctrinal prelection, without feeling for him the highest admiration. But the admiration of his students was combined with the fondest affection. He was not only our teacher, drilling us in Hebrew, Greek, and Theology, but our counsellor, our guide, our familiar friend, ever exhibiting the most lively concern for our health, our comfort, our spiritual welfare, as well as for our intellectual progress. Even in the lecture room, frigid as the place commonly is, and chilling as are its exercises, we discovered the amplitude and wealth of his heart, as well as of his head. Often, while he was lecturing, have I seen the tears coursing down his cheeks, and the whole class exhibiting emotions kindred to his own.

How much is it to be regretted that a man of such rare endowments, and one so highly fitted to enrich the theological literature of our country, should have left behind him so few monuments of his piety and learning. His efforts unquestionably marked an epoch in the history of theological education in the United States. True there had been Professors of Theology before his day; but the Report drawn up by him and presented to the Synod of the Associate Reformed Church, in 1804, and the accompanying Constitution of the Seminary, contains a scheme of theological education far in advance of any thing ever before attempted in this country. He was himself chosen by the Synod to carry out, as Professor of Theology, his own views, and he at once engaged in the enterprise with characteristic ardour. Indeed his whole soul was in this work, which he always regarded as by far the most important sphere of labour which the Head of the Church had called him to fill. Unfortunately, the smallness of the denomination with which he was connected, and the consequent poverty of the Seminary, obliged him to retain the pastoral office, and thus hindered the concentration of his energies upon the task with which were entwined the fondest desires and hopes of his life. Occupied as he was with such diversified duties, authorship, except to a limited extent, was out of the question.

Before I bring my letter to a close, I must be allowed to say a few words respecting Dr. Mason, as he appeared in the more private relations of life. His company was eagerly sought by persons of the most various characters and pursuits, and no wonder, for he was gifted with every quality needed to make him shine in society. His gentlemanly air and manners, his genial humour, his ready wit, his quickness at retort, his various knowledge of books and men, his ample fund of anecdote, and his capital tact at telling a story, rendered him the life and attraction of every circle into which he entered. I have often met him in company, and have witnessed the deference and admiration of which he was the object. But I love best to think of him as he appeared among those whose friendship he knew he could trust,—the brethren with whom he was in habits of weekly companionship. Sweet to me is the memory of those reunions of other days, in which the heart and the intellect found such rich refreshment. I wish I could recall the *epea pteroenta* of those occasions, but I cannot—let me only say that those whose wings were most like those of the dove, "covered with silver, and their feathers with yellow gold" flew thickest from the lips of Dr. Mason. The subjects of our talk were manifold, though mainly of religious or theological character. One discussion is fixed in my memory, and I refer to it because it

serves to illustrate a trait of Dr. Mason, which I deem worthy of notice, namely, —his singular candour, and his readiness to acknowledge a mistake, when fairly convinced that he was mistaken. The meeting was at my own house, and among the friends present were Drs. Mason, McLeod, Romeyn, Rowan of New York, Laurie of Washington, and Blatchford of Lansingburg. The question was one upon which Dr. Mason had committed himself by writing and publishing an article which had attracted great attention, as probably the ablest defence of the view it maintained which had then appeared. After a little general talk upon the subject, it was agreed to organize the meeting for a more formal discussion. Dr. Laurie and myself were named as the disputants, and Dr. Mason, by common consent, was to be our Moderator. After debating the question at some length, Dr. Laurie assumed a position in relation to it, founded upon an alleged fact which I ventured to deny; and Dr. Mason immediately interposed a remark which showed that his views of the subject were in harmony with my own. Whereupon Dr. Laurie, expressing his surprise at Dr. M.'s remark, said,—"But did you not write the article on this very subject, that appeared a few years ago in the Christian's Magazine?" "I did," said Dr. M., "but I did not know as much when I wrote it as I ought to have known." On another occasion, adverting to the pride of consistency sometimes exhibited by persons otherwise excellent, he said to me,—"M.—he is a poor man who cannot afford to give away sixpence, and he is a poor soul, a very poor soul, who cannot afford to acknowledge an error, lest perchance some one should charge him with inconsistency."

In his own household Dr. Mason was all that might be anticipated from one whose heart was so full of warm and tender affection, and all who had access to his home could not but be struck by the beautiful exhibition which he was wont to make at once of filial, conjugal and parental love. It was my privilege to be present when he bade his family farewell, on the occasion of his last voyage to Europe. He had requested me to come on from Philadelphia and preach for him on the Sabbath before his departure. My text was the words—"We have strong consolation," and he was pleased to say that the discourse had been the means of ministering "strong consolation" to his own heart in the trying circumstances in which he was then placed. The parting scene was very affecting—a sore trial to himself and to those whom he left behind; for a voyage to Europe was then a far more serious undertaking than it is now, and his shattered constitution rendered it quite probable that we should see his face no more. Having taken leave of the younger members of his family, one by one, he came down stairs, and sat for some time, with his wife on one side of him, and his venerable mother on the other. At his suggestion, we all joined in singing the hymn "The Lord will provide—" he then rose, dropped his head upon his hands, as in silent prayer, for some moments, and at length said,"—God, my own God, the God of my fathers, the Angel of the Covenant that led me and led me all my days, bless my dear family." He paused for an instant, and said to me,—"let us go." We attended him to the boat which was to convey him to the ship, and parted with faint hopes of ever again meeting him this side of Heaven.

You are aware that there was a warm controversy between Dr. Mason and the late eminent and excellent Bishop Hobart on the subject of Church government. Some time after Dr. Mason's death, I was attending a funeral at which Bishop Hobart was present. While in the carriage on our way to the place of interment, the Bishop said to me,—"Mr. McCartee, you were, I understand, a favourite student of Dr. Mason, and I should be much pleased to learn from you something more respecting him than has been published. After mentioning some things illustrative of the Doctor's character, allusion was made to the controversy about Episcopacy, and I said—"I can tell you something of Dr. Mason's views of that discussion which I think will not be disagreeable to you, and which you might never be apprized of, if I did not tell you. He once observed to me that 'it

was very unpleasant to conduct a debate with some antagonists, for they never met the point fairly and honourably; but it *was* pleasant to hold a discussion with Bishop Hobart, for he met the question fairly and like a man.'" "Thank you Sir,"—replied the Bishop to me—"thank you Sir, I shall cherish that as a compliment indeed, for I am well persuaded that Dr. Mason would never have said any thing like that unless he meant it."

But I must bring these reminiscences to a close, with the expression of my earnest desire that our gracious God will carry you comfortably through the laborious and important work in which you are engaged, and with the assurance that I remain,

Ever yours,

R. McCARTEE.

FROM BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, LL. D.

New Haven, February 14, 1855.

My dear Sir: On reading your letter, asking for my reminiscences of Dr Mason, my first impression was that I ought decidedly to decline any attempt of the kind, on the ground that my acquaintance with him was not sufficiently intimate to justify it. Being, however, as you are aware, altogether disposed to aid you in your arduous, though gratifying, researches, I began to recall some early impressions, and to look over my manuscript journal, introductory to my first voyage to Europe, and of my residence there, in 1805 and 1806. From this source, and from memory, I may glean a few things, but probably of too little importance to serve your purpose.

In the winter of 1804–5, I accompanied President Dwight to New York for the purpose of obtaining letters of introduction, and of making other arrangements preparatory to a voyage to England and a residence in Europe, of which an account was published in my first Journal of Travels. The reputation and social position of Dr. Dwight made my way easy to the eminent men of the city, among whom, in various walks of life, were John M. Mason, Rufus King, Oliver Wolcott, John Trumbull, Archibald Gracie, Samuel Miles Hopkins, John B. Murray, Benjamin Douglass Perkins, Moses Rogers, William W. Woolsey, James Watson, and others,—several of whom were enlisted by Dr. Dwight on my behalf. In honour of him, and with some reference to my expected mission abroad, a large number of gentlemen were invited to dine by the brother-in-law of Dr. Dwight, Mr. Moses Rogers, an eminent merchant, whose elegant mansion was on the battery facing the harbour. The guests, to me an imposing group, were assembled in the drawing room of Mrs. Rogers, and last of all, was announced the Rev. Dr. Mason, whom I had never seen. He was then approaching the meridian of life; but his countenance was radiant almost as in youth. Never before or since has the presence of any man impressed me as his did on that occasion. Tall, erect, of fine symmetry of form, with a perfect muscular development, a noble, intellectual head, and strongly marked features, on every line of which *mind* was stamped, with the graceful air of a high-bred gentleman of the old school, and with the bearing of a man who could not be unconscious of his own talents and fame—elegantly dressed, but with chaste simplicity,—as he entered the room, all rose from their seats to greet and welcome the pride of New York.

A proud man he would doubtless have been, had not his heart been touched by a higher power than human; and indeed such was the majestic mien and commanding dignity of the man, and such the spontaneous deference yielded to him by all, that he certainly needed a large share of Christian humility to counteract the natural and almost pardonable vaulting up of self-esteem. Had he been a military man, every one would have said that he was born to command;

and his sway, if not imperious, would certainly have been imperial. Martial costume could not have added to his native dignity, but might have embellished his majestic form in a manner to attract and dazzle the common mind.

His extraordinary powers of conversation were immediately prompted by the company, and he entertained and instructed them during the protracted sitting. It was not my good fortune to sit so near him at the dinner table as to hear his remarks to the best advantage; but I had afterwards the privilege of witnessing his unrivalled colloquial powers on various occasions.

You will expect me to say something of Dr. Mason's appearance in the pulpit. And here I cannot do better than to transcribe verbatim a record which I find in my manuscript journal, of that date:—

"March 31, 1805. I attended Dr. Mason's church in the morning, and heard a very excellent discourse. In the afternoon I heard him again, from the words—'To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.' It was a very animated, pathetic and forcible sermon. A young man of great promise, and highly respected in the congregation, had died suddenly that morning. Dr. Mason made use of this circumstance very happily. After urging on all ages and classes of his audience the importance of repenting *to-day*, because of the uncertainty of life, he suddenly threw himself towards one side of the pulpit, and with his arm outstretched, and his hand pointed towards the pew where the young man sat only the Sabbath before, he exclaimed, in thrilling tones and with a look of anguish,—'There, there, my friends, in that pew, only a few days ago, sat one who had every reason to expect long life, which the most perfect health could afford; and this morning his spirit fled to the eternal world! Now go home and calculate on long life!' Here he abruptly concluded, himself and his audience being in tears.

"It is impossible for me to convey any adequate idea of this extraordinary man. Besides the real merit of his discourses, there is a wonderful effect produced by his countenance, which is commanding and impressive in the highest degree; by his voice which is unusually deep-toned and powerful; and by his attitudes and gestures which have great dignity and force. He has, moreover, the advantage of a large and finely proportioned person, with remarkably strong muscular expression. He is certainly an orator *sui generis*."

Thus far my early impressions.

In subsequent years, and after my return from Europe in 1806, I heard Dr. Mason preach on many occasions, both in his own pulpit in New York, and in New Haven, which town he occasionally visited, and more than once at the season of Commencement. His mind appeared to be growing constantly more powerful, and his eloquence more stirring and vivid; his command of the most impressive and appropriate language seemed quite absolute; and all that belonged to his masterly powers, both physical and intellectual, being on the increase, he commanded, swayed, convinced, and impelled his audiences, as if only a volition of his, for that purpose, was necessary. I was not so happy as to hear that celebrated Sermon from the words—"To the poor the Gospel is preached." It was delivered in New Haven in the autumn of 1810, and from the accounts which I heard of its wonderful effect upon the audience, both then and on other occasions, it was matter of deep regret with me that I had accidentally missed my opportunity.

Dr. Mason's prayers were remarkably elevated and pathetic. He seemed spiritually to ascend with the rich flow of devout language and thought, which rose, as it were, like a cloud of incense, from a consecrated censer: his celestial aspirations appeared like what David in his happiest frames, and Isaiah always, might have breathed forth. There was, as I thought, no attempt at self-display, but language copious, elevated and warm ascended to the Father of spirits, adapted at once to fill the mind with noble thoughts, and the heart with devout feelings.

His noble form and glowing face gave the impression that, in heart and mind, he stood at the foot of the great white throne.

In addition to his multiplied labours as a preacher and a writer, and an oracle for advice, and influence, and action, not only on religious but on many other subjects, Dr. Mason was induced to accept the appointment of Provost of Columbia College. Whether this new labour added the weight which, with all that he sustained before, could no longer be borne, I cannot say; but the time was approaching when the great and good man, in the very maturity and perfection of his knowledge, power, fame, influence, and usefulness, was to be bowed down. The impending catastrophe was perceived by the skilful and sagacious. The late distinguished Dr. David Hosack related to me that he met Dr. Mason in Park Place, coming from the College buildings, when he saw from the livid hue and turgid condition of the blood-vessels of his face and head, that he was in imminent danger. His first impulse was to draw his lancet, and beg permission to relieve him by opening a vein. But not being professionally in his confidence, he was restrained by his sense of medical etiquette, and fearing to be thought officious and an alarmist without cause, he allowed the threatened sage to pass on his way. Alas, how much was it to be regretted that professional scruples did not yield to the benevolent impulses of the great and discerning physician, and that the stroke had not thus been averted!

The next public occasion on which I saw Dr. Mason was at the formation of the American Bible Society in New York, in May, 1816. He was one of the speakers on that day; but O how fallen!—not indeed into imbecility; but the physical man was prostrated, and the giant mind struggled through an enfeebled frame,—still, however, grand in its approach to decay.

Dr. Mason's succeeding years brought him only occasionally under my observation. There was a revival, but never a full recovery, of power; and it was painful to realize that fifty years had fixed a boundary to the action of one of the noblest intellects of the age. His prostration was mourned over as a public calamity. Thirty years more of efficient service in the cause of his Master might well have been hoped for, and, with his great physical and intellectual power, there seemed no reason why he should not have remained a splendid octogenarian, like him who, at the head of a College which he has sustained by his talents, and endowed by his munificence, still lives in full vigour—*clarum et venerabile nomen*.

In his family circle, the presence of a guest at his table prompted his high conversational powers. So copious was the flow from his gifted and richly furnished mind, and so vivid and energetic was his diction, that the guest was well contented to listen, or only to give, by a question or suggestion, a new impulse to an intellect that seemed almost equally well furnished on every topic.

I had much experience of Dr. Mason's kindness at the time of my leaving the country. Among other favours which he rendered me, he furnished me with a number of valuable letters, one of which introduced me to the noble society of Clapham Common, near London—the Thorntons, Wilberforce, &c.; another to the London Missionary Society, and its phalanx of great and good men—Hardcastle and his associates; and another to his uncle and family connections in Edinburgh, which made me at home in warm hearted Scotch families, creating friendships that have been perpetuated even to this day and this country. I must not omit to say that he also furnished me with full and written directions for travelling in England. As, however, the whole system of travelling has been long since radically changed, those minutes, although then important, have become obsolete—not so, however, the pious thought with which they concluded—"Dr. Mason wishes Mr. Silliman a safe, pleasant and prosperous voyage, with abundance of grace, mercy, and peace, from the God of salvation, through the dear Redeemer."

Dr. Mason accompanied me to the ship—the ill-fated Ontario, which, with all on board, was lost on her return passage, and with paternal kindness gave me, at the moment of sailing, his parting blessing.

After my return from Europe, in the following year, I had, as I have already intimated, repeated opportunities of seeing Dr. Mason in private society. He was every where the admired and observed of all observers. His coming was fondly anticipated; his arrival cordially greeted; and all hung upon his lips for entertainment and instruction. His historical reminiscences and his fund of anecdote were inexhaustible; and both were highly instructive and interesting. At dinners and in soirees he was ever in the ascendant—all waited for his communications; and they were often embellished by brilliant wit, exquisite humour, and the most versatile action, producing intense delight and admiration. If the eloquent preacher would have made a great commander, he might also have been a great actor, either tragic or comic; for his powers in both ways were of the highest order, and, as already remarked, they were sometimes indulged to the great exhilaration of the circles of which he was always the master spirit. Particular scenes of the kind are even now fresh in my recollection, and not a few of his vivid and stirring rehearsals and anecdotes seem as of yesterday; but they would hardly be appropriate decorations of the monument which I would fain raise to the memory of one who, in his grand, though too brief, career, has left in this land no superior behind him.

I have alluded to Dr. Mason's conversational powers—I ought to add that I have known them to be put forth in grave circles, and on grave themes, in the most impressive manner. It was like the unceasing flow of a magnificent river, both copious and inexhaustible, and passing with a rapidity of current that created life by motion, and bore along all before it.

Believe me always, with affectionate regard,

Truly your friend and servant,

B. SILLIMAN, Senior.

FROM THE REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Brooklyn, March 18, 1857.

My dear Dr. Sprague: You ask me for some recollections of Dr. Mason—and what I can give you I will; but I was too young to know him in his palmy day of strength and power. Circumstances, however, made me, from earliest childhood, familiar with his name, person, and history. My grandmother, Mrs. Isabella Graham, and my mother, were members of the Associate Reformed Church in Cedar Street, New York, under the pastorship of the elder Dr. Mason, and for many years under that of his son. The families were also intimate, though I did not come closely under Dr. Mason's influence until 1822, when he was President of Dickinson College,—which was some years after the shock which affected irreparably his mighty intellect.

Dr. Mason had, in rare combination, all the qualities, moral, mental and physical, requisite for a pulpit orator. Nursed in the school of Scotch Theology, his views of Divine truth were characterized by that depth, richness, and unction, which gave such evangelical power to the writings of Boston, the Erskines, and other great teachers, who never strayed from the cross, and delighted to arrange their thoughts under the two covenants made with the first and second Adam. Never did he glow with higher energy, or melt his hearers with deeper pathos, than when dwelling upon the mystery of the Incarnation, or the union of believers with Christ, or the relation of the Law to the Gospel; and especially in his Action Sermons or Sacramental Addresses, did he pour out burning words of pious trust and affection, such as those who have enjoyed the privilege of hearing them, have known none since to equal. Though his opinions were firmly

and fully those of the old orthodox school, he was emphatically a student of the Scriptures, deriving his doctrine, not from traditionary creeds, but immediately from the living fountain of the sacred word; yet cordially holding the faith of his fathers, because he found in their Confessions what he believed the Holy Ghost had revealed. Hence, while regarding with indignation near akin to scorn, the novelties of his day, which he considered presumptuous attempts to improve the plan of salvation by "philosophy falsely so called," and particularly the puny metaphysics which lose sight of grand truths, in affected niceties and questions engendering strife, he never allowed himself to be trammelled by scholastic terms or technicalities, but retained only such as he knew to be of use, illuminating them by clear definitions. Resembling Paul in the comprehensiveness of his grasp and fulness of his thoughts, the Epistles of that Apostle were his favourite subjects of consideration. He delighted himself and his hearers by continuous courses of lectures upon those inspired expositions of the Evangelical scheme. In this he excelled; his analysis was astonishingly clear, his display of the Apostle's reasoning close and faithful, his criticism ever pertinent, philologically accurate and manly, his detail concise, and his practical inferences, rich, devotional and edifying. The profound knowledge he had acquired of the sacred languages, eminently fitted him for a commentator. As a Professor and the sole Professor in the Theological School he established, he taught the language of the Old Testament so successfully, that it may be safely said, no students have been, on an average, better skilled in Hebrew than his. His classical erudition was both profound and elegant, as those who had the advantage of listening to his comments on the "Art of Poetry," by Horace, and the "Treatise on the Sublime," by Longinus, well knew. It is remarkable that even when his mind had so sunk under the influence of disease as to take little notice of the most familiar things around him, he enjoyed with an evidently keen relish the edition of Homer by Heyne, then just published.

The physical qualities of Dr. Mason were worthy of the mind and heart that animated them. He stood, at least, six feet high; his frame was large, very muscular, but admirably proportioned; his head was massive, the forehead very broad and very high, shewing what the phrenologist calls the organs of ideality, causality, benevolence, and veneration, in full development. His features were regular, his eye full, clear and remarkably expressive, the nose straight, with the nostrils wide, the mouth firm, but not compressed, and the chin round and finished. In a word, though *handsome* is too poor a term with which to describe a union of intellectual, benevolent and courageous expression, it is seldom that such a man walks the earth. It was notorious that at a time when an avowal of his political sentiments, with characteristic boldness, had roused the anger of the multitude to threaten him with personal violence, such was the majesty of his port in the open street, as to compel the homage of all who met him. To these advantages was added a voice of surprising power, compass, and modulation. Its tones were round, full and clear, without roughness or shrillness; at one time, sweeping all before it in a thundering torrent, at another, gentle and sweet as a mother's hushing her infant, yet never omitting the slightest inflection which a just emphasis required, and of that he had the keenest perception. His utterance was deliberate, though at times impassioned; never frantic nor maudling, but in his utmost energy or subdued pathos, dignified and self-governed. Every consonant was heard, and the nicest orthœpist could rarely detect an error from the best usage. Hence his reading of Scripture constituted a special charm of his pulpit services, and many tell us that it was as good as a commentary; making difficult places plain, and giving new beauty to what was before but barely understood. Occasionally, when reading the Psalms from the version in use among the Scotch Churches, he allowed himself what may be called a tone or rhythmical cadence, which displayed the great compass and flexi-

ility of his voice. Few who ever heard him read on Communion days the 103d Psalm, can forget how he used to pitch his voice high, and then, by what the musician calls a *cadenza*, bring it down at the end of the verse, to a deep sonorous bass. His gesture was natural, though bold and sweeping; yet, with the exception of a thump upon his cushion, or a defying impulse of his clenched hand at the close of an argument, seldom violent, never artificial, but always the dictate, and therefore the accompaniment, of his thoughts.

For obvious reasons, the printed sermons of Dr. Mason, eloquent and powerful as some of them are, convey but a poor idea of his actual preaching. He was not accustomed to write his sermons before delivery, though doubtless many of them were thoroughly elaborated when he brought them to the pulpit. His usual habit was to premeditate them carefully, and then trust himself boldly to the inspiration of his thought. Hence, conscious of the power he possessed of gesture and emphasis, his sentences were constructed for his own delivery, and reached the hearer with a directness and clearness, no reader's mind can invest them with. What a true orator writes to speak himself, he naturally considers with reference to his proposed manner of utterance and expression; not for the cold type, and the inanimate eye as it traces the letters on the page. This is the secret of the comparative feebleness discoverable in the printed discourses of not a few eminent orators, as Whitefield, Summerfield, or the Dean of Killala. Yet I am far from saying that the written sermons of Dr. Mason deserve not, in an eminent degree, the praise of eloquence. His Sermons on Living Faith, Pardon of sin by the blood of Jesus, Messiah's Throne, and the Funeral Sermon for Mrs. Isabella Graham, are master-pieces of evangelical rhetoric. It is greatly to be regretted that no sketches of his expository lectures remain, or, if extant in manuscript, have not been published, as they could not fail to show, in a higher degree than any of his writings, his logical acumen and theological strength.

There was a peculiarity of his mind, arising from his intense force and directness, which not seldom diminishes his power over an ordinary reader. He disdained the minor steps by which common minds creep to their conclusions, as unnecessary and trivial. He condensed what others would distribute into many propositions, within a brief sentence. He strode by giant intervals from one great truth to another, forgetting, like Newton in his *Principia*, the pigmy limbs which strive in vain to reach after him. Instances of this are found throughout the sermons I have named; yet, when he stooped to explain, by nice definition and discrimination, light beams from every phrase.

Dr. Mason scrupled not to use irony, and the *reductio ad absurdum*, even to an unmerciful degree; but his wit was rather crushing than keen;—not the thrust of the rapier, but the sweep of the battle-axe; and, in his controversies, he allowed his opponent to chuckle over the success of some dialectic stratagem, or the cunning disposition of besieging lines, while he rushed on to seize the commanding heights, and launch his thunderbolts at their astonished heads.

The force of his mind killed him. He shrunk from nothing that needed to be done, and never thought that he could attempt too much. Thus at one and the same time we find him the eloquent Pastor of an immense Congregation; the Provost and actual presiding officer of a literary College, to the Senior class of which he delivered an able course of Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, with other Lectures on higher rhetoric,—taking for his text-book the Art of Poetry, and the Treatise on the Sublime; the Professor of a Theological Seminary, teaching with little assistance the whole range of Theology and Biblical learning; and the conductor of a religious periodical, which he enriched with many most able didactic articles, carrying on also a profound controversy with several vigorous and distinguished opponents. In the midst of all this, his society and hospitable home were sought by intellectual and pious men, who

gathered eagerly the profuse wisdom that fell from his lips. The physical endurance even of his athletic frame was tasked to an extreme: a generous diet only stimulated his powers to a more excessive zeal; and a slow but fatal disease clouded the mighty brain, long before he ceased to breathe.

As I read over this poor sketch of the greatest preacher the American Church has produced, I am not without fears that many will think it an exaggerated eulogy; but I have written what I know to be truth, and am sure of corroboration from the testimony of all who knew and heard John M. Mason.

Very sincerely yours,

G. W. BETHUNE.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM D. SNODGRASS, D. D.

GOSHEN, February 27, 1852.

My dear Brother: Your favour of the 21st inst., renewing the request for such recollections of Dr. Mason as I may be able to furnish, has been received; and though I still think there are others who might serve your object better, I do not feel at liberty, under all the circumstances, again to decline.

Though so many years have elapsed since the death of this distinguished servant of Christ, his image, as he was towards the close of his life, is still fresh to my mind; nor do I expect ever to lose the vivid remembrance of some things which occurred during the period of my intercourse with him.

I had heard him preach three or four times in my early youth, and had called upon him once at his residence in Carlisle, while he was in the Presidency of Dickinson College. With these exceptions, I had never seen him, until his return from Carlisle to New York, in impaired health, in 1824. In the mean time, he had received an injury which deprived him of the use of one of his limbs, and rendered crutches necessary to his convenience in locomotion. It was also understood by his friends that he had been, for some time, gradually declining in mental vigour. But, notwithstanding this, as I was then his successor, and still young in the ministry, it need not seem strange if, in the prospect of his return to spend the remainder of his days among his friends in New York, I was sensible of some little trepidation, at the thought of his becoming one of my stated hearers. The first Sabbath after his return, however, did not pass without yielding me all needful assurance that I was to find in him, not a critical or curious hearer, but a child-like lover of the truth in its plainest dress. He entered the church, supported by his crutches, and took his seat in a pew occupied by the family of one of his sons, near the pulpit. At the commencement of the discourse, he fixed his eyes upon me with that earnest and steady gaze for which he was remarkable; and, during its progress, while his attention never flagged, he was more than once so affected as to brush the tears from his face. At the close of the service, taking me by the hand, he alluded to the sermon in such a way, and addressed me in such encouraging terms as placed me ever afterwards at ease, and made the sight of his face welcome to me, as often as the Sabbath came round.

Not long after this, I invited him to administer the ordinance of Baptism in the case of my eldest child; and this was the last public service in which he ever engaged. His difficulty of utterance caused him to hesitate a little; but he made the service short, and passed through it without any serious embarrassment. It was an affecting scene to his many friends before him, who could compare what they now witnessed with the fluency and force of manner which had once distinguished him. The contrast was too striking to pass unnoticed or unfelt. Even those who loved him best, were contented to abandon the expectation of hearing his voice in any public effort again.

He was occasionally present with us after this, at our meetings of Presbytery. Sometimes he would sit an almost silent spectator of what was going on, while, at other times, his mind would brighten, and he would take part in the business for a while with evident relish. I remember, on one occasion, when a young man was before us, having the ministry in view, he took up the line of examination with decided spirit, proposed questions in rapid succession, and so pressed his demand for proof in support of the answers given, and especially proof from Scripture, that the candidate became not a little embarrassed, and seemed relieved when the examination passed into other hands.

It is worthy of being recorded, in memory of Dr. Mason, that in all the period of his decline as to bodily and mental strength, there was no abatement of his deep and lively interest in the worship of God on the Sabbath. He seemed to have a home feeling in the house of God, which continued with him through all changes and trials. Conditions of the weather, which kept others from the sanctuary, were no obstacles to him. When it was possible, he was there, and always in his place in season. And no one could regard his appearance and demeanour attentively, without being satisfied that he was there, not as a matter of form, or as the result of habit, but because he loved the place, and was happy when surrounded by the associations and influences connected with it. His tenderness of feeling under the preaching of the word was remarkable. The big tear might often be seen in his eye, when the eyes of others around him were dry. He seemed indeed to "receive with meekness the engrafted word." And in referring afterwards to subjects discussed in the pulpit, it was much more frequently in a practical than a speculative way; and never in such language as involved the idea of dissatisfaction or fault-finding in the least degree.

You may naturally suppose, from the relation I sustained to him, that I had frequent opportunities of seeing him in private and social intercourse, as well as in public. We sometimes met at the houses of mutual friends; and, for a considerable period, on my invitation, he frequently dined and spent a part of the day with me on Monday. On these occasions, he appeared differently at different times. Sometimes all efforts to engage him in conversation were fruitless; and yet this did not seem to be the result either of indifference or depression of spirits. He would appear pleased with what was passing around him, and would listen attentively to what was said by others; but when a question was directed to himself, he would generally answer in a monosyllable, and then be silent. There seemed to be a stagnation of the mental powers, while the social feelings were still in play. But at other times, there was a wakefulness of mind about him, which made it easy to entertain him. He would ask as well as answer questions; make somewhat extended remarks upon such topics as were introduced; and sometimes enunciate his sentiments with something like the emphasis which characterized his manner when "his natural force" was not "abated." In conversation with myself, during these visits, he would often refer to some part of one of the discourses of the preceding Sabbath, expressing his approbation of the sentiment, and adding something to illustrate its importance or bearings from the suggestions of his own mind.

But it often occurred to me, in these interviews, that his mental operations were rather in the way of reproducing old ideas, than working out any thing for the occasion. His memory was perhaps as little enfeebled in proportion as any other faculty; and the results to which trains of thought in other days had conducted him, seemed to return, when subjects were introduced to which they stood related. For all investigations or discussions that required the breaking of new ground, his day was already past. His great mind, in adding to the stores of human thought, had done its work. It was the purpose of the Great Master soon to take him to Himself; and the little of life that remained was

granted him, not so much as a season for work, as a period during which he was to wait for his change.

Very affectionately yours,

W. D. SNODGRASS.

EDWARD DORR GRIFFIN, D. D.*

1792—1837.

Edward Dorr Griffin was born at East Haddam, Conn., January 6, 1770. His father was George Griffin, a wealthy farmer, a man of vigorous intellect, of great enterprise, and of a superior education, for a common one at that day. His mother was Eve Dorr of Lyme, and was distinguished for her lovely and engaging qualities. He was named after his uncle, the Rev. Edward Dorr of Hartford, and was, in the intention of his parents, devoted to the ministry from his birth—a circumstance which was certainly somewhat singular, as neither of his parents at that time made any pretensions to piety.

Being thus intended for the ministry, and withal incapacitated by bodily indisposition to labour much on the farm, he was kept almost constantly at school, up to the time of his entering College. His preparatory studies were chiefly under the Rev. Joseph Vaill† of Hadlyme, towards whom he continued till the close of life to cherish the most grateful and filial veneration.

In September, 1786, he became a member of Yale College. Here he distinguished himself in every department of study, and gave decisive indications of a commanding and splendid intellect. He graduated with one of the highest honours of his class in 1790.

While he was at home during one of his college vacations, a circumstance occurred, by means of which he had well nigh lost his life. His father had a fine horse, whose spirit no one had been able to subdue. Edward mounted him, rode him for several hours, and returned in high spirits, declaring that he would have him for his *Bucephalus*. Shortly after, he mounted him a

* Autobiography.—MS. from his daughter, Mrs. Smith.

† Joseph Vaill was born of pious parents in Litchfield, Conn., July 14, 1751. At the age of twenty, he conceived the idea of obtaining a collegiate education, with a view to entering the ministry; but, in carrying out this purpose, he was not a little embarrassed for want of the necessary pecuniary means. He graduated with honour at Dartmouth College, in 1778, and shortly after entered on the study of Theology under the Rev. Andrew Storrs of Northbury, now Plymouth, Conn., with whom he remained till May, 1779, when he was licensed to preach by what is now known as the "Litchfield Association." On the 9th of February, 1780, he was ordained Pastor of the Church in Hadlyme, Conn., and continued in that relation fifty-nine years. He had a colleague settled in the spring of 1832; and as *he* remained but a short time, he had another settled in the spring of 1835, who continued junior pastor until Mr. Vaill's death. During the last two years of his life, he preached forty sermons. He died in Killingworth, at the house of his son-in-law, David Evarts, on the 21st of November, 1838, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He possessed a vigorous constitution, was a good scholar, an excellent preacher, and distinguished for conscientiousness, transparency of character, freedom from all affectation, and untiring devotedness to his work. Besides frequent contributions to periodicals, he published a Poem entitled "Noah's Flood," 1796, and another Poem entitled "An Address to a Deist;" also a Sermon preached at the ordination of his son at Brimfield, Mass., 1814. Two of his sons have been graduated at Yale College, and are highly respected clergymen. The elder, *William Fowler*, has long been a missionary among the Indians of the Southwest, and the younger, *Joseph*, (now the Rev. Dr. Vaill,) is (1857) settled at Palmer, Mass.

second time, upon which the horse instantly stood erect upon his hind feet, and fell backwards upon Edward with his whole weight. When he was taken up, all signs of animation had fled, and his friends for some time supposed that the vital principle was gone. By the blessing of God, however, upon the vigorous applications that were made to his body, he gradually revived, and, at no distant period, was able to return to College, and prosecute his studies with his accustomed alacrity.

Notwithstanding he seems to have been the subject of some very serious impressions while he was quite a child, and to have thought more or less of religion at different periods in his college life, yet his mind was never earnestly directed towards it as a practical matter till some months after he was graduated. It was during his residence at Derby, where he was engaged temporarily as a teacher in an Academy. For several months, he had surrendered himself without reserve to worldly gaiety; but, in consequence of a severe illness, he was forced into a most agonizing communion with his own heart, which was the beginning of a series of exercises that resulted, as he believed, in a radical change of character. Previous to this time, he had formed the purpose of devoting himself to the profession of Law; but this purpose he now abandoned, and resolved, as soon as circumstances should permit, to enter on a course of study preparatory to the ministry.

Shortly after this he commenced his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards, of New Haven,—afterwards President of Union College. While attending to his duties as an instructer, he pursued the course of reading which Dr. Edwards marked out, and wrote extensively on a system of theological questions.

In the spring of 1792, he joined the Congregational Church in Derby, and soon after relinquished his place as teacher, and returned to East Haddam, where he had the small-pox. That disorder having left his eyes weak, he spent part of the summer at his father's house. Here he found himself in peculiarly trying circumstances. He was the only professor of religion in a family of ten; and neither his regard for his relatives, nor his convictions of duty, would suffer him to remain silent upon what was with him the all-engrossing subject. He conversed with them earnestly and affectionately, beseeching them with tears to attend to the things that belonged to their peace; and the event proved that his labours and struggles in their behalf were not in vain. Nor was his influence confined to his own family; for he statedly attended a prayer-meeting in the neighbourhood, at which those who were much older in the Christian life than himself, found themselves at once quickened and edified by his fervent prayers and thrilling addresses.

Having spent the latter part of the summer and most of the autumn at New Haven, completing his theological course, he was licensed to preach by the West Association of New Haven County, on the last day of October. His first Sermon was preached, November 10, 1792, at Hadlyme, in the pulpit of his venerable friend, under whose tuition he had been fitted for College. In January succeeding, he commenced his labours at New Salem,—a small village about seven miles from his father's house, and continued there till the last of May. His preaching was attended almost immediately by a signal blessing, the consequence of which was, that a church was gathered where there had not been one for more than forty years.

In June, 1793, he commenced preaching at Farmington, as a candidate for settlement. In December following, his labours having met with great

acceptance, the Church and Society united in giving him a call; but, notwithstanding he had signified his acceptance of it, an opposition to his settlement having arisen, chiefly from pre-existing difficulties among themselves, he ultimately asked to be released from his obligation, and retired to another field of labour. It is proper to state that nothing occurred in connection with the controversy that reflected the least dishonour upon his character.

On the 4th of June, 1795, Mr. Griffin was ordained Pastor of the Congregational Church at New Hartford, having supplied them for some months previous in the capacity of a candidate. Almost immediately after he commenced his labours, there was an increased attention to religion among his people, and a revival of considerable power succeeded, which resulted in the addition of about fifty persons to the church.

On the 17th of May, 1796, he was married to Frances, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Huntington of Coventry, Conn., and niece and adopted daughter of Governor Samuel Huntington of Norwich, who had been President of Congress, and one of the Signers of the Declaration of American Independence. By this marriage he had two daughters, both of whom are heads of families, and are occupying stations of respectability and usefulness.*

In the year 1797, he commenced a regular journal of his Christian experience, which he continued,—not, however, without frequent and sometimes protracted interruptions, till the close of life. In this journal is to be found the record of very extraordinary inward struggles and triumphs; and while it exhibits an experience modified no doubt by peculiar constitutional tendencies, no one can fail to be impressed with the conviction that there belong to it a depth and a power which are never found in the walks of ordinary piety.

In 1798, his congregation were again very generally excited in regard to their spiritual interests. Though the deepest earnestness and solemnity prevailed throughout almost the entire community, yet the animal feelings were kept remarkably in check, and, with scarcely an exception, the most rigid decorum was everywhere maintained. A very large number were added to the church in consequence of this revival; and among them about fifty heads of families, not a few of whom were among the most influential inhabitants of the town. Sometime in the year 1800, Mr. Griffin published a somewhat minute account of the work in two Numbers of the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine. This account is considered of great value, not only as a record of the wonderful triumphs of Divine grace, but as exhibiting the kind of human instrumentality which was then employed in connection with revivals.

In the course of the year 1800, Mrs. Griffin's health became so much impaired that her physicians advised that she should be removed to a milder climate. In consequence of this, Mr. G. presented to his congregation the alternative of either withdrawing from his labours and relinquishing his salary till there should be time to make the necessary experiment on Mrs. G.'s health, or of immediately resigning his pastoral charge. The congre-

* Since this sketch was written, one of the daughters, who was married to Dr. L. A. Smith of Newark, has deceased. She was a lady of the finest intellectual and moral qualities, and was distinguished alike in the walks of female authorship, and Christian philanthropy. The illness which terminated her life was closely connected with her benevolent and self-denying labours.

gation chose the former side of the alternative; and, accordingly, in the early part of October, he left New Hartford with Mrs. G., and travelled as far South as New Jersey. Having been invited by his friend, the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Hillyer, who, at that time, resided in Morris County, to pass as much time with him as he might find convenient, he availed himself of the obliging invitation, and remained with Mr. H. several weeks. During this period he preached frequently in the neighbouring congregations, and was everywhere listened to with the deepest interest. About this time, the Church in Orange became vacant by the removal of the Rev. Jedediah Chapman, and Mr. G. was engaged to occupy the pulpit for the winter. His preaching here was attended by manifest tokens of the Divine favour, and about fifty were added to the church as the fruit of his labours. The congregation were desirous of giving him a call, but he discouraged it on the ground that if the health of Mrs. G. would permit him to remain at New Hartford, he was unwilling to leave it for any other place. The people of Newark, however, without having previously apprized him of their intention, actually made out a call for him to settle as a colleague with the venerable Dr. McWhorter. In June they returned to New Hartford, only however to make arrangements for an ultimate removal; for Mrs. G. had become so confirmed in the opinion that a more Southern climate was essential to her health, that her husband could not doubt that the providence of God pointed him to another field of labour. Accordingly, his pastoral relation to the Church in New Hartford was dissolved, by mutual consent, in August, though not without many severe struggles on his part, and the deepest regrets on the part of his people.

Immediately after this, Mr. Griffin returned with his family to Newark, accepted the call which had been previously made out for him, and, on the 20th of October, 1801, was installed as Colleague Pastor with the Rev. Dr. McWhorter. The Congregation over which he was placed, was one of the largest and most respectable in the United States; qualified in every respect to appreciate the labours of a highly gifted, eloquent and devoted minister.

In February, 1805, he received a call to the pastoral charge of the Reformed Dutch Church in Albany. He seems to have been not a little embarrassed in respect to the manner in which he should dispose of it; and not only earnestly sought Divine guidance, but asked the advice of several of his most judicious brethren in the ministry. The result was that, after a short time, he determined to decline the call,—a circumstance which was most gratefully recognised by his people, and which entrenched him more strongly than ever in their affections.

During the sessions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in May of this year, Mr. Griffin preached the Annual Missionary Sermon. His subject, which was "the Kingdom of Christ," he illustrated and enforced with great beauty and power. The Discourse, which was the first that he ever published, has passed through several editions.

On the 20th of July, 1807, died Dr. McWhorter, the Senior Pastor of the Church; and, on the 22d, Mr. Griffin preached his Funeral Sermon, in which he rendered a faithful and beautiful tribute to the memory of his venerable colleague. The Discourse was published, and is valuable, not only as a fine specimen of eloquence, but as an important historical document.

The year 1807 was signalized by one of the most remarkable revivals that occurred during his ministry. He makes only the following brief record of it in his journal:—"September, 1807. Began a great revival of religion in the town. Ninety-seven joined the church in one day, and about two hundred in all." A more full account of this revival, however, has been preserved in a letter which he addressed to the Rev. Dr. Green of Philadelphia, and which was published in the Panoplist of July, 1808.

In August, 1808, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College.

The Theological Seminary at Andover having just been established, Dr. Griffin was appointed, in the course of this year, to the Bartlett Professorship of Pulpit Eloquence in that Institution; and, shortly after this appointment, he was elected by the infant Church in Park Street, Boston, their stated preacher. For both these places he was considered as pre-eminently qualified; though it was not without much deliberation, and as it would seem, many severe struggles, that he finally came to the determination of resigning his pastoral charge. Before the meeting of Presbytery in April, 1809, he requested the congregation to consent to his dismission; and, having obtained their consent, he was dismissed at that meeting, though he continued his ministrations among them till the last of May. On the 28th of May, he preached his Farewell Sermon. It was a noble effort, full of sublimity and pathos, worthy of the occasion and of the man. It has had an extensive circulation, and been admired on both sides of the Atlantic. The following paragraph from the Sermon exhibits the wonderful success which had attended his ministry:—

"Eight years ago, this Church consisted of 202 members, of whom 146 still remain. We have since admitted 434 to our Communion, of whom 376 still remain. Of those whom we have admitted, 62 were received from other churches, and 372 from the world. Of the latter we admitted 113 in one year, and at another time 174 in six months. All the members which have belonged to this Church within that period, amount to 686; of whom 114 have in various ways been removed, and 522 still remain."

On the morning after he preached his Farewell Sermon, Dr. Griffin left Newark with his family for Massachusetts, and, on the 21st of June, was inducted with appropriate ceremonies into the Professorship at Andover, to which he had been appointed. His Inaugural Oration, which was one of the most chaste and beautiful of his productions, fully justified the high opinion that had been formed of his qualifications for that important station.

Dr. Griffin had scarcely reached Andover, and entered on the duties of his Professorship, before some scandalous reports were put in circulation respecting him, which, from the confidence with which they were repeated, temporarily gave no small anxiety to many of his friends. As these reports had respect to alleged improprieties in Newark, the Trustees and Session of his former Church immediately addressed to him a letter, containing not only a complete vindication of his character, but a strong expression of their affectionate regard.

The clergyman to whom the Park Street Congregation gave their first call, was the Rev. Dr. Henry Kollock of Savannah, well known as having been one of the most eloquent preachers which this country has produced. He, however, after having had it for a considerable time under consideration, declined it in September 1809; and, immediately after, Dr. Griffin was unani-

mously chosen to the same place, with the assurance of as large a salary as was paid to any Congregational minister in Boston. As he happened to be present when the call was made out, he stated on the spot, that there were many reasons why his acceptance of it was quite out of the question; the most important of which no doubt was, that he felt himself at that time bound to the Theological Seminary. His views of duty on the subject, however, afterwards gradually underwent a change; and, after he had temporarily intermitted his labours at the Seminary, that he might devote himself solely to the interests of the Congregation, and after they had extended their call to several distinguished individuals, and in each case had received a negative answer, they unanimously renewed their call to him (February 1, 1811) under circumstances which led him to think that possibly the indications of Providence were in favour of his acceptance of it. Almost immediately after this became known to the students, they addressed him a letter expressive of their warm attachment, and of their strong desire that he might retain his connection with the Seminary. To this letter he returned a most affectionate answer, from which he appears still to have been in doubt in respect to the course of duty. Shortly after, however, he signified his acceptance of the call, and was installed Pastor of the Church, July 31, 1811, by an Ecclesiastical Council of Congregational ministers and delegates from the vicinity of Boston; having previously received a dismission from the Presbytery to which he belonged, and a recommendation to the Union Association of Boston and vicinity. The Sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Dr. Worcester of Salem.

In the winter of 1812–13, Dr. Griffin delivered his Park Street Lectures, on successive Sabbath evenings, to a crowded audience, collected from all classes of society. These Lectures awakened great interest on the part of those who approved, and those who disapproved; and it is hardly necessary to say that they have passed through several editions, and are regarded as a most able and eloquent exposition of that form of Calvinism which they are designed to illustrate.

He continued at Park Street until the spring of 1815, when, in consequence of the Congregation having become embarrassed by means of the war, and withal somewhat divided among themselves, he accepted an invitation to return to Newark as Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, which was then vacant. He seems to have hesitated for some time as to the propriety of accepting this invitation, particularly from an apprehension that his return to Newark might be the occasion of some embarrassment to his successor in his former charge. Having, however, ultimately decided in favour of a removal, and having tendered the resignation of his pastoral charge, and that resignation having received the sanction of a mutual council, he was installed Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Newark, June 20, 1815.

During this second period of Dr. Griffin's residence in Newark, besides attending with exemplary fidelity to all the appropriate duties of a pastor, he devoted himself with characteristic energy to the establishment and support of several of the leading benevolent institutions of the day. He was one of the original founders of the American Bible Society, and had also an important agency in establishing the United Foreign Mission Society, and in promoting the interests of the School established by the Synod of New York and New Jersey for the education of Africans. To

this latter institution perhaps he devoted himself with more zeal than to any other; and his celebrated "Plea for Africa," distinguished alike for learning and eloquence, shows that this was a theme to wake up his finest powers and strongest sensibilities.

It was also during this period of his ministry (1817) that he published his work on the extent of the Atonement. As this is almost throughout a work of pure metaphysics, it were not to be expected that it should have gained so extensive a circulation as the more practical and popular of his productions; but it was evidently the result of great intellectual labour, and could never have been produced but by a mind trained to the highest efforts of abstraction.

In the spring of 1821, Dr. Griffin was invited to become President of the College at Danville, Ky.; and, as his health at the time was somewhat enfeebled, he took a journey into that State, but ultimately declined the offer. On his return, he visited Cincinnati, and subsequently received a similar invitation from the College in that city; but this also he felt constrained to decline. About the same time, he was chosen President of Williams College; and, owing chiefly to some unpropitious circumstances which had prevented the growth of his Congregation, and rendered them unable to continue to him a competent support, he determined to accept, and did accept, this appointment.

The College, at the time he became connected with it, was in an exceedingly depressed state; and the question of its continued existence, at least on that spot, had, for some time, been agitated with great interest and earnestness. His introduction to the Presidency was regarded by its friends, as it really proved, most auspicious to its interests; and within a short period he had so far enlisted the public favour and patronage in its behalf, that it was not only relieved from embarrassment, but took its place among the more prosperous institutions of the land.

In the course of the year 1831, Dr. Griffin became deeply interested in reference to what has been commonly called the "New Divinity." He was fully of the opinion that the views which were supposed to be held by the divines of that school, were at variance alike with Scripture and sound philosophy; and hence he felt himself called upon to take up his pen in defence of what he believed to be important truth. The result was that, within a little more than a year, he published, in connection with this controversy, a Sermon entitled "Regeneration not effected by Light;" a Letter on "the connection between the New Measures and the New Doctrines;" and a somewhat extended Treatise on Divine Efficiency."

Dr. Griffin's health, which had been gradually declining for two or three years, at length became so much enfeebled, that he found himself quite inadequate to the duties of his office; and, accordingly, at the meeting of the Board of Trustees in August, 1836, he tendered his resignation, after having occupied the Presidential chair fifteen years. It was of course accepted, but with deep regret on the part of the Board that the occasion for it existed, and with the warmest gratitude for the important services which he had rendered to the institution.

On leaving Williamstown, he received from the Faculty and students of the College, as well as from many of the inhabitants of the town, every testimony of respect and kindness. He went with his family to Newark, in compliance with an affectionate and earnest request from his daughter

and her husband, Dr. L. A. Smith, with a view to pass his remaining days under their roof. It is scarcely necessary to say that, on reaching his destination, he was greeted with a cordial welcome, not only by his own immediate relatives, but by a large circle of endeared friends, and that he found himself in the midst of a community who well knew how to appreciate his residence among them, and many of whom it was his privilege to reckon among the seals of his ministry.

In July, 1837, Mrs. Griffin was seized with a violent disease, which proved too much for her enfeebled constitution, and, after about a fortnight, terminated in death. She was a lady of uncommon delicacy and excellence of character; and though her husband was most deeply sensible of the loss which he sustained, yet he endured the trial with an unqualified, serene, even cheerful, submission.

From the period of his arrival in Newark,—October 1, 1836, to the time of his death,—November 8, 1837, his disease (dropsy in the chest) was making constant progress, though his faculties were still always in exercise, and he was able, for the most part, not only to enjoy the company of his friends, but to attend church on the Sabbath, to move about a little in the neighbourhood, and occasionally to preach for his brethren around him. At the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, which took place in Newark a few weeks before his death, he was present, in great feebleness, at the close of their session, and offered a most touching prayer and address, which, as it proved, were the last public services which he ever performed. From that time, his decline became more marked, and there was every thing to indicate, both to himself and his friends, that the hour of his release was rapidly drawing nigh. His exercises in the immediate prospect of his departure were characterized, not only by the "peace which passeth understanding," but by "the joy unspeakable and full of glory." There was a patriarchal simplicity and sublimity about his dying scene; and those who were present to witness it, have treasured it among their most precious recollections. His Funeral was attended, two days after his death, in the First Presbyterian Church, and an appropriate Discourse delivered on the occasion, by the Rev. Dr. Spring of New York, on II. Cor. v. 1, which was afterwards published. When the news of his death was received at Williams College, the Faculty immediately took measures to testify their respect for his memory; and the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, his successor in the Presidential chair, shortly after, delivered a discourse in commemoration of him, in the chapel of the College, which was also subsequently given to the public through the press.

The following is a list of Dr. Griffin's publications:—The Kingdom of Christ: A Missionary Sermon preached before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, 1805. A Sermon preached at the Funeral of the Rev. Alexander McWhorter, D.D., 1807. A Farewell Sermon at Newark, 1809. An Oration at the Author's Induction into the office of Bartlett Professor of Pulpit Eloquence in the Divinity College at Andover, 1809. A Sermon at the Dedication of the Church in Park Street, 1810. A Sermon preached for the benefit of the Portsmouth Female Asylum; also, with some omissions, for the Roxbury Charitable Society, 1811. A Series of Lectures delivered in Park Street Church on Sunday evening, (octavo volume,) 1813. A Sermon preached at the Dedication of the meeting house recently erected in Sandwich, Mass., for the use of the Calvin-

istic Congregational Society in that town, 1813. A Sermon in which is attempted a full and explicit answer to the common and highly important question, "What wilt thou have me to do," 1814. Living to God: A Sermon preached in the Brick Presbyterian Church in the city of New York, 1816. An Address to the public on the subject of the African School lately established under the care of the Synod of New York and New Jersey, 1816. A Plea for Africa: A Sermon delivered before the Synod of New York and New Jersey, at the request of the Board of Directors of the African School established by the Synod, 1817. Foreign Missions: A Sermon preached at the Anniversary of the United Foreign Missionary Society, 1819. The Claims of Seamen: A Sermon preached for the benefit of the Marine Missionary Society of New York, 1819. An Humble Attempt to reconcile the differences of Christians in respect to the extent of the Atonement, (duodecimo volume,) 1819. An appeal to the Presbyterian Church on the subject of the New Test, 1820. A Speech delivered before the American Bible Society in the city of New York, 1820. An Address delivered to the class of Graduates at Williams College, 1822. An Address delivered at the Anniversary of the Presbyterian Education Society, 1824. An Address delivered at the Anniversary of the American Society for meliorating the condition of the Jews, 1824. An Address delivered before the American Education Society, 1825. A Sermon on the Art of Preaching, delivered before the Pastoral Association of Massachusetts, 1825. A Sermon preached before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1826. A Sermon preached before the candidates for the Baccalaureate in Williams College, 1827. A Sermon preached before the Annual Convention of the Congregational ministers of Massachusetts, 1828. A Sermon at the Dedication of the new Chapel connected with Williams College, 1828. An Address at the Fifth Anniversary of the American Sunday School Union, 1829. An Address at the Second Anniversary of the American Bible Class Society, 1829. Letter to Deacon Hurlbut on the subject of Open Communion, 1829. Two Sermons in the National Preacher, entitled "The Prayer of Faith" and "The Heavenly mind," 1830. God exalted and Creatures humbled by the Gospel: A Sermon preached in Murray Street Church, New York, 1830. A Letter to the Rev. W. B. Sprague, published in the Appendix to his volume of Lectures on Revivals, 1832. Regeneration not wrought by light: A Sermon in the National Preacher, 1832. A Letter to the Rev. Ansel D. Eddy of Canandaigua, N. Y., on the Narrative of the late Revivals of Religion in the Presbytery of Geneva, 1832. A Letter to a friend on the connection between New Doctrines and New Measures, 1833. The doctrine of the Divine Efficiency defended against modern speculations, (duodecimo volume,) 1833. The Causal Power of Regeneration proper, direct upon the mind, and not exerted through the medium of motives, 1834.

The following were posthumous:—Two Sermons in the National Preacher, entitled "The Worth of the Soul" and "The Knowledge of God," 1838. Sermons in two volumes, (octavo,) to which is prefixed a Memoir of his life, 1838. An additional volume of Sermons, (octavo,) 1844.

I saw Dr. Griffin, for the first time, in May, 1811, at his own house in Boston. I had been familiar with his name and his fame as a pulpit orator, almost from the time that I could remember any thing;—having been born

and brought up within two or three miles of Mrs. Griffin's native place, where some of her near relatives still lived. I was then but fifteen years old, but had a passion for seeing celebrated men, and I am afraid that this was my only apology for obtruding myself upon Dr. Griffin. I believe, however, I did not call upon him without at least seeming to have an errand; but he received me with a degree of kindness that immediately put me at my ease. As he came down from his study to meet me, I was struck, as I think every body must have been on seeing him for the first time, with his singularly commanding and impressive appearance. I doubt whether I had then ever seen a man whose physical dimensions were equal to his—if my memory serves me, he was six feet and three inches high, and every way well proportioned. His face, and particularly his eye, was exceedingly bright; though the symmetry of his face was somewhat affected by the smallness of his nose when compared with his other features. After inquiring about his relatives whom I had then lately left, he seemed disposed to know something about the boy who had thus abruptly introduced himself to him; and, on my telling him that I expected to enter College in a few months, and that it was not certain whether I should go to Yale or Harvard, he replied that if I were his son, he should of course send me to Yale. When I told him that I was staying at Mr. Buckminster's, he spoke very respectfully and kindly of Mr. B., though I believe they had no other intercourse than of the most general kind. As I was leaving him, he went into his study and brought out a copy of each of the Sermons which he had then published, including his Inaugural Oration at Andover, and asked me to accept of them; and his whole manner was so kind and condescending that I came away quite delighted with the interview. The next Sunday afternoon, I heard him preach, for the first time, in Park Street Church. He wore the gown and bands, (the only time I ever knew him wear them,) and his appearance in the pulpit was not only imposing but really majestic. His voice was one of immense compass as well as great melody, and it seemed to me then, as it always did afterwards, to be modulated to the best effect. He had a good deal of gesture, but it was direct and forcible, and was evidently the simple prompting of nature. The subject of the discourse was Paul's "Thorn in the flesh;" and though it made a great impression upon me, it is due to candour to say that a perusal of the manuscript in later years has satisfied me that the impression must have resulted very much from the novelty and power of the manner.

In 1817, while I was a student in the Princeton Theological Seminary, there was an extensive revival of religion in Newark, which drew thither many of our students, partly to do good and partly to get good; and I was one of the number. Dr. Griffin was then Pastor of the Second Church; and as I was not altogether a stranger to him,—having met him two or three times before, I called to pay my respects to him, and spent a day or two, at his request, visiting among his people. Here I saw him in what I suppose was his favourite element. Though his mind was evidently in full sympathy with the state of things around him, he was perfectly calm and considerate in all his movements, and seemed averse to any thing that should have a tendency to produce an artificial excitement. I heard him deliver an extemporaneous lecture in his church one evening, which, though as familiar as an ordinary talk, was marked by the most awful solemnity, and the most subduing tenderness. His eldest daughter, afterward a most

devoted Christian, was not at that time particularly interested in religion, and I remember, as she came into the room, his speaking to her, or rather of her, in relation to what he supposed to be her spiritual condition, in a tone of discouragement and sadness bordering almost upon severity. I know he was in the habit of dealing with those who were indifferent to religion, especially in seasons of revival, in great plainness and solemnity, and I can easily imagine that his strong feelings might sometimes have dictated expressions the most pungent and overwhelming.

During my residence at West Springfield, and after Dr. Griffin had become President of Williams College, he came and passed part of a Sabbath with me, and preached for me in the evening in the town hall,—a room of only moderate dimensions. Due preparation for his preaching was made by gathering not a small number of the large Bibles and law books in the neighbourhood, and piling them up to such a height as to bring his manuscript sufficiently near to his eyes in the delivery. He preached that evening one of his most splendid sermons, and delivered it in his most impassioned and impressive manner. His audience, I believe without an exception, regarded it as one of the grandest,—perhaps the very grandest, of all the specimens of pulpit eloquence to which they had ever listened. But there was after all an incongruity between the Doctor's gigantic frame, and splendid diction, and exuberant and powerful gesture, and voice sometimes breaking upon us like a thunderbolt, on the one hand, and the little room in which he spoke, large enough perhaps to contain two hundred people, and fitted up with plain benches, on the other; and if the audience to a man had not been spell-bound, I should not have wondered to hear that some wag had characterized it as a "tempest in a tea-pot." I remember that President Day of Yale College was present, and though he never speaks extravagantly, he could hardly find language to express his admiration of the whole service.

Dr. Griffin's powerful imagination, in connection with his quick philanthropic feelings, sometimes undoubtedly magnified objects beyond their true proportions. I recollect an instance of this in connection with the Commencement at Williams College, in 1827. After the Concio ad Clerum on Commencement evening, the ministers and others present were requested by the Doctor to stop in the church, to consider a certain object of charity that was to be proposed to them. It turned out to be the taking of measures to supply a small place not very far from Williamstown, with the preaching of the Gospel. He made a most earnest appeal to the audience on the subject, and stated that he did not know but a single place, large or small, on the whole Atlantic coast in this country, that seemed to him so important as that for which he was pleading! I suppose that whatever errors of judgment he may have been chargeable with, (and nobody is exempt from them,) were generally to be accounted for from this peculiarity of his intellectual and moral constitution.

He had, I think, more than a common share of delicacy and consideration for the feelings of others. Some little time after I came to live in Albany, I ascertained that he had engaged to sit to an artist here for his portrait; and I had requested him to be my guest during the time. He did not, however, come as I expected, but in the course of a day or two I heard that he was actually here, and was staying at a hotel. When I called upon him, and expressed my surprise that he did not come directly to my

house, he told me that the reason was that he was unwilling to make a convenience of a friend's hospitality. He was very earnest in his religious convictions, and as bold as a lion in the defence of them; but I do not remember ever to have heard him utter an unkind word in respect to any of those from whom he differed. I have *heard* that he sometimes, under the influence of strong excitement, would utter himself in great severity, but when the flash of anger was passed, his accustomed gentleness returned; and I believe he was never slow to make amends where he had needlessly caused pain or given offence.

I once asked him to criticise a sermon for me, and his reply was,—"Yes, I will do it, but you must know that I am a bloody man in such matters." He did it, and fully substantiated his claim to that character. On that occasion or some other, he spoke of the manner in which he was accustomed to prepare himself for writing a sermon on which he intended to lay out his full strength. He said that he sat down with his pen in hand, and suffered his mind to range without restraint over the general field embraced in his subject,—jotting down thoughts as they occurred, without any reference to their ultimate arrangement. When his mind had exhausted itself in this way, he set himself to the business of reducing the materials to order,—first forming the general plan, and then bringing out the various subdivisions, until the skeleton of the discourse was completed; and what remained was a work of comparatively little labour. He criticised his own sermons quite as severely as he did those of other people; as is shown by the fact that many of his manuscripts that remain have been rendered nearly illegible by erasures and interlineations.

The most interesting interview perhaps that I ever had with Dr. Griffin was the last—it was two or three months before his death; but it was after he had become bowed by infirmity, and when the disease under which he had been long labouring, was evidently soon to reach a fatal crisis. His grand and well-proportioned form which I used so much to admire, had become emaciated and skeleton-like, and scarcely the strength of a child remained to it. But I never saw him, after all, when his appearance was more majestic. He sat in that great old arm-chair, breathing with extreme difficulty, and looking as if the breath might leave him at any moment. But he gave me as hearty and cheerful a welcome as he had been used to do, and bade me sit down by his side and talk to him, even though he should not be able to say much in reply. He did, however, converse freely,—though not without being frequently interrupted by his difficulty of respiration; and every thing that he said showed that he expected soon to die, and that there was nothing in the prospect which he could not view with tranquillity and even delight. He dwelt with special emphasis on the goodness of God in so mercifully arranging his circumstances in the prospect of his departure,—saying that there was nothing wanting to render his situation as desirable as it could be. As he had previously requested me to write the memoir of his life, he referred to the subject then, and told me where and how I should find all the requisite material; and I found it exactly as he had stated. The interview was tender and solemn, but by no means gloomy. He gave me his blessing, when I left him; and it proved to be our last parting.

FROM THE REV. ASA HILLYER, D. D.

ORANGE, N. J., February 7, 1838.

My dear Sir: It is no self-denial to me, I assure you, to communicate to you my recollections of Dr. Griffin; for scarcely any man has passed away, whose memory I hold in such affectionate veneration. I had the privilege of being not only acquainted, but in intimate relations, with him for more than thirty years. My first introduction to him was at a meeting of the General Association of Connecticut in 1800. After the adjournment of the Association, I spent a night at his house in New Hartford, in company with Dr. Backus of Somers. Dr. B., I remember, was greatly impressed by his appearance, and remarked to me, when we were by ourselves,—"This is no ordinary young man—I greatly mistake if God has not some very important work for him to do in his Church." I have often since thought of the remark as having had in it the force of prophecy.

In the autumn of the same year, Mr. (for he was not then Dr.) Griffin, in consequence of the impaired health of Mrs. G., came to New Jersey to spend a few months, in the hope that she might receive benefit from a milder climate. I was then living in Morris County, and they accepted an invitation to make my house for a while their home. During this time, he preached frequently in my pulpit, as well as in that of Brother Richards at Morristown; and his preaching produced an impression, which had perhaps never been equalled in that part of the country,—at least within the memory of that generation. There was a splendour of conception, an aptness of illustration, an overwhelming force of appeal, which, taken in connection with the grace and power of his oratory, was, with most hearers, quite irresistible. It was only necessary that it should be known that he was to preach in any church in the region, to secure a full,—not to say a crowded, house. Men of the highest and the humblest intellects, of the largest and the most limited attainments, were alike attracted by the vividness, the pathos, the majesty, of his pulpit exhibitions.

Shortly after his removal to Newark, I accepted a call to this place, which of course brought me into his immediate neighbourhood, and though our acquaintance had been comparatively brief, it now quickly ripened into an intimacy. We were often visitors at each others' houses, united with each other in religious services, and in various ways were fellow helpers to the accomplishment of the great ends of the ministry. We frequently travelled together for two or three weeks at a time—and sometimes Dr. Finley, Mr. Condict,* or some other brother was associated with us, in those parts of the State which were comparatively destitute of the means of grace, preaching once or twice every day. On one of these occasions, the following interesting circumstance occurred to him:—One night when we were not together, he lodged at a house near a hill called the Sugar-loaf. In the morning he ascended the hill to take a view of the surrounding country. While he was enjoying a delightful prospect, a maniac at the foot of the hill was meditating his death. With a loaded gun he had secreted him-

*AARON CONDICT was born in Orange, N. J., August 6, 1765. He was a descendant of John Condict, who came to this country from England or Wales as early as 1686. His mother was of Scottish ancestry. At the age of about fifteen, he was placed at a grammar school in what is now Madison, under the charge of the Rev. Ebenezer Bradford, but taught chiefly by Mr. Ashbel Green, afterwards the Rev. Dr. Green, President of the College of New Jersey. After remaining here a few months, he went to Newark, and became a pupil of the Rev. Dr. McWhorter. His intention, at this time, was to devote himself to the medical profession; but, in consequence of a great change that now took place in his feelings on the subject of religion, he resolved on becoming a minister of the Gospel. After surmounting many obstacles, he was graduated at Princeton in 1788. His theological studies he pursued under the direction of the Rev. Jedediah Chapman, his pastor, during which time he also taught an Academy at Orange. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York, in 1790; and shortly after received a call to the Church of Stillwater, N. Y., where he laboured upwards of three years. On the 13th of December, 1796, he was installed Pastor of the Church of Hanover, N. J., which he served for thirty-five years. He resigned his pastoral charge, on account of bodily infirmities,

self behind a fence near a foot-path, by which Mr. Griffin was expected to descend. Providentially, a neighbour, passing by, discovered him, and asked him what he was going to do with his gun. The maniac replied—"Look up yonder; don't you see that man? He is a British spy, sent over by the King of England to spy out our land, and as he comes down, I intend to shoot him." "No," said the neighbour, "he is the minister who preached for us last evening." Upon this, the unhappy man gave up his arms and retired; but it was fully believed by those who knew the state of his mind, that he would have shot our friend dead, if he had not been thus providentially prevented. The Doctor often mentioned this singular escape from sudden death with great sensibility.

In no situation perhaps was Dr. Griffin more entirely at home than in a revival of religion. It was my privilege often to be with him in such circumstances; and I knew not which to admire most—the skill and power with which he wielded the Sword of the Spirit, or the childlike dependance which was evinced by his tender and fervent supplications. Though he was certainly one of the most accomplished pulpit orators of his time,—on these occasions especially, the power of his eloquence was lost sight of in the mighty effects which were produced. A quickening influence went forth through the church, and an awakening and converting influence spread through the surrounding world; the pressing of sinners into the kingdom was such as seemed almost to betoken the dawn of the millennial day; and yet the instrumentality by which all this was brought about was little talked of. This result, after all, I suppose to be the highest effect of pulpit eloquence. He wrought so mightily on the religious principles and affections of his audience, that they had not the time, or scarcely the ability, to marvel at the exalted gifts with which these effects were associated.

It was a great gratification to Dr. Griffin's old friends, that he came back to spend his last days, and finally to make his grave, among them. It was my privilege to see him frequently during the season of his decline, and in the near prospect of death. I always found him tranquil, dignified, and breathing forth a hope full of immortality. The grandest display of pulpit eloquence that I ever witnessed from him, was far less effective and subduing than his dying words and looks. I will only add that Dr. Spring, in the Sermon preached at his Funeral, seems to me to have given an outline of his character as faithful as it is beautiful. I can most cordially endorse every sentence of it.

With great respect, I am your brother,

In the best of bonds,

ASA HILLYER.

FROM THE REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D.

ELIZABETHTOWN, October 16, 1847.

My dear Dr. Sprague: You ask me for my recollections of my venerated teacher and friend, the Rev. Dr. Griffin. As he was President of Williams College during my whole four years' course there, and was my neighbour during the

October 6, 1831, and died in April, 1852. His ministry, especially at Hanover, was eminently successful, as was indicated by the fact that it witnessed to nine or ten distinct revivals of religion, and to the admission of seven hundred and twenty-five individuals to the Communion of the Church. He was distinguished for his wisdom, humility, benevolence, hospitality, and deep interest in whatever related to the prosperity of the Redeemer's Kingdom. He was married first in 1796 to Mary, daughter of Daniel Dayton, of Elizabethtown,—a lady of rare excellence, who died in February, 1820. In 1822, he was married a second time to Sarah Conkling, of Morristown, who survived him. He had four sons who entered the ministry and who have risen to high respectability and usefulness, three of whom still (1857) survive. One of them, *Joseph D.*, was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1826; was settled as the sixth Pastor of the Church in East Hampton, L. I., September 1, 1830; was dismissed on the 22d of April 1835; was installed Pastor of the Congregational Church in South Hadley, Mass., July 8, 1835, and died September 19, 1847. He possessed much more than ordinary talents, and was distinguished, through his whole ministry, for his zealous and successful labours. He was called to the Rhetorical chair of Amherst College, but declined the invitation.

last year of his life, which he spent in Newark, I had an opportunity of knowing him in different relations, and under a variety of circumstances. Yet, instead of attempting a general portraiture of the man, I shall content myself with narrating two or three incidents respecting him, which deeply impressed my mind at the time of their occurrence, and which may serve to illustrate some of his peculiar characteristics.

Early in the spring of 1824, if my memory serves me, there were glowing appearances of a most extensive revival in College. Indeed, not only the College but the town was greatly shaken. Dr. Griffin was all fervour and zeal. The excitement continued four or five weeks. A few individuals seemed converted. A wicked fellow, by the name of R——, began to exhort us with great power and effect. But the excitement subsided as suddenly as it sprang up. And, after all feeling had passed over, there was but one in town or College that gave evidence of true conversion; and that was William Hervey,* whose bones repose in India, where he went as a missionary under the American Board. He was one of the best men I ever knew. In a few weeks, R—— was found drunk. In reference to all this matter, I heard Dr. Griffin say afterwards,—"To save one immortal soul the Lord will shake a whole church, a whole town, and if nothing less will save it, he will shake a whole continent." And to illustrate this position, he would narrate, with melting pathos, the story of Hervey's conversion.

If I recollect dates aright, in the spring of 1825, there was a truly powerful and genuine revival in town and College. In this work Dr. Griffin was the prime instrument. Some of the most touching moral scenes that I ever saw or heard of, occurred during its progress. Guilty of the sin of David, we numbered the converted and the unconverted. The report went out one morning, and reached Dr. G., that all College was converted but eighteen. There was to be a prayer-meeting that night, and he sent over word that he would meet with us. Although the evening was dark and stormy, and the ground exceedingly muddy, there was not probably a student of College absent from the meeting. He came, and the lecture-room was so crowded that he stood in the door, whilst giving his hat to one, and his cloak and lantern to others. He stood for a moment gazing through his tears on the crowd before him. Then clasping his hands, and lifting up his face to Heaven, he uttered, in the most moving accents, these words—"Or those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?" The effect was overpowering. For minutes he could not utter another word, and the room was filled with weeping. It was one of those inimitable touches which he could occasionally give, beyond all men that I have ever known. I narrated the incident to him a few weeks previous to his death. He wept aloud on its recital; but had forgotten all about it.

Another of these touches he gave at the last service but one that I heard him perform. It was at the Funeral of the Rev. Mr. G. of this town. After a solemn service, he offered the concluding prayer, which he commenced thus—"O Lord we thank thee that good men may die." Being uttered as it was, in his peculiar manner, it deeply impressed and affected every mind.

* William Hervey was born at Kingsbury, Washington co., N. Y., on the 22d of January, 1799. He was graduated at Williams College in 1824. After leaving College, he taught school in Blooming Grove, and Albany, N. Y., for one year, and in the following year was a Tutor in Williams College. The three years succeeding he spent in the study of Theology in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. In September, 1829, he was ordained in the Park Street Church, Boston, as a missionary to the heathen. On the 30th of June, 1830, he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Deacon Jacob Smith, of Hadley, Mass. On the 2d of August, 1830, he embarked, with several other missionaries, for Calcutta. They arrived in Bombay on the 7th of March, 1831; where Mrs. Hervey died on the 3d of May following. He removed to the station at Ahmednuggur on the 21st of April, 1832, and died of spasmodic cholera on the 13th of the next month.

During revivals, his sermons were nothing in comparison with his talks and lectures. I have heard him preach great sermons, but the most eloquent and glowing thoughts that I ever heard from mortal lips, were uttered by him in the school-houses at Williamstown.

In my repeated interviews with him previous to his death, I found nothing to interest him so much as little incidents in reference to revivals in College, and intelligence in respect to the usefulness of students who had been converted under him. He seemed to feel as if he had been multiplying himself in every student converted through his instrumentality. In my last interview with him, I told him the story of the conversion in 1825 of a Mr. H.,—now a highly useful minister, but then a profane and worthless profligate. The Doctor was in the habit of frequently closing his sermons with "Hallelujah, Amen," and always repeated the words in a peculiarly varied and musical tone. His tones were caught and repeated with laughable accuracy by H——. Just at the commencement of the revival, he was often heard repeating these words, and with great force, and wit, and sarcasm, exhorting his fellow-students to get converted; swearing that he himself would get converted,—the very first one. And as God would have it, he *was* converted,—the very first one. He was seen on a Fast day morning, coming into the prayer-meeting, as we all thought, to make sport. But before the meeting ended, he arose, and such an appeal to the students as he made, and such an effect as it produced, I never witnessed. And to the close of the revival, he was as useful as any among us. The story affected the Doctor to such a degree that, for a time, he was entirely overcome.

Not doubting that you will readily command whatever may be necessary to illustrate the character of this eminent man,

I am ever fraternally yours,

NICHOLAS MURRAY.

FROM THE REV. J. W. YEOMANS, D. D.

DANVILLE, Pa., July 8, 1857.

My dear Sir: I comply most cheerfully with your request that I should send you my reminiscences of Dr. Griffin; although, of the many things indelibly impressed on my memory respecting him, I may fail to select those best suited to your purpose.

The person, manners, and many thoughts and words, of that remarkable man rise now as vividly to my view, as though it were but yesterday that I had seen and heard him. I presume the same can be said by every person who knew him. The first time I saw him was at the College Commencement of 1822, when he graduated his first class. I was then entering the College, and was not qualified to appreciate the literary character of his performances on that occasion; but I had never felt before such reverence at the sight of any man, as when I first saw Dr. Griffin in his high chair in the pulpit, presiding over the public exercises. His hair was as white then as it ever was afterwards, and his gigantic and symmetrical person, his rich, full and penetrating voice, and the formal dignity of his movements, altogether peculiar to himself, gave what seemed to me a wonderful majesty to the occasion.

In the college exercises in which he was accustomed to be present and officiate, his presence commanded the reverence of all the members of the institution in a marked degree. In the recitation room, his manner was striking, and often deeply impressive. His instructions were confined to the Senior class; and the lively interest maintained in that class by his teachings and his personal attentions, greatly enlivened the anticipations with which the lower classes usually looked forward to the Senior year. He felt a deep interest in metaphysical discussions; particularly in those most nearly related to the leading points of the Calvinistic Theo-

logy. With all his finished and splendid rhetoric, he was eminent for his talent and habit of accurate philosophical discrimination, and his facility and strength at metaphysical disquisitions enabled him to engage the active interest of his classes in the intricate questions of mental philosophy. He entered with special earnestness into the philosophical discussions relating to the will, and to the ground of responsibility for religious belief; and some of the class exercises on these subjects he conducted with great animation and power.

A favourite branch in his department of instruction was rhetoric. He always left a decided impression on the students who came under his hand in rhetorical criticism. His practical rules for writing were definite, positive and rigid in the extreme. The effect of them was always manifest in his public discourses, and is palpable to every reader of his pure, concise and energetic style. Every student of the least natural power of discrimination would receive, from a single critical exercise with Dr. Griffin, an impression he would never lose. He was very susceptible to the power of genuine poetry; being moved sometimes to tears by the touching poetical extracts repeatedly used in the college declamations. And his criticisms on the manner of pronouncing such pieces were often admirable.. One of his weekly exercises with his class was in reading; and on one occasion a member of the class read from the beginning of one of the books of Paradise lost: "Hail, holy light; offspring of Heaven first born." During the reading he seemed in rapture with the poetry; and, at the close, after some remarks on the reader's performance, he asked for the book, and erecting himself in his chair, with his countenance suffused, and his voice raised, mellow, and tremulous with emotion, he read the passage with an effect which, I am sure, no member of the class can ever forget. The scene often recurs to me as vividly as on the day after its occurrence.

His interest in the religious welfare of the students was lively, and presented some striking characteristics. Especially on the appearance of the least sign of unusual religious interest in the College, he frequently evinced a remarkable susceptibility. His conversation with individuals at such times was direct and pointed; pressing the obligations and explaining the nature of religious duty in the strongest and most positive terms. In social and public meetings he was highly excited by the feeblest intimations of an approaching revival. And it was always manifest how vastly his estimate of such a "gracious visitation" was raised by his clear and unqualified apprehension of the sovereignty of God in dispensing grace, and the aggravated guilt and utter helplessness of men. He looked upon that College as specially destined to fulfil its mission by becoming increasingly sacred as the scene of "revivals of religion;" so that, besides the general religious interest of his pious heart in the spiritual welfare of the young men, and their future usefulness in the Church, his devotion to that institution in particular, and his interpretation of the past course of Providence with it, increased the intensity of his feelings during those seasons of awakened religious activity.

But this particular interest in the College was altogether connected in his mind with the general cause of religion in our country and the world. His views were far from being local or limited. He was accustomed to speak of the remotest parts of the world in the same terms of personal and familiar regard as of the scenes in which he was immediately occupied. He had only to perceive the promising connection of an enterprise with the general cause of religion, to become heartily enlisted in its support.

The peculiar cast of Dr. Griffin's preaching and other religious instructions and appeals was formed, more perhaps than that of many other great minds, by his cherished habit of precise discrimination on the leading points of the prevalent Theology. In his course of teaching in mental philosophy he drew the curt distinctions with great accuracy and decision. His theological writings are

distinguished by lucid and energetic statements of the main points belonging to the theological views of the time; and in such statements his ability was not surpassed by any man of the age. His taste for those theological distinctions, his high sense of their value, and his facility and satisfaction in using them, gave his most rhetorical pulpit discourses remarkable internal coherence and compactness, and enabled him to command the judgments of his hearers by the force of a very stringent logic. The great prominence and intense light in which he placed some leading points of religious truth constitute the striking feature of his theological discussions. This trait is conspicuous in his Park Street Lectures, his work on the Atonement, and some smaller publications on particular points of Christian doctrine. On the whole, the position and influence of Dr. Griffin are widely attested by the profound and general respect for his memory, and by the evident fruits of his labours. His power of clear, penetrating, and at the same time, of lofty and comprehensive, thought,—his skill and force in argument, his rhetorical genius and culture, his eloquence, his majestic person and manner, all pervaded and controlled by his enlightened religious devotion, performed efficient service for the Church, and placed him among the greater lights of his age.

Yours with sincere respect,

J. W. YEOMANS.

GIDEON BLACKBURN, D. D.*

1792—1838.

GIDEON BLACKBURN was born in Augusta County, Va., then one of the frontier counties of the State, on the 27th of August, 1772. His father was Robert Blackburn, and the family name of his mother was Richie. They were of Scotch Irish extraction, and were devout members of the Presbyterian Church, though in very humble worldly circumstances. He lived most of the time with his grandfather, General Blackburn, until he was about twelve years old; and, after his grandfather's death, his maternal uncle, Gideon Richie,—a pious young man without family, observing that he was a youth of much more than ordinary promise, so far adopted him as to undertake to educate him at his own expense. He became hopefully the subject of renewing grace at the age of about fifteen. In the current of Westward emigration, both his parents and his uncle, shortly after this, got as far as Washington County, Tenn., then within the bounds of North Carolina. Here his uncle placed him under the care and instruction of the venerable Samuel Doak, D. D., distinguished both as a minister and an instructer, and the Founder and Principal of Martin Academy, which was only about a mile from the place where the Blackburns settled. At this school he passed the greater part of his literary course. But when, after some time, his uncle removed some seventy miles farther West, into Jefferson County, Tenn., he accompanied him; and there they both found a home in the house of his father's brother, John Blackburn, a man of rare excellence. There, too, he

* Letters from Dr. Blackburn to Doctors Green, Morse, and Richards.—MSS. from A. M. Blackburn, Esq., Rev. Dr. McCampbell, Rev. Dr. Cleland, Rev. Dr. Anderson, Rev. A. Blackburn, Rev. J. H. Martin, Rev. J. K. Lyle, Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, Curran Pope, Esq., and J. A. Jacobs, Esq.—New York Observer, 1838.

completed his literary course, and also pursued his theological studies, under the instruction of the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) Robert Henderson, who then resided five miles distant, near the town of Dandridge. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Abingdon, in the year 1792.* It is worthy of remark that his uncle, to whom he was indebted for his education, instead of being in affluent circumstances, was dependant for his own living upon his daily labour.

Here is the young preacher, without a dollar, on the very outskirts of civilization, ready to enter upon his work; and he certainly did enter upon it under very peculiar circumstances. The scattered population of that region was, at that time, constantly liable to Indian depredations. A company of soldiers was about to march from the neighbourhood in which he lived, to protect a fort on the spot on which Maryville was subsequently built. Mr. Blackburn being doubly armed,—having on the one hand his Bible and Hymn Book, and on the other his hunting shirt, rifle, shot-pouch, and knapsack, joined this company, and marched with them to the fort; and there he commenced his labours as a minister of the Gospel. Within sight of the fort, he built a house for his own dwelling, and shortly after was erected a large log building that served as a church. He very soon established the New Providence Church, Maryville, and also took charge of another Church called Eusebia, about ten miles distant. But besides his stated labours in these congregations, he preached much in the region round about, and was instrumental in organizing several new churches. During the early part of his ministry here, his situation was one of imminent peril. So long as the Cherokees remained hostile, no work could be done except by companies,—some being obliged to stand as sentinels, while others would work, with their loaded guns so near that they could seize them in a moment. As there were many forts in the region, the young preacher would pass, under an escort, from fort to fort, and within a moderate period would preach in them all. He very soon became a general favourite, and his preaching commanded universal attention. When the people were out of their forts, the place of preaching was generally a shady grove; the immediate position of the preacher was beneath some wide-spread oak; and he usually stood with his gun at his side, and all the men, including also boys who were old enough to use a rifle, stood around him, each with gun in hand. He was compelled at this period to perform not a little labour with his own hands; and his preparation for preaching was made either while he was actually thus engaged, or in the brief intervals of leisure which he was able to command. He kept himself not only on familiar terms, but in exceedingly kind relations, with all his people, and exerted a powerful and most benign influence in forming their characters. He took special pains, both in private and in public, to make them well acquainted with the Bible; and by accustoming them to frequent meetings for devotion, he taught them to cultivate both the gift and the spirit of prayer, thus rendering many of them at least, at once intelligent and spiritually-minded Christians.

Mr. Blackburn was an active participant in the scenes of the great revival which took place at the South and West during the early part of this century. I have in my possession a letter to the Rev. Dr. Green of Phila-

* This is the date furnished by Dr. B.'s family. But another authority, justly entitled to consideration, places it in 1795.

delphia, written in 1804, in which he not only expresses the utmost confidence in the genuineness of the revival, but says of the "bodily exercise," or "jerks," as it was sometimes called,—"I have not only heard of it, and seen it, but have felt it, and am persuaded that it is only to be effected by the immediate finger of God."

Not long after Mr. Blackburn's settlement at Maryville, his attention was earnestly drawn to the condition of the neighbouring Indians, and he soon commenced a vigorous, and, so far as possible, systematic, course of effort to evangelize them.

In 1803, he was a member of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church from the Union Presbytery, and was appointed the same year to act, during a part of the time, as a missionary among the Cherokees. As early as 1806, he had two flourishing schools in the nation, the second of which was established in August of that year, commencing with thirty scholars. His health about this time was much impaired, and he was induced to go to Georgia to seek medical aid; and, while under the care of a physician,—not being closely confined, he availed himself of the opportunity thus furnished, to do something toward his favourite object of evangelizing the Indians. In 1807, he made a tour through the Northern States, to collect funds in aid of his missionary operations, and, after an absence of seven months, returned with five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, which had been contributed for that purpose, besides a large quantity of books and clothing. The next year, (1808,) he made a tour of six weeks through the Cherokee nation, and was much encouraged by the visible marks of progress among them, though he was prevented, by want of the necessary means, from attempting the establishment of any new schools. At that time, he supposed that the whole number who had received instruction in his schools was about three hundred, and that the credit of the institutions was not at all diminished. In the latter part of 1809, he made another similar tour among the Cherokees, which occupied him twelve weeks; though, during four of them, he was prostrated by a bilious fever. Among other services which he performed on this tour was an examination of a wagon road, which the Indians, without the assistance of a white man, had built through a part of their country, crossing two considerable mountains. This he regarded as an evidence of civilization altogether unprecedented in the history of the tribe.

Though Mr. Blackburn had lost nothing of his interest in the Indian mission, and would gladly have continued in it if the requisite means had been provided, yet, in view of all the circumstances of the case,—particularly of his own pecuniary embarrassments, which had been occasioned chiefly by his personal sacrifices for the mission, he felt constrained to retire from the field. Accordingly, having disposed of as much of his property as he could, he removed in the autumn of 1810 to Maury County, Middle Tennessee; but, owing to some cause that is not known, he remained there but a few months. In the spring of the next year, he removed again to West Tennessee, and settled at Franklin, the capital of Williamson County, eighteen miles South of Nashville. Here he took charge of Harpeth Academy,—situated one mile East of the town,—for the support of his family, while he preached in rotation at five different places, within a range of fifty miles. Though he found the religious state of things very discouraging, a favourable change seems very soon to have occurred; for within a few months after he

commenced his labours, he had organized churches at the several places at which he preached, and at the first Communion there were present three thousand persons, and forty-five new members were added to the church. After his removal to Franklin, his health was greatly improved,—chiefly, as he supposed, on account of his being relieved from the manifold toils and exposures incident to his missionary excursions.

He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Greenville College, Tennessee, in 1818.

He remained at Franklin about a dozen years, during which time, in addition to his other duties, he superintended the studies of several young men in preparation for the ministry. In May, 1823, he visited, by request, the Presbyterian Congregation in Louisville, Ky., and preached several Sabbaths with great acceptance; the result of which was that, on the 9th of June following, the Church unanimously called him to be their Pastor. He accepted the call, and, having arranged his affairs in Tennessee, returned to Louisville, where he entered upon his duties on the 12th of November. His labours here are said to have been greatly blessed to the edification and increase of the Church.

For the following incident which occurred, as I suppose, in connection with his ministry at Louisville, I am indebted to Curran Pope, Esq.:—"There is or was in this vicinity a Church called 'Beulah,' erected and donated by a Mr. H——, the deed to which was drawn by Dr. Blackburn, and the gift was made through his influence. Mr. H. had been an extensive negro trader to the South, and had accumulated a large estate. He was converted by the preaching of Dr. Blackburn, and in his last moments Dr. B. was with him, and wrote his will, by which he emancipated all his negroes, and provided for their support and removal to Africa, and conveyed his real estate for benevolent objects. The probate of this will was resisted by the heirs next of kin,—he being unmarried; and the will was set aside by the Court of Appeals, on account of the controlling influence exercised over the testator by Dr. Blackburn."

In October, 1827, he accepted the Presidency of Centre College, Danville, Ky. Here he remained, performing, besides the duties of President, a great amount of ministerial labour, till 1830, when his connection with the College ceased. He then removed to Versailles, Ky., where he was occupied, partly in ministering to the Church in that place, and partly as an Agent of the Kentucky State Temperance Society.

In October, 1833, Dr. Blackburn removed to Illinois, and never afterwards had a stated charge. In 1835, he was employed by the Trustees of Illinois College to raise funds for that institution in the Eastern States. While thus engaged, he conceived the idea of establishing a Theological Seminary in Illinois. The plan which he proposed was this—that individuals should advance money at the rate of $2 per acre for Government lands in Illinois, for which he would have to pay but $1.25 per acre; that of the surplus, 25 cents should be retained by him for his services and expenses, and the remaining 50 cents out of each $2 advanced, should be invested in lands for founding and sustaining the proposed Seminary. The plan was embarrassed by serious difficulties in its practical operation; and he did not live to see it fully carried out; but the efforts which he made have resulted, since his death, in the establishment of a Theological Seminary at Carlinville, Ill., which bears his own name, and is under the control of

the New School branch of the Presbyterian Church. This result, however, has not been reached without a protracted course of litigation.

In the division of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Blackburn went, heart and hand, with the New School. I have seen letters from him written about that time, which show that he had no doubt the truth and right were upon that side, and that if circumstances had favoured it, he would probably have been one of the leaders in the controversy.

As early as 1826, Dr. Blackburn began to be the subject of a cancerous affection, of which he writes thus, in May of that year, to the Rev. Dr. James Richards:—"I have been so much afflicted with a cancer on my lip, for several months past, that it has paralyzed my exertions, and rendered me very uncomfortable. The issue of it is yet rather doubtful, but the case is under the management of Infinite Wisdom." After about a year it was removed; but in 1836,—owing, as was supposed, to excessive bodily exertion, it reappeared in a form so aggravated as to threaten a fatal and speedy termination. He continued, however, to preach for some months after this, though the exertion occasioned him great pain. In the early part of the winter of 1837–38, he fell upon the ice, and so severely injured the hip-joint, that he was never able to walk afterwards. Thus he was confined to his bed for about six months,—suffering intensely at times, not only from the injury, but especially from the cancer, which became daily more painful. But, amidst all his suffering, he manifested a cheerful submission to the Divine will, and remarked to one of his friends, in his own impressive manner, that the Saviour was at his side directing every pang he felt. In conversation with his wife, he expressed the hope that the Lord in mercy would send some other disease, which would give him an earlier and an easier dismissal from his sufferings. For this, he said, he often prayed. And his prayer was signally answered. Two weeks before his decease, he was attacked with dysentery, under the debilitating influence of which he gradually declined, until he actually experienced the wished-for change. He died at Carlinville, on the 23d of August, 1838, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

Dr. Blackburn published a Sermon in 1825, "designed to excite the attention of Congregations to the selecting and educating young men for the Gospel ministry;" and one or two other occasional Discourses.

He was married on the 3d of October, 1793, to Grizzel Blackburn, his second or third cousin. They had eleven children,—seven sons and four daughters. Two of his sons were successful preachers of the Gospel, and one died while fitting for the ministry. His widow, two sons, and one daughter still (1857) survive.

FROM THE REV. J. W. HALL, D. D.

DAYTON, O., December 20, 1848

Dear Sir: According to your request, I employ my first leisure moments in communicating to you some of my "recollections and impressions" of the late Dr. Blackburn. I do so with a melancholy pleasure, for the effort brings him before me with all the freshness and distinctness of yesterday, and revives my reverence and affection for the man and his memory.

Regarding him through the medium of a just and grateful affection, as well as through the mellow light of my bygone and earlier years, I might be pardoned

if my portrait, in some of its features, should seem too flattering, or its tone too high, or its colours too bright; but as truth is always preferable to fiction, and indiscriminate praise, like indiscriminate censure, of little value, I shall endeavour to guard against all extravagance, and instead of eulogy, confine myself to facts. With these before my mind, I will try to give you a sketch of him, as he appeared to me, in his person; in his manners; in his social and domestic relations; and in his character as a teacher, as a preacher, and a Christian. My means of information in respect to all these points may be regarded as ample and accurate, having been a student with him for three years, two of which were spent in his family; and having lived the greater part of my life in that portion of the State of Tennessee, which was the principal theatre of his public life and labours.

1. In his person, Dr. Blackburn was much above the ordinary stature, being about six feet one or two inches high. He was not fleshy, but ordinarily of a habit rather full than lean. He had a slight stoop of the shoulders; and when in motion you might perceive that he was somewhat lame. His lameness was occasioned by a twofold cause—by a fracture of the thigh bone in early life, which was badly set, and by a white swelling afterwards on the same limb, from which he suffered dreadful pain for many months. Owing to these causes, the right leg became shortened about an inch, and its muscles contracted considerably. But although he was lame, yet his movement in walking created no painful sympathy, for he moved with ease, elasticity, grace, and dignity. Indeed, it was often remarked that his gait, as well as his whole bearing, was military,—resembling rather a man who had been trained in a camp than one who had been educated in a cloister or a college. The features of Dr. Blackburn were strongly marked. He had a high and somewhat receding forehead—eyebrows prominent but smooth—eyes large, full, light blue or rather greyish. His nose was large, but not heavy, and slightly aquiline. His lips were thin, finely chiselled, and gently compressed, and the corners of his mouth being slightly elevated, he usually looked as one wearing a benignant smile. His chin was broad and prominent, giving the aspect of solidity and firmness to the whole countenance. His complexion was ruddy and healthful. His head was large, and when he was a young man, was clothed with a heavy suit of glossy black hair—in his latter years his hair became perfectly white, and being parted on the crown of his head, it hung in large and graceful curls over the back part of his neck, and down almost to his shoulders, which, added to his fair complexion and fine face, gave him a most venerable and even majestic appearance. It was his eye, however, that was the most striking feature in his whole countenance. Calm, mild, benevolent, and even somewhat languid in its ordinary expression, it was capable of outshadowing every thought, feeling, and emotion or passion of his soul, without effort. It was the

> "Throne of expression! whence his spirit's ray
> "Poured forth so oft the light of mental day,
> "Where fancy's fire, affection's melting beam,
> "Thought, genius, passion, reigned in turn supreme."

Such is my recollection of the person of Dr. Blackburn; and if I have succeeded in conveying my own impression of his personal appearance to your mind, you will perceive at once that he was a man, both in form and feature, nobly endowed by his Maker. But, although one of the finest looking men of the age, he was not vain of his person, although to one unacquainted with him, he might have perhaps seemed somewhat proud. He never sat for his portrait, although often solicited,—yea, entreated to do so. The only portrait there is of him was obtained by stealth in Boston many years ago. The story of this portrait, as I had it from himself, is as follows:—Looking over the books in his library one day, I found an old periodical—the Panoplist, if I remember rightly, and in one

the numbers an admirable engraving of the Doctor. Knowing his aversion having his portrait taken, I brought it down stairs with a view of making some inquiries concerning its history. "Doctor, this is an admirable likeness." He glanced at it coldly, and remarked,—"It is said to be,"—but, looking very serious, added,—"I am very sorry it ever got there. It is one, and the only, unpleasant association I have, connected with Boston. It was obtained, not with my consent, but by stratagem. Some ladies wished me to sit for my portrait—I would not consent, for I was then, as I still am, opposed to all such ministrations to human vanity. Besides, I think it expressly contrary to the second commandment. But my friends determined to have my likeness at all events. An artist was procured, and secrecy enjoined upon him. I was invited several afternoons in succession to meet with friends at the house of one of the ladies. The artist was concealed in a favourable position in an adjoining room, and laboured at the portrait, while my friends kept me engaged in earnest conversation about my favourite hobby,—the wants of the Southwest. Thus the portrait was obtained and engraven, and, before I was aware, the engraving was in the hands of many, and soon after appeared in this work. It has always grieved me, although I had to forgive my friends the unintentional pain, which they gave me on this occasion, and which they sincerely regretted." The Doctor's horror of portraits he probably inherited from his old Preceptor, Dr. Doak, President of Washington College, East Tennessee;—who is said to have been quite overwhelmed when he learned that one of the Literary Societies had obtained his portrait in a similar manner, and that it was hanging up in their Hall. I may as well add that the engraving in the Panoplist I never afterwards saw.

2. In his manners, Dr. Blackburn was of the old school—easy, gentle, mild, courteous, affable, but always dignified. There was even something of reserve, if not distance, in his manners, and that too in his own family, and among his most intimate friends. No one could treat him with familiarity. The sentiment inspired by his presence was reverence rather than love, or perhaps I should say it was reverence *and* love. His dignity was not assumed or laid aside at pleasure. He could not have parted with it, if he had tried. He could not have diminished it any more than he could have diminished his stature, or altered his complexion. It was a gift of his Maker, conjoined inseparably with his nature, and it sat upon him easily and gracefully every where,—afoot and on horseback, in the family and in the pulpit—in the exchange of the ordinary civilities of life, listening to the recitations of his pupils in the class-room or lecturing from the President's chair in College, something of it uniformly appeared.

Dignified, however, as he always was, there was nothing austere or repulsive about him—on the contrary, he was kind to all, especially to the sick, the unfortunate, the aged or infirm. I shall always remember the condescending and touching manner in which he used to speak to one of his old and infirm domestics,—a coloured woman,—"Aunt Judy", (as we all called her,) and inquire after her health, and converse with her about her spiritual welfare, and also his soothing and parental manner in the sick room of his students. "Be courteous, be pitiful,"—appeared in his intercourse with all classes.

By some he was accused of severity and even haughtiness on some occasions. And the charge is true, if it be confined to occasions when he met with those who had assailed his character, or impugned his motives, or attempted an overbearing manner with him. At such times, while he never lost his self-control or presence of mind, his friends could have wished that there had been more meekness, more gentleness, more humility. On one occasion, he had a difficulty with General Jackson in the presence of the General's Staff and the Army, concerning the disposition which should be made of a company of soldiers which he himself had raised as volunteers, and brought to General J.'s camp. The General wished to consign them to the command of an officer under whom the Doctor had given

his pledge to the young men that they should not be placed. Thereupon the difficulty arose. General Jackson was imperious—the Doctor was firm. It came to words,—high words—many feared it would end in blows. A gentleman present remarked that it was the most exciting and eloquent duel of words he ever witnessed. The Doctor was as haughty in his bearing as the General was imperious and threatening; but then he was calm, collected and firm, and he carried his point; and then, with a bow of great dignity, he ended by saying,—"General, that is all that I ever asked; and now, with the greatest confidence, I commit these noble young men to your care, whose parents have committed them to me." They parted with mutual civilities. Years afterwards I called upon General Jackson, when he was President of the United States. I came from the neighbourhood of the Hermitage. The first person after whom he inquired was "my much respected friend, Dr. Blackburn." It so happened that I had a letter from the Doctor, and I immediately handed it to him. He apologized to me, saying—"Excuse me a moment while I run over this letter." He broke the seal eagerly, and as he read, his countenance betrayed deep and serious emotion. The substance of the letter, as I learned afterwards, was to urge upon him the fulfilment of a promise to confess Christ before the world. After the letter was read, the conversation turned upon the Doctor, and the President spoke of him with the greatest respect, and paid an eloquent tribute to his piety, usefulness, and eloquence. If this anecdote shows the Doctor's self-control under contradiction, and the highest pitch of excitement, it also illustrates the pride of his manner under provocation, and it must be confessed that, on such occasions, there was rather more of the haughty bearing and defiant manner of the Norman Knight than was pleasant to behold in a Christian minister, and especially in one who was ordinarily so kind and gentle. And if General Jackson could respect and even love him after that famous passage at arms, it was rare that the like happened with others. His blows were too heavy, and his manner of dealing them too haughty, for that. It was one of his infirmities.

I have already said that in his gait and bearing the Doctor's manner was military. All his manners partook somewhat of this style. The truth is, he had, in early life at least, a strong *penchant* for the profession of arms, and even after he was a preacher, he led or accompanied several expeditions against the Indians in East Tennessee; and in one of these he is said to have distinguished himself as a skilful commander, and an intrepid soldier. That this statement, if intended as eulogy by me, would sound somewhat strangely at the present day, I admit; but it is not so intended;—for, sure I am that I am no advocate of war, and, especially under the cassock, no eulogist of heroes; but I have no doubt that the Doctor's known love of adventure, and his undoubted reputation for courage, and his high military bearing in his manners, contributed largely to his influence over the hardy and adventurous pioneers of the West and Southwest, when he appeared before them as a preacher of the Gospel; for such qualities among such a people, especially when associated in their minds with high moral worth, always command their admiration and respect.

3. In the family, and in social life, the Doctor was, according to the direction of Paul, "blameless, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, one that ruled well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." The memory of the two years in which I was a member of his family as a theological student is the most pleasant of my life. Order, uniformity, characterized the management of his household affairs. Family worship, twice every day, morning and evening—in the morning just before breakfast, in the evening immediately after tea. He had prayers in the evening at this early hour, before the children or servants became sleepy, because, as he said, he did not like "to bring the lame for sacrifice to the altar." A chapter was read, a hymn sung, and then prayer either by himself, or one of his theological students. The whole

service was conducted with the utmost deliberation, gravity, and solemnity. Often in family prayer, the Doctor was quite as fervent as he was in the pulpit. The Sabbath was "an high day" in his family. Besides the usual devotional exercises of the week, the children were all required to read the Scriptures, and study some portion of the Assembly's Catechism, with the aid of Fisher's or Willison's Expositions. In the afternoon we were all assembled in the parlour, and from one to two hours he examined us on what we had read in the morning, accompanying this exercise with familiar expositions, illustrations, and exhortations to Christian duty. This service was always conducted in the most pleasant and familiar manner, interspersed with touching and instructive anecdote. The result of such discipline in his family was most gratifying. Order, quietness, peace, constantly prevailed in the house; and his wife, children, and domestics, looked up to him with reverence and affection. Never have I seen a husband, father, master, so beloved as he was. "Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Dr. Blackburn performed the duty here enjoined, and the promise was fulfilled. All his children who reached maturity became pious at an early period in life, and united with the church. Two of his sons became preachers of the Gospel, and another died just as he was about to enter on the duties of the sacred office.

In regard to the temporal and spiritual welfare of his domestics, he always manifested a deep concern. One of them who had served him very faithfully for several years, he emancipated, when he was about thirty-five years of age, giving him a handsome outfit towards housekeeping. The others, some seven or eight in number, he emancipated one after another, until all were freed with two exceptions. These were very wicked, and were judged by him unfit or unworthy to enjoy their freedom, and being an annoyance in his family he sold them. The sale of these slaves, it is believed, he ever regretted, notwithstanding their viciousness and unworthiness; for he was always opposed to slavery, and ever gave his countenance and example, with these two exceptions, to the cause of emancipation. Those whom he liberated from bondage, with the exception of the first, were all sent to Liberia in Africa—the only place, as he judged, where the coloured man can enjoy true and substantial freedom.

4. Dr. Blackburn was engaged as a teacher for many years—first, as Principal of Harpeth Academy in Williamson County, Tenn.; afterwards of the Independent Academy in the same county; and still later as President of Centre College in Kentucky. A finished scholar he was not. Latin he read with facility; Greek indifferently; of Hebrew he knew nothing or next to nothing. His knowledge of the physical sciences was general rather than minute. Of Mathematics, beyond the simplest elements of Algebra and Geometry, it is believed that he knew nothing. History, Geography, Chronology, Logic, Rhetoric, Mental and Moral Science, he had studied with great care, and his instruction in these branches was admirable, especially in Logic, Rhetoric, Mental and Moral Philosophy—in these he excelled, and his Lectures on Rhetoric and his illustrations in the art of speaking, his pupils will never forget. One day, I remember, after having commented on the usual rules laid down in the text-books for the composition of a discourse, the management of the voice, gestures, &c., he suddenly stopped and said,—"There is one rule not laid down in the books, more important than all these—it is to get your head, heart, soul, full of your subject, and then let nature have its own way, despising all rule." This canon he himself observed, and to its observance, I have no doubt, he owed much of his celebrity as a public speaker.

As a disciplinarian and governor of youth, he was eminently successful. He governed by authority, by condescension, by love, by a thousand little acts of attention and kindness,—chiefly, however, by the power of persuasion and religious motives. In the exercise of discipline, he usually won the affections of the

truant, and I do not remember a single instance in which he alienated them. A striking illustration of his manner and its success in this department I will relate. Two of his students, S. and C., had a personal difficulty—a quarrel ensued, which ended in a fight. S. was much the older and stouter of the two, and he beat C. most unmercifully. C., although only in his sixteenth year, challenged S. to fight a duel. S. knew not what to do. To accept or send a challenge, according to the law of the institution, was expulsion, if the student was over sixteen,—if under, chastisement with the rod. In his perplexity, S. called a *Board of Honour*. Fortunately, the Board of Honour came to the decision that he ought not to accept C.'s challenge, but hand it over to the Principal. S. did so. Assembled for worship in the chapel at the close of the day, the Doctor took the challenge from his pocket, read it aloud in the hearing of all, and asked C. if he was the author of it. C. admitted that he was. The Doctor took occasion to speak at length on the subject of duelling, and perhaps never did this fashionable crime receive a more searching examination, or its folly and wickedness a more severe exposure. Before he was through, its false lustre was all gone, and it stood before us condemned in the eye of reason as folly, in the eye of God as murder and murder only.

Having finished his address, he turned to S., and, in a manner severe but kind, addressed him upon the subject of his conduct towards C., which had provoked the challenge, and received from him an ample apology and confession for his ill treatment of his unfortunate fellow-student. Then calling C. forward, with a few kind and sorrowful words, he reminded him of the punishment which it was his duty to inflict upon him. He held the rod in his hand, but said, "before I proceed, let us pray for God's blessing." He then led in a most fervent prayer, the burden of which was that God would deliver us all from the temptations of evil customs, and for the two culprits,—that he would grant them repentance and forgiveness, and restore them to each others' friendship, and cause them to live together as brothers. So far all had been solemn; but, during the prayer, C. very quietly and gradually fell back towards the door, and when the Doctor looked for him, he had disappeared. An ill-suppressed titter went round the room at the *slip* that had been played upon the Doctor. It lasted but for a moment. He sternly commanded order and silence; and, waiting a moment, said calmly—"Mr. C. is suspended until he acknowledges his fault, and submits to his punishment." C. and S. met and made friends. Two weeks passed away. C. still lingered in the neighbourhood, often sending messages to the Doctor through his friends and fellow-students, asking a release from his punishment and restoration to his standing. He always answered these messages kindly, usually accompanying his answer with some expression of pity or affection for C., dropping, carelessly, as it were, some word about his talents, promise, &c.; but still would end by sending him word that he must submit to his whole sentence, or he could not be restored. C. finding no sympathy from home, and but little countenance in his course by his friends or fellow-students, at length made his appearance in the chapel, in his best trim, and consented, in a very humble and submissive tone, to receive his sentence, but asked its remission—"That will do! that will do! that will do! John;" said the Doctor, evidently moved by the boy's manner—"You are forgiven—you are restored—you shall not be chastised—you will be a better boy than you ever were—you will make a wiser man than if this had never happened. Take your place." C. burst into tears. Prayer followed and we were dismissed. C. exclaimed, as he left the chapel door,—"That is the greatest and best man that God ever made!" The language was extravagant, but I doubt whether there was a single one among all the eighty students there, that did not echo the sentiment from the very depths of his heart. I hardly need add that John C.

was one of the best and most orderly students in the institution ever afterwards.

5. As a Preacher and Pulpit Orator, Dr. Blackburn is most generally remembered. He seldom wrote his sermons. He never read them from the pulpit, even if he had written them. The matter of his discourses, however, he thoroughly digested, and even premeditated much of the language, it is believed, in his best sermons, after the fashion of Robert Hall. In his studies and preparation for the pulpit, his plan was to fold a sheet of paper, and lay it on his writing desk, and then commence walking backwards and forwards across the room, every now and then stopping to note down a head, or leading subdivision, of his thoughts, leaving considerable space under each note. Having thus arranged the plan of his discourse, which he called "blazing his path," borrowing a figure from backwoods' life, he then proceeded to take up each head separately, until he had thought his whole discourse through and through, stopping occasionally, as before, to dot down a word or thought, sometimes a sentence or an illustration, under each division, until he had finished. Then taking up the paper, he would usually con it all over again and again, now blotting out, now adding, something. Thus he continued until every part of the discourse was satisfactorily arranged in his mind. The notes thus prepared, he usually took with him into the pulpit, but he rarely had occasion even to glance at them. He used to remark,—"I try to get the thoughts fully into my mind, and leave the language generally to the occasion."

Necessity at first led him to this method of preparation for the pulpit which I have described. When he entered the ministry, he was poor, and his congregation were poor, and he was obliged to cultivate the soil for a living in part. Compelled to labour, he was accustomed to take a sheet of paper and his inkhorn with him to the field, and laying them on a stump or some other convenient place, he would follow his plough or his work,—at the same time meditating upon his subject, and when he had arranged any part of it, or wished to retain some thought, he would stop a moment, note it down, and then go on with his work. Thus he would proceed from day to day, until Saturday evening, when he would review, arrange, and fix in his mind, the mental labours of the week. His other evenings he devoted to reading, often until a late hour of the night. His favourite authors at this time, as I have heard him say, were John Newton, Hervey, and Doddridge. Hopkins, Bellamy, Strong, Emmons, and Edwards, were his favourites when I knew him. His three oldest sons were named Newton, Hervey, and Emmons. Thus, by constant reading, he cultivated his mind, and enlarged the sphere of his theological science, and by thinking on foot, and in motion, he acquired the habit of doing so, and from habit, he continued it ever afterwards, as for him the most effective manner and posture of study.

The style of his sermons resembled that of President Davies in many respects. Like him he was generally didactic and analogical in the beginning—but highly descriptive, and abounding in appeals to the imagination, the conscience, and the hearts of his hearers towards the close. His sermons, like those of Davies also, were usually very long,—occupying frequently from an hour and a half to two hours in their delivery. In one particular, however, I imagine he must have excelled Davies—I am sure he far excelled all the preachers I ever heard—I mean in the power of *painting* scriptural scenes before the eye of the mind, so as to make them appear as realities for the time being. If he spoke of the children of Israel hemmed in at the Red Sea, or crossing it, or chanting their triumph on its shores; or Mount Sinai with its brown barren rocks; or the serpent lifted up in the wilderness; or the terror-stricken camp; the fall of Jericho; Christ in the garden or on the cross, you saw it all before you. He seemed to see it himself, and his eye, his countenance, the tones of his voice, the motions of his body, every gesture, and word seemed to express the vividness of his mental

vision; and the effect was often thrilling, electrical. An illustration may be given—preaching one day, (it was a Communion Sabbath,) on the crucifixion of Christ, he proceeded in his usual way to describe the whole scene somewhat in the following manner:—

"Being condemned, the Saviour was led away to a place called Calvary to be crucified. See Him bearing his own cross—multitudes follow Him—they have arrived at Calvary—there is a pause—three crosses may be seen there—one of these is for Christ. The executioners approach Him with ropes, nails, and hammer, in hand—rough but sad looking men they are—they hesitate—He opens not his mouth—meek as a lamb, He makes no resistance—there is deep silence—every eye is on that spot—they fasten Him to the cross, drawing the cords tightly about his body—they drive a large spike through his feet—a nail through each hand"—(here, as he pronounced these words, he struck the pulpit with his fist as if actually driving the nails, his countenance betraying, meanwhile, all the emotions of agonizing sympathy,) "having fastened Him to the cross," he proceeded,—"they raise it, and its foot drops heavily into the deep socket prepared to receive it—the shock makes the whole body of the Saviour quiver with pain." Just as he was pronouncing this last sentence, the profound silence, hitherto only interrupted by sobs here and there, was broken by wild shrieks of agony, from various parts of the large church, many seeming to feel as if they were mingling with the multitudes around the hill of death, and actually looking on the terrible scene. Here was a perilous position for the orator—his audience wound up to the highest pitch—how will he sustain them? how let them down? To him it was easy enough. "Oh!" said he, "you shriek with agony, looking on the scene—well you may. It was a spectacle of woe, such as God, angels, devils nor men never saw before—never will see again. The sun refused to look upon it—the earth trembled—the centurion cried out,—'Truly this was the Son of God!' That cross was the centre of a universal sympathy—around that awful hill of death every passion and feeling, Divine, human, devilish, mingled in a fearful conflict for three dreadful hours. Look on! Look on! Gaze with the awe-stricken crowd! Weep with the daughters of Salem! Linger until you hear that loud lament—until you hear him say 'It is finished!' and see Him bow his meek, pale face, all bloody, and bearing upon it the mysterious shadow of death—but it will do you little good to see Christ crucified before you, as you do this day, unless Christ crucified becomes your hope and your salvation." The sermon then ended with a brief exposition of the objects of Christ's death, and a pathetic exhortation to sinners to accept of salvation through Him, and to Christians to come forward and commemorate his death.

I have given you this specimen of his preaching to illustrate as well as I could that particular point in which, as a preacher, he most excelled. I doubt whether Whitefield himself, in this particular, surpassed him. One specimen I have given—I could give many more. A gentleman told me that he heard him preaching one day from John iii. 14—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," &c.; and that, after he had spoken of one and another being stung by the serpents, and of the trror of the camp, and when every one was in a state of intense excitement, occasioned by the picture which he had drawn, and which they seemed to see, suddenly starting back, "There," said he, pointing in a given direction, "see that woman! one of the serpents has just struck her, and she is fainting." In a moment every eye was actually turned in the direction toward which he pointed. On another occasion, the late Rev. Mr. C., formerly of Bowling Green, Ky., told me that he heard him speak one evening of the torments of the lost, for half an hour, and so entirely was his imagination occupied with the Doctor's pictures of the place of torment, that he could only remember the words of a single sentence in the whole address. "It did not appear to me," said he, "that I had been *hearing* but that I had been *seeing*." It was in this

power of *painting* chiefly that he excelled even the most eminent of his cotemporaries as a preacher. In other respects, many of them were on an equality with him. In argument and logic he was surpassed by Dr. Anderson* of Maryville, Tenn.; in pathos by Dr. Nelson, the author of "the Cause and Cure of Infidelity;" and in fire and occasional flights of terrible grandeur, by his theological preceptor, Dr. Henderson, of Murfreesborough; but in person, voice, gesture, and in the peculiar power of which I have spoken, he had no compeer in his day. The truth is, such was his commanding presence, the elegance of his figure, the sweetness of his silvery voice, the gracefulness of his gestures, his powers of description, the total *abandon* and unction of his manner, in his finest moods, that his hearers forgot every thing else—forgot to criticise as they listened, and surrendered themselves to the mastery,—I might say witchery, of his sermons, as the lovers of music delight to surrender themselves to the spell of a master. Mr. M. of C——ville, himself no mean orator, told me that he came to Columbia one day on business; and though he was in haste, yet, hearing that Blackburn was preaching at the Court-House, he thought he would step in a moment and hear him. The house was crowded. He took his position in the door, leaning against the door-check—there, as if enchanted, he stood an hour and more without altering his position, and when he attempted to move, he was so cramped that he could scarcely walk. Time, his errand, his fatiguing posture, had all been forgotten in the spell the orator had thrown over him.

Mr. B. of Rutherford, Tenn., used to tell a good anecdote of an attempt which he made to criticise Blackburn the first time that he heard him. Mr. B. was a fine classical scholar, a finished orthœpist and grammarian, and withal of a very fastidious taste,—being as sensitive to a false quantity, or a blunder in grammar, as the most delicate spirit thermometer to the temperature of the atmosphere. Mr. B. was returned to the Legislature. It met at Knoxville, and Blackburn was to preach a sermon to the members at the opening of its sessions. B. had never heard him, but had formed his idea of him from scattering reports. He had heard it said that he pronounced many words contrary to all analogy, polite usage, or authority;—that, for instance, he said *poolse* for pulse, *impoolse* for impulse—some times *decreptitude* for decrepitude—that occasionally he used the participle for the preterit tense in the irregular verbs,—saying for instance, "he *done*" for "he did," besides many other like blunders of grammar and pronunciation; and, in addition to all this, that, at times, he was very extravagant in the pitch of his voice, and in the number of his gestures. Still he was very popular. B's theory was that he owed his popularity to his person, his musical voice,—and yet more, to the want of judgment and taste in the ignorant and uncultivated masses that flocked to hear him. Still there was a great stir—expectation was on tiptoe—and every body was

* Isaac Anderson was born in Rockbridge County, Va., on the 26th of March, 1780. He was of Scotch Irish descent, his ancestors having migrated to this country from Ireland at an early period. At the age of twenty, he united with the Presbyterian Church, near Lexington, then under the care of the Rev. Samuel Brown. Having prepared himself for the ministry, he was licensed to preach the Gospel, by Union Presbytery, in May, 1802; and in the autumn following, was ordained and installed Pastor of Washington Church, Knox County, Tenn. Here he laboured for about nine years, during which time he also performed much missionary service, which was attended with signal success. In the spring of 1811, he was called to the New Providence Church, Maryville, then vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Gideon Blackburn. This call he accepted, and removed thither with his family the next autumn, where he performed the principal part of the labours of his life. The Southwest Theological Seminary at Maryville was established chiefly through his instrumentality, and for many years enjoyed the benefit of his labours as a teacher. In the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1838, his judgment and influence were strongly on the side of the New School. The last five or six years of his life were marked by gradual decay of both body and mind. On the 17th of March, 1856, his dwelling, with all it contained, except himself and family, was burnt to ashes. He was quite overwhelmed by the shock, and it may have hastened his departure from the world. A few months before his death, he removed with his son-in-law, Rev. John M. Caldwell, to Rockford, Tenn., where he died on the 28th of January, 1857. He was a man of commanding powers, of glowing zeal, and untiring and successful industry.

going to hear. Mr. B. would go too,—would hear for himself,—hear without prejudice, but would hear as a critic, and ascertain where his great strength as a speaker with the people lay. Pencil and note-book in hand, he would set down his blunders, and make memoranda of the discourse. Taking his seat in an obscure corner, he prepared for his task, expecting to make a rare collection of gross mistakes for his own amusement, and for the confusion of the Doctor's foolish and extravagant admirers. The Doctor commenced in his usual dignified, but entirely unassuming and unpretending, manner, hesitating occasionally, now as if waiting for a thought to become clear to his own mind, now as if for a fit expression in which to embody it—presently as an illustration, he drops into the classical story so admirably told by Xenophon concerning the generosity of Cyrus towards a captive prince; the admiration and gratitude of the prince towards the Medo-Persian General; and the devotion of the princess to her husband, who had offered his life to rescue her from captivity and slavery. Having cleared his way by this illustration, he quickly gets into the heart of his subject—his countenance is lit up—words follow not in sentences, but in chains—whole paragraphs without a pause. On, on, he dashes, now like a courser towards the goal,—now beautifully like a ship with all its sails set to the breeze, careering over the curling waves; now like an eagle soaring away towards the sun over lofty mountains; now presenting picture after picture as in some magnificent dioramic exhibition. The spell had come down upon our critical friend, as over all others—that fine allusion to Xenophon had something to do in disarming him perhaps—at all events, when it is over, he finds he has only one criticism on his paper which he remembers to have made somewhere about the beginning of the discourse, and that is "*brung* for brought." "Why," said Mr. B., in telling me this anecdote himself, "I could not criticise him: not that he was not vulnerable enough, but a man must be a cold-hearted, mean, contemptible creature, even in his own eyes, to criticise such a man and such preaching. He that would or could do it, would criticise any thing—the falls of Niagara—the bend of the rainbow—the manner of the sun's rising in the morning, or his glorious setting in the West—or—even *Homer's Iliad*." My classical friend told me that he never failed to hear the Doctor after that when he could, but that he never carried his inkhorn or pencil to church afterwards.

Blackburn was not only an eloquent, but laborious and successful, preacher. Like Whitefield, he loved "to range," and besides many extensive tours of preaching through various portions of the United States, his vacations in the Academy and College were uniformly spent in travelling from place to place, often preaching night and day, and uniformly followed by weeping, wondering, admiring audiences wherever he went;" and even during the sessions of the Academy and College, often have I known him, mounted on horseback on Friday afternoon, to dash off ten, twenty, and even thirty, miles; preach four or five times, administer the Communion on Sabbath; and return on Monday morning in time to be in his chair in the lecture room at nine o'clock. And notwithstanding such labour, he never seemed fatigued, but fresh and vigorous as ever;—for he had an iron constitution, indomitable energy, and an inexhaustible flow of animal spirits. Laborious and zealous, he was a successful preacher. Many, very many were converted under his ministry, and many churches planted and watered by his indefatigable labours.

6. As a Christian, Dr. B.'s piety was of the active rather than the contemplative type. In religious experience, in the peculiar joys and sorrows of a Christian, he fully believed, and often spoke of them as one who *knew* whereof he spoke; but he put more confidence in obedience to the commandments as a test of Christian character than in "frames and feelings." In the reality of God's providential government, as well as moral, he was a firm believer, and to it he was ever ready to resign himself without a murmur. Indeed, this cheerful and

habitual resignation, as well as his reference of every thing to the will of Providence, was one of the marked traits of his Christian character. Perhaps the many sufferings, as well as perils, through which he was called to pass, gave this cast and colour to his piety. For like Job, he might have said, "I am the man who hath seen affliction." In his family, he suffered repeated bereavements,—one of which deserves to be particularly noticed,—as the manner in which he bore it, will serve to throw light upon his character as a Christian.

His second son, *James Hervey*, was a young man of remarkable promise. He was distinguished for his fine genius, varied and extensive acquirements, and elegant and fascinating manners. He possessed many of the most striking characteristics of his father: indeed it was Dr. Anderson's opinion that of the two, nature had cast the son in the finer mould. This son had been a sceptic until he was eighteen or nineteen years of age; but, through his father's influence and prayers, had become a Christian,—a zealous, earnest Christian, and had determined to prepare for the Christian ministry. Having concluded his classical and scientific studies, he wished to obtain a knowledge of the Hebrew. His father sent him to Maryville in East Tennessee to study the language with his old friend, Dr. Anderson. He had been there about six months, endearing himself to every body, when he was attacked with erysipelas, and in a few days died. The sad intelligence of his death, Dr. A. communicated to his father by letter, with a request on the back of the letter that the Post Master would hand it to him immediately. The letter arrived on Sunday morning. The Post Master went to church, and when the Doctor arrived, handed it to him. He stepped aside, and read it, folded it up, put it into his pocket, went into the pulpit, preached as usual, did not make the remotest allusion to his bereavement, and not until he went home, and attempted to communicate the intelligence to his family, did the "great deep" of his grief break up. Then came, as I have heard him say, the most dreadful conflict of his life. For God, as he said, had laid the pride, the idol, the honour, and glory, of his house in the dust. "I did not know how to reconcile it either with his wisdom or goodness, nor do I yet *know;* but I believe, yes, I *believe* it is all right—all wise—all good—and that is enough to satisfy reason and piety; and passion and selfishness ought to submit, must submit,—yea and I do submit, rejoicing that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

He himself had several violent attacks of fever at different times, from which he hardly recovered. I assisted to nurse him in one of these, when it was not expected that he would live. He was lying near a window that looked to the West. It was autumn, and the sun was nearly setting. He asked me to remove the curtains and open the window, that he might, as he said, look out upon God's glorious world once more before he died. I opened the window, as he had requested. He was in a burning fever. As the cooling breeze reached his fevered cheek, he said, "How refreshing is this! What a fine emblem is this wind of the precious and refreshing influence of the Holy Spirit! Oh! that sun! how grand it looks! Its setting is like the dying of Christ—it sheds a glory over all created things. Darkness will soon be here, and I shall not probably see this world any more; but if I do not, I shall open my eyes on a world wonderfully different from this. Oh! what a world! what a world that must be where Christ is, and God and the Lamb the light thereof! Oh, to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better!" Then turning to me, and seizing me by the hand, he added,—"Hall, get ready to preach as soon as you can, and then preach Christ! preach Christ and Him crucified! preach with all your power, and preach nothing else!" Seeing him overcome with weakness and emotion, I prevailed upon him to cease, and to take his rest. The crisis of the disease took place that night, and he rapidly convalesced.

He lived fifteen years afterwards to preach Christ himself, and then died, as I have been told, rejoicing to be with Christ which is far better.

I add no more—I have already transcended the limit which I had prescribed to myself.

Yours truly, in Christian love

J. W. HALL.

ROBERT M. CUNNINGHAM, D. D.*

1792—1839.

ROBERT M. CUNNINGHAM, a son of Roger and Mary Cunningham, was born in York County, Pa., September 10, 1760. When he was in his fifteenth year, his father removed his family to North Carolina, and purchased a plantation on which he settled and reared his children. From a very early period his mind seems to have been religiously impressed, and he ardently desired a classical education with a view to entering the Gospel ministry. His father discouraged the idea, chiefly from pecuniary considerations; but the wish on the part of the son was gradually matured into a purpose; and when he was in his twenty-second year he set himself to the accomplishment of it. In 1782, he entered a Latin school taught by the Rev. Robert Finley† in the neighbourhood of Rocky River, N. C. At this school he continued somewhat more than a year, until Mr. Finley resigned his charge of it. He then went to Bethel settlement, York County, in the same State, where a school was opening under the tuition of a Mr. Robert McCulloch, where he remained two years. He then removed to an Academy at Bullock's Creek, taught by the Rev. Joseph Alexander; and there he completed his preparation for entering College.

In the year 1787, he entered Dickinson College, Carlisle, at an advanced standing, and graduated in 1789. On leaving College, he returned to his parents, and soon joined the First Presbytery of South Carolina. He was at this time somewhat straitened for pecuniary means, and it is believed that he was engaged for some time in teaching a school, and in connection with this employment pursued a course of theological study. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of South Carolina, in 1792; and in the autumn of that year he went to Georgia, and organized a Church in that part of Greene County now called Hancock, and ordained elders to a Church called Ebenezer. He settled in that neighbourhood, and opened a school which he continued for some time, preaching alternately at Ebenezer, and at a Church about twenty miles distant in the same county, called Bethany. He subsequently removed to Bethany, and remained there until he left the State. In 1796, he, and four other ministers, were set off from the Presbytery of South Carolina, to form a Presbytery by the name of *Hopewell*, which was accordingly duly constituted in March following.

* MSS. from his daughter, Rev. J. D. Shane, Rev. Dr. Beman, and Samuel McCullough, Esq.—Foote's Sketches of N. C.

† ROBERT FINLEY was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Orange, between the meetings of Synod in 1783 and 1784; was received as a member of the Presbytery of South Carolina on the 12th of April, 1785; and in June following was ordained and installed Pastor of the Waxhaw Church.

In 1807, Mr. Cunningham removed to Lexington, Ky., and was soon after installed Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that place, as Colleague with the Rev. Dr. Blythe. Here he remained till the autumn of 1822, when, in consequence of some pecuniary embarrassments, in connection with other untoward circumstances, he resigned his charge. He now removed to Moulton, a small town in Alabama, where he engaged in farming on a small scale,—at the same time preaching constantly there, and in the surrounding villages. But being disappointed in the quality of the land, he removed, after two years, to the Black Warrior River, in the vicinity of Tuscaloosa. He was instrumental in raising up a Church at Tuscaloosa, and another in the neighbouring town of Carthage, where he had his plantation. Here he alternated, sometimes preaching in Tuscaloosa, at others at Concord Church, in Greene County, of which his son Joseph was Pastor. He occupied the pulpit in Tuscaloosa about eight years, during which time he neither asked nor received any pecuniary compensation; and then resigned in favour of the Rev. William Williams. For several years after this, he supplied the pulpit at Carthage; and preached his last sermon in the summer of 1838. From this time, both his bodily and mental powers were perceptibly on the decline.

He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Franklin College, Georgia, in 1827.

In 1836, he removed to Tuscaloosa, partly to avail himself of the schools there for the benefit of his youngest daughter, and several orphan grandchildren, and partly to provide a comfortable home for his family, in view of his own approaching departure; but he still passed the greater part of his time alone, at his country retreat,—which was about two miles from his plantation. Here, surrounded by his books, and occasionally visited by his children and friends, he seems to have found the richest enjoyment. His favourite authors were Milton, President Edwards, and Dr. Thomas Dick; which shows at least that he could relish productions of very different kinds.

In 1838, his health had become so much enfeebled that it was deemed unsuitable that he should remain in his retirement any longer, and he accordingly took up his abode in Tuscaloosa altogether, that he might enjoy constantly the affectionate attentions of his family. He attended the meeting of the Presbytery in Tuscaloosa in the spring of 1839, and was enabled on one occasion to address the meeting,—which was his last effort in public. Early in July, he expressed a strong desire once more to visit his Retreat with his children, and enjoy the stillness and quiet of that spot where he had spent so many solitary but delightful hours. But this privilege was denied him. He was attacked suddenly with a disorder of the bowels, which it was found impossible to arrest. After an illness of a week, during which he suffered little, he died on the 11th of July, 1839, in the eightieth year of his age.

I am indebted to his daughter for the two following anecdotes, both of which may be considered as illustrative of some of his characteristics:—

"On addressing the meeting at the Communion table on one occasion in Tuscaloosa, a pious lady was so excited by the discourse, that, after shouting some moments, she dropped her head and expired.

"At a camp-meeting, on a very interesting occasion, while converts were being called up, he fell on the ground insensible. When he came to him-

self, he said that he felt that he had died, and departed to Heaven, and felt perfectly happy, as he looked down upon his old dead body on the ground, like a coat that he had thrown off and had done with; but when he felt that he had to return, and put it on again, he was perfectly miserable."

Dr. Cunningham, about the time that he entered the ministry, was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Charles and Mary Moore, of Spartanburg District, S. C. She died on the 3d of November, 1794, in her nineteenth year. She had been attacked by a bilious fever about a fortnight before, and only two days before, had become the mother of a daughter, who survived her birth but a short time. On the 15th of October, 1795, he was married to Betsey Ann, eldest daughter of Joseph Parks, of Prince Edward County, Va. By this marriage he had five sons. His second wife died on the 14th of October, 1805. He was married a third time to a daughter of Colonel Bird of Georgia, who survived him.

Dr. Cunningham's second son, *Joseph Parks*, was born in Greene County, Ga., January, 21, 1799. In his eighth year, he received the rudiments of his classical education under the Rev. Francis Cummins, D. D., of Georgia. In his ninth year, he removed with his father's family to Lexington, Ky., where he continued his studies in the Transylvania University until he was about thirteen or fourteen, when, in consequence of the failure of his health, it was thought desirable that he should be removed to a milder climate. He was accordingly sent to North Carolina, and placed under the care of the Rev. James Wallis,* who taught a classical school at New Providence, where he remained eighteen months. Having by this time recovered his health, he returned to Kentucky, and prosecuted his studies with great zeal and success. In 1816, he connected himself with the Presbyterian Church in Lexington, and from that time directed his thoughts and efforts towards the Gospel ministry. After having completed his collegiate course, he became a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and remained there during the prescribed period of three years. He was licensed to preach, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, on the 26th of April, 1822. After performing a missionary tour of a few weeks in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, he returned to the Seminary, and continued his studies till the ensuing autumn. In the winter of 1822–23, he was occupied in visiting the feeble churches in Alabama, and in the spring of 1824, was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of South Alabama, Pastor of the Church of Concord, Greene County. Here he laboured with untiring assiduity, not only among the people of his own immediate charge, but throughout the whole surrounding region, until the autumn of 1822, when he accepted a call from the Pisgah Church in Lexington, Ky., then vacant by the removal of Dr. Blythe to the Presidency of South Hanover College. But, after labouring here for a few months, his health began seriously to decline, and on the 25th of August, 1833, he resigned his pastoral charge. He died shortly after in perfect peace. I knew him while he was a student at Princeton, and regarded him as possessing highly respectable talents, and giving promise of more than ordinary devotion to his work. His frame was

* James Wallis was born at Sugar Creek in 1762. He received his early education at Liberty Hall in Charlotte; and took his collegiate course at Winnsborough, S. C. He was ordained Pastor of the Church in New Providence in 1792, and remained in charge of the same Congregation till his death, which occurred in the year 1819. Besides performing his duties as a minister, he was for several years at the head of a classical school. He was a Trustee of the University of North Carolina from 1810 till his death.

slender, his countenance expressive of great benignity, his manners retiring and agreeable, and his whole appearance decidedly prepossessing. He proved to be a highly acceptable and useful minister.

FROM THE REV. NATHAN S. S. BEMAN, D. D.

TROY, N. Y., February 2, 1857.

My very dear Sir: I have promised you some brief notices of the Rev. Robert M. Cunningham, D. D., now gone to his final rest, and "whose praise is in the Gospel throughout all the" Southern "Churches." The task you have assigned me can best be performed by the simple process of placing the MAN before you, as he stands sketched in distinct lines, in my own recollections.

The ministerial labours of Dr. Cunningham, of which I have known most, were performed in the State of Georgia. He had removed from that State to Kentucky before I became a resident of the South myself, but as my lot was cast amid the scenes of his former ministerial efforts and success, I became well acquainted with him from the report of others, long before I had the pleasure of meeting him, and speaking face to face. Many to whom I ministered, for some ten years or more, had formed a portion of his ministerial charge while he laboured in Georgia, and from the many free and unstudied descriptions I have received of him from his intimate friends, I think I should have known him without any formal introduction. He had many strong personal characteristics. His identity was marked and prominent. He was truly a man.

He visited the place of my residence, Mount Zion, in the County of Hancock, near the geographical centre of the State of Georgia, I think in the year 1813 or 1814. He was then the Pastor of one of the Presbyterian Churches in Lexington, Ky. He had been there but a few years, and he returned to his former residence quite in my neighbourhood, as we computed distances, and especially ecclesiastical distances, there, and to familiar faces and warm filial hearts, with all the freshness and all the elasticity of feeling, which fills a father's bosom on coming home from a protracted journey in some far off land. Indeed, he was a father at home,—for his presence lighted up a filial smile on every face, while it touched a filial chord in every heart; and that chord responded to the touch. Every body knew him, and was glad to see him. But I must not enlarge in this strain, as I might anticipate what I can say in better form, and in more appropriate connections, hereafter.

The exterior man of Dr. Cunningham was impressive. His stature—judging from the eye—was more than six feet, and his form at fifty-three or four years of age, when I first met him, was full and well developed. His face was good, though not handsome; his eye mild, but expressive; and in his utterances, whether in private conversation, or in the pulpit, or the social meeting, all his features were eloquent. His reasoning powers were far from being defective, but his marked peculiarities belonged to the moral man. He was endowed by nature with strong social feelings—deep sensibilities of heart. As a Christian, and a minister of God, these were cultivated and directed in proper channels. These, more than any thing else—far beyond his talents and learning, both of which were respectable—made him at once an acceptable and successful preacher of the Gospel. Christians always relished his discourses, and his earnestness and unction often won their way to the heart of the careless sinner and the infidel. He had many crowns of rejoicing in the vicinity of where I lived.

In his doctrines, Dr. Cunningham was a Calvinist—rather of the Old School—and in his ecclesiastical sympathies, as well as in his education, a thorough Presbyterian. But in his preaching he was less doctrinal than experimental—ever aiming to bring sinners to Christ, and to lead Christians to higher and still higher attainments in grace. He was on the best terms with all evangelical min-

isters and Christians, and had very little to do with controversies of any kind, except with those which respected the Kingdom of Christ and the Glory of God.

Dr. Cunningham was deeply interested in the great revivals, which originated some years ago among the Presbyterians in the State of Kentucky, and which moved on still farther South, with different degrees of power, and no doubt of *purity*, till their influence was felt in some parts of Georgia. Accompanied by a devoted elder in his church—one who filled the same office for ten years in connection with my ministry, and who still, on the borders of ninety years of age, fills the same office with great zeal and energy, he travelled to the upper part of the State of North Carolina, that he might be an eye and ear witness of those things of which so much had been said. From this elder I learned many interesting particulars of which I cannot speak in this place. It is perhaps enough for me to say here, that they were deeply impressed with the things they witnessed, remained several days where thousands were assembled for religious purposes, and returned with a strong desire to do more for the revival of religion in the feeble churches in their own State.

It is believed that the entire future ministry of Dr. Cunningham received a complexion and cast of character from this visit. He became a kind of Whitefield in his zeal, and pathos, and untiring appeals to dying men, in his public discourses. And the effect was manifest. I have met with many who often looked back to those days with a grateful and melancholy religious interest, and wept as they called them to mind.

Dr. Cunningham was not, in the highest sense, a great preacher. He might not be regarded by every body as eloquent; but his person was commanding, his utterance distinct, his thoughts clear, his earnestness attractive, and his goodness of heart manifest to all. It was this latter quality, goodness of heart,—*love to God and man*, which opened an avenue to many a mind for the truth which he ever uttered with a tenderness that I have rarely seen equalled, and I may say never seen surpassed, as a general fact, in the pulpit. If these things, and especially the last named, constitute eloquence, then Dr. Cunningham was an eloquent preacher. Sometimes he was truly eloquent; for men listened for their lives, and the Spirit of God spoke by him effectually to the salvation of the soul.

My dear Sir, if this hasty sketch will do you any good, you are much more than welcome to it.

Yours very truly,

N. S. S. BEMAN.

MOSES WADDEL, D. D.

1792—1840.

FROM A. B. LONGSTREET, LL. D

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF GEORGIA. AND PRESIDENT OF EMORY COLLEGE.

JACKSON, La., May 1, 1849.

Dear Sir: I most cheerfully comply with your request in furnishing you with some notices of the life and character of the late Dr. Moses Waddel. I had the best opportunity of knowing him, and it is only a labour of love for me to offer this tribute to his memory.

On the 25th of January, 1767, a vessel destined for Georgia, but baffled by adverse winds and weather, put into the port of Charleston, having on board William Waddel, his wife, and five female children. He had emigrated from the vicinity of Belfast in Ireland, where he left interred a daughter and an only son. He remained but a short time in Charleston, before he removed to Rowan (now Iredell) County, in North Carolina, and settled on the waters of the South Yadkin River. Here, on the 29th of July, 1770, MOSES WADDEL was born. He was the last of three sons born on the same spot; and so confident were his parents that he would not survive his birth a single day, that when they found themselves mistaken, they gave him the name of the Patriarch who was providentially preserved in his infancy.

In May, 1777, he entered as a half scholar in a school about three miles from his father's residence. At his tender age, it was believed that he would not be able to attend school more than half the year; and this proved true. In May following, he left this school, having received at it, in all, about six months' instruction. In this time he learned to read accurately, and to write a fair hand. His proficiency here, which was unequalled by any child of his age in the school, opened the way to all his subsequent usefulness.

In 1778, by the instrumentality of the Rev. James Hall, a Presbyterian clergyman, a grammar school was established in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Waddel's friends besought him to enter his son Moses in the Latin department. The old man objected upon the very reasonable ground that he was not able to purchase the books, much less to endure the more heavy expenses of such a course of study. He, at length, however, yielded to the importunities of his friends, casting himself on Providence for the means. In October of this year, the school was opened under the name of Clio's Nursery; and Moses Waddel, in a class of five, commenced the study of the Latin grammar. In rather more than a year afterwards, Mr. James McEwen, the Preceptor, died, and in November, 1779, the school was committed to the care of Mr. Francis Cummins, then a student of Theology, and afterwards a distinguished divine, well known throughout the two Carolinas and Georgia. The favours which Mr. Waddel received at his hands, he afterwards returned with interest to many of his grandchildren. By reason of an incursion of the British forces into the neighbourhood, and the subsequent events of the Revolutionary war, the school suspended its operations from May, 1780, to April, 1782, when it was recommenced under

the direction of Mr. John Newton, who was succeeded by Mr. Samuel Young. With these two, Moses Waddel prosecuted his studies about two years; and in the spring of 1784, having finished the study of the Latin and Greek languages, Euclid's Elements, Geography, Moral Philosophy, and Criticism, he bade adieu to Clio's Nursery. And here, except for a few months employed in learning Arithmetic, closed his academic education. About this time, application was made to the Rev. Dr. Hall for the best linguist that had been taught at Clio's Nursery, to supply a vacant tutorship in the Camden Academy, and Moses Waddel, who had just completed his fourteenth year, was, by this grave divine, recommended as a suitable person to fill the place; but his father, in consideration of his youth, and the temptations to which a city life would expose him, positively refused to let him accept the appointment. Considering the necessitous circumstances of both the father and the son, and the strong appeal that was here made to the father's pride, he exhibited a triumph of parental affection over personal interest, which reflects the highest credit upon his heart and understanding. His son never ceased to feel grateful for it as long he lived.

In October, 1784, when just entering upon his fifteenth year, he took charge of a school,—his first, about fifteen miles from his father's residence. It consisted of about twenty pupils in English, and six or seven in Latin, and was kept at a stated salary of seventy dollars per annum. Here was the beginning of his labours in that field from which he reaped so much renown, and for his services in which he afterwards received a most liberal recompense.

At this place, near the waters of Hunting Creek, in what is now Iredell County, and in its vicinity, he continued to teach, giving general satisfaction to his employers, until the latter part of the year 1786; when he removed to Greene County in the State of Georgia. In January following, he established a school, composed mostly of English scholars, with one or two in Latin. This, his first establishment in Georgia, was near the North Ogeechee River. In the summer of 1787, a threatened invasion of the Creeks forced him to break up his school, and being now out of employment, he visited his parents in North Carolina, who determined to accompany him to Georgia. He preceded them, however, about a month; and on his return found that the Indian alarms had been but too well founded. The Creeks had invaded the white settlements, burnt Greensboro', and committed several murders still farther to the Eastward. Mr. Waddel found his old patrons and friends had abandoned their houses and taken refuge in forts. He now went to Augusta, and, after having spent nearly a month in an ineffectual attempt to procure a place in the Richmond Academy, he returned to Greene where he found quiet restored, and his parents just arrived from North Carolina. In 1788, he opened another school in the neighbourhood of his first in Georgia; and while engaged in its duties this year, he (at Bethany, then a missionary station under the North Carolina Presbytery) received his first permanent religious impressions. It is a curious fact that to find an experienced religious friend with whom he might commune upon the state of his feelings, he had to travel several miles beyond Washington in Wilkes County. At this time, he determined to enter the ministry, and preparatory thereto, to obtain a collegiate education. In the fall of the year 1790, he set out for Hampden Sidney College. He arrived there in September, and, after employing himself for some time in prepara-

tory studies, entered the Senior class in that institution in January following. In September, 1791, he graduated; after remaining in College but eight months and twenty-six days. Meanwhile, having presented himself to the Hanover Presbytery, of Virginia, as a candidate for the ministry, and having undergone the usual examinations and trials, he was licensed to preach on the 12th of May, 1792. After remaining a while in Virginia, he returned to the South, and resided in the family of Mr. Thomas Legare, of South Carolina.

In 1793 or 1794, he opened a school in Columbia County, Ga., about two miles to the Eastward of the village of Appling. After teaching here for several years, he removed to the village, where he continued his usual labours for a short time, prior to his removal to South Carolina.

In 1795, he married Miss Catherine Calhoun, daughter of Patrick Calhoun of South Carolina, and sister of the Hon. John C. Calhoun. She survived the marriage but about a year.

In 1800, he married Miss Elizabeth Woodson Pleasants, a native of Powhattan, but then a resident of Halifax County, Va. Four sons and two daughters were the offspring of this marriage. All his sons have been liberally educated, and two of them have entered the ministry.

In 1801, he left Columbia, and opened a school in Vienna, Abbeville District, S. C. Here he remained until 1804, when he removed to Willington, a country seat of his own establishment, about six miles South of Vienna. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Columbia College, S. C., in 1807.

In 1819, Dr. Waddel published a small volume of "Memoirs of Miss Catharine Elizabeth Smelt," daughter of D. Smelt, M. D., a physician of Augusta. It was a highly interesting and popular work, as was indicated by the fact that it passed to a third edition in this country, and was published at least twice in Great Britain.

He remained at Willington until May, 1819, when, having in the previous year been elected President of the University of Georgia, he entered upon the duties of this office. The effect of his coming to this institution was almost magical: it very soon attained a measure of prosperity altogether unequalled in its previous history. Here he remained until August, 1829, when he resigned his place; and in February following he returned to Willington. This was the close of a course of preceptorial labours that had continued forty-five years. His labours in the ministry he continued six or seven years longer. In September, 1836, he was visited with a stroke of the palsy, which he survived nearly four years; but his mind went rapidly to ruin under the blow. In January, 1839, he was removed to the residence of his son, Professor Waddel, at Athens, where he closed his pre-eminently useful life, on the 21st of July, 1840.

The reputation of Dr. Waddel never suffered from change of times, place, or society, but bright at his rising, it grew brighter and broader at every move in his orbit. This certainly is a remarkable fact; for if there be any occupation in which merit is no guaranty of popularity, it is that of an instructer of youth: if there be any thing in which age never confirms the views of youth, it is in the direction and government of a school. For many years previous to his death, it would have been a self reproach in any one to question his merits as a teacher. The fruits of his vineyard are scattered far and wide through most of the Southern States, and long have

they been seen in rich luxuriance in the Capitol of the Union. Indeed it would be hard to name the place of rank which his pupils have not occupied. I do not say that they derived the largest share of their mental endowments from him; but I do fully believe that, without the impulse which he gave to their talents, many of them who rose to high rank, would never have been heard of. The remarkable distinction which his pupils acquired, cannot fairly be ascribed to chance. The immense number whom he taught, amounting to nearly four thousand, accounts in part for the number who attained to eminence; but upon what principle are we to account for the number whom he taught? The question naturally presents itself here,—Where lay the secret of his success over others of equal abilities? I should say, in his sleepless vigilance over the conduct and morals of his scholars; the equity and impartiality of his discipline, and his firmness in enforcing it; his ready insight into the character of youth, and his skill in improving it, either by prompt correction or speedy commendation, as seemed to him best; and in his well regulated familiarity with them, which made him at all times accessible to them, without lessening their respect for him. To all which it may be added that, when left to choose, he almost invariably established his school in some retired spot, which, while it brought his pupils, night and day, under his immediate supervision, removed them almost entirely from the temptations of vice. Certain it is that he had the faculty, in a wonderful degree, of developing the native powers of the youthful mind. It is remarkable that he rarely, if ever, corrected a student for deficiency in recitation. While I was with him,—and I was with him longer than most of his pupils,—I do not remember a single instance in which he did so. To be "turned off," as it was called,—that is, to be required to recommit a lesson, was considered such a disgrace by all the students, that he never found it necessary to apply any other corrective to this delinquency.

He was himself a very severe student, and a very industrious man. He rose with the dawn in summer, and before it in the winter.

As a Christian, Dr. Waddel's character was unexceptionable. He was not without the Christian's trials; and these, for some years after he embraced the cross, were uncommonly severe; but, as the surges that break over the coral reef, only add brilliancy to its native beauty, so these trials but added lustre to the "beauty of his holiness." His piety burned with a steady flame. It was subject to no violent transitions, but it brightened by a steady process, as is manifest from a brief record which he made in his latter years of his daily transactions. It was obviously kept as a mere private remembrancer of his secular matters, and yet its monthly entries often close with earnest aspirations for a deeper work of grace upon his heart. He was active and constant in the discharge of his ministerial duties, and he shrunk from no labour which his ecclesiastical relations imposed upon him. His discourses were always grave, solemn, and practical, possessing few of the ornaments of style, but occasionally enlivened with flashes of true eloquence. He was generous, hospitable and kind, and while he dispensed many charities which the world must needs know, I doubt not but that he dispensed many which will not be known till the revelations of the final day.

As a citizen, he was ever blessing and ever blessed. He kept aloof from the political storms which so often raged around him. I believe they gave

him the greatest anxieties of his life; for he generally recognised in the spirits of the storm, the lineaments of his pupils, and however he may have regarded the blasts, he regarded *them* with a father's love. And he did them but justice; for in their bitterest strifes, they always guided the tempest above his lowly dwelling, or hushed it into a fitful silence until it passed.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. B. LONGSTREET

FROM THE HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN, LL. D.

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, SECRETARY OF STATE, &c.

FORT HILL, May 19, 1849.

Dear Sir: I comply with pleasure with your request to give you a brief statement containing a summary of the character of the late Rev. Dr. Moses Waddel. I knew him well. Under his tuition I prepared myself for College.

His character as a man was good. He discharged punctually and faithfully the various duties attached to all his private relations. He was sociable and amiable; but not without a due mixture of sternness and firmness. As a minister of the Gospel, he was pious, zealous, and well versed in Theology generally His style of preaching was plain, simple and earnest. He addressed himself much more to the understanding than to the imagination or passions.

It was as a teacher that he was the most distinguished. In that character, he stands almost unrivalled. Indeed, he may be justly considered as the father of classical education, in the upper country of South Carolina and Georgia. His excellence in that character depended not so much on extensive or profound learning, as a felicitous combination of qualities for the government of boys, and communicating to them what he knew. He was particularly successful in exciting emulation among them, and in obtaining the good will of all but the worthless. The best evidence of his high qualities as a teacher is his success. Among his pupils are to be found a large portion of the eminent men of the State of Georgia. In this State it is sufficient to name McDuffie, Legare, Pettigru, and my colleague in the Senate, Butler. To these many others of distinction might be added. His pupils in Georgia who have distinguished themselves are numerous. In the list are to be found the names of W. H. Crawford, Longstreet, &c. It is in the character of a teacher especially that he will long be remembered as a benefactor of the country.

With great respect,
I am your obedient servant,
JOHN C. CALHOUN.

FROM THE REV. ALONZO CHURCH, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF FRANKLIN COLLEGE.

ATHENS, Ga., April 16, 1850.

Rev. and dear Sir: I am pleased to learn that you are engaged in writing biographical notices of distinguished deceased clergymen of our country. I am more than pleased to hear that among these will be found the name of the venerable Dr. Waddel,—a man, who, as a teacher, and as a minister of the Gospel, acquired a reputation in the Southern States, which few teachers or ministers have acquired in our country The friends of Dr. Waddel do not claim for him talents the most brilliant, or acquirements the most varied and profound. The sphere of action to which he was, in the providence of God, called, required

talents of a peculiar kind. It was a sphere where prudence, and patience, and perseverance, and self-denial, were far more important than the utmost refinement of taste, or the profoundest researches in science, or even the most powerful and commanding eloquence. His friends, however, do claim for him,—and this part of our country almost unanimously accords to him,—an energy of character, and an honesty of purpose, and an ardent desire for the advancement of religious education and the spread of the Gospel, which enabled him to accomplish far more for the best interests of his fellow men, than many who possessed talents of a more striking character.

My first personal acquaintance with Dr. Waddel was in September, 1819,—a few months after he had entered upon the duties of his office as President of the University of Georgia. In December of the same year, I became associated with him as a Professor in the institution; and we continued thus associated for ten years, when he retired from the University, in consequence of advancing age and declining health. The circumstances of the University were, when Dr. Waddel was called to preside over it, peculiarly embarrassing. They were such as no one can fully comprehend, who was not connected with it. They were such, I am fully persuaded, as few men would have been able to meet, without ultimately abandoning the object in despair. And to the wisdom, and prudence, and reputation, of that good man, is Georgia very largely indebted for the respectability and usefulness of her State College. The success which attended his efforts in raising the institution so rapidly as he did to respectability, has been to many inexplicable. But to those who well understood his character, that success is by no means surprising. He accepted the office after repeated solicitations, and only upon the fullest conviction that God had called him to this field of labour. Perhaps few men, in all the business of life, more prayerfully inquired as to the path of duty, than Dr. Waddel. And by the path of duty, I mean, the glory of God in the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom. Though a minister of the Gospel, he spent most of his life in the occupation of a teacher of youth. This he did, not because he found it more to his pecuniary interest, but because, from a careful survey of the condition of this part of our country, he believed he could in this way more effectually promote the cause of evangelical religion, than by devoting his whole time to the ministry of the Gospel. And I cannot doubt that in this his judgment was in accordance with the intimations of the Divine Spirit, whose enlightening influences, I believe, he ever sought to indicate to him the path of duty. The grand object which he had in view, while engaged in the business of instruction, was the inculcation of truth, which directly or indirectly would have an influence upon the great cause of the Gospel. The country was new, the population was rapidly increasing, and the few schools which existed were almost universally under the control of men who were ignorant and vicious, and often infidel. Dr. Waddel saw the necessity for different schools, and resolved that, by the blessing of God upon his labours, he would endeavour to show the practical benefits resulting from those conducted by well-educated and pious men. To accomplish this reformation, he saw the necessity for teachers educated at home,—educated in the fear of God,—teachers who would carry into the school-room something of the Bible. And he accordingly encouraged those who were under his instruction, and especially those who were pious, to prepare themselves for teachers. To those who were unable to bear the expenses of their education he opened the doors of his school, and often his house, leaving them, in after life, to make such return as they might be able and might think proper to make. The heart of this good man also yearned over the multitudes through this part of the country, who were "as sheep having no shepherd." He ardently desired to see intelligent and pious young men consecrating their talents to the service of God in the ministry of the Gospel. His school was, therefore, always a School of the Prophets—every encouragement was

given by him to those whose minds were turned to this subject, and, by directing his pupils to the great want of ministers, he was instrumental in diverting many from mere secular pursuits to the sacred office. In this respect few men have, I apprehend, been more useful to the Church—like his Divine Master, he was continually saying to many, and apparently with effect,—"Go preach the Gospel." Looking at the condition of the country, and especially of the Church, he believed that it was the duty of many who were called to the ministry, to engage also in the business of instruction; and he accordingly encouraged many of the young men who studied with him, to pursue a course similar to that which he felt it his duty to pursue. By this means, in a short time, many feeble churches were partially supplied with Christian ministrations, and a striking change was wrought in the moral aspect of society.

It should not be inferred that Dr. Waddel did not preach, and preach constantly. Perhaps few ministers ever felt more intensely the obligation resting upon them to preach the Gospel. Few Sabbaths ever found him out of the pulpit. The great destitution of ministers of the Gospel had more influence, I doubt not, in inducing him to accept the office of President of the University of Georgia, than any other cause. The urgency of the friends of the institution, and especially of its Trustees, whose grand object was to raise it to literary eminence, led him to inquire most prayerfully what were the designs of Providence; and, upon a careful survey of the whole case, he came deliberately to the conclusion that a new field was opening, in which he might probably labour successfully for the cause which was nearest his heart. The result was as he anticipated. The College rose in the estimation of the community. Young men flocked to its halls—poor and pious young men were invited by him to partake of its advantages. The Trustees made provision for the free education of a number who were preparing for the ministry. Dr. Waddel induced several families in the town and adjoining country, each to board one poor young man who was preparing for the ministry. God poured out his Spirit upon the institution, and many, in a few years, were hopefully converted, and went forth as teachers of Academies and preachers of the Gospel. At the end of ten years, the good man was permitted to see a change in the institution,—a change in the moral and religious aspect of the State,—a change in the prospects of the Church, and especially the feeble branch of it, to which he belonged, which more than realized his most sanguine expectations. I mention these things concerning the College and his labours as a teacher, to show that he did not err in his interpretation of the indications of Providence in respect to his duty.

Dr. Waddel was scrupulously conscientious in the fulfilment of every known obligation. He never allowed himself to excite expectations which he did not intend, and which he did not make every possible exertion, to fulfil. Punctuality in meeting his appointments was with him a cardinal virtue. He often, while President of the University, preached in the country from ten to twenty miles distant from this place. I never knew him deterred from going to his place of preaching, in consequence of unpleasant weather, or business relating to his private interests, or even to the institution, unless of a most important nature. I have often seen him start from his house to meet his clerical engagements when few men would have left home for any important business of life. If reminded that he could expect few, if any, to hear him, his reply was, that two or three with the Master's presence would be a profitable meeting; and that it was all-important to a church to know that their minister would not disappoint his people. The same punctuality was observed as to all the duties of life; and such were his feelings upon this subject, that men associated with him soon found it necessary to practise most carefully this virtue, so far as business with him was concerned. The members of the Faculty were soon punctiliously observant of their meetings for business,—were scrupulously careful to be at

their posts, as required by the laws of the institution. Students found it important to be ready, at the first sound of the bell, to retire to their studies, or repair to their recitations; and even servants seldom failed in the discharge of their duties. And what to many appeared unnecessarily and vexatiously exacting, was soon discovered to produce that order and regularity so useful in their results.

Dr. Waddel was, in the estimation of some, a stern disciplinarian; and yet no man was more mild or conciliating towards those who were disposed to do their duty; and no one was ever more ready to aid his pupils in their efforts to acquire knowledge. His study was open at all times to those seeking assistance, and he would lay aside the most interesting or important business to answer the inquiries of a student. He was supposed by some to be a timid man, when called to meet difficulties and dangers—perhaps he had not what the world calls the strongest nerves; but he had that which was far more important,—an humble but firm reliance upon the direction and the protection of his Master. Of this I saw a remarkable illustration in one of those emergencies which sometimes occur in the government of a College. It became necessary, as the Faculty believed, to pursue a course which a large portion of the students considered an unjustifiable interference with a Society. A Committee of the Society notified the Faculty that it would be dangerous to attempt to carry out the resolution. This was considered a threat, and at once the Faculty determined to act with energy. The action was to be that evening immediately after prayers in the chapel. Dr. Waddel was as decided in his opinion as any member of the Body. But, as he entered the chapel, a doubt came into his mind as to the prudence of the course adopted. He prayed most earnestly for both students and Faculty, and especially that the latter might be endowed with wisdom, and prudence, and grace. I felt assured, at the time, that peculiar emotions were agitating his bosom; but when he closed the exercises, instead of leading the Faculty to carry out their resolution, (as he had expected to do,) he left the chapel, and retired without an intimation to any one concerning the reason of his conduct. He afterwards informed me that he became fully convinced that the course which the Faculty had determined to pursue, was not prudent, and he had not a doubt that his mind had undergone this change in consequence of an intimation from the Spirit of God. Subsequent developments clearly proved that, had he persisted in endeavouring to effect the object of the Faculty, most serious and probably melancholy consequences would have ensued. A young man of desperate character, excited by intoxication, was pledged to defeat, at any expense, the attempts of the Faculty, and this he could have done, under the peculiar circumstances, without the probability of detection. The course of Dr. Waddel on this occasion was at the time attributed by some to weakness; but it was generally acknowledged afterwards that, whatever influences controlled his mind, the result was most propitious. His attachments to friends were strong and enduring,—especially to early religious friends. A striking illustration of this occurred a short time previous to his decease. Under the influence of that disease which terminated his life, he seemed to lose gradually the use of all his faculties, till he was no longer conscious of any thing. I visited him on one occasion, and found him apparently insensible to all that was passing. We could not ascertain that he knew any one; and yet, during a conversation between myself and others in his room,—the name of an early clerical friend being mentioned, he immediately exclaimed in broken and yet perfectly intelligible accents, "I knew him well,—one of the best men I ever knew;" and then sank immediately into his unconscious state, from which it was impossible to arouse him. His memory was extraordinary, especially as to times and places. He was remarkable for his minuteness in keeping a diary, in which he preserved notices of almost every transaction of life; and he was able to recollect especially whatever related to

his clerical duties with a particularity that was truly astonishing. He could recall the texts from which he had preached, and the places where he had preached from them, and the mode of treatment and the persons present, and the effect produced, with an accuracy that seemed almost incredible. He was perhaps more opposed to reading sermons than almost any minister of any denomination during the period of his ministry. He believed the subject of every sermon so important, that the man who feels a proper interest in it, and has the requisite furniture for the sacred office, will make such preparation, and will go into the desk with such emotions, as will enable him to speak, and speak with freedom and power, extempore. He was not opposed to writing sermons, but utterly opposed to their being read. On one occasion, when a distinguished Doctor of Divinity was preaching, and the house became so dark that he could not read his sermon without much difficulty, and was finally obliged to cut it short and show an abrupt conclusion, Dr. Waddel, who was sitting by me in the church, unconsciously exclaimed loud enough to be heard by myself and others in the same pew,—"he is served right." He believed every minister was under obligations to preach where an opportunity was offered;—that he should not refuse to preach because he might not have expected to be called upon, or because others were present who ought to preach and would not. "If no one else will preach, I will try to," was his motto. He loved his duty as a minister of the Gospel—he was ready, at all times, as far as in his power, to discharge that duty. He rejoiced to see the work of the Lord prosper,—no matter by whose instrumentality it might be carried forward. He was greatly beloved by the common people of the country, who visited him with freedom, and were ever received with the welcome which so much endears a minister to his flock. In the Southern States, he needs no monument but the recollection of those who knew him; and so long as they shall survive, his praise will be in all the Churches *where* they survive.

Very truly, I am yours in the Gospel,

A. CHURCH.

GEORGE BUIST, D. D.*

1793—1808.

George Buist, a son of Arthur and Catharine Buist, was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in the year 1770. His father was a respectable farmer. Having gone through his preparatory course, he entered the College of Edinburgh in 1787, where he enjoyed the instruction of some of the most distinguished men of the age, and gained a high reputation both as a scholar and a man of original genius. He was remarkable for his proficiency in classical learning, and especially for his minute and thorough acquaintance with the Greek language; and Professor Dalzell is said to have shown his high estimate of his attainments in this department, by employing him as his assistant in preparing for the press a part of his *Collectanea*. He was thoroughly versed also in the Hebrew, French, and Italian languages. Indeed, there was no branch of knowledge included in a thorough Scotch education in which he was not a proficient.

* Memoir prefixed to his Sermons.—MS. from Hon. Mitchell King.

In the year 1792, he was admitted an honorary member of the Edinburgh Philological Society, and about the same time published an Abridgment of Hume's History of England, which was favourably received, as was indicated by its passing to a second edition. He contributed also some important articles to the Encyclopedia Brittanica.

The Presbyterian Church in Charleston, S. C., being vacant, and wishing to obtain a pastor, addressed a letter to Principal Robertson, Dr. Blair, and the Rev. Alexander Hewat, their former Pastor, who had returned to Scotland, requesting that they would "send" them a "gentleman bred in the communion and principles of the Established Church of Scotland to be" their "minister." They add—"We hope we may be allowed to say, without the imputation of vanity, that he will preach to a polite, well informed congregation, and that he will appear at the head of the Presbyterian interest in this State." Mr. Hewat being absent, Doctors Robertson and Blair complied with the request of the Church, and offered the vacant place to Mr. Buist. He consented to their proposal; and the following is an extract from the letter of Doctors Robertson and Blair, by which he was introduced to the Church:—"After much inquiry and several consultations, we have pitched upon Mr. George Buist, preacher of the Gospel. We are both acquainted with him, and know him to be a good scholar, an instructive preacher, well bred, and of a good natural temper. We have no doubt but he will prove an acceptable minister to the Congregation, as well as an agreeable member of society."

Mr. Buist arrived in Charleston in June, 1793, having received ordination previous to his leaving Scotland. He was received with great cordiality by the Church which had called him, and was regarded, from the first, both as a minister and a man, with very general favour.

In March, 1794, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh,—he being at that time less than twenty-four years of age. It was procured at the suggestion of some prominent individuals in his Congregation, and through the instrumentality of Doctor Blair.

In the year 1805, Dr. Buist was appointed Principal of the Charleston College. He accepted the appointment, and continued to hold the office as long as he lived, though he still retained his pastoral charge. His liberal acquirements, as well as his sound and well matured views of college discipline, eminently qualified him to be the head of a literary institution.

Dr. Buist was cut off in the full vigour of life, and in the midst of his usefulness. He died suddenly on the 31st of August, 1808, after an illness of three or four days, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. His Funeral was attended by an immense throng,—the service on the occasion being performed by his intimate friend, the Rev. Dr. Furman, of the Baptist Church.

Dr. Buist was married in 1797 to Mary, daughter of Capt. John Sommers. She was a native of South Carolina, though her father was from Devonshire, England. Mrs. Buist died in 1845. They had six children,—four sons and two daughters. Of the sons, two became ministers of the Presbyterian Church, one a lawyer, and one a physician.

In 1809, a selection from Dr. Buist's Sermons was published in two volumes, together with a brief sketch of his life.

FROM THE HON. MITCHELL KING.

CHARLESTON, S. C., 17th July, 1852.

My dear Sir: I do not feel myself at liberty to decline a compliance with your request that I would furnish you with my recollections of the late Dr. Buist; for there is probably not now alive in South Carolina another individual whose relations with him were so intimate as mine, especially during the latter years of his life. Before he was called by the unanimous voice of the very distinguished gentlemen, then forming the Board of Trustees of the College of Charleston, to take charge of that institution, I, then a very young man, had made his acquaintance, and sat under his ministry. I was then keeping a school on my own account. He soon invited me to accept a situation in the College. That invitation I accepted, and remained in the institution for a considerable time after his death. Indeed I did not finally leave it until I had been admitted to the Bar, and was about to enter on the practice of my profession. Our intercourse was intimate and confidential. In his very short absences from the College, his communications in respect to its government were generally made to me. He owned a farm about four or five miles from town, at which he frequently spent his Saturday holiday. Thither I sometimes accompanied him as his sole companion, and almost every Sunday I dined with him. No one could have fuller or better opportunities of knowing his opinions, his character, his love of letters, his intense desire of improvement, his devotion to the principles of the Church to which he had dedicated himself—no one, out of his own family, I believe, more sincerely lamented his loss.

Dr. Buist was a large man, about six feet high, with strongly marked features, expressive of what he actually possessed,—much determination and strength of character. His shoulders were very broad, and his whole frame muscular and active. His appearance was well calculated to command respect. His manners were kind and conciliating, and, without being in the slightest degree obtrusive or dogmatical, he had none of the bashfulness or awkwardness of the mere scholar. Indeed, he was eminently a man for society,—fond of conversation, and able and willing to take his full share in it without engrossing it.

His style of preaching was very impressive. By great diligence and attention he had almost wholly overcome the Scottish peculiarities of pronunciation, and only a practised and acute ear could have discovered that he was a native of Scotland. He read admirably. He very rarely ventured on an extemporaneous discourse; and the graces of his delivery won the attention and conciliated the favour of his hearers. He was much respected and beloved by his Congregation, and had great influence with them. His church was well filled,—generally crowded; and for a number of years before his death, there were always many more applicants for pews in it than could be accommodated. In his sermons, he belonged more to the school of Blair than to that of Witherspoon or Chalmers; more to what, for want of a more appropriate appellation, has been called the "Moderate," than to the "Evangelical" portion of the Church. He loved to explain and enforce the morality, and to strengthen, and animate, and extend the charity and love, of the Gospel, more than to preach its profound and sublime mysteries, or to awaken and awe by the terrors of the Law.

From early life he was a great student; and his love of learning and knowledge seemed to increase with his increasing years. When he was first called to the ministry, he composed a great number of sermons, which, after his marriage, and with the cares of an increasing family, and the labour of conducting an important literary institution, he was in a great measure obliged to continue to use. His excellent delivery still recommended them to his hearers. Had he

been spared, and enabled to give himself to the composition of new sermons, it is confidently believed that, with his increased learning, and experience, and knowledge, he would have left works behind him, which the world would not willingly let die. The sermons which were published after his death, were among his early productions, and are by no means to be regarded as adequate specimens of his attainments and abilities in the later periods of his life.

It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Buist, with his very decided literary tastes and great diligence in study, was a proficient in various departments of learning. While he was a student at the University, as well as afterwards, he was passionately fond of the study of Greek. I have heard him say that, during his college course, he was accustomed frequently to start from his sleep, and find himself repeating some favourite Greek author. He was also a thorough Hebrew scholar, insomuch that when he was examined by the Presbytery for licensure, the fluency with which he read the Hebrew Bible was a subject of remark with the venerable clergymen who heard his examination. With the French and Italian languages he was also at that time critically acquainted. Indeed there was no language or science which he did not seem ambitious to master. With such extensive acquirements, in connection with high natural qualifications, he was, as might naturally be expected, an eminently successful instructor. Many have passed away, and some still survive, who were much indebted for their early intellectual discipline to his faithful and well directed efforts.

I am, with great respect, Rev. and dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

M. KING.

SAMUEL BROWN.*

1793—1818.

Samuel Brown was, on the father's side, of English extraction; on the mother's side, of Scotch. His paternal grandfather migrated to this country before the middle of the eighteenth century, and settled first in Pennsylvania, where he remained for a few years, and then removed to Virginia, to the neighbourhood of Big Lick, in what is now Roanoke County. His father, Henry Brown, settled on a stream called Otter, at a place about seven miles from New London, in Bedford County, where this son was born, November 18, 1766. His mother's name was Alcy Beard—she was born in Scotland, and her relatives in this country are understood to have resided in Delaware. His father was, for many years, a member of the Presbyterian Church; but a few years before his death, joined the Baptists, while his mother still continued a Presbyterian.

The subject of this sketch, at a very early period, discovered a decidedly intellectual taste, and easily mastered, in the way of study, whatever he undertook. He was particularly fond of the mathematics, and indeed of every branch of learning that kept his mind in the attitude of close and vigorous investigation. But so straitened were his father's circumstances,

* MSS. from Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander and from Mr. Brown's family. Foote's Sketches of Va., 2d Series.

that when the son expressed to him his desire for a liberal education, he felt constrained to discourage him from making the attempt. He, however, by some means or other, succeeded in acquiring a tolerable knowledge of the English branches, insomuch that he was competent to teach a common English school; and he was actually employed in this way in Kentucky,* for one year. This was about the year 1786, when he was twenty years of age. On leaving his school, he returned to his father's in Virginia, where he remained for some time. At this period, he obtained a magnetic needle, which he fitted to a wooden compass of his own construction, and by this means practised surveying, with a view to both his amusement and improvement.

Soon after his return from Kentucky in 1788, he put himself under the instruction of the Rev. James Mitchel, an excellent Presbyterian minister of Bedford County, who had a small grammar school in his own house; and, at the same time, became a member of Mr. Mitchel's family. Here a great change occurred in his feelings on the subject of religion, which extended to all the purposes, and ultimately to the whole conduct, of his life. An unusual seriousness at that time pervaded the surrounding community; and young Brown, who, though somewhat inclined to gaiety, had always sustained a fair moral character, was early brought under its influence. When his excellent instructer first ventured to address him in respect to his immortal well-being, not knowing whether his mind was at all directed to it, he was equally surprised and gratified to find that this had become the all-engrossing object of his thoughts. He ascertained, by conversing with him, that he had previously been the subject of strong religious impressions, but that they had passed away as the morning dew; and now, such were his views of the sinfulness of his own heart, that he was inclined to regard his case as well nigh hopeless. After striving for some time in the spirit of the law, he commenced striving in the spirit of the Gospel; and then the way of life seemed clear to him, and he found the peace which he had so much desired. When he began to think of making a profession of religion, he was for a time somewhat perplexed by the Calvinistic and Arminian controversy; but, after considerable examination, his views became fixed in favour of Calvinism, and they never materially changed during the rest of his life.

In 1790, he resided at Liberty, the seat of justice in Bedford County, with his brother-in-law, where he prosecuted his studies, more or less, for two years. After this, he was a pupil at the New London Academy, and finally completed his studies at Washington College, Lexington, known at that time by the name of Liberty Hall.

* His expedition to Kentucky is thus described, as illustrative of his great energy of purpose, in a letter from his son-in-law, the Rev. James Morrison:—

"When he was a youth, only about nineteen or twenty, he, in company with two or three others, took their axes, knapsacks, and rifles, and went through the Western part of this State (Virginia,) then almost entirely a wilderness, until they reached the Great Kanawha, where they encamped until they had formed a canoe out of a large poplar tree. They then launched their canoe, and sailed down the Kanawha to its mouth, and then down the Ohio, until they reached Limestone, now Maysville, in Kentucky. There they landed, spent a year, and then returned to Virginia by the Southwestern route, a large portion of which was then a wilderness, and greatly infested by the robberies and murders of the Cherokee Indians. They made this whole journey on foot, with the exception of the distance that they travelled in their canoe, and were exposed, through much the larger part of their way, to the hostile attacks of the savages. A gentleman now living told me that in the year 1817, as he was going down the Kanawha River in company with Mr. Brown, Mr. B. showed him the stump of the tree which he and his companions had cut down to make their canoe. They kept a guard against the Indians, during the whole time they were making it, and, in sailing down the river, would often go on one side, to be out of the reach of the guns of the Indians, on the other."

He was licensed to preach by the West Hanover Presbytery, on the 5th of April, 1793; and, after being employed under the direction of a Commission of Synod as a missionary in Eastern Virginia, until April, 1796, he received a call from the Presbyterian Congregation of New Providence to become their Pastor. This call was put into his hands on the 5th of June, shortly after which his installation took place. Here he remained a faithful and zealous minister during the residue of his life.

When that strange phenomenon, *the jerks*, as it was commonly called, appeared in connection with the great revival at the South and Southwest soon after the beginning of the present century, Mr. Brown immediately commenced an investigation in regard to it; and the result was that he became fully satisfied that it was in no sense a part of the work of the Spirit, but was at best nothing more than a spurious admixture with a real Divine operation. Under this conviction he opposed it vigorously, and succeeded in keeping it out of his own congregation almost entirely, while it was prevailing in most or all of the congregations around. Many persons prayed very earnestly that his wife might be a subject, thinking that that would be the most effectual way of overcoming his opposition. Amongst those who were most deeply grieved at his course, was a venerable elder in a neighbouring congregation,—a man of eminent piety, and withal one of Mr. Brown's most attached friends. The elder made him a visit, with a view to remonstrate with him, and convince him of what he believed to be his mistake. After not a long discussion, he found his arguments all disposed of, and went away silenced, but not satisfied. In the course of a few days, he repeated his visit, confident that he should then be able to accomplish what he had failed to do before; but he met now with a discomfiture more signal than the first. The gray-headed old man, as he rose to start for home, in the warmth of his feelings, grasped Mr. Brown's hand, and said with great earnestness,—"Mr. Brown, I cannot reason with you; but I am right and you are wrong; and I solemnly warn you that, if you do not cease your opposition to this work of God, you will cease to be useful, will lose your Christian comfort, and at last die under a cloud." Mr. Brown simply replied—"I am willing to leave it all in God's hands." Many months after, the good old man came back to visit him, and acknowledge that he was himself in the mistake, and ask forgiveness for what then seemed to him his unreasonable and ungracious remarks.

The 11th of October, 1818, was a Communion Sabbath in the Church to which Mr. Brown ministered. On Saturday morning preceding, he lectured on the last chapter of the Book of Revelation,—thus closing a series of lectures which had commenced with Genesis. The discourse was delivered with great freedom and power. He spoke with deep feeling of the account he must finally render of the manner in which he had explained and enforced the truths of the Bible; and most solemnly appealed to the Searcher of hearts that he had endeavoured to declare the whole counsel of God. In administering the Lord's Supper the next day, he was so much carried away by his feelings in his address in serving the last table, that he forgot to distribute the cup, and was on the point of closing the exercises, when one of the elders reminded him of the omission. On Sabbath afternoon, and on Monday, he delivered two sermons, which were regarded by his congregation as among the most powerful they had ever heard from him.

For two or three months, he had been troubled with an affection of the

heart, and, a few days before his death, had expressed the belief that a hardening and contracting of the large artery had taken place. He had a painful attack on Saturday morning, previous to his going to the church. On Tuesday he appeared as well as usual, and after dinner went to a new dwelling-house that he was building, where he engaged in some active exercise, and was observed to stop suddenly, and lay himself down upon a bench. After remaining there a few minutes, he walked to his dwelling, told Mrs. Brown that he had another attack of pain in his heart, and called for some warm water to bathe his feet. While his feet were in the water, his wife saw his head fall back, and without a gasp or a struggle he ceased to breathe, sitting in his chair. It was less than half an hour from the time that he lay down upon the bench in the new house till he was dead.

The following graphic account of his Funeral, from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. J. H. Rice, and originally published in the Evangelical and Literary Magazine, is a striking testimony to the marked excellence of his character:—

"The record of the incidents of the day (October 14, 1818) presents something like a map of human life. In the morning we were gay and cheerful, amusing ourselves with remarks on the country, on the comparative genius and habits of our countrymen, and a thousand things, just as the thoughts of them occurred, anticipating a joyful meeting in the evening with some well tried, beloved and faithful friends; when, suddenly as the flash of lightning breaks from the cloud, we were informed of the almost instantaneous death of one of the choicest of these friends, and one of the most valuable of men—the Rev. SAMUEL BROWN. The road which we should travel led by the house in which he was accustomed to preach; and, on enquiring for it, we were asked if we were going to the funeral! Thus, as in a moment, was hope turned into deep despondency, and gladness of heart exchanged for the bitterness of sorrow. We journeyed on in mournful silence interrupted by occasional remarks, which showed our unwillingness to believe the truth of what had been announced, and how reluctantly hope takes her flight from the human bosom. It might have been a fainting fit,—an apoplectic stroke, mistaken for the invasion of death; and still he might be alive. The roads, trampled by multitudes of horses, all directed to the dwelling of our friend, dissipated these illusions of the deceiver, and convinced us of the sad reality. Still, however, when we arrived at the church, and saw the people assembling, and the pile of red clay (the sure indication of a newly opened grave) thrown up in the church yard, it seemed as if we were then, for the first time, assured that Samuel Brown was dead. Only a few people had come together on our arrival. Some in small groups were conversing in a low tone of voice, interrupted by frequent and bitter sighs, and showing in strong terms how deeply they felt their loss. Others, whose emotions were too powerful for conversation, stood apart, and leaning on the tombstones, looked like pictures of wo. Presently, the sound of the multitude was heard—they came on in great crowds. The elders of the church assisted in committing the body to the grave. After which a solemn silence, interrupted only by smothered sobs, issued for several minutes. The widow stood at the head of the grave, surrounded by her children, exhibiting signs of unutterable anguish, yet seeming to say, 'It is the Lord, let Him do with us what seemeth Him good.' After a little time, on a signal being given, some young men began to fill the grave. The first clods that fell on the coffin, gave forth the most mournful sound I ever heard. At that moment of agony, the chorister of the congregation was asked to sing a specified hymn, to a tune known to be a favourite of the deceased minister. The voice of the chorister faltered, so that it required several efforts to raise the tune. The whole congregation attempted to join him; but at first the sound was rather a scream of anguish than music. As they advanced, however, the precious truths expressed in the hymn seemed to enter into their souls. Their voices became more firm, and while their eyes streamed with tears, their countenances were radiant with Christian hope, and the singing of the last stanza was like a shout of triumph. The words of the hymn are well known to many, but we think it not amiss to record them here:

'When I can read my title clear,' &c.

"By the time that these words were finished, the grave was closed, and the congregation, in solemn silence, retired to their homes.

"We lodged that night with one of the members of the church. The family seemed bereaved, as though the head of the household had just been buried Every allusion

to the event, too, brought forth a flood of tears. I could not help exclaiming 'Behold how they loved him!' And I thought the lamentations of fathers and mothers, of young men and maidens, over their departed pastor, a more eloquent and affecting eulogium, than oratory with all its pomp and pretensions could pronounce. After this, I shall not attempt a panegyric. Let those who wish to know the character of Samuel Brown, go and see the sod that covers his body, wet with the tears of his congregation."

The only acknowledged publication of Mr. Brown is a Sermon preached in Harrisonburg, Va., at the ordination of A. B. Davidson.

On the 9th of October, 1798, about two years after his settlement in the ministry, Mr. Brown was married to Mary Moore, who was distinguished not only for her intelligence, energy, and general excellence of character, but for having spent several years of her life in captivity, and for belonging to a family, most of whom, shortly after the Revolution, fell victims to Indian barbarity. The sufferings which she underwent, and the spirit in which she endured them, marked her as a heroine, and well nigh as a martyr; and the history of that part of her life is invested with a sort of tragical romance, which fills the mind of the reader with alternate horror and admiration. She was a lineal descendant of the celebrated Rutherford, who was a member from Scotland of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and of the scarcely less celebrated Joseph Alleine, the author of the "Alarm to the Unconverted." Rutherford's pocket Bible is still in possession of one of the family who resides in Kentucky.

The following account of the captivity of Mary Moore, afterwards Mrs. Brown, has been kindly furnished me by one of her sons, the Rev. James M. Brown, D. D., of Kanawha Court-House, Va.

"James Moore, a native of 'the Valley' in Virginia, was an adventurous pioneer. He removed from the more thickly settled part of the country to Abb's Valley, in what is now Tazewell County, accompanied by the small families of Robert Poage, his brother-in-law, and Absalom Looney, who was the first white man that visited this valley. These, after living there two or three years, left on account of the frequent incursions of the Indians. Mr. Moore, more adventurous, remained, and was actively engaged in raising horses and cattle, and gathering ginseng, which was very abundant on the rich mountain sides. Scarce a summer passed without one or more interruptions from the savages. In September, 1784, his son James, a lad of fourteen years of age, was surprised a mile or two from the house, taken prisoner, and carried to the Shawnee towns in Ohio.

"On the 14th of July, 1786, about thirty Indians made an attack on Mr. Moore's family; killed him near his house, and three children in the yard. When the alarm was given, Mrs. Moore had closed and barred the door of the house in which were herself, four of her children, a young woman named Martha Evans, and an Englishman who lived in the family. In peeping through one of the cracks between the logs, he was discovered and shot by the Indians, who then commenced to cut down the door. At this moment Mrs. Moore kneeled down, and having commended herself and those with her to God, rose and opened the door. All that the Indians could carry with them was selected; the rest of the household goods was collected into a pile in the yard and burned. After the pile was set on fire, Mary, then in her tenth year, went to it, and picked up two New Testaments which she placed under her arm and carried with her.

"The oldest son of the family was a sickly lad, and, being unable to bear the fatigue of travelling, was killed on the second day after leaving the

Valley. The youngest, an infant, was fretful from a sore arm, and was also killed.

"The Indians took their captives to the Chilicothe towns, near to the place of that name in Ohio. After being there a short time, Mrs. Moore and a daughter older than Mary were put to torture and burned, while Mary and Martha Evans were saved from this fate by being kept away from the village for several days by the Indian women. When they came back, Mary missed her mother and sister; and their bones amidst the ashes and brands told her what their fate had been. She procured a hoe, dug a hole as deep as she could with it, gathered the bones and placed them in it, covered them up, and placed a stone over them.

"In the autumn of that year, the villages of these Indians were burned; their entire stock of provision for the winter destroyed, and they were compelled to set out for Canada about the commencement of winter. This journey and the winter that followed it were periods of great privation and suffering to the captives; but before the spring both were sold to the whites.

"Mary fell into the hands of a Refugee Tory, an unprincipled and wicked man, by whom she was much more cruelly treated than by the Indians. Whilst living with him, she met with her brother James, who, by a train of singular providences, had been brought to that region.

"Thomas Evans, the brother of Martha, after a series of romantic and dangerous adventures, had succeeded in finding out where his sister was, and had gone for her. With him, James and Mary Moore returned to their relatives in Virginia.

"Mary carried her Testament through all her trials and changes, until she was passing through the Western part of Pennsylvania, on her way to her friends.

"There is good reason to believe that she had given her heart to her Saviour before she was ten years old. In her fifteenth year, she was received into the Communion of the Church on profession of faith.

"She became the wife of Mr. Brown; and closed her eventful life on the 23d of April, 1824, in the triumphs of faith. She was the mother of eleven children, ten of whom survived her. They all gave evidence of piety. Five of her sons entered the ministry in the Presbyterian Church; two of her grandsons are now (1857) preaching the Gospel, and a third is pursuing his theological studies.

"An extended account of her life is found in 'The Captives of Abb's Valley,'—a volume from the press of the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL B. WILSON, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, VA.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, July 6, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: I am happy to comply with your request in furnishing you with some brief reminiscences of the late Rev. Samuel Brown. Forty-four years have now elapsed since I was an inmate of his family; and I have doubtless forgotten many things which then passed under my observation, that might serve to illustrate his character. But, though I have not the aid of any written memoranda, and write entirely from recollection, I think you may rely on the substantial correctness of my statements.

It is understood that this excellent man had to contend with many difficulties in obtaining his education, and never enjoyed the highest advantages of early and thorough mental training. But the native vigour of his mind and the fervour of his piety surmounted every obstacle; and he rose to an eminence as a preacher, little, if at all, inferior to the best educated ministers of Virginia, who were contemporary with him,—though among them were Hoge, Alexander, Rice, Speece, and Baxter. While each of these possessed peculiar excellencies, and some of them were distinguished for more extensive acquisitions, and a higher degree of pathos, no one excelled him in native strength of mind, power of reasoning, or soundness of judgment. All his brethren acknowledged his pre-eminent native talents, and loved him for his exalted character as a Christian and a minister. I well remember that, at the meeting of the Synod of Virginia, in October, 1818, a few days after his death, when it was proposed that Dr. Speece should be appointed to preach his Funeral Sermon, he rose, and, in his brief and decisive manner, said,—"I am not worthy to preach the Funeral Sermon of such a man as Samuel Brown."

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Brown commenced about the year 1802. On Sacramental and other public occasions, he often visited Lexington, and preached for Dr. Baxter. I was at that time a student in Washington College. His preaching was attractive and deeply interesting to me and my fellow-students. His sermons were eminently instructive and impressive. His apprehension of Divine things was uncommonly clear, and consequently his discourses were well understood by his hearers. His deep toned piety, his thorough knowledge of the plan of salvation, his familiar acquaintance with the temptations and trials of God's people, and the influence of truth under the operation of the Holy Spirit, rendered his preaching deeply interesting to Christians, and all whose minds were in any degree directed to the concerns of religion. His sermons displayed a happy medium between cold speculation on the one hand, that leaves the heart unmoved, and exciting declamation on the other, that lashes the feelings into a storm, while the understanding is left in darkness. Believing that truth is the means God employs to quicken, to sanctify, and comfort, he used it as a wise workman that had no cause to be ashamed.

There was nothing in Mr. Brown's personal appearance, in his gestures or his style, to attract his audience. Yet he was heard with fixed attention, and often with delight. The source of his great influence over his hearers was the power of truth exhibited with unusual clearness, manifest sincerity, and a spotless reputation. Many men who had no regard for religion, admired his ability and skill in selecting his positions, and so disposing his arguments in their defence, as to reach his distant conclusion, with a force of evidence that could not be resisted. At the close of one of his argumentative sermons, a gentleman observed to me—"Mr. Brown reminds me of an ingenious mechanic, in making a complicated machine. He first finishes in a perfect manner all the several parts; and then so combines them, that each conspires to produce the precise effect that he designed. So," said he, "did Mr. Brown state his several positions and prove them conclusively; but I did not fully discover their use until he arranged them, and finally led his hearers on to the important conclusion at which he arrived, in a manner that seemed to me like absolute demonstration.

In 1804, I accepted an invitation to reside in his family, and pursue my theological studies under his care. The situation afforded me the best opportunity to see him at home, to witness his habits of study, and his mode of discharging pastoral duties.

Mr. Brown had a young and large family, a small salary, and but little property. To provide for his family, it was necessary either to teach a school or cultivate the soil. But, under all these disadvantages, he would not serve God and the church with that which cost him nothing. He redeemed time for reading

his small but well selected library, and for deep meditation, which rendered his Sabbath day services highly acceptable and useful to his flock; so that, at his death, he left his church among the largest at that time in Virginia. From the necessity of the case, his sermons were not written; but they were not loose harangues delivered without previous preparation, but generally well digested discourses.

It was during my residence in his family that those strange excitements and bodily agitations called the *jerks*, commenced in his congregation. Time has enabled ministers and others to form a judgment about those peculiar bodily affections *now*, which *then* was no easy matter. The scene was novel. The exercises were involuntary. The subjects were sometimes brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, sometimes left under the dominion of sin. Some Christians, eminent for piety, were subjects of the work. Wise and good men were perplexed, and arrived at different conclusions.

Mr. Brown, after a period of close and careful investigation, concluded that all bodily exercises and agitations which tended to mar the gravity and decency of religious worship, and hinder the orderly preaching and hearing of the Gospel, ought to be discountenanced. I well remember his declaration on this subject. Applying the matter to his own case, he said—"If the Holy Spirit has sent me to preach the Gospel, it surely cannot be the same Spirit that prevents me from delivering my message, or the congregation from giving to it a serious attention." There is good reason to believe that the decided opposition of Samuel Brown to these bodily exercises did much to suppress them, not only in his own congregation but elsewhere; for all who knew him confided greatly in the soundness of his judgment.

Unless some providential event prevented, Mr. Brown was a punctual attendant on the judicatories of the Church; and being a conspicuous member, his preparations for preaching on those occasions were usually made with great care. This was done, not to display his talents or acquirements, but for the purpose of exposing or rebuking dangerous errors with which the Church was threatened, or of exciting to some effort which the exigencies of the Church, or the wants of a world lying in wickedness, demanded. The custom of the Virginia Churches, in having large collections of people at meetings of Presbytery and Synod, and much preaching also, furnished a suitable opportunity for the accomplishment of his purpose.

In his family, Mr. Brown was an example of intelligent and consistent piety. Of him and his excellent wife it might truly be said, that, like the parents of John the Baptist, they "walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Their house was a place of love, peace, and prayer. He commanded his household with authority, yet with affection; and required all his children and servants to be present at the family devotions. How prudently and successfully he brought up his household in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, their subsequent history attests. Nearly all his servants became professors of religion. Five of his sons are ordained ministers of the Gospel. One of these, a youth not grown, said to his surviving parent on the evening after his father was buried, when the hour of family worship had arrived:—"Mother, my father never omitted the worship of God with us morning and evening—we must not omit it, now that he is taken away from us." The books were brought, and that youth took his father's place at the family altar.

Thus, in the midst of numerous and pressing engagements, I have very hastily complied with your request. If what I have written shall be of any use to you, it will gratify

Your friend and brother,
SAMUEL B. WILSON.

FROM THE REV. HENRY RUFFNER, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE

LEXINGTON, Va., April 10, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: After a delay of two months, which has been the result of circumstances of which I had no control, I now undertake to comply with your request in furnishing you with a brief sketch of the character of the late Rev. Samuel Brown,—a man of eminent worth, whose merits, however, are less generally known than they ought to be.

Mr. Brown was like Mr. Turner, his contemporary and friend, in this,—that his ordinary pulpit exercises manifested no remarkable power. But, on extraordinary occasions, they both could rivet the attention and master the souls of their hearers. Turner awakened the sympathies of the heart, and made his auditors laugh and weep, without their knowing the cause. Brown's was the luminous eloquence of the understanding,—not dry nor cold, but the warm radiance of truth that charmed the intellect.

His mind was rather slow in its operations, but sure. He had not the intuitive power of looking through a subject at a glance; but he had what was better,—the faculty of concentrating his attention on a particular theme until he had investigated it thoroughly, and had arranged his thoughts in lucid order. He was not an extensive reader, but what he read he digested well, and wrought into the body of his own ideas. He thought deeply, and sometimes pondered long, before he felt prepared to bring the finished composition into the pulpit. The more he studied a train of thought, the more it warmed and interested him. When he came forth with one of his matured discourses, and had a suitable audience, he preached to the understanding with a power seldom equalled. Without having written a word, or perhaps given to a single passage of the discourse a fixed verbal form, he spoke in a style simple and unadorned—he made the path of his thoughts, original and profound as they were, quite as luminous as common preachers can make the course of their commonplace ideas. He exhibited old things in new points of view and new relations; so that the trite topics of preaching came forth fresh and bright from the workshop of his intellect.

His mind was of a metaphysical cast. He loved to trace the obscurer relations of things, and the mysterious workings of the human heart. Of all the preachers that I have heard, he could best unravel the intricacies and solve the difficulties of experimental religion. He often preached on texts in the seventh and eighth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, and always with the skill of a master workman. Deep as the subjects were, and profoundly as he treated them, he was so lucid in his expositions, that he seemed not to common minds to be very profound, because they saw every thing so clearly,—just as a mountain lake will seem not to be deep, because its limpid waters enable one to see the bottom distinctly.

Philosophical minds are often cold in their conceptions, and dry in their teachings. Not so Mr. Brown's mind. When he was full of his long meditated subject, his elocution, no less than his matter, enchained the attention: his small dark blue eyes, deeply set under the projecting brows, glowed. His mellow but rather feeble voice gathered strength, as the mental effervescence increased. His hands, unused to describe oratorical curves, sometimes grasped, sometimes fumbled, the open volume before him. Then his right hand would rise to his face, and the half-bent forefinger would slightly scratch the side of his nose,—then the top of his head, as if the working of the intellectual machinery within had produced a tingling at the surface; then the fingers would stroke down a lock of the hair; and finally, the hand would return to the desk. These motions were

combined in him with all the signs of solemn earnestness, and being so interpreted by those who knew his ways, rather aided than obstructed the effect of his delivery.

Mr. Brown, though a pleasant companion, was never jocose nor witty, like Dr. Speece. He never sparkled nor flashed, either in the pulpit or out of it. He was eminently a man of serious thought.

Such are my recollections of the Rev. Samuel Brown. Though I was yet young when he died, he made an impression on my mind which is vivid to this day.

Yours fraternally,

HENRY RUFFNER.

THOMAS MARQUES.

1793—1827.

FROM THE REV. JOHN M. STEVENSON, D. D.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., May 1, 1850.

My dear Sir: I cheerfully comply with your request in furnishing you a sketch of my venerated grandfather, the Rev. THOMAS MARQUES; and yet so new and wild were the scenes in which he was an actor, and so far on the frontier was much of his life spent, that I find his history chiefly legendary and unwritten. My own reminiscences of him during my boyhood, my father's notes and recollections, the fugitive publications of the day, some memoranda of Dr. John Stockton,—his successor in the Cross Creek Church, and his manuscript sermons which still exist, constitute my authority for the following account.

Born near Winchester, Va., in 1753, of Irish parentage, he was the fourth son of a large family. His father, Thomas Marques, was a large landholder, and had he lived, would have been amply able to educate his family; but dying when his children were small, the property, according to the laws then existing in Virginia, fell to the oldest son. Hence the younger children were left destitute. *Thomas*, the subject of this sketch, was committed to the guardianship of his uncle, Joseph Colvill, an elder in the Presbyterian Church.

At the age of twelve or thirteen years, he went to learn the weaver's trade, at which he laboured more or less, in after life, as a means of support. During his apprenticeship, he received an ordinary common-school education, under the instruction of a Mr. Ireland, who was brought as a "transport" to this country, and sold to pay for his transportation. The term of service required was seven years; and as young Ireland was a scholar and unacquainted with manual labour, Mr. Colvill and a few others purchased him expressly as a teacher. He was highly successful and popular in this capacity, and at the end of the seven years went South, became pious, and was soon an acceptable preacher in the Baptist Church. Under this man's instruction were the first marked developments of mind and heart in Mr. Marques; and the first decided religious impressions which he received, so far as I can learn, were under the impassioned preaching of the

same man, in the very school-house where he had formerly exercised his vocation as a teacher. It was not, however, till several years afterwards that he supposed himself to be the subject of a spiritual renovation.

At the age of twenty-two, he married Jane Park, sister of Lieutenant James Park, of the Virginia line, who was afterwards killed by the Indians in frontier warfare. Her firmness, self-denial, industry, and economy, were of great service to her husband, in subsequent years, in his preparation for, and exercise of, the Gospel ministry.

Shortly after their marriage, they removed from Virginia across the Mountains, and settled in what is now Washington County, Pa., then (1775) an almost unbroken wilderness. Here he built a cabin in the woods, near the spot where the village of Cross Creek now stands, and within a mile of which place he continued his home to the close of life.

During the first years of his residence on Cross Creek, frontier warfare was frequent and bloody. The few settlers were often compelled to take refuge in rudely constructed forts, where the females and children might be secure, while the men went forth to repel the savages. Sometimes the assailants became so numerous as to drive all into their fastness. And when thus "forted," (as the phrase was,) time dragged heavily without employment or amusement. There was one pious man in "Vance's fort," where Mr. Marques with his family often took shelter: the rest were neglectful of religion, and not a few utterly reckless and fast assimilating to the savages with whom they often met in deadly conflict; and no Christian minister within seventy miles—a most improbable place, one would suppose, to look for a revival of religion. But that one godly man, then a member of the Associate Reformed Church, afterwards the well known Rev. Joseph Patterson, who died within a few years in Pittsburg, was made the instrument of bringing about this most desirable result. Being an earnest and devoted Christian, his piety was not found to wane even amidst the storm and terrors of war; but, during the long days and nights of their besiegements, he talked with his careless associates in confinement of an enemy more formidable than the Indian, and of a death more terrible than by the scalping knife. As they were all shut up within very narrow limits, Mr. Patterson's voice, though directed to one or two, could easily be heard by the whole company; and thus his personal exhortations soon became public addresses. The effect of this almost immediately became visible in a general state of seriousness throughout the fort; and among the eight or ten who now gave themselves to the service of Christ, were Mr. and Mrs. Marques. The report of this strange work, occurring in the wilderness, and under apparently most unpropitious circumstances, was soon carried back to the settlements; and the Rev. Dr. Power, who lived at what is now called Mount Pleasant, Westmoreland County, Pa., hearing of what had taken place, came some seventy miles to test the genuineness of the work, and actually preached in the fort which stood near the present site of Cross Creek Church. This was in 1778; at which time Mr. Marques and his wife made a profession of their faith in Christ, and presented their first child to God in Baptism. This was the first sermon preached, and this the first child baptized, in that region. The next year (1779) a church was organized, and Mr. Marques was elected a ruling elder.

During the next ten years of his life, he was subjected to many inconveniences, deprivations, and painful vicissitudes, which would have seemed

most adverse to the prospect of his entering the ministry. Ministers were scarce and preaching rare, and he was compelled to labour at his loom and on his farm to support his family. And yet such was his growth in Christian knowledge and the Christian graces, and so remarkable were his pious conversations and exhortations, that the attention of ministers who visited that region was earnestly directed towards him, as destined to take part with them in the duties and responsibilities of their high vocation. But though he was often urged to devote himself to this work, such was his timidity and his age that, for several years, he resisted all such solicitations. At length, however, he yielded; and at the age of thirty-six, with a family of several children around him, he left his home and devoted himself to a careful and thorough preparation for the ministry. While his excellent wife toiled on, in faith and patience, and was compelled sometimes to labour in the field to keep their children supplied with food, he was, by almost unceasing study, preparing for extensive usefulness in the sacred office.

His classical course was commenced at Buffalo, under the Rev. Joseph Smith, an excellent scholar and able teacher, with whom he made rapid improvement; and when Mr. Smith became unable to teach, from ill health and advanced age, he prosecuted his studies at Cannonsburg under the Rev. Dr. McMillan, widely known as the first pastor West of the Alleghany Mountains. With this venerable man he was ever after on terms of the most intimate friendship; and, during many years, they were co-labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. James Ross, afterwards a distinguished jurist and advocate in Pennsylvania, was at that time Tutor in the Academy; and to his masculine mind and elevated character Mr. Marques was no doubt much indebted for his subsequent usefulness.

During the period that he was thus employed in study, his family were often driven to great straits in procuring means of support; and, upon his infrequent and brief visits at home, he was on the alert in providing for their wants. He often related the following incident, not as miraculous, but as an instance of God's special providence in his behalf. On reaching home one evening, he found his family destitute of food, except some small vegetables of which they made a light and unsatisfactory meal. Earnest were their prayers around the evening altar, that Jacob's God would provide for their wants. But no light came to their minds, and they lay down to unquiet rest. In his broken sleep, Mr. Marques dreamed of a hunting excursion, and saw in a ravine near his farm, where he had often procured game before, three deer, all of which, by a hunter's stratagem, he secured. So strong was the impression on his mind, that he arose, and at early dawn was on his way to the ravine, equipped as an hunter. As was the dream, so was the fact. The three deer were there in size and position, just as he saw them in sleep; and by his skill he secured them all as food for his family, and returned to school, joyful in the good providence of God, by which he had been thus signally assisted in his work.

But these struggles and his manly endurance of them had their legitimate effect. He was thus prepared to bring great energy, humility, and perseverance to his Master's work. At length, by close study, and with unusual powers of acquisition, he was prepared for licensure; and, on the 19th of April, 1793, was actually licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Redstone. He preached one year as a licentiate, and in every place with uncommon acceptance. In the spring of 1794, calls were put into his hands from the Congregations of

Black Lick and Cross Creek, the latter of which he accepted; and, on the 13th of June following, he was ordained and installed Pastor of that Church, which had its place of worship beside the fort in which he was hopefully converted, and in which, from its organization, he had been a ruling elder.

Mr. Marques, now set apart to the full work of the ministry, and placed over the church in which his family resided, gave himself up to the interests of Christ's cause with an unreserved devotion, not only in his own church, but in missionary efforts then in their incipiency in the West. He preached half of the time at Upper Buffalo, ten miles distant. The Spirit of God seems to have been present from the commencement of his labours; for, during the first four years of his pastorate, a hundred and twenty-three were added to the Communion of the churches under his care. In 1796, he was appointed a member of the first Missionary Board, West of the Mountains. This appointment was made by the Synod of Virginia, and was renewed as long as that Board existed. And while he assisted in managing the operations of the Board, and overseeing the work of others, he was actively engaged in abundant missionary labours himself,—frequently going out on brief tours, until, relinquishing the Buffalo Church in 1798, he found more time for extended journeys. In 1800, he visited the Seneca Indians at Corn planters' town on the Alleghany River, met with a kind reception, and made an encouraging report. In the spring of the next year, 1801, he spent six weeks travelling in the Southeastern part of what is now the State of Ohio, on the lower waters of the Muskingum and Scioto Rivers. In this tour, he visited many small villages and isolated settlements, breaking the bread of life to many who had wandered beyond the reach of Christian ordinances. His return home was soon followed by a call from the Church of Chilicothe, which, however, by advice of his Presbytery, he declined. In the fall of the same year, he spent six weeks in a tour Northwest of the Ohio and Alleghany Rivers, seeking the wandering sheep, and gathering them into little companies for mutual encouragement, and as nuclei of other churches.

In 1802, the Synod of Pittsburg assumed the management of missionary operations in the West, and chose Mr. Marques a member of its Executive Board. During this year, an extensive revival was experienced in the Church of Cross Creek, which may be considered as the commencement of that wonderful "falling work," which continued for several years, and which, even to this day, has not ceased to be the subject of curious speculation and inquiry. Mr. Marques has left a somewhat particular account of this work, bearing his own signature and countersigned by his session, from which it appears that, though at first he looked upon the strange movements attending it as indicating a fanatical tendency, and took special care to discriminate between a true and false religious experience, yet he had no doubt that in the main it was a genuine work, whatever view might be taken of the peculiar phenomena which distinguished it.

In 1808, Mr. Marques went as Chairman of a Committee from the Missionary Board to Sandusky, to inquire into a serious difficulty that had arisen between the Indians and Mr. Badger, their missionary at that point. This difficulty had its origin in the extravagant expectations formed by the Indians of what the Society would do for them in the way of temporal support. Mr. Marques managed the matter with great kindness, and yet with consummate address, and succeeded in overcoming the hostility which had

been excited against the missionary, so that the station, instead of being abandoned, as had seemed inevitable, continued in increasing prosperity. The Address which he made to the Indians on this occasion is preserved, and is a beautiful specimen of simplicity, sagacity, and benevolence.

The remaining twenty years of his ministry, filled up, as they were, with multiplied labours and varied but unusual success, the prescribed limits of this communication do not allow me to notice in detail. Towards the close of this period, he found old age approaching, and bodily infirmities increasing, and he was often inclined to resign his charge. But this was resisted by his Session and Congregation for several years. At length, however, they yielded; and in 1826, the pastoral relation was dissolved, and he retired to prepare, in quiet meditation, for his approaching change, with the satisfaction of seeing a man of his own selection, Dr. John Stockton, installed as his successor. In the autumn of 1827, he travelled West to visit his son-in-law, the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, then and now, residing near Bellefontaine, Logan County, O. He reached his destination about the middle of September, and within a few days was confined to his bed by a bilious fever, of a malignant type, from which he never arose. Such was the nature of the disease that he conversed but little, lying most of his time in a comatose state, from which it was difficult to arouse him. But when he did speak, it was with perfect calmness of mind, and a sure trust upon the faithfulness of Him in whom he had believed. He departed in peace, September 29, 1827, and his remains were laid in the cemetery in the vicinity of Bellefontaine. Nurtured in the wilderness, he lived to see that wilderness turned into a garden of the Lord, and temples to God go up all over it. In old age he journeyed West into the depths of another wilderness; and there that spirit, born from above in a fort, and cradled amid the tumult and horrors of war, freed from its earthly tenement, went up to the bosom of its Redeemer.

It only remains that I advert briefly to some of the leading features of his character. That he was without his faults I do not pretend. It is no cause of wonder that that quickness of intellect and strength of emotion that made him so irresistible in the pulpit, when dealing with Heavenly themes, should sometimes have given to his conduct on other subjects the appearance of undue warmth or unyielding pertinacity. Yet his errors of judgment or conduct were so few as scarcely to appear at all in the cluster of excellencies by which his character was marked.

Below the middle stature, although inclined to corpulency, his features were small, but finely formed, and in mature age, when I first saw him, the lines of thought were deeply traced upon his forehead. Even at that age,—sixty-five,—he was personally active, and his step unusually elastic. Ever accustomed to active habits, he retained much vigour of constitution to old age.

In his common intercourse with men he was mild but frank. Kindness, courtesy, and dignity, were happily blended in his demeanour. He was conciliatory where differences of opinion existed, but firm in maintaining what he regarded as truth. With an acute metaphysical mind, and highly educated in the true sense of that term, he excelled in the discussion of abstruse questions in casuistry, and was considered formidable as an ecclesiastical opponent.

He was a laborious and faithful pastor. His congregation was large during the greater part of his ministry, extending over an area of twelve miles

square. And yet it was a rule to which he rigidly adhered, to visit all the people annually. During one year, he visited every family and conversed with each member apart from the other members. The next year, he collected the families in groups, and catechised them thoroughly upon the doctrines of the Bible, as contained in the formula of the Presbyterian Church. And thus alternating for a long series of years, he succeeded in imparting to his people an accurate knowledge of Didactic Theology, and in becoming acquainted with their spiritual state. Great aptness in introducing and enforcing religious duty characterized him. Religion was so much the subject of his thoughts, and the interests of the Church so ever present and absorbing to his mind, that it seemed appropriate for him always to speak on that subject, and almost out of place for him to turn to other themes. And although he did not often venture upon unusual methods of arresting the attention of the careless, one case is remembered worthy of recital. A shrewd and highly gifted physician, who was careless and sceptical even, was suddenly awakened from his apathy, and rescued from his delusion in the following way—Mr. Marques, coming into the Doctor's office, on a cold day, where a large coal fire was burning, was heartily greeted, and urged to sit near the fire and warm himself. "Thank you, Doctor," said the good minister; and looking intently upon the fire, and then in the eye of his careless friend, remarked with tearful solemnity,—"But who could dwell in eternal burnings?" That question was a barbed arrow to the heart of the physician, from the ranklings of which he found no escape, until he applied to the Great Physician of souls. He soon obtained peace, and was afterwards an ornament to the Church. Mr. Marques was eminently wise in counsel. In Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly, as a Director in the Western Missionary Society, as a member of the Board of Jefferson College, as a Committee man to settle difficulties in various parts of the Church, his judgment always had great weight. And as a referee in neighbourhood and congregational difficulties, his decision had all the force of law.

But as a preacher he was more remarkable than in any other view. Hence he used to be called "the silver tongued." The first impression he made on rising in the pulpit, was that of a man burdened with a sense of the solemnity of his office, and yet there was something strangely winning in his countenance. Calm, composed, and yet earnest, there was a sweet benignity in his tones that waked every ear and fixed every eye; and as he warmed with his subject, his audience sympathized with him, and even went beyond him; so that not unfrequently they seemed wrought up to the most intense feeling, while he was calmly proceeding in his discourse. He was extremely logical in the arrangement of his subject, and entirely perspicuous in the expression of his thoughts. A running brook upon a silvery bed could not show more clearly the pebbles in its path, than do his sentences the exact shade of idea in his mind. I speak with the more confidence here, as I have read a considerable number of his manuscript sermons. But his chief power lay in the persuasive. With a voice uncommonly musical and entirely under his control, and a remarkable power and delicacy of emotion, ever exhibited in the tearful eye and speaking features, his appeals were quite irresistible. On some occasions in the course of his ministry, hundreds of strong men were seen weeping like children under his preaching. I have more than once heard Dr. Matthew Brown, while President of Jef-

ferson College, pronounce him the most effective orator to whom he had ever listened. And such perfect mastery did he have of his subject and his audience, that a failure in any given case became at once a matter of public remark. One remarkable instance of this occurred, which it may not be improper to mention. He was invited to preach at Wellsburg, Va., long before a Presbyterian Church was organized there. He made more than usual preparation, and when he reached the place found an immense congregation in waiting. After a brief introduction, his well matured course of thought entirely left him, and no effort enabled him to proceed. After a little hesitation, he stated to the people that God had closed his lips, either because he was too great a sinner to be allowed to preach, or because there were some persons in that audience to whom the Gospel was no more to be offered. He made another appointment to be fulfilled in a fortnight, and dismissed the astonished congregation. At the appointed time, he came and found a still larger concourse of people. He took the same text, and in the introduction of his discourse announced the startling fact that three persons, who had been present at the last meeting, had since passed into eternity. On this occasion, he preached with more than usual power and effect. One of his grandsons is now Pastor of a Church gathered in that place.

Mr. Marques carefully wrote his sermons,—not a common practice with Western ministers in his day; and though they certainly bear the type of a superior mind, yet, according to the testimony of competent judges who have heard him, they convey but a faint idea of his peculiar power. Were I asked to express in a single sentence the most striking feature of his pulpit address, as drawn from my youthful recollections and the impressions of others who sat under his preaching for many years, I would say that it combined, in a wonderful degree, solemnity with vivacity, mildness with earnestness, affection with authority, and a Christ-like pungency in its personal applications with a holy unction which it belongs to the Spirit alone to impart.

Of Mr. Marques' personal habits I know but little. Strictly economical in his expenditures, he nevertheless cultivated a large-hearted benevolence, uniformly giving according to his ability, and much above the then acknowledged standard. Having suffered such trials in procuring his own ministerial education, he sympathized deeply with those preparing for the Gospel ministry: hence it was found, when his will was opened, that the largest amount of property he had to give, was vested for this purpose. Several who have been assisted by this fund are now in the ministry, and others, by means of the same generous provision, are following in their footsteps. He left no printed works, except a few fugitive publications; yet "his works do follow him." Very many of the Presbyterian Congregations in Ohio had their foundation laid by colonies from his Church. Four of his grandsons are now preaching the Gospel, and several others are preparing for it: and not a few of the best and most faithful pastors in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania were nurtured in the piety of the Cross Creek Church.

Mr. Marques had eight children—three sons and five daughters. One daughter married the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, formerly Pastor of the Church in Three Ridges, Pa., but now, and for many years past, minister of Bellefontaine, O. Mrs. Marques died on the 19th of January, 1841, at the age of ninety-one. I am very truly yours,

JOHN McMILLAN STEVENSON.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM NEILL, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, October 1, 1856.

My dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to communicate to you my recollections of the Rev Thomas Marques, especially as I have no recollections of him that are not of the most grateful and pleasant kind. I knew him first, while I was a student in the Cannonsburg Academy, though he had been licensed to preach before I entered it. He was rather small in stature, but was compactly and firmly built, and had an air of completeness and symmetry about him, and a fine genial expression of countenance, that gave to him a more than commonly prepossessing appearance. He had an uncommonly amiable disposition, which discovered itself as well in his public acts as in his private intercourse. His manners were easy and graceful, and as far as possible from any thing like display. There was the utmost propriety in every thing that he said and did; and it was the natural impulse of his spirit to render every body around him happy. It was impossible to be in his society, and not to gain a deep impression of the purity and elevation of his whole character.

As a preacher, I think I may safely say that he was esteemed among the most attractive, as well as most edifying, of his day. He had a fine silvery voice, which charmed you the moment it fell upon your ear; and he modulated it to excellent purpose. His gesture was simple, natural and graceful, and never betrayed the least effort, while it always rendered his utterance more impressive. He was more inclined to dwell upon those truths which are peculiarly evangelical than upon the terrors of the law; though he did not omit any part of the whole counsel of God. I used to look upon him, both in and out of the pulpit, as a little Apostle; and to this day I cannot think of a minister whom I have ever known, whose character and labours seem to me to have exhibited more of evangelical fervour, and of the very life and beauty of the Gospel, than did those of Thomas Marques.

Very truly your brother in Christ,

WILLIAM NEILL.

JOHN MAKEMIE WILSON, D. D.*

1793—1831.

JOHN MAKEMIE WILSON was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., within the bounds of the Sugar Creek Congregation, in the year 1769. His father had emigrated in early life from England, and was subsequently engaged for some time in mercantile business in Philadelphia; but he ultimately removed to North Carolina, married, and settled in Mecklenburg County, and was actively engaged in our great national struggle for independence. The son was, in his boyhood, the intimate friend and playmate of Andrew Jackson; and young as they were, they are said to have shared largely in the patriotic spirit of the times.

An incident occurred in the very early childhood of the subject of this sketch, which was at once fearfully startling, and illustrative of the watchful care of Providence. When he was just beginning to walk, he strayed away

* MS. from Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison.—Foote's Sketches of N. C.

by himself into a distant part of the yard enclosing the house; and, after a little time, his mother observed him sitting on the ground, apparently much pleased with some object that was lying by his side. She went out to see what it was that amused him, and to her utter consternation found him passing his hand over the folds of a large rattlesnake. His preservation was regarded as specially providential; and, while it had a great effect upon the mind of the mother at the time, it is said to have been the subject of much serious reflection on the part of the son in after life.

At the age of twelve, he was sent to a school in Charlotte County, of which Dr. Henderson, an eminent physician, was Principal. Here he continued till he was fitted for College, and then became a member of Hampden Sidney, where he graduated with the highest honour in 1791.

Having embraced Christianity in its life and power, he resolved on becoming a minister of the Gospel; and, with a view to qualify himself for this, entered on the study of Theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. James Hall. In the summer of 1793, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Orange, which, at that time, embraced the whole of North Carolina; and, immediately after, he was sent by the Commission of Synod on a missionary tour through the counties in the lower part of the State. He now, for several years, had his residence in Burke County, in the midst of a shrewd, intelligent population of Scotch Irish origin, from among whom but few churches had, at that time, been gathered; and he was ordained here about the year 1795. He continued in this charge until 1801, when he accepted a call from the Congregations of Rocky River and Philadelphia. His labours in Burke County were eminently successful, both in planting new churches, and in ministering to the growth of those already in existence; and when he left the county, he carried with him, in a high degree, the grateful respect and good will of those who had enjoyed his ministrations.

After labouring in the congregation to which he was now transferred, for about eleven years, he yielded to the solicitations of many of them to open a school, especially for the accommodation of some of the young men of his charge, who wished to devote themselves to the ministry. This school, which he commenced in 1812, he continued for about twelve years; and twenty-five of his pupils became ministers of the Gospel. Fifteen young men from the Rocky River Congregation entered the ministry in about as many years; many of whom could not have received a classical education, but for the opportunity furnished by Mr. Wilson's school. As a teacher, he was at once eminently popular and successful.

He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of North Carolina in the year 1829.

Dr. Wilson attended a meeting of his Presbytery, at Morgantown, in the autumn of 1830, and of the Synod, at Hopewell, shortly after. From peculiar excitement, he slept little during these meetings, and returned home, labouring under a degree of exhaustion from which he never recovered. In the prospect of his departure, he evinced no extraordinary raptures, but a calm, humble and trusting spirit. The last evening of his life he spent in cheerful conversation with his family, and without any thing to indicate his immediate dissolution. About three o'clock in the morning, he called to one of his sons, complaining of being cold, and, after uttering a few broken incoherent expressions, became speechless. About nine o'clock the next morning,—Saturday, July 30, 1831, his spirit gently made the transi-

tion from earth to Heaven. Dr. Robinson, of Poplar Tent, who had been the intimate friend of almost his whole life, reached his house on Saturday afternoon, according to a previous appointment, to spend the night, and preach at Rocky River on the following Sabbath. But it turned out that he had come to conduct the funeral solemnities of his venerable friend. A large part of the Philadelphia Congregation assembled with the Congregation of Rocky River, and as the church, though very capacious, was too small to accommodate the multitude which the occasion had brought together, the funeral service was held in a beautiful grove usually occupied by the congregation for Sacramental meetings. Here Dr. Robinson delivered a most appropriate and pathetic discourse, after which the body was reverently carried to its final resting place.

During his residence in Burke County, Mr. Wilson was married to Mary, daughter of Alexander Erwin, of that county, who died about the year 1826. They had nine children,—five sons and four daughters. Two of his sons entered the ministry. *Alexander Erwin* first became a physician, under the impression that an impediment in his speech would hinder his usefulness as a speaker. His ardent desire to preach the Gospel led him afterwards to overcome all difficulties, and to devote himself to the ministry. About the year 1832, he went as a missionary to Eastern Africa, where he encountered great trials and dangers among the Zulu tribe. His mission was broken up by savage war; he buried a beloved wife with his own hands; and then returned to this country with an infant daughter. After remaining a short time, he returned to Western Africa, and commenced the missionary work there with untiring zeal; but was soon called from his labour to his reward. He died at Cape Palmas in the year 1842. The other son who entered the ministry was *John Makemie*, who was for some years settled over the Bethany and Tabor Churches, in Iredell County, N. C.; was afterwards called to Morgantown, the first field of his father's labours; and is now (1857) the Pastor of a Church in Fulton, Mo.

Dr. Wilson published a Sermon on the death of the Rev. L. F. Wilson, 1804; a Sermon on the death of the Rev. Dr. McCorkle, 1811; and an Appendix to a work on Psalmody by the Rev. Dr. Ruffner, of Virginia.

FROM THE REV. R. H. MORRISON, D. D.,

Cottage Home, N. C., July 18, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: I cannot refuse your request for my impressions of the character of the late Rev. Dr. John Makemie Wilson. My knowledge of him, I am happy to say, was such, as to enable me to give you the outline of his character without any doubt as to its correctness.

Dr. Wilson was of about the medium size; of a vigorous constitution, and capable of enduring great labour, which, during his whole life, was devoted to the most worthy objects. A clear blue eye, and countenance beaming with intelligence and kindness, were only the faithful index to his character. He was so sincere and unreserved in manifesting his good will to others, and so sensitive to the proprieties of social life, that he was justly regarded as a most interesting companion in every circle of society. The pervading charm of his manners consisted in candour, modesty, humility, and good sense.

Dr. Wilson possessed a strong, penetrating and well cultivated mind. Soundness of judgment, energy of purpose, and great prudence, were striking features

of his character. He was a bright example of activity in doing good, and of wisdom in selecting the best means for accomplishing his ends. His character was not marked by a few striking virtues, and many glaring defects; but there was blended in his life a well proportioned and beautiful illustration of Christian graces. His enlarged and scriptural views of Divine truth were rendered practical by much spirituality of mind, and the most cheerful consecration of himself to the service of God.

His piety was manifested, not by impulses, but by works of righteousness. A faithful and continual discharge of the private, relative and social, duties of religion, proclaimed the conformity of his heart and life to the will of God. A life so pure, and so controlled by a meek and benevolent spirit, gained for him the most unlimited confidence and sincere affection, wherever he was known. A life in which were so beautifully reflected the truths which he preached to others, gave evident power to his ministrations in the pulpit.

His humility appeared in his actions, as a bright ornament of his character. No man could be more willing on proper occasions to confess his unworthiness, and to ascribe all his gifts and graces to the proper Source.

He had a peculiar talent at ministering to the happiness of others. His kindness of heart diffused a charm around him, and made his presence felt as that of a sincere and beloved friend. "In his tongue was the law of kindness."

While he was faithful to his own convictions of truth, his mild and conciliatory demeanour rendered him acceptable to those whose views were not in accordance with his own. He was eminently a peacemaker. His gentle and benign spirit prompted him to active efforts to remove discord from among Christians, and to preserve the order and tranquillity of the Church. In such delicate and noble efforts he was remarkably successful. Few men perhaps ever did more to prevent contention, to heal divisions, and to counteract the baneful effects of envy and evil speaking. So judicious and affectionate were his counsels, and such the weight of his influence, that it was comparatively rare for suits to be taken by the members of his churches to the civil courts.

Dr. Wilson met with opposition, as all men may expect, who seek to do good. But in nothing did his greatness more strikingly appear, than in overcoming evil with good. Some remarkable instances might be stated, were it expedient, in which he bore the hostility of those whose reformation he sought, with so much magnanimity and forbearance as to disarm, if not to extinguish, their malevolence.

As a member of the judicatories of the Church, no man of his day was held in higher repute. In this department of ministerial duty, it was universally conceded that he possessed almost unrivalled power. His brethren had such perfect confidence in the purity of his motives and the soundness of his judgment, that he was often led to act more prominently than his modest and unobtrusive spirit would have prompted him to do. His treatment of his brethren was worthy of all praise and imitation. Never was he known to descend to any thing like rudeness or petulance towards others. He treated the sentiments of the weakest, or of those most opposed to him, with the utmost respect, and manifested a sacred regard for their feelings. Often have I witnessed with admiration how speedily his clear mind and affectionate manner could allay the excitement of debate into a calm and fraternal unanimity of sentiment and feeling. He was far from being elated by success in carrying his own measures, and equally far from irritation under disappointment. He seemed never to forget that the Courts of the Church are assemblies of brethren met to do good, and not to accomplish ambitious designs, or indulge envious feelings.

His manner of preaching was marked by a faithful and judicious exhibition of the truth. His fidelity in expounding the doctrines of the Gospel was characterized by the tenderness which reaches the hearts of those for whom it is felt.

His language and deportment left no doubt of his love for the souls of those who heard him.

He never pretended to a fervency which he did not feel. His zeal, though deep and earnest, was always regulated by knowledge. In denouncing the terrors of the Lord against the guilty, his genuine compassion and honesty of purpose gave a penetrating force to the threatenings he uttered.

Dr. Wilson evidently preached the Gospel with strong faith in the Spirit of God to give it effect. His heart was too ardently fixed on the great end of his ministry, to become indifferent to the result of his labours. His zeal did not rise and sink, as the outward appearances of his usefulness were bright or forbidding. His life presented a uniformity of untiring effort, which seemed to flow from an unshaken confidence in the presence and blessing of God. It was no uncommon thing to witness from twenty to thirty persons received by him into the church at one time. At the period of his death, if I mistake not, his churches numbered between six and seven hundred members. Such a man could not live thirty years among an honest people, admired and loved as their brightest pattern in every virtue, without swaying their minds and moulding their habits for good to a remarkable extent. I have never witnessed a more forcible illustration of the power of the Gospel, when its truths are properly exhibited, not only in promoting the spiritual welfare, but in advancing the temporal interests, of men, than that presented in the life of Dr. Wilson.

His views and feelings in the prospect of death were what might be expected to mark the departure of such a man. It was my privilege to visit him not long before his death. Apparently impressed with a belief that the interview might be the last, he freely and tenderly spoke of his own prospects. He stated distinctly that in meeting death he had no rapturous views,—no feelings of transport, but a firm and sustaining hope of Heaven, founded solely upon the merits of Christ. He alluded to the labours of his life only to praise God for the tokens of his grace. He expressed an entire submission to the Divine will in reference to his dissolution, and a joyful expectation of spending eternity in the presence and work of his Redeemer. Nothing could be more serene, animating, delightful, than the confidence which he expressed in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Thus lived and died one of the purest and brightest ornaments of the Church, of whom our State can boast. The memorials of his usefulness will be long visible below; and I doubt not there will be found an imperishable record of it in Heaven.

Truly yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

R. H. MORRISON.

ROBERT HETT CHAPMAN, D. D.*

1793—1833.

ROBERT HETT CHAPMAN was a son of the Rev. Jedediah Chapman, well known as a pioneer minister of the Presbyterian Church in Western New York. He (the father) was born in East Haddam, Conn., September 27, 1741, and was graduated at Yale College in 1762. After studying Theology about a year and a half, he was licensed to preach, and in 1766 was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of New York, as Pastor of the Church in Orange, N. J. He was a zealous adherent to the American cause during the Revolutionary war; and so confident was he that it was a righteous cause that he counted no sacrifice too dear to be made for its promotion. His course was so open and decided as to render him particularly offensive to the loyalists, and not only was he obliged frequently to retire from his family and flock, but even his life was sometimes in imminent peril. In the year 1800, he received an appointment from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, as "a stated missionary for four years on the Northwestern frontiers;" by which was intended Western New York. In obedience to these instructions, he removed his family from New Jersey to Geneva, where he continued during the remainder of his life. For a number of years he was engaged in missionary service one half of the time, and the other half, ministered to the Congregation of Geneva. On the 8th of July, 1812, he was installed Senior Pastor of that Congregation,—the Rev. Henry Axtell being associated with him as Colleague. This relation was dissolved by his death, which occurred on the 22d of May, 1813. He possessed a vigorous mind, and great energy of character, and was a laborious and successful minister. He published a Sermon delivered before the Synod of New York and Philadelphia in 1788;—having been Moderator of that Body the year before; and Five Sermons on Baptism.

Robert Hett, the second son of Jedediah Chapman, was born at Orange, N. J., March 2, 1771. Having spent his early years chiefly under the paternal roof, he became in due time a member of the College of New Jersey, where he maintained a high standing as a scholar, and was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1789, under the Presidency of Dr. Witherspoon. The year after his graduation he spent at his father's, devoting himself chiefly to general reading, and undecided, at least in the early part of the year, in what profession or occupation he should ultimately engage. From his earliest developments of character, his conduct had been uncommonly blameless, and those who had had an opportunity of observing it, were inclined to the opinion that he had been the subject of a spiritual renovation from childhood—an opinion in which he was himself rather disposed to concur. He, however, during this year, was led to form a very different judgment of himself: he became convinced of his deep sinfulness and utter ruin in the sight of God, and was brought, as he believed, cordially to embrace the Gospel as a system of redeeming mercy. He now formed a distinct purpose to devote himself to the Christian ministry; and when his father, with a view to test the sincerity and strength of his resolu-

* Hist. of Chapman family.—Hotchkin's Hist. West. N. Y.—MS. from his son, Rev. R. H. Chapman, D. D.

tion, spoke to him freely of the sacrifices and trials incident to the ministerial office, he replied with great decision and solemnity,—"None of these things move me"—"Wo is me, if I preach not the Gospel." Shortly after this, he commenced his studies immediately preparatory to the ministry, and continued them for three years; being, during a part of this time, engaged as an instructer in connection with Queen's College, New Brunswick, chiefly with a view to his availing himself of the College Library. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York, October 2, 1793; and immediately after took an extended missionary tour into the Southern States, where he laboured without compensation for several months, and was privileged to see a rich blessing attending his labours.

After his return from his missionary tour, he accepted a call to settle as Pastor of the Church at Rahway, N. J., and was installed there in the year 1796. In this relation he continued till 1801, when he removed to Cambridge, N. Y., and became Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that place. Here the Church greatly prospered under his ministry, being blessed with repeated revivals of religion, and some new members being added at nearly every Communion season during his connection with it. In 1811, he was elected President of the University of North Carolina; and, notwithstanding his great reluctance to part with a congregation to which he was so much attached, he felt constrained, by considerations of duty, to accept the appointment. He accordingly removed to Carolina in the autumn of 1812, and immediately entered upon his official duties. The College was in all respects at a low ebb; and he laboured with great diligence and zeal for its improvement. In consequence mainly of his exertions, the tone of morals and religion was elevated, the Bible became a text-book in the institution, and several young men were brought under the power of religion, who subsequently became ministers of the Gospel. He was also a principal instrument in the establishing of a Presbyterian Church at the seat of the College,—none having existed there previous to his accession to the Presidency. During his connection with the College, he performed a great amount of service in preaching in different parts of the State, and was also very punctual, as well as active and useful, in his attendance on the judicatories of the Church.

In 1815, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Williams College.

Dr. Chapman had always taken great delight in the peculiar duties of the ministry, and, after having been laboriously employed for a number of years as the head of the College, he began to meditate the purpose of returning to the pastoral life. Accordingly, in the year 1817, he tendered his resignation to the Board of Trustees, and his connection with the institution from that time ceased. In the autumn of that year, several promising fields of ministerial usefulness presented themselves to him; but he at length decided in favour of the Valley of Virginia, and became the Pastor of Bethel Church, then one of the largest within the bounds of the Synod. Here he laboured with many tokens of success till the year 1823, when he removed to the lower end of the Valley,—the neighbourhood of Winchester. Having been connected with the Synod of Virginia not far from ten years, he determined to migrate to the West; but, previous to carrying his resolution into effect, he spent a year or two, labouring with his accustomed zeal, in the hill country of North Carolina. In the year 1830, he removed with

his family to the State of Tennessee, and settled at Covington, a few miles from the Mississippi River. His field of labour here was within the bounds of what was then a frontier Presbytery; and he had an important agency in moulding the religious state of things in that new and sparsely populated region. His influence for good was powerfully felt, and he was rejoicing in the prospect of constantly extending usefulness, when his career was suddenly terminated by death.

In the spring of 1833, he was appointed to represent his Presbytery in the General Assembly at Philadelphia. He accomplished his journey to the North, chiefly on horseback, making it little less than an extended missionary tour. When the Assembly had closed its sessions, he made a hasty visit to a brother who resided in the city of New York; and then set out, in perfect health, on his homeward way. At Winchester, Va., he was arrested by a violent disease, which proved to be constipation of the bowels, and which terminated his life after four days. On the morning that he died, he arose, dressed himself, opened his window, and finding that he was free from pain, imagined himself convalescent; but his physician quickly undeceived him by telling him that the relief he experienced was the effect of mortification. He received the announcement with perfect calmness; and the Rev. Dr. Hill, being called by his request, read to him the ninety-seventh Psalm, and offered a prayer at his bedside; and then, having requested that Dr. H. would preach his Funeral Sermon, mentioning as a suitable text Romans v. 1, he expressed a wish to be left alone that he might commune with his God and Saviour, and die. He breathed his last shortly after, with his mind in a state of perfect serenity. He died June 18, 1833, in the sixty-third year of his age, and the forty-first of his ministry. His mortal remains rest in the grave-yard at Winchester.

On the 14th of February, 1797, he was married to Hannah, daughter of Isaac and Hannah Arnette of Elizabethtown, N. J. They had twelve children, seven of whom survived their father. One of the sons is the Rev. Dr. R. H. Chapman, a well known and highly respected minister of the Presbyterian Church. The mother, a lady much distinguished for her prudence and piety, died at St. Louis. Mo., July 7, 1845.

Dr. Chapman published a Sermon on Conscience, and one on the Responsibility of the Sacred Office, preached at the ordination and installation of John Younglove.*

FROM THE REV. JAMES MORRISON.

BELLEVUE, Va., December 30, 1854.

Dear Sir: My acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Chapman commenced in the year 1813, when he was President of the University of North Carolina, and continued until his removal from Virginia, which was, I believe, in the year 1822, or 1823. I was first a student of the University, and after that, for nearly two years, a Tutor. During the time I was a student, I had but little personal acquaintance with him. Whilst I was a Tutor, I became intimately acquainted with him in his private character, and had also the same opportunities of observing him in his official relations, which I had enjoyed when a student. When I

* JOHN YOUNGLOVE was a native of Cambridge, N. Y.; was graduated at Union College in 1801; was Tutor in the College from 1802 to 1805; was settled in the ministry at Brunswick, N. Y., where he died in 1833. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his *Alma Mater*.

became a pastor, I was settled in a congregation adjoining his. My opportunities of knowing him, therefore, were good; though it was the acquaintance of a young man with one who was in the prime and vigour of his days. I always entertained a very favourable opinion of him.

First of all, I believe him to have been a man of not only sincere but ardent piety. On this point, as far as I know, there was but one opinion amongst his acquaintances. He was remarkably conscientious. His conscience was both enlightened and tender. The Bible was his guide, and he was exceedingly sensitive to any departure from its teachings. He was, from thorough examination and deliberate conviction, a decided Presbyterian; but still he was liberal towards other Christian denominations. He loved all who gave evidence that they loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of his warmest and most intimate friends, during the time of my acquaintance with him, were of a different communion from his own.

He took great interest in the judicatories of his Church, and was not only exceedingly punctual in his attendance on them, but was an active and influential member.

In all the various circumstances and relations of life, he was eminently exemplary. He was an uncommonly affectionate husband and father. In his family the law of love and kindness prevailed. No one could be intimate in his domestic circle, without seeing how warmly his affections centered there, and how rich were the enjoyments which he found there. He was emphatically a lover of home.

As a teacher, he was faithful and diligent. He was deeply interested in the progress and welfare of all his pupils, and especially that they might all be taught of God, and made wise unto eternal life. During his connection with the University, he was the instrument of a most salutary moral change there, and it is believed that a considerable number received, through his instrumentality, those impressions which resulted in a true conversion. Under his ministry, there was, at one time, a very general seriousness amongst the students.

As a preacher, he was highly evangelical. He delighted to preach "Christ and Him crucified;" and he rarely preached a sermon that did not make this manifest. His discourses were carefully prepared, and were never tedious. Lucid and logical in arrangement, they were easily remembered. Whilst Christ was the sun in his system, around which every thing moved, and from which every part derived light and life, his preaching furnished a rich variety of scriptural truth, and no one, so far as I knew, ever complained of sameness in his discourses. His language was always dignified, and yet so plain and simple as to be easily understood by any person of ordinary intelligence and attention. His sermons may be said to have been uniformly good. I suppose I have heard him preach more than one hundred, and yet I do not remember to have heard among them all what I would call an indifferent one. His manner in the pulpit was tender and earnest. It was evident that he felt deeply the importance of the truths which he preached; and I have often seen him affected to tears. Hence he succeeded, beyond what is common, in securing the attention of his hearers, even though, as was sometimes the case, they disrelished and resisted his close and pungent appeals.

It is now thirty years since my acquaintance with Dr. Chapman ceased. I feel that I cannot do full justice to his character; and yet the outline is so fresh and vivid that I think my impressions in respect to it cannot be wrong.

Yours sincerely and respectfully,

JAMES MORRISON.

FROM THE HON. F. NASH,

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH, February 17, 1857

Dear Sir: Your letter has just reached me, and few things would give me more pleasure than to comply with the request which it contains, if the pressure of my official engagements were not such as to forbid my doing it in any other than the most hurried manner. I knew Dr. Chapman well and loved him much. When he came to this State to preside over our College, he resided with me nearly three months before he went to Chapel Hill. This gave me an opportunity to become well acquainted with him. Plain and unpretending in his appearance and manner, his heart was warm and sincere. Not specially calculated to shine as a Professor, the pulpit was his appropriate place. More highly gifted with power on his knees than any man I ever knew, his public prayers warmed the hearts of all who heard him. I have met with no man, unless perhaps the late Dr. Nettleton was an exception, who seemed to me to exceed Dr. Chapman in a deep and spiritual acquaintance with the Word of God. His discourses were plain, but always interesting. He was a good man—eminently faithful in the discharge of every duty, social and relative; eminently kind to those around him, and always having an eye to their better interests. I cannot say that he was the father of Presbyterianism in this particular region, but I may say that he was a most efficient promoter of it—when he came hither, the lamp was burning, but it was with a feeble and dubious flame—by his untiring zeal and vigorous efforts he poured into it fresh oil, and it has been burning ever since with a steadily increasing lustre and warmth. There is no doubt that he exerted a benign influence here, which was far from exhausting itself with the generation that was contemporary with him.

Regretting that my account of this excellent man must be so meagre,

I am, my dear Sir, with sincere regard,

Respectfully and sincerely your friend,

F. NASH.

JAMES RICHARDS, D. D.*

1793—1843.

JAMES RICHARDS was a descendant, in the fourth generation, of Samuel Richards, a native of Wales, who settled in the parish of Middlesex, near Stamford, Conn. He was the eldest child of James Richards, and was born in New Canaan, Conn., October 29, 1767. His father was an intelligent, respectable farmer, highly esteemed both as a man and a Christian; and his mother, whose maiden name was Ruth Hanford, was one of the brighter ornaments of her sex;—not indeed specially favoured in respect to advantages for education, but distinguished for a masculine understanding, great firmness of purpose, and a fervent and elevated piety. In his earliest years, he gave indications of an uncommonly delicate bodily constitution, though it was quickly discovered that there was no corresponding mental imbecility—on the contrary, his intellectual powers were perceived to be

* Memoir prefixed to his Lectures by Rev. S. H. Gridley.—MS. from his family.

of a very high order; and some of his early feats in the acquisition of knowledge would seem almost incredible. When he was thirteen years old, he had so much knowledge and so much character withal, that he was a successful teacher of a common district school; and he was employed in this way for two successive winters.

From his early childhood, he evinced a strong desire for a collegiate education; but the straitened circumstances of his father, in connection with his own apparently frail constitution, seemed to put this beyond his reach. At the age of fifteen, he left home, with the concurrence of his parents, with a view to seek some employment in which he might become permanently settled. He went first to Newtown, distant about twenty-five miles from his native place, and there became an apprentice to a cabinet and chair maker. He was obliged, however, in consequence of a severe and protracted illness which occurred shortly after this, to return home; and we hear of him resuming his mechanical labours, first at Danbury, and afterwards at Stamford, and then retiring from them altogether. He seems, however, at one period, to have been occupied at his trade, for a short time, in the city of New York.

The early religious instruction which he received under the parental roof, and particularly from his mother, did not fail to make some impression upon his mind; but that impression seems to have yielded, in a great measure, to the influence of worldly associations. But in 1786, when he was in his nineteenth year, he became thoroughly awakened to the importance of religion as a practical concern, and ultimately gave the most satisfactory evidence of being renewed in the temper of his mind. He is said to have been brought to serious reflection in the midst of a scene of unhallowed levity, and particularly in consequence of the prominent part which he was himself bearing in it. For a season, the burden of his guilt seemed to him greater than he could bear; but, after a few days, while he was reading the thirty-eighth Psalm, he found the joy and peace in believing. Shortly after this, he joined the Congregational Church in Stamford, and henceforward evinced the genuineness of his piety by a consistent and devoted Christian life.

His great purpose now was to devote himself to the Christian ministry. Accordingly, having been released from his apprenticeship, he returned to New Canaan, and commenced his studies preparatory to College, under the direction of the Rev. Justus Mitchell, at that time Pastor of the Church with which his parents were connected. He was, however, quickly interrupted in his preparatory course by ill health, and then by an affection of the eyes; and for several months he depended on his sister to read to him as the only means of advancing in his studies. He finally completed his preparation for College at Norwalk, under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Burnet, and through the kindness of two female friends, who had offered to aid him to the extent of their ability.

Notwithstanding he entered Yale College in 1789, yet, at the close of his Freshman year, in consequence of inability to meet the necessary expenses, he was obliged to withdraw from College and return to his friends. Convinced that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to prosecute a regular collegiate course, he put himself again under the instruction of his venerated friend, Dr. Burnet, at Norwalk; but, after he had been there a short time, another severe illness subjected him to a still further interrup-

tion. His case, for a while, was regarded as well nigh hopeless; and his remarkable recovery he was accustomed to ascribe, under God, to the constant and affectionate vigilance of one of his sisters. Having passed a few months at Norwalk after his recovery, he went to Farmington in 1791, where he engaged for a few months as a teacher; and then went to Greenfield, and completed both his academical and theological course under the instruction of Dr. Dwight. His diligence throughout his whole course was untiring, and his improvement worthy of the best advantages—as an evidence of which, the Corporation of Yale College, in 1794, at Dr. Dwight's suggestion, conferred upon him the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In 1793, Mr. Richards was licensed by a Committee of the Association in the Western District of Fairfield County, to preach the Gospel. After preaching a few Sabbaths in the parish of Wilton, he went, by invitation, to Ballston, N. Y., where, for some time, he supplied a vacant pulpit; and, during his residence there, he committed to paper a series of resolutions for the government of his heart and conduct, which no doubt had much to do with his eminent piety and usefulness. On leaving Ballston, he went to Long Island, and for a while supplied two small congregations,—one on Shelter Island, the other at Sag Harbor; and, though the generation to which he ministered has now passed away, it is said that the savour of his earnest and faithful ministrations still remains.

In May, 1794, in consequence of the earnest recommendation of the Rev. Doctors Buell and Woolworth of Long Island, he received an invitation from the Church in Morristown, N. J., to preach to them as a candidate; and, having accepted the invitation and passed two or three months with them, they gave him a call to become their Pastor in September following. He accepted the call, but for some reasons his ordination and installation were deferred until May, 1797, when he was solemnly consecrated to the pastoral office by what was then the Presbytery of New York.

In November, 1794, he was married to Caroline, daughter of James and Caroline (Hooker) Cowles of Farmington, Conn.,—a lady of a refined and excellent character, in whom he found not only a most affectionate and devoted wife, but an effective coadjutor in carrying out all the great purposes for which he lived. They had seven children. Mrs. Richards survived her husband several years, and died at Auburn on the 8th of October, 1847.

Mr. Richards' position at Morristown was one, not only of great responsibility, but of great delicacy. With comparatively little experience in the ministerial work, with a numerous congregation, embodying a large amount of intelligence, scattered over an extensive territory, and withal still agitated by the strife of preceding years,—his settlement there would have seemed at least an experiment of doubtful issue. He succeeded, however, in reconciling parties which had been at variance, and giving to the congregation a more harmonious and peaceful character than it had known for a long period. At the same time, his labours in the pulpit were eminently acceptable, not only at home but abroad; and he came to be regarded throughout the whole region as quite a model of ministerial character. And his faithful efforts, in season and out of season, were not in vain. At three different periods during his ministry, the salvation of the soul became the all engrossing concern among his people, and large numbers were added to

the church, whose subsequent exemplary life attested the genuineness of their conversion.

In 1801, he received the degree of Master of Arts from Princeton College; and in 1805, he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. This latter distinction was remarkable, on account of his being at the time but thirty-seven years of age.

Mr. Richards continued to exercise his ministry with great acceptance for several years, and indeed as long as he remained at Morristown; but, after a while, in consequence of the increasing expenses of his family, he found himself under the necessity of asking for an addition to his salary; and this request, though seconded by the cordial wishes of many, met with no very grateful response from the Congregation at large. Shortly after this,—in the early part of 1809, the Presbyterian Congregation at Newark, having become vacant by the removal of Dr. Griffin to a Professorship in the Theological Seminary at Andover, presented a unanimous call to Mr. Richards to become their Pastor. This call, after mature deliberation, he accepted; though he parted with his Congregation at Morristown with great reluctance, and with every demonstration on their part of the most cordial good will. Indeed they ultimately acceded to his proposal in respect to an increase of salary; but he still believed, in view of all the circumstances, that Providence pointed him to Newark. The Presbytery of Jersey, when called to consider the case, sanctioned the proposed transfer,—immediately after which, he entered his new field of labour.

In taking his position at Newark, Mr. Richards succeeded a man, the splendour of whose gifts and the power of whose eloquence had elevated him to the highest rank of American preachers. He was aware that this rendered his situation one of no ordinary difficulty; but he resolved, in better strength than his own, that he would task his faculties to the utmost with a view to make full proof of his ministry. And in carrying out this purpose, he quickly found himself in the midst of a congregation who gave him the most decisive testimonies of their respect and confidence. His instructive, judicious and earnest preaching, the tenderness and fidelity of his pastoral intercourse, and the remarkable discretion which he evinced in all relations and circumstances, secured to him a place in the affections of his people and of the surrounding community, such as few ministers have ever attained.

During his residence at Newark, the sphere of his influence was continually enlarging, while he was constantly receiving new expressions of public regard. He was chosen a Trustee of the College of New Jersey in 1807, and was a Director of the Theological Seminary at Princeton from its first establishment; both of which offices he held until he left the State. He was also intimately connected, at this period, with several of the earlier and more important of our benevolent institutions; and in 1815, he preached the Annual Sermon before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In the same year, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from two Colleges,—Yale and Union—a high but deserved testimony to both his literary and theological acquirements.

Dr. Richards' ministry in Newark, as in Morristown, was signalized by remarkable tokens of the Divine favour. The years 1813 and 1817 were specially memorable for the powerful workings of Divine influence among his people. During fourteen years, which constituted the whole period of his ministry here, he received to the church about five hundred members,

three hundred and thirty-two of whom were added on a profession of their faith. Among them were six young men who became ministers of the Gospel.

The Theological Seminary at Auburn having been established by the Synod of Geneva in 1819, Dr. Richards was appointed to its Professorship of Theology in 1820; but declined the appointment. Being re-elected, however, in 1823, under somewhat different circumstances, he signified, in due time, his acceptance of the invitation. This was justly regarded as ominous of great good to the institution; as his standing in the Church for prudence, piety, and theological attainment, was such, as to secure not only to himself but to the infant Seminary with which he became identified, the general confidence and favour of the Christian community. He was inaugurated Professor of Christian Theology, October 29, 1823,—the fifty-sixth anniversary of his birth.

The enterprise to which he now addressed himself, was, on many accounts, a laborious and difficult one; and no one who knows its history can doubt that the success which subsequently attended it, was attributable in a great degree to his persevering and well directed efforts. He engaged immediately, and not in one instance only but again and again, in the business of collecting funds; and, at different periods, he traversed a large part of the State of New York, besides visiting Philadelphia, Boston, and some other large towns, for the prosecution of this object. His letters, during this period, indicating the various degrees of success which he met in different places, show how completely his mind had become absorbed in the interests of the institution, and withal how constantly he acknowledged God in all the favour with which his efforts were crowned.

It is quite safe to say that, during the whole period of his relation to the Seminary, he may be regarded as having been the chief instrument of increasing its funds,—the main spring of its financial operations. He possessed rare qualities to fit him for this service; and whatever may have been the self-denial which it involved, he always performed it with the utmost alacrity. The universal respect which was felt for his character,—his dignified manners, and fine social qualities, and highly acceptable efforts in the pulpit, and especially his almost intuitive perception of the springs of human action, gave him an advantage in his appeals to the liberality of the Christian public, as rare as it was important. And then he was a most accomplished financier;—strictly accurate, though always perfectly honourable, in every pecuniary transaction. Notwithstanding he was associated in the management of the concerns of the institution with men of the utmost shrewdness, and of great experience in such matters, they were more than willing, especially in circumstances of embarrassment, to take counsel of his wisdom; and in seasons of the deepest darkness, the first gleam of light generally emanated from his far-reaching and prolific mind.

Dr. Richards, shortly after he went to Auburn, and indeed during almost the whole period of his connection with the Seminary, felt himself constrained to take and to keep, if not a strictly controversial attitude, yet an attitude of defence, towards those whom he regarded as holding theological or practical errors. He found, immediately on his arrival there, that the peculiar views of Dr. Emmons prevailed extensively in that region, and had obtained no inconsiderable footing in the Seminary; and, as he dissented totally and strongly from those views, though with great respect for the talents and

character of their author, he felt himself called upon to endeavour to expose their fallacy, and, as far as he could, to fix in the minds especially of his own students, an opposite system. It was a comparatively silent, but somewhat severe and protracted conflict, in which this purpose engaged him; but there is no doubt that he ultimately succeeded in giving a different direction to the prevailing sentiment, not only of the institution, but of the surrounding community, on that general subject.

But this was by no means the most important controversy in which Dr. Richards was called to bear a part. About the year 1826 commenced the period signalized in the history of both the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations in this country, by what have been commonly called "new measures" in connection with revivals of religion. Dr. Richards marked the progress of this new state of things with the deepest concern. He carefully noted all the progressive developments, and deliberately came to the conclusion that, however there might be somewhat of Divine influence connected with it, or rather operating in spite of it, yet it was to be regarded, to a great extent, as a spurious excitement. With this conviction strongly fixed in his mind, he was prepared to take the attitude of resistance, whenever he should be called to act in reference to it; and, after a while, the time for action came, and he was found as firm as a rock in the midst of an agitation that convulsed the entire community. Without making himself needlessly offensive, he utterly refused to co-operate in the popular measures, notwithstanding he did it at the expense of being branded, in public and in private, as fighting against the Holy Ghost. The fever existed, not to say raged, inside of the Seminary itself; and even some of his own students, who, both before and after, regarded him as among the brightest models of wisdom and excellence, were, for the time, excited into such a phrenzy, that they publicly prayed for his conversion. But none of these things moved him; and he lived not only to see the finger of scorn that had been pointed at him withdrawn, and to hear the voice of obloquy that had been raised against him, die away, but to know that his course had met the approbation of the wise and good every where,—to receive in some instances the hearty acknowledgments of those who had been among his active opponents.

In the winter of 1827–28, Dr. Richards' health became seriously impaired, and for nearly two years it continued in a somewhat feeble and dubious state. In 1830, it was so far improved that he was enabled to discharge the duties of his office with nearly his accustomed energy; though a shock had evidently been given to his constitution from which he never fully recovered.

Notwithstanding Dr. Richards had stood up so erect against the tempest which, for several years, had swept over the churches, especially in the region in which he resided, he did not concur in the ultimate measures which were adopted by the General Assembly for the division of the Church. But he never indulged the semblance of acrimony towards those of his brethren who viewed the case differently, or those whom he considered chiefly instrumental in bringing about that result. He endeavoured subsequently to conform to the state of things as it actually existed, as well as he could; and he often expressed his gratification at the regular and rapid growth both of order and of purity in the portion of the Church with which he had been more immediately connected.

In the autumn of 1842, Dr. Richards' health began perceptibly to fail, and there were several concurring circumstances that may have contributed to hasten his decline. As he was walking in the village of Auburn, he suddenly fell in consequence of a determination of blood to the head, and was taken up nearly or quite insensible. Shortly after this, he was deeply afflicted by the sudden death of his eldest child, Mrs. Beach of Newark; and before he had recovered from the shock which this event had occasioned, the intelligence came to him that a beloved grandchild,—a boy of thirteen years, had been drowned under the most afflictive circumstances. But notwithstanding his infirmities, aggravated no doubt by these bereavements, he continued to give considerable attention to the duties of his Professorship during the winter and spring; and he occasionally heard the recitations of his class, until within two days of his death. It was his intention to have conducted the religious services of the chapel in the Seminary the Sabbath before he died; but when the day came, it found him unable even to leave his house. Towards the close of the next day, as he was conversing with one of his colleagues, he was suddenly seized with a chill, which proved the immediate harbinger of his dissolution. From this time his articulation became indistinct, and his tendencies manifestly were towards a state of insensibility. He was enabled, however, to signify his wants to those around him, and especially to bear testimony to the sustaining power of the Gospel in his last hour. There was a delightful tranquillity diffused over his dying scene, that spoke most impressively of the rest to which death introduced him. He died on the 2d of August, 1843. Two days after, his Funeral was attended by a large concourse of citizens and friends, and an appropriate Discourse delivered by one of his colleagues, the Rev. Dr. Mills, on Acts xiii. 36. His death was also duly noticed in the pulpits which he had formerly occupied, both at Morristown and Newark.

The following is a list of Dr. Richards' publications:—A Discourse occasioned by the death of Lewis Le Conte Congar, a member of the Theological Seminary at Andover, 1810. An Address delivered at the Funeral of Mrs. Sarah Cumming, wife of the Rev. Hooper Cumming, 1812. Two Sermons in the New Jersey Preacher, 1813. A Sermon before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign missions, 1814. A Sermon at the Funeral of Deacon Stephen Baldwin, 1816. "This world is not our rest:" A Sermon delivered at Morristown, 1816. The Sinner's inability to come to Christ: A Sermon on John vi. 44, 1816. A Circular on the subject of the Education Society of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, 1819. A Sermon before the Education Society of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, 1819. A Sermon on a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer, 1823. Two Lectures on the Prayer of faith, read before the students of the Theological Seminary at Auburn, 1832. Two Sermons in the National Preacher, 1834. After Dr. Richards' death there was published, from his manuscripts, in 1846, in an octavo volume, Lectures on Mental Philosophy and Theology, with a sketch of his life, by the Rev. Samuel H. Gridley; and in 1849, in a duodecimo volume, twenty of his Discourses, about half of which were a reprint of what he had published during his life.

FROM THE HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, LL. D.

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK, AND PRESIDENT OF RUTGERS COLLEGE.

New York, May 9, 1848.

Dear Sir: I enjoyed the privilege of a friendly and intimate acquaintance with Dr. Richards, from the spring of 1809, when he first settled in Newark, until his death. I have much reason to be grateful to God that his kind providence early brought me into such relations and under such influences. Dr. Richards was a man of singular excellence. There was in his character a happy combination of Christian discretion and deep, sober-minded and cheerful piety. His good sense, (and few men had more,) and his religion, seemed to be formed, if I may so say, after a business mould. They were practical, daily, and everywhere. He was as much at home in the social circle as in the great congregation—in the pulpit as at his fireside.

He was a wise man. Sagacious in his estimates of human character, and of large foresight of the probable results of measures and principles: and hence he was an able and reliable counsellor.

He maintained an exemplary prudence in the management of his domestic concerns. While his charities were always liberal, he still conscientiously "guided his affairs with discretion;" and his household economy was conducted on the just and safe rule of keeping his expenses within the reach of his means.

But I most honoured and revered him in the pulpit, where he appeared as an ambassador for Christ to persuade men to be reconciled to God. He was not what a very refined taste would regard as a finished, or even a graceful, orator. But while he possessed few of the decorations, he had none of the arts, of oratory. He came as the messenger of God on a mission, solemn as death and the awards of eternity; and his great subject filled his soul, and gave an earnestness, an animation, and a deep emotion, often to tears, to his addresses, that awed every mind of his audience. He spake as a dying man, with the eloquence and power of truth.

And then the ministrations of the pulpit and the impressions made on the Sabbath were followed and confirmed by the consistent testimony of his life and conversation through the week.

As might well be supposed, he exerted a weighty and extensive influence with his people, his townsmen, and in the ecclesiastical assemblies of his Church. Among them all his memory is cherished with affectionate and grateful respect and veneration. He left the savour of a good name.

I might say more—I could not feel satisfied to say less, of a servant of God, "whom I esteemed very highly in love for his work's sake," and for his own sake.

Yours very truly and respectfully,

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

FROM THE REV. CHARLES WILEY, D. D.

Utica, August 16, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: I cheerfully comply with your request to furnish you with some reminiscences of Dr. Richards during the period of my connection with the Seminary over which he presided. It would be a sufficient motive to me to do so that you have made the request; but, in addition to this, I feel a spontaneous pleasure in bearing testimony to the uncommon excellence and worth of a truly able and learned divine, and one too, to whom I feel myself under a weight of

personal obligation for his paternal interest and his judicious instructions and advice.

It is one of the strongest proofs of genuine excellence in human character, as well as in every thing else, that it bears the test of time and experience, and that the effect of an extended and thorough acquaintance is rather to increase than to diminish our esteem of it. This was the case in an eminent degree with Dr. Richards. There was nothing illusory about him—no transient or superficial gloss, that would disappear on a nearer approach and examination. His excellence consisted for the most part in strong native sense, and in solid attainments in learning and piety, that disclosed themselves more and more clearly in the progress of a closer intimacy and acquaintance. Though by no means destitute of what are called popular talents, he could not be regarded as a brilliant man; nor did he, I imagine, commonly strike the minds of the young and immature with special admiration. I consider it, indeed, one of the best evidences of the real worth of Dr. Richards, that my appreciation of him has risen with the progress of my own maturity, and that, at this moment, when, from an extended acquaintance with preachers, and divines, and Christian men, I am better qualified than ever before to judge of his merits, I feel myself constrained to assign to him a conspicuous and elevated place amongst those eminent persons, who have adorned by their virtues, and edified by their usefulness and talents, the American Church.

His preaching, during the period that I had an opportunity of listening to him, was instructive, judicious and earnest; and, though marked by no feature of originality, either in the matter or style, was never destitute of interest, being animated, in parts of it, with a lively Christian sensibility that engaged the attention, and at times moved the affections, of the hearer. Indeed, I can easily imagine that in the actual relations of a pastoral charge, with the advantage of a tall and imposing person, a powerful voice, an engaged manner, and an easy movement of the sensibilities, all uniting to give effect to a deep and thorough evangelical sentiment in his discourses,—Dr. Richards must have been at times a very effective, and in the best sense of the term, eloquent, preacher. His discourses, though uniformly correct, could not be said to be marked by any special literary character. Indeed, they might even be regarded at the present day as deficient in this particular, though perhaps a question might be raised as to the propriety and correctness of the present prevailing taste upon the subject. *Excessive* literature, certainly, is out of place in a sermon—it is an element of weakness rather than of strength—the themes of the Gospel are too grand and solemn to be clothed in a mere literary garb—they demand a simpler dress; and he, who discovers a propensity in the treatment of such themes to exercise extraordinary care in the selection of his words, and in the construction of his periods, not only betrays a feeble sense of the momentous character of his subject, but shows himself to be destitute of a truly masculine taste. Instances indeed there are, as in the eminent case of Robert Hall, where the mind appears to be cast by *nature* in a peculiarly graceful mould, and where the greatest elegance of style and expression seems to be so spontaneous and natural as in no degree to detract from the more serious and useful effect. But such instances are rare, and are easily distinguishable from every thing like a factitious and showy taste, which, in the sphere of preaching, is usually connected with a very enfeebled effect of religious impression.

In Dr. Richards there is nothing of this. If he had literary propensities, they seem to have been restrained rather than indulged. His preaching was marked by a simplicity and directness in style and manner, that bespoke the serious divine rather than the ambitious and showy orator.

In his social character, Dr. Richards united in an eminent degree the qualities of a true dignity of deportment with an engaging affability and ease. There was

a genial element in his character,—a natural glow of social feeling, that made him at all times accessible, while, at the same time, his large and imposing person, connected with a character matured by grace, and elevated by station and influence, protected him from too familiar an approach. He was very far, however, from any thing like an *artificial* dignity of manner. You would never suspect him of resorting to any of those studied efforts for effect and impression, which some in similar stations have felt it necessary to employ, but which generally betray the conscious lack of a better and truer basis of influence. On the contrary, the character of Dr. Richards was a truly natural one, and the influence he exerted was legitimate, practical and useful. Judging from my own knowledge of his personal qualities, in a social point of view, I should be led to think that, however excellent and instructive he was as a preacher, he must have excelled still more in the peculiar duties of the pastoral relation. His intercourse with his people must have been marked by the most valuable characteristics of Christian prudence, kindness, and sympathy. I have occasion, indeed, to know that this was the case. Years after he became connected with the Seminary at Auburn, a lady who knew him in the days of his pastoral ministrations, spoke to me in the warmest terms of the recollections of that period, and dwelt upon the circumstances of his ministry with a detail that bespoke the deep and lasting impression that had been made upon her mind. I remember her speaking particularly of the extraordinary benignity of his countenance and sweetness of his smile,—a circumstance I should not think of mentioning but that it *was* extraordinary. Every one that ever knew Dr. Richards must, I think, recall that characteristic smile of his. Again and again have I myself felt its potent influence; and in those little collisions of opinion and feeling that sometimes occurred in my Seminary relations, it seems to me that I was oftentimes more controlled by the irresistible effect of his smiling countenance, than by the weight and pertinency of his arguments and persuasions. Indeed, I sometimes thought that he knew the power of this *amiable artillery*.

Another prominent circumstance that must have struck every one that had much intercourse with Dr. Richards, was his profound knowledge of human nature. I do not mean any ordinary attainment in this way—I mean an uncommon insight into the motives and workings of the human heart. To such a degree, indeed, have I felt this easy capacity of his of reading the thoughts, and this quick perception of designs and motives as yet undisclosed, that I am persuaded it would have rendered my intercourse with him at times irksome and unpleasant, but for my conviction, at the same time, of the genuine kindness and sympathy of his nature. Had he inclined, in the slightest degree, to the severe and the cynical in his disposition, his ready perception of human character could hardly have failed to impose a degree of restraint upon those around him. But so genial was his character, and so full his apparent communion and sympathy with even human infirmity, that no such effect was in fact produced. You could only be surprised and amused to find yourself so unexpectedly anticipated, and your most private motives and feelings so completely understood.

Another peculiarity of Dr. Richards—for so I think it may be regarded—was the extraordinary veneration he had for the character and intellect of President Edwards,—a feeling that was ready to discover itself on all occasions, and amounted almost to an absorbing sentiment. No one could be in his society even for a short time, without perceiving that the writings of this eminent divine held the next place in his esteem to the Bible itself. He not only cordially agreed in the main with President Edwards in theological sentiment, (being, like him, what is technically called a *mediate* imputationist,) but he seemed to cherish an affection for his very person and name. Again and again have I seen his eyes suffused with tears in speaking of him—tears of veneration for his piety, and of admiration and wonder at his powerful and extraordinary intellect. He did not, indeed,

surrender his independence of mind even before so great a name,—for, on some minor points, he differed from Edwards; but he declared that it was always with the greatest reluctance and regret that he ventured to depart from so high an authority. And here I may mention it as a *general* characteristic of Dr. Richards, that he was easily penetrated with exhibitions of true genius and intellect in others. He had a ready susceptibility of every thing of this nature, and his generous disposition prompted him to accord cheerfully to others the measure of merit that was due to them. It gave him the most unaffected pleasure, especially, to witness any unusual display of talent on the part of those who were under his instruction in the Seminary, and I have been told that he would speak of such things with the liveliest sensibility, in the privacy of his own family circle. I have in mind one instance in particular, in which this feeling discovered itself in a remarkable degree—it was on an occasion when one of my own classmates, who certainly possessed extraordinary powers as an imaginative and descriptive writer, had been reading to him, as a regular exercise in the class, a sermon remarkable for this species of talent. I recollect to this day the scene described, and the vividness of the painting. It was an illustration of the value of prayer in a domestic picture of a widowed mother, kneeling before her covenant God in the silence of her chamber, and presenting the case of a wayward and reckless son who had gone to sea. Dr. Richards listened with growing interest as the description proceeded, and whether it was the character of the sentiment, or the affecting nature of the narration, or admiration of the talent displayed, or all combined—certain it is, that, at the close of the exercise, he was entirely overmastered. Tears stood in his eyes, and flowed freely down his cheeks,—an honourable witness of his own generous sensibility, and at the same time an involuntary tribute to the success and talent of the writer.

And this brings to mind another reminiscence of the class-room, of a somewhat different character. The incident is fresh in my recollection, but so much depended on the manner that I fear it cannot be successfully transferred to paper—it was a criticism of a ludicrous character on a sermon, or outline of a sermon, presented by a student who had imbibed a fondness for the style of sermonizing then in vogue among the revival and new measure preachers of the day. The method I refer to, was that of defining very exactly the subject of discourse, by telling first what it was *not*, and secondly what it *was*,—a sufficiently inelegant method at all times, but at this period greatly hackneyed and worn out. In discriminating some Christian virtue,—repentance, or faith, or some other, the student, following this method, proposed first to show what it was *not*, and secondly what it *was;* and under the former division introduced, as usual, a long string of heads, some of which were so remote from any affinity with the subject to be defined, that the most stupid mind could not possibly confound them. Dr. Richards, who had no particular leaning towards the pattern of sermonizing here referred to, nor the *source* from which it was derived, seized the occasion to indulge a little his vein of humour. He launched out without much mercy against the mighty show of logic and philosophic exactness in this method—a method, he said, which gravely and formally detained the argument to *very weariness*, in order to tell us under a dozen different heads that a thing was *not* what nobody ever dreamed it *was*,—just as if, in directing an inquirer after some particular place of residence, you should very carefully and tediously describe some *other* place only to inform the patient interrogator that that *wasn't it*—and then he turned upon the sermon before him, "You say repentance is not so. Who ever imagined it *was?* You might as well tell me"—and here he rose to the highest pitch of a good-humoured impatience—"you might as well tell me that repentance isn't *that stove*," pointing to a most unsightly object of that description in the centre of the room. The effect was just what he intended—

we had no more specimens of that species of sermonizing while I was in the Seminary.

I have thought proper to mention this incident, because, to those who knew Dr. Richards, it cannot fail to recall his image vividly to mind, under a natural and not unamiable aspect, making a judicious use, as he often did, of the genuine humour he possessed, in order to convey a salutary lesson.

But I fear I may be protracting my letter to too great a length. I shall therefore close my imperfect sketch with a very few words in reference to the character of Dr. Richards' piety. From an extended acquaintance with Christian and ministerial character, I do not hesitate to say of it, that it was altogether unusual. It was marked especially by two important characteristics, which will be recognised by all who knew him the moment they are named—I mean a profound veneration of the Deity, and an exceeding tenderness in the spirit of it—features that were very apparent even in his public exercises of devotion. I seem to recall very distinctly his image, as he appeared on these occasions. There he stands, as I have often seen him, Abraham-like, pleading with God in earnest but reverential tones—declaring himself, in the very language of the Patriarch, and I doubt not in his spirit too, to be "but dust and ashes," and pressing his suit with unaffected humility and fervour, until his voice becomes tremulous, and his accents broken, with overpowering emotion. No one could listen to him, even in these public exercises, without being impressed with a conviction of the depth and tenderness of his piety. But I have reason to suppose that those only who knew him more privately and intimately, had any thing like an adequate impression on this subject. A class mate of mine told me that, much as he had always esteemed Dr. Richards, he never knew him until he had travelled with him, and for some days occupied the same room. He had no idea until then of the depth and fervour of his piety. The seasons of their private devotions were among his most hallowed and delightful recollections—such reverential approaches to God, and such tender expostulations as of a friend conversing with a friend face to face, it had never been his privilege to witness; and I can readily believe all that he said upon this subject,—it being fully in keeping with the results of my own more limited observation of him in this particular.

I will only say, in conclusion, that while many men have been more brilliant than Dr. Richards, and some more profound, few, it seems to me, have possessed a better combination of solid and useful qualities. He filled with entire success, and at the same time without ostentation, the important public stations to which he was called, and, after he had truly "served his generation," like the Patriarch whom he emulated in the tenderness and fervour of his piety, "he fell asleep."

Very truly and respectfully yours,

CHARLES WILEY.

FROM THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

New York, December 18, 1849.

Dear Sir: I hardly know what to say respecting Dr. Richards; for, with the ample materials in your hands, I am afraid I can add nothing except what will be mere repetition. On the whole, I think it safest to confine myself to a few anecdotes, illustrating one feature of his character, and which may possibly be new to you. I was his pupil at Auburn, and of all men loved him next to my own father. My grandfather and father were both intimate friends of his, and hence he always took a great interest in me. His noble and generous heart and parental ways bound all his students closely to him, and every hair on his venerable head was sacred in their eyes. His benevolence and kindness were unbounded; which, blending, as they did, with a rich vein of humour, running through his whole character, gave a sprightliness to his goodness, and heightened the benign expression of his countenance.

At the Seminary, one of his weekly exercises with the advanced classes was to meet them in a body, and discuss with four or five of the students, selected by turns, some knotty points on which they had written short essays. No one who has seen him at those times, with his spectacles resting upon the extreme point of his by no means small nose,—his eyes looking over them, as, with his head inclined, he coolly wound up the confident and impetuous young man in his own logical web, can ever forget the expression of his face. He loved to contemplate the workings of a keen, rapid intellect, and would often play with it as an angler with a fish, to see how manfully it would struggle till the debate had gone far enough, and then gently tighten the coil around his helpless victim. After contemplating the astonishment of the student for a while over his glasses, every feature of his face working with a good-humoured, yet comical, smile, he would say, "Well, I guess that is the end of the worsted," and go on to the next. This playfulness was characteristic of his whole life. My father was a member of his church, when, comparatively a young man, he was settled in Morristown, N. J., and relates many anecdotes illustrating this trait. One day some of his parishioners were dining with him, when, nothing but brown bread being on the table, he pleasantly remarked that, whether it was *lawful* for him to eat rye bread or not, he found it to be expedient. At another time, he was preaching a lecture, upon a week day, in a private house, on the outskirts of his parish, when, just before the close of his sermon, a poor drunken woman came in and sat down. In her fits of intoxication, she was always very religious, and hence remained after the people dispersed, to converse with Mr. Richards. She wanted to learn, she said, the meaning of the passage of Scripture,—"The last shall be first and the first last." Mr. Richards, who had noticed her late entrance into the place of worship, and who saw also the condition she was in, replied,—"It means that those who come to meeting *last*, should go home *first;* and as the rest have gone, it is high time you were going also." She took the hint and started. He then turned to those present, and quaintly remarked,—"I have sufficiently explained it, for she is making a practical application of it to herself." Numberless similar anecdotes are told of him, illustrating both his wit and good humour.

To the Doctor's benevolence and noble kindness there was attached none of the maudlin sensibility so common to many of the philanthropists of our day. A clergyman now settled in Massachusetts has more than once told me the following story with great zest. He said that one vacation, whilst he was a student of the Seminary at Auburn, the Doctor wished to take a journey, and so left his son James, who was then rather a roguish boy, under his care. One day, at the usual time of recitation, James was seen playing in the garden, and, when called to his lesson, refused to come; and, as the student went to fetch him, took to his heels and ran. The student pursued, and caught, and chastised him. Immediately after the Doctor's return, James entered his complaint against his tutor. He heard him through, and then bade him go and fetch the young gentleman. He did so; and when the latter arrived, the Doctor said, "Sir, *Jeemes* (he always called him thus) has told me that you whipped him because he did not get his lesson, and ran away, and now I have sent to you to know *if you laid it on well.*" The student replied that he thought he did. "Do you think you punished him enough?" He said "Yes." "Well then," continued the Doctor, "if you are sure you punished him sufficiently, *Jeemes, you may go this time.*" Stern, yet kind; with a heart overflowing with the tenderest feelings, yet bound as with cords of iron to duty and the Divine law, he furnished in himself the noblest specimen of a man and a Christian.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

J. T. HEADLEY.

FROM THE HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, LL. D.

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, U. S. SENATOR, &c.

AUBURN, May 19, 1851.

My dear Sir: I was quite young when Dr. Richards came to occupy a Professor's chair in the Theological Seminary at this place, and he was already advanced in years. Belonging to a different communion, I had less opportunity than many others to mark his traits of character, but I heard him often enough, and saw him often enough, to discover that, with considerable learning and a terse and simple style he combined in a high degree the talent,—best of all talents, common sense.

He was simple and unassuming, but truly dignified in his address and conversation. He did not often mingle in the secular concerns of the community in which he lived, but they never failed to call out his opinions and his influence on great and important occasions of general interest. His influence was then irresistible. I remember that in 1825 or 1826, when the struggle of the Greeks for deliverance from their Turkish oppressors engaged the sympathies of the American people, and of the Christian world, our citizens, following the example set before them in other and more important places, moved with earnestness to make contributions for their relief. Arrangements for a meeting were made, and it was thought proper that a committee should be appointed to solicit in behalf of that noble charity. It was informally agreed that ten persons of considerable wealth and generosity, each of whom was pledged to give fifty dollars, should constitute a committee, and that they should be appointed by the chair. A chairman intrusted with the secret was chosen without difficulty. After many eloquent speeches had given utterance to the just and enlightened sympathy of the assembly, it was moved that the chair appoint a committee. Opposition arose immediately, and the meeting was soon involved in a long and very inharmonious debate on the propriety of vesting such an appointment in the chair, instead of its exercise by the meeting itself,—which was claimed to be the only democratic mode. It was quite apparent that the great object of the movement was in jeopardy, and yet no one seemed to be able to satisfy the people that they could safely renounce the power claimed for them. In this dilemma, I appealed to Dr. Richards, who had before addressed the meeting on the general subject with marked effect. He immediately arose. All was profound silence. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "I should agree with the speakers who claim that this committee ought to be appointed by the meeting, that is by every body, if every body knew every body, and every body was wise. But we all know that every body here does not know every body, and some of us feel that, as to ourselves, we are not as wise as you are, and therefore we who are of that class think it best that you should exercise that power." The effect was complete—the opposition made a very feeble effort further, the committee was appointed by the chair, and, to the amazement and gratification of the people, the committee led off with subscriptions to the amount of five hundred dollars, which, with the other sums subscribed, placed our little community among the most generous ones on that interesting and memorable occasion.

I am, my dear Sir,

With great respect and esteem,

Your friend and humble servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

JOHN ROBINSON, D. D.

1793—1848.

FROM THE REV. R. H. MORRISON, D. D.

COTTAGE HOME, N. C., August 24, 1848.

My dear Sir: My reverence for the memory of the venerable man of whose life and character you ask me to furnish you some notices, and my conviction that, as he lived for the benefit of his generation, so the history of his life ought to be perpetuated for the benefit of posterity, render it only a labour of love to me to comply with your request.

JOHN ROBINSON was born within the bounds of the Sugar Creek Church, Mecklenberg County, N. C., on the 8th of January, 1768. His parents were very respectable and pious members of that Church, and left many memorials of their faith and fidelity in God's service. By them he was trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and often spake in after life of their faithful concern for his salvation.

He received part of his classical education in the town of Charlotte, in an Academy taught by Dr. Henderson, an eminent physician, in the old College building, and part in the neighbourhood of Poplar Tent, in an Academy taught by a Mr. Archibald.* His college course was pursued and completed at Winnsborough, S. C.

In respect to the particular time or circumstances of his conversion, I have no knowledge; though I may state with confidence the more important fact, that his conversion was accompanied by a good hope of salvation through Christ, and followed by a full and firm determination to devote his life to the ministry of the Gospel.

He studied Theology under the care of the Orange Presbytery, which then embraced within its bounds the whole State of North Carolina, and was licensed to preach on the 4th of April, 1793.

On the 9th of April, 1795, he was married to Miss Mary C. Baldwin, in whom he found an amiable, intelligent, pious and useful companion,—esteemed and beloved by all who knew her. They had four children who lived to maturity,—two sons and two daughters.

At the time he was licensed to preach, he was directed by the Presbytery to visit Dupin County in this State. That was his first field of labour in the ministry. He was the instrument of much good to the churches he organized or built up in that county, and was reluctant to leave them; but the effect of the climate upon the health of his family rendered it necessary. He continued there about seven years.

In the year 1800, he accepted a call from the Church in Fayetteville to become their resident minister. Here he was induced, partly by his limited salary, and partly by the scanty means of education, to open a classical school; but, after continuing there a little more than a year, he found the

* ROBERT ARCHIBALD was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1772; and, after studying medicine, was licensed by the Presbytery of Orange in the autumn of 1775. In October, 1778, he was ordained and installed Pastor of the Church of Rocky River, and continued to hold this office until about 1792, when he became an advocate of the doctrine of Universal Salvation. In consequence of this, he was suspended from the ministry in 1794, and in 1797 was deposed.

labours of the two offices too exhausting, and he accordingly relinquished both his school and his pastoral charge about the close of 1801, and removed to Poplar Tent, the scene of part of the instructions of his early life. After remaining here in the character of both a preacher and a teacher for about four years, he was induced, early in the year 1806, by the earnest solicitation of the citizens of Fayetteville, to return to that place, then vacant by the removal of his successor, the Rev. Andrew Flinn, to Camden, S. C. Here he resumed his pastoral labours and his classical school; and from among his pupils North Carolina has gathered some of its brightest ornaments.

But his greater usefulness here was in the ministry of the Gospel. He was the father of the Presbyterian Church in that place. He not only organized it, but received to communion many who have been its pillars since. His firmness, dignity, and courtesy, enabled him to exert an influence in such a community, in favour of religion and good order, which few could have successfully attempted. The fruits of his labours are yet visible, and acknowledged with gratitude by many witnesses. I have never known any man move through society, receiving more striking tokens of veneration and affection, than I have seen shown to Dr. Robinson in that town.

In December, 1818, he returned to Poplar Tent, where he passed the residue of his days. His longest and perhaps most useful pastoral relation was here. Few connections of the kind exist so long, with so many evidences of mutual confidence and attachment. His pastoral charge was not surrendered until the infirmities of age demanded it; and then it was terminated with mutual feelings of unabated good will.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of North Carolina in the year 1829.

After resigning his charge at Poplar Tent, he continued to preach occasionally for his brethren, to whom his visits were always most welcome, until he was confined to his house by an asthmatic cough; and from this time he seemed calmly and patiently waiting till his change should come. In October, 1842, the Synod, with a special view to his gratification, held their sessions at the place of his residence; but so feeble was he at the time that he was unable even to leave his chamber. They, however, sent a committee, charged with a most respectful and tender message to the venerable man, which he received with many expressions of humility and gratitude. He died on the 14th of December, 1843, having nearly completed his seventy-sixth year.

Dr. Robinson was a man of consistent and elevated piety. On all proper occasions, his conversation and actions manifested his deep conviction that no order of talents, no amount of learning or variety of gifts, can qualify a man to preach without true religion. The urgency and power with which he exhorted others to examine themselves, not by opinions or forms but substantial fruits, indicated both his convictions and feelings on this subject. We are permitted to rise above impulses and observances in looking for the standard of his piety. We are referred to his long continued and well defined course of conduct, regulated by one rule, and directed to one end.

In his ministrations from the pulpit, one characteristic could not be overlooked by those who heard him—a clear and faithful exhibition of the peculiar truths of Christianity. Upon these his mind kindled with ardent emo-

tion, and often with subduing tenderness. Upon Communion seasons especially, the tenderness and fervour of his spirit was strikingly manifest. The revivals of religion with which the churches were blessed at different periods of his ministry, always found him in the front ranks in attempting to promote the work of the Lord. But his evidences of a devotional spirit did not appear at favoured seasons only, and then vanish before the rugged realities of life. Amidst the most trying bereavements, his faith sustained him. In his conflicts with the world, it armed him with energy. On the approach of death, it cheered his submissive spirit.

Benevolence was a prominent feature of his character. He looked upon "the things of others," with an earnest desire for their happiness. His travels, and labours, and sacrifices for the public good, made up no inconsiderable part of his life. Where distress could be alleviated, he loved to go. In the chamber of disease and around the bed of death, his warm and generous sensibility flowed with a deep current, and impressed the words of instruction and consolation. Into all the great benevolent enterprises of the Church, he entered with cheerfulness and alacrity. Every plan which promised the promotion of good or the mitigation of evil, found in him an eloquent advocate and a liberal contributor. He was so free from a selfish or covetous spirit, that the accumulation of property seemed not to enter his thoughts, farther than the decent support and comfort of those dependant on him rendered necessary.

He was remarkable for his humility also,—ready, at all times, to ascribe whatever was good in himself or in his condition, to the rich and sovereign grace of God. And how little indeed would the airs of superiority, the forms of ostentation, and the reachings of selfish ambition, appear, if held up in contrast with his calm, dignified and noble deportment.

His firmness of purpose and intrepidity of character were acknowledged by all who knew him. Perhaps few men have been gifted in a higher degree with those natural qualities which constitute bravery. I allude to this not as if it were a virtue in the abstract; for I well know that, apart from the influence of higher principles, it may spread terror and desolation over the earth. But I advert to it, to show how the stamp of boldness, impressed by nature upon his character, was modified by grace, and made to harmonize with the forbearance, meekness, and tenderness, inculcated by the Gospel. With a courage that would not quail before any amount of danger, was blended a disposition to regard the just rights of others, to sympathize with their sufferings, and to feel with the utmost tenderness the endearing ties which cement and adorn the nearest relations of life.

It would be easy to illustrate Dr. Robinson's personal courage by many striking anecdotes; but a single one may suffice. When he lived in Dupin County, he was once travelling alone, to attend a meeting of Presbytery. Passing through a certain village, he had occasion to stop for accommodations. Selecting what appeared to him the most decent looking inn, he asked for dinner; which was promised. He had not been long in the sitting-room until a crowd around the bar of the house commenced using very profane language. Dr. Robinson politely remarked that such language was very painful to him, and wrong in itself, and that he hoped they would desist from it. After a temporary pause, the drinking and swearing again commenced, with more insulting indecency than before. The Doctor, perceiving that the landlord was not only among the band, but a leader in the

outrage, addressed himself to him, stating that he had called at his house, expecting to find the civility which a place for the accommodation of travellers ought always to insure, and that he hoped his character as a landlord and the honour of his house would afford a shield from insult to a stranger. The landlord, instead of appreciating a manly appeal to his character, in a violent rage and with more terrible profaneness, rushed towards the Doctor, swearing that his house was his own, and his tongue was his own, and that he would do as he pleased; and drew his fist as he advanced. Upon this Dr. R. rose, with a stern and commanding aspect, and said,—"Your house may be your own, and your tongue is your own, but take care how you use your fist." The faltering landlord had not before surveyed the majesty of his form, or met the indignant flash of his eye. Instead of maintaining his attitude of attack, he cowered in dismay, and commenced begging pardon for the insult. The crowd around the bar slunk away from the house, leaving the poor landlord to humiliating confessions of his meanness in offering insult to a gentleman, and protracted entreaties that Dr. Robinson would not make the affair public to the disgrace of his tavern.

Dr. Robinson in stature was large and robust, and his personal appearance and manners were altogether attractive. For that true politeness which flows from esteem and good will, which is marked by a ready perception of what the proprieties of life demand, and a decorous observance of all the usages of good society, he was distinguished in a high degree. In the pulpit, his form, and countenance, and bearing, gave commanding force to his sentiments. Often has his dignified and attractive manner been felt as a cord drawing men towards the truth which he wished them to believe and obey.

His punctuality was proverbial. This was shown especially in fulfilling his contracts and his appointments for preaching, and in attending the judicatories of the Church. Some years since, the Stated Clerk of the Synod of North Carolina drew up a statement of the attendance of its members, and, if I mistake not, Dr. Robinson was the only member who had never been absent. During half a century, I think he never failed to be present at any of the sessions of the Synod to which he belonged, until the infirmities of age rendered it impracticable for him to attend.

He was a good classical scholar, and retained to the close of life in remarkably vivid remembrance the studies of his youth. He was also a warm and indefatigable friend to all the interests of learning. When an effort was made in 1820 to establish a College in the Western part of North Carolina, he was among its most active friends. When the more recent and successful attempt was made to build Davidson College, he made great efforts and sacrifices in its behalf, and they were continued to the close of his life. He was the first President of the Board of Trustees, and held that office till his declining health obliged him to resign it.

As a preacher, he was faithful in setting forth the great doctrines and duties of our holy religion. Having no disposition to build theories or weave speculations, he proclaimed the truth as he found it in the Bible, in its penetrating force and majestic simplicity; while his prayers, and tears, and affectionate entreaties, proved his humble reliance on the Spirit of God to make it effectual to salvation. His delivery was interesting, earnest, and at times very eloquent. His style was marked by great precision and perspicuity. No hearer was left to inquire what he meant. His voice was

clear, strong and melodious; and he had an admirable faculty at modulating it, from the highest to the lowest key. With these graces of delivery, in connection with his deep convictions of truth, his elevated sentiments and warm emotions, it is not strange that he should have ranked among the most popular preachers of his day.

During the period of Dr. Robinson's ministry in Dupin County, he was once invited very kindly by a gentleman who had been educated in Scotland to go home with him. He did so; and was much gratified, during the evening, by the fluent and appropriate conversation of the gentleman on the Doctrines and Discipline of the Church, the Confession of Faith, Catechism, Solemn League and Covenant, &c. At supper the gentleman asked Dr. Robinson to implore a blessing and return thanks, and at the proper time had his family assembled for prayers. The next morning, after prayers were over, and the family had assembled around the breakfast table, Dr. Robinson, concluding that a man who seemed to know so much about the doctrines and duties of the Church, had certainly some forms of religion, politely referred to him to ask a blessing. The gentleman commenced, and went on probably half through an ordinary invocation of the Divine blessing,—when he halted, and turning to Dr. R., with an imploring countenance, said,—"Will you please to finish, Sir?" After retiring from the table, he came to his Reverend guest, and said with tears—"You now see what I have come to—I was born of pious parents, was taught religion in my youth, and observed its forms in my native country. But here, Sir, I have neglected its duties; and now cannot even ask God to bless the food of my own table." So deep was the impression produced on his mind by this trivial incident, that his convictions of sin, cherished by the means of grace, continued and increased until he professed a hope of conversion, and was received into the Church; and, as far as is known, lived consistently with a Christian profession.

In 1836, Dr. Robinson was sorely afflicted by the death of his excellent wife. How deeply he felt that bereavement all his friends had reason to know; nor could they overlook the humble and edifying submission with which he bore the trial.

When his declining health called him to retire from his public labours, his serenity, cheerfulness, and patience remained unimpaired, and added lustre to the evening of his days. When the summons of death met him, he, with composure and sustaining confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ, resigned his soul to God, and departed in peace, December 15, 1843. And when he died, a great and good man in Zion fell—"not lost, but gone before."

Dr. Robinson published a Eulogy on Washington, delivered shortly after his death.

I am, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

ROBERT H. MORRISON.

SAMUEL MARTIN, D. D.

1793—1845.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM FINNEY.

CHURCHVILLE, Md., April 10, 1850.

Rev. and dear Sir: In accordance with your request, I herewith furnish you with some brief notices of the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Martin. Although his life did not abound in those thrilling incidents which sometimes lend a charm to our reminiscences of great and good men, yet it was full of interest. It was a beautiful development of the unpretending spirit of the Christian, and the uniform devotedness of the able and well furnished Minister of the New Testament.

Dr. Martin conducted my theological studies in early life; and it was my privilege until his death, during the long period of thirty-seven years, to share largely in his friendship, and often have I been tempted to regret that a higher post had not been assigned him in the Church, where his talents and attainments would have been better appreciated, and his influence exerted upon a wider field.

SAMUEL MARTIN was born in Chestnut Level, Lancaster County, Pa., on the 9th of January, 1767. His parents, Samuel and Agnes Martin, emigrated from Ireland about the year 1754. They were consistent and exemplary members of the Associate Church, and, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, "walked in the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless." Their third son, the subject of this sketch, early manifested a preference for the Presbyterian Church. The days of his boyhood he spent in labours upon the farm on which his father resided, with the exception of occasionally passing a few months, especially in the winter season, at some common school in the neighbourhood. Favoured with that kind of early training which might be expected from his excellent parents, it is not strange that he should grow up free from open vice, and that, from a child he should have known the Holy Scriptures. It was not, however, until his twenty-second year, that he became deeply anxious about his soul, and was made, as he himself believed, a subject of saving grace. On a certain Sabbath in the summer of that year, he had heard an impressive sermon from the Pastor of the Church of Chestnut Level,—afterwards the esteemed and venerable Dr. James Latta. During the afternoon of that day, he sat in his father's porch, and read Erskine on the Believer's right to appropriate by faith the promises of the Gospel. Suddenly, the conviction flashed upon his mind that he had not that right. To shake off the painful feeling it occasioned, he took a long and solitary walk. But his distress became so great before his return, that he threw himself upon the ground, and cried for mercy. His anguish increased every moment, and seemed to deepen, as the shadows of evening closed around him. He spent a sleepless and prayerful night, and, as day appeared, fell into a disturbed and broken slumber. During that slumber, he dreamed that he was in a long dark passage,—so low that he was not able to walk erect. After groping his way for a considerable time, in great distress and horror of mind, he came to what he supposed to be a door. On his uttering a cry of distress, the door instantly flew open, and the dark passage was filled with a flood of

light. When he awoke, light seemed to have dawned upon his soul, and he was enabled to cast his trembling spirit into the arms of mercy. He did not value dreams, and did not attach any particular importance to the one just related, and but seldom mentioned the circumstance; but still he recollected it with pleasure almost every day of his after life, and spoke of it with deep interest but a short time before his death.

From that period may be dated the commencement of his walk with God, and his determination to devote himself to the Gospel ministry. His preliminary studies were pursued under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Latta, and the Rev. Dr. Smith of Pequea. To meet the expenses of his college course, he spent two years in teaching a grammar school in Westchester, Pa., and one year at St. George's in Delaware. But notwithstanding the many embarrassments to which he was subjected, his native energy of character surmounted them all, and he soon distinguished himself by a rapid improvement in the different branches of a substantial education. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, on the 8th of July, 1790, where, throughout his whole course, he maintained a high standing in his class, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the Professors. He could not, however, be called a laborious student. That knowledge which many acquire by a slow and painful process, he obtained with but little effort; and hence he depended more, in after life, upon the excitement of the passing moment than on any previous preparation;—a habit from which he found it difficult to escape, though he decidedly condemned it. He laid hold of his subject at once, and with an iron grasp. So retentive was his memory that it seldom or never failed him. He could relate the incidents of former years in all their minute details, without omitting a single circumstance. His imagination was strong and vivid, but controlled by a sound and discriminating judgment. Although he possessed talents of a very high order, he carefully avoided whatever savoured of display. On this subject he was perhaps unduly sensitive; for it was not until pressed by circumstances, and deeply excited by the occasion, that his noble powers were fully called into exercise.

Mr. Martin was licensed by the Presbytery of Baltimore, in May, 1793, and was soon after ordained and installed Pastor of the Congregation of Slateridge in York County, Pa. Here he laboured faithfully among the people of his charge, and conducted, at the same time, a classical school, to eke out a slender support. In that school he educated a number of young men, some of whom now stand high in office and in public estimation, and cherish with no common feelings of gratitude and affection the memory of their early preceptor.

At the expiration of five years, he accepted a call from the Congregation of Chanceford, for one half of his ministerial services. In this wide field he laboured until the year 1812, when he removed to Rockville, Montgomery County, Md. At Rockville he continued but about eighteen months, when he accepted a unanimous invitation to return to Chanceford. His whole ministerial life of nearly fifty years, with the exception of the short time he was at Rockville, was spent in the Congregations of Slateridge and Chanceford, and it was while labouring among the people whom he loved, and in whose spiritual welfare he was deeply interested, that he appeared to the greatest advantage as a diligent and faithful minister of Jesus Christ. His ministerial qualifications were of no common order. An intimation that he

was expected to preach in any of the neighbouring congregations, always secured a crowded house. His sermons were seldom written, and the few that *were* written fell below the average standard of his extemporaneous efforts. His first thoughts upon almost every subject seemed to be his best. His common preparation for the Sabbath was a few short notes; and when preparing them, he had usually no books around him but his Bible and Concordance. He rather thought for himself than gathered from the thoughts of others. His sermons were delivered with energy and animation, and while they conveyed light and knowledge to the head, they found their way to the heart. It was not the drapery of a splendid rhetoric thrown around common place ideas, that chained the attention of his hearers—it was rather the freshness and originality of glowing thoughts thrown out in their simple grandeur. His earnest and impressive manner left upon the minds of his hearers the conviction that he preached not himself, and that he was filled with zeal for his Master's glory, and love for the souls of men. He was an active and efficient member of Presbytery; and in the higher Ecclesiastical Courts he was surpassed by few as an able debater, and zealous advocate for the doctrines and government of the Presbyterian Church.

As a man, he possessed traits of character peculiarly attractive. It was difficult to know and not esteem him. He exhibited, in beautiful combination, the lofty characteristics of a noble mind with the simplicity and playfulness of the child. Remarkably free from worldly ambition, his grand aim was to be useful. Without guile himself, he never suspected others, and never seemed to feel himself above the level of the humblest individual that approached him. And yet he was a master in Israel;—one whom the wisest might consult with the certainty of receiving benefit and instruction. His habits were almost to a fault domestic. He loved with uncommon devotedness the endearments of home, and the peaceful enjoyments of his own fireside. As a friend, he was sincere, generous and ardent. He knew nothing of cold, calculating reserve—with his hand you had his heart, and with that heart no ordinary friendship. With the sweet charm of piety diffused over so many attractive qualities, it is not strange that he should have descended through the vale of years with the affections of a confiding family, and the sympathies of a devoted people, clustering around him.

Amidst the infirmities of age and the attacks of a painful disease, he continued his favourite employment of preaching the Gospel, until within a few months of his decease. Towards the close of his life, he seemed to be rapidly ripening for Heaven. His natural cheerfulness visibly abated, and although he was never morose, he became unusually grave. He had a presentiment that his end was not far distant; and, placing himself in an attitude of readiness, patiently awaited the result, and calmly looked for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. When he saw that the time of his departure had nearly come, he was perfectly collected; and though there was little or none of that rapture which sometimes marks the death-bed scene of the man who has walked with God, there was that which was equally, if not even more, satisfactory—a calm, unwavering confidence in the meritorious sacrifice of Christ. Death came at last in its mildest form, and about midnight of the holy Sabbath, (June 29, 1845,) the last sands of his glass passed down, and his spirit ascended to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Jefferson College in 1824.

When about thirty years of age, and about the time he accepted a call from the Congregation of Slateridge, he was married to Rosanna Irwin, whose early home was but a few miles distant from his own. In that connection he was peculiarly happy. His wife was indeed an help meet for him. Pious, intelligent, and gifted in no ordinary degree, she rendered his home a hallowed and delightful resting place. She survived him about two years; and now they both sleep under a chaste and beautiful monument erected by the Congregation of Chanceford. Dr. Martin buried four of his children in infancy,—one of them an only son. Four daughters have survived him. Three of them are respectably married, and comfortably settled in the Congregation of which their father was Pastor. The other daughter is the wife of the Rev. George Inglis, whose father was the predecessor of the lamented Nevins of Baltimore.

Dr. Martin published two Discourses, in which the doctrine of Election is proved and illustrated, 1806; and one on Regeneration, printed in the "Spruce Street Lectures." He published also a Sermon in the "Presbyterian Preacher," Pittsburg, entitled, "Children are an heritage of the Lord." Besides a number of fugitive pieces in different religious periodicals, he published Sermons on the death of the Rev. Messrs. William Kerr,* Robert White,† Reuben H. Davis,‡ and George Morrison.§

I am, my dear Sir,

Very respectfully and affectionately yours,

WILLIAM FINNEY.

* WILLIAM KERR was born in Bart Township, Lancaster County, Pa., in 1777; was educated at the institution which afterwards became Jefferson College; studied Theology, partly under the Rev. Dr. Sample, and partly at Princeton; was settled in the ministry at Donegal, Lancaster County, Pa., about 1809, and died in 1823, in his forty-seventh year. Dr. Martin said of him,—"Few, if any, stood higher in the estimation of his brethren."

† ROBERT WHITE was born in Montgomery County, Pa., about the year 1785; received his classical and mathematical education at Norristown, under the direction of General Porter; studied Theology under the Rev. Nathan Grier, of the Forks of Brandywine, whose eldest daughter he married in 1809; became Pastor of the Church at Fagg's Manor in 1810; and, after a ministry there of twenty-five years, died September 20, 1835. He published a Sermon designed to prove that Job was Melchisedec. His successor in the ministry, the Rev. A. Hamilton, says of him,—"His people regarded him with great affection, and thought him, as he was in truth, a laborious, tender-hearted, prayerful pastor."

‡ REUBEN H. DAVIS was licensed and ordained by the Presbytery of Newcastle, but never had a pastoral charge. He taught a classical school, first in Baltimore, and afterwards in Bel-Air, Md., with great acceptance. He died December 4, 1835, aged forty-seven years.

§ GEORGE MORRISON, was the Pastor of the Bethel Congregation in Harford County, Md. He taught an Academy for a number of years in Baltimore, and afterwards superintended a school in connection with his pastoral charge at Bethel.

ROBERT G. WILSON, D. D.*

1793—1851.

Robert G. Wilson, the son of John and Mary (Wray) Wilson, was born in Lincoln County, N. C., December 30, 1768. His father was a farmer,—a man of good common education, who filled the offices of Magistrate and Register in his County, and of Elder in the Church. He emigrated before the Revolution from Pennsylvania, where his father, who came from the North of Ireland, had settled. His mother's parents came from Wales.

At the age of about four, he became the subject of religious impressions under somewhat extraordinary circumstances. He was lying alone on his little bed, and suffering severely from a toothache; when it occurred to him that God is the hearer of prayer, and that it was his privilege to look to Him for relief. Accordingly, he knelt down by the side of his bed, and earnestly besought God to take away the pain, and instantly the pain ceased. This made a powerful impression upon his mind; and, though he did not himself date his conversion from that period, yet the developments of his childhood, especially his gentle and peaceful spirit, and his high regard for the privileges and duties of the sanctuary, led many of his friends to believe that the principle of religion was thus early implanted in his heart. It was not till he had reached his seventeenth year, and then in consequence of a sermon which he heard from his pastor, the Rev. Francis Cummins, that he believed himself to have felt the power of religion. Shortly after this, he made a public profession of his faith.

In July, 1784, he commenced the study of the Latin at a grammar school near home, and was chiefly prepared for College in an Academy at Salisbury, N. C. During a part of his preparatory course, he was a fellow student with Andrew Jackson, and with several others whose names have since become historical. In 1789, he entered Dickinson College, then under the Presidency of Dr. Nisbet, and graduated in 1790. Immediately after his graduation, he returned to Carolina, and prosecuted his theological studies under the direction partly of his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Cummins, and partly of the Rev. William C. Davis.† On the 16th of April, 1793, he

* Memoir in the Presbyterian, 1851.—MSS. from Rev. Dr. S. B. Wilson, Rev. H. S. Fullerton, Rev. Dr. G. Howe.—Foote's Sketches of N. C.

† William C. Davis was born on the 16th of December, 1760. He was received as a candidate under the South Carolina Presbytery, October 12, 1786, and was licensed to preach by the same Presbytery, December 13, 1787. He accepted a call from the Nasareth and Milford Churches, October 16, 1788; was ordained and installed as their Pastor, April 14, 1789; and was dismissed September 28, 1792. On the 13th of October, 1797, he received his dismission from the Presbytery of South Carolina to join the Presbytery of Concord, and about that time was settled over the Church at Olney, N. C. In 1803, he was appointed by a commission of Synod to "act as a stated missionary" to the Catawba Indians until the next stated meeting of Synod, and also to superintend the school in that nation. In 1805, he supplied, by permission of Presbytery, the Church of Bullock's Creek. On the 30th of September, 1806, he was received back from the Presbytery of Concord to the Presbytery of South Carolina, and accepted a call from the last mentioned Church.

In 1807, Mr. Davis began to be charged with holding erroneous doctrines, and in September of that year, the Second Presbytery of South Carolina, by a memorial, complained to the Synod of the Carolinas that "the First Presbytery of South Carolina does not discipline a member of theirs, William C. Davis, for preaching erroneous doctrine, though known by Presbytery to hold and preach such doctrine." The Synod, after due consideration of the case, directed the First Presbytery of South Carolina to attend to the matter, "as duty and discipline may direct." At the meeting of the Synod in October 1808, the First Presbytery being called on to report their doings in respect to Mr. Davis, stated that, after hearing his explanations, they had not done any thing; and at the same time put to the Synod the following

was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of South Carolina; and on the 22d of May, 1794, was ordained and installed Pastor of Upper Long Cane Church, in Abbeville District. He had, at the same time, the charge of the Church at Greenville. During his connection with these churches, his labours were signally blessed to their edification and enlargement.

He was offered a Professorship in South Carolina College, and was also invited to become Principal of an Academy in Augusta, Ga., with very flattering pecuniary prospects in each case; but he declined these offers, and accepted in 1805 a call to become Pastor of a small Church, then lately organized in Chilicothe, O., with a salary of only four hundred dollars.

After his removal to Chilicothe, he gave half of his labours for seven years to Union Church, five miles from the town. On resigning his charge there, he found his salary entirely inadequate to the support of his family; and, in consideration of this, and by the earnest solicitation of his friends, he reluctantly accepted the office of Postmaster. By this means he was enabled to obtain a comfortable living; but when a change came to be made in the postal arrangements, which required the mail to be opened on the Sabbath, he at once resigned his office, and wrote to the government a letter of earnest remonstrance.

In 1818, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of New Jersey.

Dr. Wilson remained Pastor of the Church at Chilicothe nineteen years, greatly beloved by his people and fellow citizens, and signally blessed in his labours. In 1824, he resigned his charge, by advice of Presbytery, and accepted an invitation to the Presidency of the Ohio University, at Athens.

question—"Whether the holding and propagating any, and what, doctrines, *apparently* repugnant to the letter of the Confession of Faith, will justify a Presbytery in calling a member to public trial?" The Synod, not satisfied with this report, appointed a Committee to prepare a minute to direct the Presbytery in its future proceedings. The substance of the minute which was submitted and adopted was that the Second Presbytery of South Carolina should be directed to meet immediately, on the spot, and exhibit whatever charges they might have against Mr. Davis, before the First Presbytery of South Carolina; and that the First Presbytery should also constitute immediately to receive such charges, and that Mr. Davis should be furnished with a copy of them, together with the names of the witnesses; that the Moderator of the First Presbytery should call an occasional meeting on a specified day to confer with Mr. Davis in respect to the alleged aberrations, and that they should make a record of all the questions and answers, with a view to the satisfaction of all concerned. When the case came up again before the Synod in October, 1809, (about this time Mr. Davis published an octavo volume, defining his views, entitled "The Gospel Plan,") it appears that the Second Presbytery had tabled charges against Mr. Davis, but did not appear to prosecute at the appointed time; that the First Presbytery heard Mr. D. and pronounced sentence;—the amount of which was that though they condemned his tenets as unsound and contrary to the Confession of Faith, yet did not consider him as on the whole worthy of any Church censure. The Synod, being dissatisfied with this result, were about to take the matter into their own hands and proceed to trial, when Mr. D. protested, and appealed to the General Assembly. The Synod accordingly remitted his case to the Assembly, together with an overture respecting his book entitled "The Gospel Plan." At this meeting the First Presbytery was, by its own request, dissolved; in consequence of which Mr. Davis fell into the Concord Presbytery. In 1810, the subject came before the General Assembly, when a committee appointed to review the book, reported that they found in it eight different doctrines which they regarded as in conflict with the standards of the Church,—among which were that "the active obedience of Christ constitutes no part of that righteousness by which a sinner is justified;" that "obedience to the moral law was not required as the condition of the Covenant of works;" that "Regeneration must be a consequence of Faith;" that "Faith in the first act of it is not a holy act," &c., &c. The Assembly pronounced the doctrines of "very dangerous tendency," and "declare that the preaching or publishing them ought to subject the person, or persons so doing to be dealt with by their respective Presbyteries; according to the discipline of the Church relative to the propagation of errors." In accordance with this judgment, the Presbytery of Orange proceeded, on the 3d of April, 1811, to suspend the Rev. William C. Davis from the exercise of his functions as a minister of the Gospel, and on the 4th of October following, they solemnly deposed him from the ministry. Mr. Davis died on the 28th of September, 1831, aged seventy years. He seems to have been a man of more than ordinary vigour of intellect, and to have been specially given to metaphysical speculation.

Over this institution he continued to preside until 1839, when, on account of the increasing infirmities of age, he resigned the office and returned to Chilicothe. But, notwithstanding he had now become an old man, he could not be contented to remain inactive; and, accordingly, he engaged to preach as a stated supply for the Union Church. Here he laboured seven years. As an illustration of his great punctuality,—it is stated that, after he had left the church, the following memorandum was found in the pulpit Bible:—"On — day of — a very wet day, rode out from Chilicothe (five miles) to preach here, and found no person present—no, not one." At the age of seventy-eight, he retired from public life, and after that very rarely appeared in the pulpit. His mental vigour and the strength of his religious affections remained, but his voice and physical energy were gone. The last four years and four months of his life he spent with his children at South Salem; and, during this whole time, he was absent but four Sabbaths from the house of God. He would lead the worship of the family, when he was so feeble as to be unable to rise from his bed or from his knees without help. He did this on the day preceding his death,—the fifty-eighth anniversary of his licensure. His decline was marked by the most quiet submission to the will of Heaven, the most grateful acknowledgments of the Divine goodness, and the most cheering assurance of a glorious hereafter. He died at South Salem on the 17th of April, 1851, in the eighty-third year of his age.

On the 9th of October, 1797, he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander and Frances Gilliland, of Lincoln County, N. C. They had eight children,—three sons and five daughters. *Samuel*, the youngest, was the only son that reached maturity. After graduating at the Ohio University, he commenced the study of Theology. In the autumn of 1833, while connected with the Alleghany Theological Seminary, he was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and died at Athens, O., July 16, 1834. He was a young man of great promise. Three of the daughters have been married to Presbyterian clergymen. Mrs. Wilson died December 21, 1813. In 1818, Dr. Wilson married a second wife, (Mrs. Crafts,) who died in 1838.

The following is a list of Dr. Wilson's publications:—Satan's wiles: A Sermon preached at Chilicothe, 1817. A Sermon preached at the opening of the Synod of Ohio, 1828. A Sermon on Temperance, delivered at Athens, 1829. A Sermon in the Presbyterian Preacher, 1833. An Address to the graduating class of Ohio University, 1836.

FROM THE REV. JAMES HOGE, D. D.

Columbus, O., August 25, 1854.

Rev. and dear Sir: In 1805, the Committee of Missions of the General Assembly gave me an appointment as a missionary in Ohio and the adjacent regions, for six months. In October of that year, I arrived in Chilicothe, in pursuance of this appointment, and visited Dr. Wilson who resided in that neighbourhood, and whom I found living in a cabin of a single apartment, prosecuting his studies, and performing his ministerial duties, with as great assiduity and cheerfulness, as if he had been favoured with all the advantages of a comfortable home and of refined society. I received from him a cordial welcome, and much needful information. During my six months mission, which was largely itinerant, I called on him repeatedly, and was with him at the organization of the church

in this vicinity, now the First Church of Columbus, in which I was ordained two years afterwards. After my settlement, we made an arrangement, at his instance, to visit each other at Communion seasons, which then were continued in respect of public services, four days,—once in each year. This arrangement was kept up until he was appointed President of the Ohio University. We were associated frequently in other services, were members of the same Presbytery during eight or ten years, and of the same Synod more than thirty. When he was chosen President of the College, I was one of the Trustees, and of course had full opportunity of knowing him well in that department. From him I derived more advantage in forming my character, and pursuing my labours as a minister, than from any other man. I was but twenty-one years of age when I began to associate with him; and we were on terms of affectionate intimacy from that time for thirty years. I mention these circumstances that you may know how to estimate my testimony in respect to him.

In person, Dr. Wilson was of a noble, commanding appearance, dignified in his manners, yet cheerful, affable, and peculiarly pleasing in private intercourse with his friends.

As a preacher, he was solemn, instructive, impressive, and often affecting, in respect to both manner and matter. Always abounding in doctrinal preaching, he was also unusually practical: indeed, it was his special excellence that he taught Christian doctrine with direct and pointed application. He believed and felt the truth which he spake, and therefore was a useful and successful minister of Christ. Doubtless he was the instrument of the conversion of many hundreds of souls, and administered important instruction and edification to many thousands. One incident illustrative of his success here occurs to me, which I cannot forbear to mention. Shortly after he came to reside in this State, Mr. Dobbin, a licentiate from South Carolina, whom he knew, had an appointment to preach in a neighbourhood, about twelve miles from Chilicothe: he went thither, and, at Mr. Dobbin's request, preached to the small congregation assembled under a tree in the forest. More than forty years afterwards, he found in the church within whose limits he passed the last years of his life three persons who ascribed their conversion to the blessing of God on that sermon.

He excelled as a member of the judicatories of the Church. Indeed he had few equals, and certainly no superiors, in the qualities necessary to render a man eminently useful in this sphere of action. A calm, clear-sighted, discriminating mind, united with great impartiality and firmness of purpose, gave him a high degree of influence among his brethren.

He was firmly and fully established in the faith and order of the Presbyterian Church, and was jealous of any efforts that seemed to him designed to modify either. So strong were his convictions on this subject that, on the division of the Church in 1838, he stood alone in the Presbytery of which he was then a member, and entered his protest against their proceedings, and was subsequently attached to another Presbytery by the Synod of Ohio.

In no situation perhaps in which Dr. Wilson was ever placed, were the energies of his mind brought into more vigorous and effective exercise, than in the Presidency of Ohio University. When he entered upon that office, the institution, owing to its unfavourable location and other circumstances, was greatly depressed. Remote from the more populous portions of the State, having few and difficult means of access, and oppressed with debt as the result of mismanagement and insufficient funds, it was the labour of years to place it in a favourable condition. Dr. Wilson gave to the work the whole power of his vigorous mind; and his success was indicated, within a few years, by a very considerable increase of both funds and students. He was thus instrumental in moulding, in no small degree, the characters of many who have since risen to distinction in both the State and the Church.

It is perhaps due to historic truth to state that Dr. Wilson, notwithstanding he was born and educated in the midst of slavery, was yet, in his feelings and convictions, strongly opposed to it. He has repeatedly stated that the circumstance that operated more strongly with him than any other, to a removal from the Southern States, was his unwillingness to labour as a minister, and rear his family, under the influence of this institution. He never became an abolitionist, in the technical sense of the word, nor could he exclude slaveholders, as such, from Christian charity and fellowship; yet he continued through life to be as firmly opposed to the system, as when he removed from a favourable settlement and cherished associations to the then comparatively uncultivated wilderness of Ohio.

On the whole, Dr. Wilson was one of those men who make their mark on the age in which they live; and it may be confidently affirmed that he has done more, directly and indirectly, to form the character and advance the interests of the Presbyterian Church in Ohio, than any other man.

I am very respectfully and sincerely yours,

JAMES HOGE.

ROBERT FINLEY, D. D.*

1794—1817.

Robert Finley was born at Princeton, N. J., in the year 1772. His father, James Finley, came with his family from Scotland to this country in 1769, at the suggestion of Dr. Witherspoon, his personal friend, who, a few years before, had migrated hither, on being chosen President of New Jersey College. He (the father) was a man of vigorous mind, of strong religious feelings, and of earnest devotion to the interests of his adopted country. He unhesitatingly espoused the cause of the Colonies in the war of the Revolution, and was employed as clothier to a brigade of American troops.

Young Finley evinced no inconsiderable precocity of intellect,—for, when he was only in his eighth year, he had begun the study of the Latin language. After having temporarily enjoyed the instruction of several different teachers, he was placed under the care of Mr. (afterwards the Rev. Dr.) Ashbel Green, then an undergraduate in Princeton College. Here he laid the foundation for that uncommonly thorough knowledge for which he was distinguished in after life. His teacher had occasion to admire his remarkable diligence, inquisitiveness, and success, not more than his exemplary sobriety and stability of character.

In 1783, when he was in his eleventh year, he joined the Freshman class in Princeton College. Mr. Green, having meanwhile graduated, and been appointed a Tutor in the College, had his young pupil still under his care; and he watched with great interest his improvement, especially in the classics. During the latter part of his college course, in which were embraced chiefly mathematical and philosophical studies, he was, as might have been expected from his extreme youth, less successful than he had been in the languages; nevertheless he maintained a respectable standing

* Brown's Memoir.—MS. from his son, Rev. R. S. Finley.

throughout his whole course, and was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1787, before he had completed his sixteenth year.

During the first winter after his graduation, he was employed, by the advice, and under the superintendence, of his venerable friend, Dr. Witherspoon, as a teacher of the grammar school at Princeton. Here he discovered a degree of firmness, good judgment, and tact, which commanded universal respect and confidence. While thus engaged, he received an invitation to take charge of a respectable Seminary in the State of Maryland. He shortly after visited the place with a view to accept the invitation; but his plans were frustrated by the accidental burning of the Academy just before he arrived there. He immediately returned to New Jersey, and accepted proposals to take charge of the Academy at Allentown.

His attention was first seriously directed to the subject of religion as a practical concern, during his Junior year in College; but though he did not then reach a point that was at all satisfactory to himself, his mind seems, from that time, not only never to have lost its interest in religious things, but to have been in a state of progressive seriousness. During his residence at Allentown, where he enjoyed the ministry of the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) Joseph Clark, he became so much established in his religious views and feelings, that he made a public profession of his faith, and was admitted a communicant in the Presbyterian Church.

From Allentown, where he was usefully employed as a teacher, Mr. Finley was called, in the autumn of 1791, to occupy a similar place in Charleston, S. C. He accepted the invitation, and became a resident for some time of that city, where he gained a high reputation as a gentleman, a Christian, and a teacher. He formed an acquaintance, and even an enduring friendship, with many of the old and distinguished families of the place, which continued to be a source of pleasure and advantage to him as long as he lived. The private diary,—evidently intended only for his own eye, which he kept during this period, shows that, amidst all the temptations to worldliness by which he was surrounded, he still maintained a consistent and constantly growing Christian character. Having determined to devote himself to the ministry, he left Charleston, after a residence there of about a year, and returned to Princeton, where he took charge of the grammar school, and at the same time commenced the study of Theology under the direction of Dr. Witherspoon. He was, however, soon appointed Tutor in College, and served in that capacity from 1793 to 1795,—with great success and acceptance.

Mr. Finley, having gone through a course of theological study in connection with his labours as an instructer at Princeton, was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, on the 16th of September, 1794. Having spent a few months in preaching to different congregations in New Jersey, he was invited, in the spring of 1795, to take charge of the vacant Congregation of Basking Ridge, and, having accepted the call, was ordained and installed on the 16th of June following. The Sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. James F. Armstrong, of Trenton, and the Charge was delivered by the Rev. Joseph Clark, with whose church Mr. Finley first united. The congregation with which he now became connected, had previously been in a distracted and unhappy state, and, having grown weary of their divisions, they gratefully welcomed their new pastor in the expectation

that, under his ministry, they should at least regain their former prosperity. Nor were their hopes disappointed.

In May, 1798, Mr. Finley was married to Esther, daughter of the Rev. James Caldwell, of Elizabethtown, whose tragical end forms one of the painful events in the history of the Revolution.

Shortly after his settlement at Basking Ridge, he was induced to receive into his family a small number of boys, with a view to their being fitted either for business or for College. The number gradually increased, till the enterprise resulted in one of the most popular and useful schools of the day. His high character as a teacher, and especially as a disciplinarian, drew to it many young men of the most respectable families in various parts of the country; and there are a goodly number still occupying prominent places of honour and usefulness in the liberal professions, who refer their earliest intellectual impulses to the influence of Mr. Finley.

The good fruit of his ministry at Basking Ridge began almost immediately to appear in the removal of former prejudices and alienations, in an increased attention to the means of grace, and in a general improved state of the congregation. In 1808, a revival of great power took place among his people, at the same time that some other churches in the neighbourhood were visited in a similar manner. The number admitted to the Communion as the fruit of this revival was about one hundred and fifty. He laboured in it with untiring zeal, and regarded it as a special manifestation of the Divine goodness in thus owning and blessing his early labours. At several succeeding periods during his ministry, an unusual attention to religion prevailed, followed by considerable accessions to the Church.

In the year 1806, Mr. Finley was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the College of New Jersey. He was in all respects well qualified for this station; and, as long as he continued in the State, he retained the office, discharging its various duties with alacrity and ability.

In 1809, he was appointed to preach the Missionary Sermon before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; and he performed the service in an able and satisfactory manner. He was appointed the same year, in connection with the Rev. Messrs. J. B. Romeyn, and E. D. Griffin, to represent the General Assembly in the General Association of Connecticut, which held its meeting that year at New London. This appointment also he fulfilled; and while he was highly gratified with his visit to New England, his health, which had been previously somewhat impaired, was improved by the journey.

In 1815, Mr. Finley suggested the idea of communicating religious instruction by means of Bible Classes. Such a class he instituted in his own congregation in the spring of that year; and so benign was its influence that he could not rest until he had made an effort to carry the like provision throughout the Church. Accordingly, he obtained an endorsement of the plan, first from the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and afterwards from the Synod of New York and New Jersey, involving, on the part of the latter Body, a resolution to request the General Assembly at their next session to give to it the weight of their recommendation. This request was readily complied with by a unanimous vote, recommending to all the Presbyteries and Congregations of the Presbyterian Church to take measures for carrying this plan into effect. Mr. Finley was of course exceedingly gratified by the

success of the effort, and recognised in it another signal instance of the Divine blessing upon his labours.

For some years previous to this time, Mr. Finley's mind had been earnestly directed to find out some plan for improving the condition of the Free People of Colour in this country; and the idea of Colonization, though he saw clearly the numerous difficulties by which it was beset, struck him as at once more desirable and more feasible than any other. Having, in the spirit of a broad philanthropy, conceived a plan for the accomplishment of this object, he conversed and corresponded in respect to it with a large number of the leading minds in various parts of the country, the result of which was that he was increasingly confirmed in respect to the obstacles which the enterprise must encounter on the one hand, and the possibility of their being successfully met on the other. He resolved at length to visit Washington during the session of Congress, with a view to make known his plan, to endeavour to enlist the co-operation of distinguished individuals in different parts of the country, and, if possible, to secure in some form the sanction of the Government itself, and finally to form a Society at the heart of the nation, whose influence should be felt to its remotest extremities. He arrived at Washington early in December, 1816. He immediately sought and obtained opportunities to confer, in respect to his favourite project, with the leading members of Congress, the Heads of Department, and even Mr. Madison himself; and, though all listened to him with respect, not a small number regarded the scheme as altogether impracticable and chimerical. His "Thoughts on the Colonization of the Free Blacks," published about this time, had no small influence in awaking public attention to the contemplated enterprise. By means of this pamphlet, in connection with his unwearied personal efforts, he succeeded in getting together a very respectable number of gentlemen, on the 21st of December, 1816, for the purpose of forming a Colonization Society. This meeting was eloquently addressed by several individuals of distinction, among whom were John Randolph and Henry Clay, the latter of whom presided. The meeting was adjourned for a week, in order to give time for making the arrangements preliminary to the formation of the Society; and on Saturday, the 28th of December, the second meeting was held, consisting of a large number of citizens of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, together with many members of Congress, at which the "American Society for Colonizing the Free People of Colour" was duly organized, with Bushrod Washington at its head. Mr. Finley regarded this as a triumph destined to mark an epoch in the history of the coloured population of our country, that would be recognised through all coming time.

On his return home, he stopped in Philadelphia, and was not a little disturbed at finding that the coloured people of that city had expressed strong disapprobation of the new project, as involving some compromise of their rights, or throwing a deeper shade over their prospects. He had a conference with some of the more intelligent of their number, and succeeded in satisfying them that not only was there no evil intended in respect to them, but that the plan was designed and adapted to subserve their highest interests.

Mr. Finley reached home about the middle of January, 1817; and, as the Legislature of New Jersey was then in session, he hastened to Trenton, the Capital of the State, with a view to attempt the formation of a subordi

nate Colonization Society for the State of New Jersey. Though he had to encounter here not a little of indifference, and somewhat of prejudice, he finally succeeded in the accomplishment of his purpose, and a Society auxiliary to that formed at Washington was constituted, and officers appointed for the ensuing year.

During his stay at Washington, he preached several times, not only there but in the neighbouring cities of Georgetown and Alexandria, and his services were uniformly in a high degree acceptable. The Presbyterian Church in Washington gave him a unanimous call to become their Pastor, which, however, he declined.

Shortly after his return from Washington, he received a letter from the Secretary of the Corporation of the University of Georgia, announcing to him his appointment to the Presidency of that institution, and urging his acceptance of it. This communication was not altogether unexpected to him, as he had been previously consulted in regard to the subject of it, and had given so much encouragement that, on certain conditions, he would accept the office, if it were proffered to him, as was thought to justify the appointment. After some further negotiations, during the pendency of which he felt no small anxiety as to the question of duty, he signified his acceptance of the place, and immediately commenced preparations for the removal of his family to Georgia.

Having now formed the purpose of leaving the State, he resigned the office of Trustee of Princeton College, which he had held during the twelve previous years; and the Board, in accepting his resignation, conferred upon him, as an expression of their high sense of his intellectual and moral worth, as well as his usefulness in connection with the College, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

On the 21st of April, he met the Presbytery with which he was connected, for the last time, and received from them his dismission with a view to his removal. The meeting was, both to him and to them, one of great interest; and the parting was attended by the strongest demonstrations of mutual attachment. The separation from his flock was a sore trial to him; and the strength of his feelings was such as to forbid his addressing them in a formal Farewell Discourse. He, however, in connection with his last services among them, gave them much appropriate and affectionate counsel, and, on the Sabbath immediately preceding his departure, administered the Lord's Supper to them for the last time.

He embarked with his family from New York early in May, and reached Savannah after a boisterous passage of nearly two weeks. Then he had two hundred miles to travel by land, before reaching the place of his destination,—a journey which occupied him fifteen days longer. On his arrival at Athens, where he was to make his home, he found in many respects a less encouraging and pleasant state of things than he had expected; and the College he described in a letter to a friend as "at the last gasp." He seems, however, to have been nothing daunted by adverse circumstances, but addressed himself with great vigour to his various duties, in the full
nfidence that a course of persevering effort would secure highly important
ilts. As there was no Presbyterian Church in the village of Athens,
n the immediate neighbourhood, he set himself immediately to form one,
this little band enjoyed his faithful ministrations on the Sabbath. At
ommencement, which occurred on the last Wednesday of July, he

presided with uncommon dignity and address, and on the preceding day delivered a Baccalaureate Discourse, which gave great and universal satisfaction, and confirmed the high hopes which had been formed in respect to his usefulness as President of the College. The greater part of the vacation he spent on a begging tour in aid of the college funds; and, as his mind and body were both constantly on the stretch during this time, and as he was exposed to the debilitating influence of a climate to which his constitution was unaccustomed, he now contracted the malady which terminated his life. He returned home in a state of unusual languor and prostration; but he still attended to various duties, and even met the Presbytery of Hopewell, at Madison, in Morgan County, on the 5th of September, and was received as a member of that body, and took part in their public religious exercises. But within a few days after this, his disease, which was a fever of a mixed type, so far developed itself that he was obliged to desist from all labour, and give himself into the physician's hands. His case became more and more alarming, resisting and baffling all medical skill, till the 3d of October, 1817, when he was released from the struggles of mortality. During part of his illness, he was sunk in a comatose state, which prevented all intercourse with him; but, whenever he had the use of his faculties, his mind seemed absorbed in religious contemplation, and his spirit was even panting for admission to the House not made with hands. His death was followed by every demonstration of respect to his memory, and the news of it came back, like an electric shock, to the numerous circle of friends in his native State, from whom he had so recently been separated.

Dr. Finley had nine children. His four sons all graduated at the College of New Jersey, and all became ministers except the youngest, who was a student of Theology, and under the care of Presbytery, at the time of his death. Mrs. Finley died while on a visit to her eldest son, in Lebanon, Ill., September 23, 1844.

Dr. Finley's publications are a Sermon on the Baptism of John, showing it to be a peculiar dispensation, and no example for Christians, 1807; a Sermon at the Funeral of the Rev. William Boyd, of Lamington, 1807; a Sermon on the nature and design, the benefits and proper subjects, of Baptism, 1808; two Sermons in the New Jersey Preacher, 1813; Thoughts on Colonisation, 1816.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL FISHER, D.D.

Cazenovia, N. Y., April 18, 1849.

My dear Sir: Your request that I should furnish you with my recollections of the late Dr. Robert Finley embarrasses me only because advanced years have rendered my recollections less distinct and accurate than they once were, and I fear I shall fail to do justice to the memory of my departed friend. I will, however, cheerfully communicate to you what I do remember concerning him; and, in order to aid my recollection, I have looked over some sketches of his life published many years ago, which are generally very much in accordance with my own impressions. I was on quite intimate terms with Dr. Finley for a number of years. We were both settled in New Jersey at a distance of only five or six miles from each other, and we often exchanged pulpits during that time, and met frequently at other times in occasional intercourse. I always cherished for him a high respect, and I may say a truly fraternal affection.

Dr. Finley's personal appearance was much in his favour. He had a fine, large, well proportioned form, and a countenance not lacking indeed in an expression of benevolence, but chiefly marked by decision and energy. His manners, though not unduly reserved, were dignified, and his whole appearance might perhaps be said to be rather commanding than attractive.

Nor were his appearance and manners any unfaithful index to the character of his mind and heart. His perceptions were uncommonly vivid, and his feelings proportionally strong. Whatever he did, he did with his whole heart and soul. Formed upon a scale of true nobleness, he could keep no terms with any thing that had even the appearance of disingenuousness and duplicity. He was always true to his own convictions, and yet was never disposed dogmatically to trench on the rights of others. In his latter years, the virtues of meekness and gentleness became more prominent in his character, while yet he lost nothing of his unyielding energy and glowing zeal.

As a preacher, he sustained a highly respectable rank among the better preachers of his time. I cannot say that his sermons, as specimens of composition to be read, were of a very high order; for his object seemed to be to bring out his strong and often striking thoughts without much regard to rhetorical effect; but there was in his sermons a copiousness and pertinence of thought, a perspicuity of style, and an all-pervading unction of manner, that often gave them great power over an audience. His religious views were fully in accordance with the standards of the Church to which he belonged; and the doctrines of man's deep and desperate depravity, and of atonement by the blood of Christ, and of regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Spirit, with other kindred doctrines, constituted the burden of his preaching. His prayers, though sometimes of extraordinary length, were yet so pertinent, and earnest and deeply evangelical, that they rarely, if ever, produced the feeling of weariness in those whose devotions he conducted.

He was a champion for the cause of revivals of religion. In the purity and the frequency of revivals he believed that the prosperity of the Church was, in a great measure, bound up; and he laboured in them with all the zeal and diligence which his high estimate of their importance was fitted to awaken. I am not aware that his zeal ever became enthusiasm, in the offensive sense of that word, or that in any measures he may have adopted in connection with revivals, he exceeded the bounds of strict propriety; and yet, had he lived at a later period, when what have been termed the "new measures" became the order of the day, it would, I have no doubt, have required all the strength of his judgment to have kept his zeal within the bounds which reason and Scripture prescribe.

In the pastoral relation, he evinced the utmost solicitude for the spiritual interests of his flock. He made himself at home in every part of his congregation, and, by his private intercourse, as well as his familiar addresses in neighbourhood circles, did much for their edification and spiritual growth. His intimate knowledge of human nature gave him great advantage in approaching his people individually in respect to their eternal interests. He knew how to find the right chord, and to touch it at the right time, and with the best effect. His conversation, even when it was not upon religious subjects, was always of useful tendency. His large store of knowledge, and his ready command of thought and expression, rendered him on all occasions a highly interesting companion.

He was a man of enlarged public spirit. The neighbourhood in which he lived felt his good influence, even in respect to its agricultural interests. The ecclesiastical judicatories with which he was connected, always found in him a judicious, active and highly influential member. The various benevolent institutions of the day owed much to his wise counsel and his efficient support. The welfare of the poor negroes particularly roused every energy and every sympathy of his soul. I well remember how earnestly and effectively he pressed the

subject of Colonization upon the Synod with which we were connected, while the Colonization Society existed in no other form than as a project in his own benevolent mind. His labours in that cause exhibited an almost martyr-like zeal; and in connection with it, probably his character is most gratefully embalmed, and his name will be longest remembered.

I am yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

SAMUEL FISHER.

EBENEZER DICKEY, D. D.*

1794—1831.

Ebenezer Dickey was born March 12, 1772, near Oxford, Chester County, Pa. His paternal ancestors migrated to this country from the North of Ireland, and, on their arrival here, attached themselves to the Associate Presbyterian Church. His mother, whose name was Jackson, was descended from English Puritans, who settled first in Maryland, and remained there until the supremacy of the Episcopal Church was established by law. Her brother, Paul Jackson, is spoken of in Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, as a graduate of the first class in the University of Pennsylvania. The subject of this sketch was called *Ebenezer*, from a grateful recognition of the merciful providence of God; and it was the earnest prayer of his mother, from his birth, that he might become a faithful minister of the Gospel.

His studies preparatory to entering College he pursued in a log schoolhouse, several miles from his father's, to which he was accustomed to walk every day; but he there enjoyed the instruction of a very eminent teacher,—a Mr. Wilson,—grandfather to the Rev. Mr. Ramsey, now (1848) a missionary of the Presbyterian Board among the Chocktaw Indians. After going through his preparatory course, he became a member of the University of Pennsylvania, then under the Presidency of the Rev. Dr. Ewing; and, having held a high rank as a scholar, he graduated with great credit in the year 1792. His theological education was conducted by the Rev. John Smith, who had been sent out from Scotland as a missionary, and, after acting for a time with the Associate Reformed Body, went back to the part of the Associate Church which had not come in at the union. After his licensure by the First Associate Reformed Presbytery of Pennsylvania, in 1794, he spent some time, preaching in different places on the Hudson River, and was finally settled over the United Congregations of Oxford and Octorora, Pa., in 1796. His connection with the Congregation of Octorora continued until 1800, and with that of Oxford, until his death, which occurred on the 31st of May, 1831.

In the year 1822, when the union was ratified between part of the Associate Reformed Synod and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the Pastor and Congregation of Oxford were brought under the care of the General Assembly.

Towards the close of the year 1819, he crossed the ocean, and travelled somewhat extensively in Europe, during the greater part of the next year,

* MS. from his son, Rev. Dr. J. M. Dickey, and Rev. Dr. McJimsey.

for the benefit of his health. His inquisitive and well furnished mind revelled in the new and vast field of observation that now opened upon him. He returned home in the autumn of 1820.

In 1823, he was honoured by the College of New Jersey with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The last few months of Dr. Dickey's life were months of great suffering. His disease, which was an affection of the stomach, though it subjected him to severe pain, never deprived him of his composure, self-possession, and cheerful confidence in the wisdom and goodness of his Heavenly Father. He manifested the deepest concern for the state of the Church, and would fain have desired to see her walking in a brighter light, previous to his departure; but he bowed submissively to God's sovereign will, and, without a murmuring word or look, committed to Him not only his own interests, but the more extended interests of his Redeemer's cause. His death was worthy of his life,—full of Christian hope and peace.

Dr. Dickey's whole course was marked by eminent disinterestedness. In the early part of his ministry, he was called to the pastoral charge of an important and wealthy congregation in the State of New York, but he preferred the more retired and humble place in which he actually spent his life. It was the Church in which his father and grandfather had served as elders; and in this endearing association, in connection with other circumstances, he found a motive strong enough to detain him there to the end of his days. One of his sons has entered into his labours, and has, for fifteen years, been successfully occupying the same field which the death of the father vacated. He has two sons in the ministry, and one daughter married to a clergyman; and his widow is still (1848) living.

Dr. Dickey's printed works are a "Tract to Parents," published by the American Tract Society; an Essay in pamphlet form entitled "A Plea for Christian Communion;" and a series of Letters published in Dr. Green's Christian Advocate entitled "Travels in Europe for health by an American Clergyman of the Synod of Philadelphia." These Letters were read very extensively and with great interest, and would have been published in a volume, if the author's consent could have been obtained.

FROM THE REV. GEORGE JUNKIN, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

EASTON, Pa., February 28, 1848.

Dear Brother: Yours of the 22d inst., asking for my impressions of my friend, the late Dr. Dickey of Oxford, has been duly received, and, in reply to it, I shall endeavour to guard the avenues of friendship, lest truth should fall before affection. Allow me to speak very briefly of him as a Man, a Christian, a Preacher, and a Public Benefactor.

As a Man, Dr. Dickey was the very personification of amiability. A flow of good sense, vivacity, and something bordering on wit, made him a most agreeable companion. His conversation, even when he was broken in health, was lively and instructive, by reason of his very general information. Few subjects turned up in the ever varying intercourse of society, upon which the company did not derive information as well as pleasure from his share of the conversation. Every person could see that he thought for himself without supposing that he monopolized the privilege. But conceding the same right to all others, he never

attempted to force his opinions upon his friends, except as reason constituted force.

But the leading moral characteristic of the man was *sincerity*—he was a *true* man. Apart from what grace had made him, there was a deep sincerity woven into the very texture of his mind. Paul before his conversion lived in all good conscience before God. He was sincere and honest, though in error—so our brother was a true man; and when his mind was enlightened, and his heart sanctified, he became one of the brightest examples of uncorruptness;—"an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile."

As a Christian, humility was perhaps the strongest point of his character. There was in his whole manner an inimitable and unaffected simplicity, in respect to which I have often been at a loss whether it was to be put more to the credit of nature or of grace. He was truly humble, without appearing to know it. This, combined with the deep current of devotional feeling, whose refreshing waters flowed directly from the living Rock, gave to him a moral force, both in private circles and in public bodies, which can never be attained by mere learning, talents, and eloquence. He was an eminently prudent man, and therefore an eminently safe counsellor; and it is believed that the counsels of few men were ever as seldom disregarded as his. Whether they were whispered into the ear of private friendship, or spread before the understandings of the deliberative body, they were very generally adopted, and rarely followed by regrets.

As a Preacher, Dr. Dickey was clear, strong, solemn and impressive. His manner was not graceful—he aimed at nothing like oratorical effect. But his power of analysis being very considerable, he generally succeeded in exhibiting the truths of his text or context in such logical arrangement, as to secure the attention and carry the understandings of his hearers with him. He never uttered sound without sense; and he seems to have understood the true philosophy of mind,—for he practised upon the principle that the most logical and philosophical arrangement of thoughts is the easiest for the hearer to comprehend, as well as for the speaker to present. Accordingly, Dr. Dickey's auditors were very likely to leave the church meditating upon the truths they had brought away with them—not the words, gestures, tones, and manner, of the preacher, but the thoughts, occupied their minds; and they found it easier to remember his discourses than those of almost any other man. It were well if our young ministers would seriously consider this. What may be called the essay style of sermonizing may entertain and amuse; but philosophical analysis and logical arrangement will edify and permanently benefit.

Dr. Dickey always made himself felt in the Councils of the Church. As a Director of the Theological Seminary under the care of Dr. J. M. Mason of New York, he exerted great influence, and commanded universal respect. Between him and Dr. Mason there existed a most tender and confidential friendship. Long did they labour together in building up the Associate Reformed Church; and afterwards they as cheerfully co-operated in bringing about a union of a portion of that church with the General Presbyterian Body. Here too, Dr. Dickey exercised an almost unbounded influence. No man in the Newcastle Presbytery was looked up to with feelings of deeper affection, or more cordial confidence. So also in the large Synod of Philadelphia his prudence and soundness of judgment, as well as his guileless character, soon secured to him a high place in the respect and good will of his brethren. A similar position he held in the General Assembly; but just as his influence was beginning to be extensively felt there, disease arrested him in his course, and at no distant period both his usefulness and his life were at an end.

Upon the general benevolent enterprises his mind was much set, and his tongue and his pen were ready to help forward every good cause. In the use of the pen, he confined himself chiefly, in his earlier days, to preparations for the pulpit, and

at a later period to fugitive essays for periodicals. Perhaps I should except his Letters in the Christian Advocate, edited by Dr. Green, (vols. 3d, 4th, 5th,) entitled "Travels in Europe for health in 1820." These Letters excited very considerable interest, when published, and I have often wondered why the public did not demand them in a separate volume. Certainly there are few travellers better worth being accompanied; few observers who have given forth more interesting and instructive matter. Indeed, letter writing was Dr. Dickey's forte, as to the pen. In this department of literature, I might almost say that he was unrivalled.

Very respectfully yours in the Lord,

GEORGE JUNKIN.

FROM THE REV. JOHN KNOX, D. D.

New York, March 11, 1848.

Dear Brother: It gives me pleasure to know that in the work which you have under preparation, the name of the late Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Dickey is to have a place. It is a name worthy to be associated with the names of the best men who have adorned the American Pulpit.

Doctor Dickey was eminent alike in intellectual endowments and moral worth. He possessed a clear, comprehensive and well disciplined mind, capable in a high degree of sustained, vigorous and successful effort. His judgment was sound, his piety fervent and consistent, and his life was without reproach. Of childlike simplicity of character,—amiable, cheerful, social, and affectionate, enjoying the confidence of all, he was a man eminently beloved.

In his theological views he was conscientiously and decidedly a Calvinist; but he was no bigot. Taught and disciplined in the School of Christ, the affections of his warm, kind and sanctified heart flowed out freely to all who loved his Lord. His preaching was with peculiar *unction*—often tender and touching,—always clear, rich, evangelical and impressive in thought; and, although his utterance was laboured and slow, his manifest sincerity and earnestness rendered his manner by no means unattractive, especially to the intelligent and sober-minded.

As a member of the various Church Courts he was admirable, and uniformly exerted great influence. Thoroughly drilled in the rules of procedure; firm in his adherence to what he believed to be evangelical truth and order; and at the same time, kind in spirit, modest and unassuming in manner, and always honest and disinterested, the most gifted of his compeers yielded to him a cheerful deference.

He was, as the natural result of his peculiar qualities, a prominent actor in the affairs of his Church,—a frequent and leading member of her delegated Courts, and in the adjustment of affairs of difficulty and delicacy, his counsel and influence were frequently invoked.

Such, in few words, was the character of this revered father, as impressed upon my mind and heart in the days of my youth. My recollections of him are all respectful, affectionate and pleasant.

Wishing you the Divine assistance and guidance in presenting to our imitation the examples of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises,

I am, dear brother, affectionately and truly

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

JOHN KNOX.

JAMES GILLILAND.*

1794—1845.

JAMES GILLILAND, a son of Alexander and Frances Gilliland, was born in Lincoln County, N. C., October 28, 1769. His grandparents emigrated from Ireland. His father was a farmer, and James, during his boyhood, was occupied with his father in assisting to support the family.

He was fitted for College under the Rev. William C. Davis of South Carolina. In due time, he became a member of Dickinson College, Carlisle, where he was graduated in 1792. He then returned to Carolina, and prosecuted his theological studies, partly at least under the direction of the same clergyman by whom he had been fitted for College. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of South Carolina on the 26th of September, 1794; and was ordained and installed Pastor of the Broadaway Congregation, in the summer of 1796.

During his residence at Carlisle, Mr. Gilliland's views of the subject of slavery seem to have undergone an important change; and it would appear from the Records of both Presbytery and Synod, that his zeal in the cause of emancipation subjected him to some degree of embarrassment. The Rev. Dr. Howe, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., has kindly furnished me the following statement as the result of his examination of the Presbyterial Records:—

"At his ordination and installation over Broadaway Church, in 1796, a remonstrance signed by eleven or twelve persons against his ordination, is mentioned. Mr. Gilliland denied that he had preached against the government, but acknowledged that he had preached about slavery before he was called by the Church and since. The next day he said that he thought the voice of God, through the counsel of the Presbytery, advised him to desist from preaching upon that topic, and that he would not do so without previously consulting the Presbytery. The difference between him and the remonstrants was thus made up, and he was ordained. He afterwards consulted Presbytery on the subject. They advised that he should still desist until he should have an opportunity to obtain the judgment of the Synod."

The following minute appears in the Records of Synod, at their meeting in November of the same year:—

"A memorial was brought forward and laid before Synod, by the Rev. James Gilliland, stating his conscientious difficulties in receiving the advice of the Presbytery of South Carolina, which has enjoined upon him to be silent in the pulpit on the subject of the emancipation of the Africans; which injunction Mr. Gilliland declares to be, in his apprehension, contrary to the counsel of God. Whereupon, Synod, after deliberation upon the matter, do concur with the Presbytery in advising Mr. Gilliland to content himself with using his utmost endeavours in private to open the way for emancipation, so as to secure our happiness as a people, preserve the peace of the Church, and render them capable of enjoying the blessings of liberty. Synod is of the opinion, to preach publicly against slavery, in present circumstances,

* Foote's Sketches of N. C.—MSS. from his son, Rev. A. B. Gilliland, and Rev. H. S. Fullerton.

and to lay down as the duty of every one to liberate those who are under their care, is that which would lead to disorder, and open the way to great confusion."

Mr. Gilliland retained his connection with the Broadaway Congregation a little less than eight years. Both his character and ministrations were highly appreciated, and even those who dissented most earnestly from his views of duty in regard to slavery, were not slow to award to him the credit of acting from deliberate and conscientious conviction. It is understood, however, that this difference ultimately led him to seek a residence in another State. He was dismissed from Broadaway Congregation on the 4th of April, 1804, and had leave to travel beyond the bounds of the Presbytery, being furnished, at the same time, with the requisite credentials. On the 3d of April, 1805, he was dismissed to join the Presbytery of Washington, in Kentucky, and about the same time settled in Red Oak, Brown County, Ohio, where he remained till the close of his life.

Mr. Gilliland had naturally a vigorous constitution, but it was very much broken by a severe attack of typhoid fever in the year 1818; and, though he continued to preach till within a year of his death, he suffered not a little from bodily infirmity. The disease which terminated his life was ossification of the heart. It was long and painful, but borne with great patience. He died on the 1st of February, 1845, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Two Sermons were preached with reference to his death—one by the Rev. J. Rankin, the other by the Rev. L. Gilmer.

Mr. Gilliland was married to Frances Baird,—it is believed in the year 1793. She died on the 23d of August, 1837. They had thirteen children, three of whom received a collegiate education. One of them is a Presbyterian clergyman—two are lawyers.

Mr. Gilliland published a Dialogue on Temperance, 1820; a Sermon on Missions, delivered before the Synod of Kentucky; and a Sermon delivered before the Synod of Cincinnati on the abuse of ardent spirits.

FROM THE REV. H. S. FULLERTON.

South Salem, O., May 7, 1855.

My dear Sir: Father Gilliland, concerning whom you ask for my personal recollections, was, for about forty years, a member of the Presbytery which licensed and ordained me, and with which I have been connected ever since. He was, however, an old man before I knew him. His once erect and manly form was shrivelled and bowed with disease and age; and time had given him the hoary head which was "a crown of glory," because it "was found in the way of righteousness." If it had been possible for a stranger to look upon him without observing his expansive brow, and his keen, sparkling blue eye, he might have supposed that he had before him the image of feebleness, mental as well as bodily. But these features could not be overlooked at any time, especially when he was speaking. It was then seen that beneath these snows there was a glowing fire which clothed his countenance with brightness, and shed light all around him. There was a singular transparency in his mind. On one occasion, during an animated and earnest discussion in our Synod, an eminent minister from abroad sat at my side—a man well known throughout our country, especially the West and Southwest. Father Gilliland rose to speak. The stranger, not knowing him, seemed, for a little while, listless and inattentive; but his eye was soon fixed upon the speaker with an expression of interest and wonder; and, as

soon as the speech was closed, he turned to me, and exclaimed,—"Sir, that old man's path was a path of light."

At another time, one of our Western Presbyteries refused to license a young man, who had just graduated at one of our Theological Seminaries, because they considered him ultra on some points of Christian morality. One of his supposed errors was on the subject of war. He had embraced the notion that war, whether offensive or defensive, is, in all cases, sinful. A distinguished clergyman who was a Professor in the Seminary where the young man had graduated, and was also a member of the Presbytery that had refused to license him, felt aggrieved at the manner in which he had been treated. At his request, the young man appeared before the Chilicothe Presbytery, as a candidate. Father Gilliland proposed to him a series of questions, which led him on step by step, with irresistible force, until he fully and frankly confessed that he had been in error. He soon became a very devoted and useful minister.

Father Gilliland was a very humble and modest man. He shrank from every thing like ostentation or display. Plainness, extreme plainness characterized his dress, his style of living, and his style of speaking;—every thing he said, and every thing he did. In preaching, more perhaps than any man I ever knew, he hid himself behind his subject, especially when that subject was the cross. Self, nothing—Christ, all in all, seemed to be his motto. His great modesty never forsook him to the last. On visiting his grave some years after his burial, I was grieved to find that the only memorial on the plain head-stone that marked the spot was this,—"James Gilliland, Born ———, Died ———." When I remonstrated with his friends about the meagerness of the inscription, they assured me that all had been done in accordance with his expressed wishes. But while he was modest, he was not mean; and while diffident, he was far from being timid. He was distrustful of himself; but not of the cause he espoused, or the doctrine he preached. He never embraced doctrines until he was well convinced that they were true, or appeared as the advocate of a cause until he felt confident that it was right. And then he seemed to say,—"What I have written, I have written." He appeared never to ask the question,—"Are my sentiments popular?" but simply, "Are they true?"—and when this question was answered in the affirmative, nothing could induce him to shrink from their avowal on all proper occasions. There were some memorable instances in the course of his ministry of his exhibiting an almost martyr-like spirit, in adhering to his honest convictions.

Father Gilliland was of a social, cheerful disposition. Although never forgetful of his dignity as a Christian minister, there was a vein of good humour and pleasantry in his conversation which made him a highly attractive companion. Neither the infirmities of old age, nor the depressing effects of disease, destroyed his vivacity when among his friends, or his animation when in the pulpit. His conversation was always edifying and instructive—his sermons eminently so. Although not written, they were carefully thought out, and well arranged. They were clear, practical, experimental, instructive, and often strikingly original; and the impression they made was not a little deepened by the solemnity of the speaker's manner, and by a voice clear and strong even in old age. I never heard Dr. Alexander speak in public but once; and that was in 1842, when he was quite an old man. His voice reminded me at once of Father Gilliland's, though I thought it had less volume and more treble in it. Father G.'s gestures were few, but they were always natural and simple. You will observe that I speak of him as he was in his later years—of his manner when he was a young man I have no knowledge.

But I must not omit to say that that which imparted the richest lustre to all his powers was his sincere, heartfelt godliness. He was an eminently devout and experimental Christian. A short time before his death he remarked to me,—

"I hear one class of men who preach the doctrines of the Gospel very well; and another who preach its practical duties very well; but none of us preach enough on experimental religion." The remark seemed to me as just as it was characteristic.

Very truly your friend and brother,

H. S. FULLERTON.

SETH WILLISTON, D. D.*

1794—1851.

SETH WILLISTON was the third child of Consider and Rhoda (King) Williston, and was born at Suffield, Conn., April 4, 1770. His father united the two occupations of saddler and farmer, and bore in all respects an excellent character. The son, previous to commencing his preparation for College, and to some extent while he was making it, assisted his father both in the shop and on the farm; and he was remarkable then, as he was through life, for a habit of industry. In July, 1786, he commenced the study of Latin under the tuition of the Rev. R. S. Storrs of Longmeadow, Mass., and he subsequently studied under William Gay and Jedediah Starks of Suffield, and at a still later period under a Mr. Colton in Somers. In June, 1787, he became a member of an Academy at Norwich, Vt., and in September following was admitted a Freshman in Dartmouth College. During his college course he was distinguished for his scholarship, and when he graduated, in 1791, delivered a Greek Oration.

Shortly after his graduation, he took charge of a school at Windsor, Conn., where he remained till April, 1792. The next two years—from May 1792 to May 1794—he taught an Academy at New London, where he had for a pupil the late Rev. Dr. Channing, who was at that time fitting for College. Here a new impulse seems to have been given to his religious feelings, and a tone of greater efficiency and elevation to his Christian character, which marked an important epoch in the history of his life.

In June, 1794, he commenced the study of Theology under the Rev. Dr. Backus of Somers; though much of his reading, during the two or three preceding years, had been in the direction of his future profession. Having remained with Dr. Backus about four months, he was licensed on the 7th of October following, by the Tolland County Association, holding its session at Willington, to preach the Gospel. He preached for the first time, at Willington, on the next Sabbath.

During the first nine months after his licensure, he was occupied in supplying, temporarily, several churches in Connecticut,—namely, Waterbury, New Fairfield, Middlebury, Derby, and Litchfield. In July, 1795, he went to Vermont, and divided his labours chiefly between the Churches of Dorset and Rupert, until May, 1796,—during which period large measures of Divine influence seemed to attend his ministry. He was invited and urged to settle at Rupert, but preferred to delay giving his answer until he had

* Hotchkin's Western New York.—MSS. from Rev. Timothy Williston, Rev. Daniel Waldo, and Mr. Hervey Chittenden.

visited his friends in Massachusetts and Connecticut; and, after consulting with them, especially with his venerable theological teacher, Dr. Backus, he, at length, resolved to decline the call from Rupert, and visit the Chenango country (as it was then called) in the State of New York. After visiting New London, New Haven, and New York, he went in July, 1796, to that part of the town of Union, N. Y., which was known as "Patterson's," or "the Chenango, Settlement." He laboured there and in the adjoining region, with much success, till May, 1797, when he revisited Suffield. On the 7th of June following, he was ordained as an evangelist, at Northington, Conn., at a meeting of the North Association of Hartford County.

Very soon after his ordination, he returned to Union, and laboured in that region, and on the Military Tract, as a missionary of the Connecticut Society, travelling extensively, suffering great hardships and deprivations, scattering the seed of the word wherever he had opportunity, and laying the foundation of many churches which have since attained to a good degree of strength and efficiency. Among these was the Church in Lisle, (formerly included in Union,) which he organised on the 15th of December, 1797,—then composed of sixteen members. About two years after, he was called to become their stated minister. He declined the invitation at first, but accepted it about a year afterwards, though, owing to various hindrances, his installation did not take place till the 19th of October, 1803, on which occasion the Sermon was preached by the Rev. Joel Chapin.*

Mr. Williston's labours in this new country were prosecuted with the most untiring zeal, and were attended by many tokens of the Divine favour. Not only his own immediate charge, but the whole surrounding region, was, to a great extent, under his supervision; and the monuments of his ceaseless vigilance and fidelity were multiplied in every direction through an extensive territory. There is here and there a survivor to witness how faithfully he served his Master, while acting as a pioneer in that then remote and difficult field.

On the 8th of May, 1804, Mr. Williston was married to Mrs. Sibyl Dudley, widow of Wright Dudley, of Lisle, and daughter of General Orringe Stoddard, of Stockbridge, Mass. He had one child,—*Timothy*, who became a Presbyterian minister, and is now (1857) settled at Strongsville, O. Mrs. Williston died at Durham, N. Y., on the 4th of August, 1849, aged eighty-three years.

After serving the people of Lisle, not far from ten years, Mr. Williston resigned his charge, and on the 4th of July, 1810, was installed Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Durham, N. Y. Here he continued in the vigorous and successful discharge of his ministerial duties for about eighteen years. At the close of that period, (December 22, 1828,) he received a dismission, at his own urgent request, and, during the rest of his life, preached in various places, chiefly in the State of New York, and in the

* JOEL CHAPIN was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1791, at the age of thirty; having in early life served as a soldier in the war of the Revolution. After preaching for some time as a missionary at Jericho, (now North Bainbridge,) N. Y., he was installed as Pastor of the Church in that place, in the year 1798. Ill health retarded his entrance on the ministry, and shortened the time of his active labours in it. During more than twenty of the last years of his life, he resided in Pennsylvania,—was at first a member of the Presbytery of Susquehanna, and, on the division of that Presbytery, was set off to the Presbytery of Montrose, with which he continued in connection till the close of his life. He died in the year 1845. He is said to have been a man of fervent piety, and eminently skilled in transacting ecclesiastical business, and in healing divisions in the Church.

region which constituted the field of his earlier labours. He devoted no small part of his time, from the period of his settlement in Durham, till the close of his ministry, to writing for the press; and not long before his death, he brought out a work entitled "Millennial Discourses," which, in point of execution as well as spirit, would have been creditable to him at any period of his life.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Hamilton College in 1838.

Though Dr. Williston had felt, for some years, the infirmities of age, he was almost constantly active, in some way or other, in endeavouring to promote the Redeemer's cause. His eye was open to all the signs of the times, and his heart seemed always to beat in quicker pulsations, at every new victory that was gained over moral evil. While he was pursuing the great object of his life with unceasing interest and effort, he was suddenly arrested by disease, and, after a short period of severe bodily suffering, finished his earthly course. He had great tranquillity of mind amidst all his suffering, and met the last enemy without any signs of dismay or apprehension. He died at Guilford Centre, Chenango County, N. Y., on the 2d of March, 1851, having nearly completed his eighty-first year. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. J. P. Hoyt of Coventry,—his former pupil, from II. Samuel iii. 38. "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

The following is a list of Dr. Williston's publications:—

VOLUMES.

An Address to Parents, 1799. Sermons on Doctrinal and Experimental Religion, 1812. Five Discourses on the Sabbath, 1813. A Vindication of some of the most essential doctrines of the Reformation, 1817. Sermons on the Mystery of the Incarnation and the Special Influences of the Spirit, 1823. Sermons adapted to Revivals, 1828. Harmony of Divine truth, 1836. Discourses on the Temptations of Christ, 1837. Christ's Kingdom not of this world: Three Discourses, 1843. Lectures on the moral imperfection of Christians, 1846. Millennial Discourses, 1848.

PAMPHLETS.

The Agency of God in raising up important characters, and rendering them useful: A Sermon delivered at Scipio, N. Y., in commemoration of the death of General Washington, 1800. A Sermon on Intemperance, 1808. A Discourse on Friendship, delivered at Durham before the Friendship Lodge, 1810. A Sermon illustrating the duty of Females to aid in advancing the Kingdom of Christ, 1819. Two Discourses on the membership, obligations, and privileges of the seed of the Church,—the children of the Covenant, 1820. A Fast Sermon on the National profanation of the Sabbath, 1825. A Sermon on Revivals of Religion, 1827. A Sermon on the great importance of a right entrance on a Christian profession, 1833. The Parable of the Sower, in two Sermons, 1834. Slavery not a scriptural ground of division in efforts for the salvation of the heathen: A Tract, 1844.

In addition to the above, he published the following tracts without his name:—Will all men be saved—Subjection to civil government a moral obligation—The fear of God the most efficient principle of moral action—Thoughtlessness on the subject of Religion unreasonable—The Sabbath—On the importance of distinguishing between true and false conversions.

My acquaintance with Dr. Williston did not commence till within a little more than two years before his death: though his name and character had long been familiar to me, I had never met him until February, 1849, when he came to my house, introduced himself, and passed two or three days in my family. I was struck at once with his intelligent countenance, his grave and venerable aspect, and his simple and somewhat puritanic manner. As I became acquainted with him, I found that he had a vigorous and well stored mind; and while he was by no means lacking in general information, was uncommonly familiar with the Bible, and with the History of the Church, and was accustomed to look much at the events of providence both as the fulfilment of prophecy, and as the legitimate preparation for the universal triumph of the Gospel. He had evidently paid great attention to metaphysical theology, and his system seemed to embrace at least some of what have generally been considered the extreme views of the school of Hopkins. In one of my conversations with him I was surprised to find him seeming to take for granted that many at least who die in infancy are lost; but I found him less capable of sustaining his position than I had expected. After a somewhat extended discussion, I remarked to him that the subject was unpleasant to me, as I had buried an infant child a few days before. "That," said he, "may be the very reason why you ought to hear more about it." But, notwithstanding some of his views seemed to me extreme, I was much impressed with the spirituality of his conversation, and the high tone of benevolent feeling and action which he manifested. I think I have rarely, if ever, seen a person, who seemed more scrupulously to consult his conscience in every thing, or to have a more single aim to the glory of his Master. He visited me a second time, I think, in the succeeding autumn, when he was circulating his "Millennial Discourses," which he published and sold for the benefit of the missionary cause. On that occasion, he preached an evening lecture for me, on the glorious prospects of the Church; and though he had no notes, it was a well digested and able discourse, and delivered with very considerable animation and fervour. I saw him afterwards, for the last time, at the Commencement at Dartmouth College, in August, 1850. I believe that he was the oldest graduate on the ground; but I observed that he was present at all the exercises, and seemed to listen to all with great interest. I remember his telling me that he had delivered the annual oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, about fifty years before. He seemed at that time in good health, but the next news that reached me concerning him was that he had entered into his rest.

FROM THE REV. JOHN FISKE, D. D.

NEW BRAINTREE, Mass., January 20, 1852.

My dear Sir: In attempting to comply with your request that I should furnish you with some recollections of my much esteemed class mate,—the Rev. Dr. Williston, I must go back to our college life; for though I have often met him in later years, yet my most intimate acquaintance with him was during that interesting period, which closed sixty years ago last August. We were always on terms of most friendly intercourse. The impression which his character made upon my mind, during our four years' intimacy in College, seems, at this time, almost as vivid as when we parted.

Mr. Williston was considered by myself, and I am very certain, by all his associates, as possessing natural talents far above mediocrity; and, being a diligent student, he became what was esteemed at that day in Dartmouth College, an excellent classical scholar. He was one among the few first. He excelled especially in composition and elocution.

In his conduct in College, he uniformly manifested a scrupulous regard for law and order. He never, to my knowledge, performed an act, that was an occasion of regret to the Faculty, or that left the semblance of a stain upon his character.

As he possessed not only an independent mind, but a sanguine temperament, it was not strange that he should sometimes appear to claim superiority when among equals; and to be very tenacious of his own opinions and less regardful of those of others, when they were not in accordance with his own, than he ought to have been. What needed correction in his natural character, probably, more than any thing else, was a spirit of excessive emulation.

Mr. Williston did not make a public profession of his faith till after he left College; but he was far from being inattentive to the subject of religion, during his college course. Not only was he a constant and reverent attendant on all his duties in the chapel, morning, and evening, and on the Lord's day, but all his associations were with persons of a serious character. He was a regular attendant also at our religious conferences, and often took an edifying part in the devotional service. In his conversation, he evinced deep religious feeling.

I feel authorized to say that his not making a profession of religion at an earlier day, was owing to his desire and expectation of receiving higher evidence of his having been born from above than, to say the least, is usually granted. With this same feeling he was tried in subsequent life; and I know not but that it continued with him till the close. It probably contributed to impart a somewhat sombre hue to his Christian experience.

With the knowledge which I had of my beloved class mate, when I parted with him at the close of our college course, I was quite prepared to hear, in due time, of his being a laborious, earnest, and successful minister of the Gospel, in the wide field to which he was early called. Though I am not acquainted with the various localities at which he has been stationed, from time to time, yet, from all that I have known or heard of him, my impression is, that he justly deserves the reputation of having been an able and faithful servant of Christ, and that he has been instrumental of turning many to righteousness, who will be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord.

I am, Sir, yours most sincerely,
And with great respect,
JOHN FISKE.

FROM THE REV. DANIEL WALDO.

GEDDES, November 4, 1851.

Dear Sir: Dr. Williston being a native of Suffield, I became acquainted with him soon after I was settled there in the ministry, and from that time I had more or less intimacy with him till the close of his life. He had not commenced his ministerial career when I first knew him, but I think he did shortly after; and I well remember that, at an early period in my ministry, he came and laboured with me some time, and to very good purpose, during a season of unusual attention to religion among my people.

He was a tall and rather slender man, and had a countenance indicating great thoughtfulness, and withal tinged with a hue of sadness. His mind was naturally rather of a metaphysical turn, and his theological and religious associations probably rendered it still more decidedly so. He had very little imagination, while he possessed the reasoning faculty in much more than common

strength. He was by no means unsocial in his habits, and yet, owing to some cause or other, he was less cheerful in his ordinary intercourse than could have been desired. He possessed naturally an amiable and benevolent spirit. His views were, I believe, very thoroughly in accordance with the Hopkinsian school, in the early part of his ministry; and whether they were in any degree modified, or to what extent, at a later period, I do not know. I am inclined to think, however, from some circumstances, that he held his peculiar opinions somewhat less rigidly towards the close than in the early part of his life. He used to defend vigorously the notion that God was the efficient cause of sin in the same sense as of holiness; that infants are not saved, &c.—indeed I suppose him to have been one of the most thorough Hopkinsians of his day. But no one could know him even slightly, without being satisfied that his attainments in religion were much beyond the ordinary measure. He was among the most devout men I have ever known: not a small portion of each day he spent in private communion with his God. He was eminently conscientious—particularly careful not to go beyond the line in little things; and sometimes he carried this so far that his conduct might almost be set to the account of a morbid sensitiveness. I remember, for instance, to have known a case in which he had dated a letter two or three days before the time it was written; and it weighed upon his conscience so much that he could have no peace till the mistake was corrected. His conversation was chiefly upon religious subjects, and he was evidently always uneasy if he was placed in circumstances where he was obliged, for any considerable time, to talk about any thing else. Whenever he entered a family as a guest, he felt that he had a duty to perform towards the family in ascertaining, so far as he could, the spiritual condition of the different members, and in administering pertinent counsels and admonitions. I have no doubt that he was sometimes led by his notions of fidelity in this respect too far, and that his excessive zeal really defeated his own good intentions. His religious character, not less than his natural temperament, was rather of the sombre cast; and while he kept you impressed with the idea that he was an eminently devoted man, you could not but wish that his religious experience had assumed a somewhat more cheerful character.

As a preacher, Dr. Williston was distinguished in the class to which he belonged. His preaching was more doctrinal than is common at this day; and his statements of doctrine were modified of course by the Hopkinsian theory. But he was nevertheless, for the most part, simple and direct in his illustrations and appeals, and rarely, if ever, spoke above the comprehension of the common mind. I think he dwelt more on the terrors of the Law than the glories of the Gospel. Many of his sermons were written out, and not a few of them published; but a large part of them were either not written at all, or were delivered from short notes. His manner of speaking in the pulpit was manly and earnest, without any thing that looked like an attempt to speak well. He extemporized with great facility, and I suspect that his extemporaneous efforts were generally his most effective ones. He was, however, a sensible, perspicuous and useful writer, as his published works attest.

Not a small part of his life he spent as a missionary in Western New York. I subsequently followed about in his track, and was struck with the fact that the traces of his devoted activity and energy were to be found everywhere. The last time I saw him was at Braintree, Mass., shortly before his death. He was going round from house to house, offering for sale a book which he had just published, having a bearing on the conversion of the world. He felt himself relieved from the indelicacy with which he might otherwise have been chargeable, from the consideration that the avails of his book were sacredly appropriated to the cause of missions. His heart was greatly in the missionary work, and no occasion was more attractive to him than a missionary meeting. He was extensively

known in the Church, and the memory of his earnest piety and faithful labours will long remain fragrant.

I omitted to mention, in the proper place, that, in the early part of his ministry, he fell into great doubts on the subject of Baptism, and for some little time suspended the exercise of his ministerial functions. He was at the time greatly depressed in spirit; but he was, after a while, relieved of his scruples, and his mind recovered its accustomed tone.

Very truly yours,

DANIEL WALDO.

SAMUEL RALSTON, D. D.

1794—1851.

FROM THE REV. A. T. McGILL, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.*

ALLEGHANY CITY, December 8, 1851.

Dear Brother: My knowledge of Dr. Ralston began in my boyhood; for I was born and educated in Washington County, Pa., where he lived and laboured more than half a century. My fondest recollections of college life are identified with the image of his noble and majestic person, bland, though dignified, demeanour, and exceedingly accurate and extensive classical attainments. For though at no time a teacher in Jefferson College, he was President of the Board of Trustees from the date of its Charter, 1802, till the beginning of the present year, 1851; and remarkably punctual, all the while, in attending the examination of the students.

A few hours before his death, he requested of his family that, if any man would say any thing about him, when he was gone, it should be myself. Hence you may be assured that whatever defects the following brief account may betray, it is at least a *warranted* sketch; alike by your own kind request, and the testamentary word of this departed father.

SAMUEL RALSTON was born in Ireland, County of Donegal, in the year 1756. His parentage was highly respectable, and of that good old Scottish character, which made his house a nursery of Gospel truth, where religion with its Bible and Catechisms, instead of politics with its newspapers, early imbued his vigorous mind.

The rudiments of a classical education he received in the neighbourhood of his birthplace; and like the Irish Presbyterian schools of that day generally, his must have been thorough in its training, if we may judge from the accurate and extensive classical attainments for which he was distinguished. He completed his studies at the University of Glasgow. Some years after his entrance on the ministry, he migrated to America,—arriving on our shores in the spring of 1794. After itinerating about two years in Eastern Pennsylvania, he went West, and was called immediately, in the year 1796, to the pastoral care of the united Congregations of Mingo Creek and Williamsport, (now Monongahela City,) where he remained during the residue of his life,—Pastor of the latter branch, thirty-five years, and of

* Now (1857,) Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton.

the former, forty years. In 1798, he was married to a lady in a neighbouring congregation. Pigeon Creek, whose family name was Ferguson. They had nine children,—three sons and six daughters;—five of whom,—one son and four daughters, are still living. One of the sons had just completed his preparatory studies for the ministry, with bright promise of distinguished usefulness, when he was removed by death. All these children gladdened their venerable father by a reasonable and hopeful connection with the visible Church. And in his long loneliness after the death of his wife, whom he survived some twenty-four years, his children, and especially one daughter who remained unmarried, cherished his life and health with more than ordinary filial faithfulness and tender care.

In 1822, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Washington College, Pa.

Although later in coming to this field of Western Pennsylvania than McMillan, Power, Hughes, McCurdy, and others, he was contemporary with these fathers in their best days; and shared with them the remarkable season of revival which spread over this country with such wonderful power, and abiding benefit and blessing. The estimation in which he was held by those distinguished men, and the extent to which he was interested and active in that memorable work of grace, may be inferred from the fact that he was their chosen writer and champion in the polemics of that time. At their urgent request, he wrote "The Curry-Comb," published in 1805,—a little book, whose current title suited the rather quaint and unpolished humour of pioneers in "the back woods;" but the contents of which might well rank with the "Characteristics" of Witherspoon for keenness of satire, and overwhelming vigour of argument and animadversion. His object was to answer objections to "the falling work," as it was often called with a sneer.

This first production of his pen, though written in times of religious excitement, and with evident polemical heat, fairly exhibits the qualities of his mind as a thinker and writer. These were energy and independence of thought, directness of argument, candour, comprehensive power to seize the main point at issue, and dismiss a thousand irrelevances, on which inferior minds would dwell to prolixity; and withal, a magnanimity of heart, and even courtesy of expression at times, which would do honour to the best writers in seats of urbane and cultivated literature.

His watchtower was in the woods; but nothing of any importance in the religious, literary, or political, world, escaped his keen observation. When the speculations of Alexander Campbell began to agitate the country, Dr. Ralston published a book on Baptism, comprising a Review of Mr. Campbell's debate with Mr. Walker, and Letters in reply to his attack upon this Review. This little work is one of remarkable force and erudition. Whatever diversity of opinion may exist respecting some positions taken by the author, all must concede that in originality and power the book is one of surpassing merit.

A similar remark may be made respecting the next work he published—"A Brief Examination of the principal prophecies of Daniel and John." Here, at the age of eighty-six, when retired from pastoral life to a quietude and seclusion from the world, which would have relaxed to second childhood many another man of sixty years, we have a display of power to observe, and generalize, and investigate profoundly, which very few in the vigour of

their prime ever attain. Volumes of useful information are compressed in a duodecimo of some one hundred and eighty pages—Faber, Newton, Croly, Scott, Keith, &c., dissected with a master's hand; their merits indicated, and their defects ascertained, with a brevity and fidelity which compel our admiration. Indeed the student of prophecy can scarcely find a better history of criticism on this great subject within any volume of moderate size. And its defect as a key of interpretation, is precisely such as was inevitable to a gigantic mind, labouring without a library, and in circumstances every way unpropitious. Connected with this publication and bound up in the same volume, is a pungent examination of a Mr. R.'s book, entitled "The seven last plagues;" in one part of which he deals in great severity with all those churches in which Christ is sung expressly as having already come, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. His strictures on Mr. R. brought him into controversy with Dr. P. of the Associate Reformed Church; and occasioned the next and last publication from his pen—"A Defence of Evangelical Psalmody." This effort was made in the eighty-eighth year of the author's life. The whole history of modern polemics cannot produce a parallel instance, perhaps, of such fresh activity, quick perception, spirited reply, and powerful concentration, beyond the limits of fourscore years.

It was matter of regret with this venerable father, as he once said to me with manifest emotion, that nearly all his writings were controversial; that he had been "a man of war from his youth." It had been his duty. It was not his natural disposition. His temper was peculiarly bland, genial and courteous. As a remarkable illustration of his pacific turn, as well as honourable and delicate sensibility, his successors in the pastoral charge always loved him more than feared him; and always found him scrupulously careful to hold up their hands, and strengthen them in the respect and affections of their people. "He loved peace," writes the Pastor of Mingo Creek, where Dr. Ralston continued to reside and worship,—"and the business of peace-making was his great delight. And all his influence went to establish the pastor in the affections of the people. There was much that was truly noble, and generous, and kind in the elements of his soul. His friendship was ardent and constant."

As a preacher, he was eminently didactic and distinctive; clear, copious and profound in the exposition and defence of saving truth. And yet, like every man of truly gifted mind, he was full of strong emotion, which led him to earnest and solemn appeals of a practical kind. Perhaps his manner of treating subjects had rather too much of a controversial air. But with him there was no bitterness of spirit. What he stoutly claimed for himself, he heartily granted to others. He was therefore truly catholic in his feelings, and utterly remote from bigotry and rancour. He loved with broad and deep affections all that differed from him; just in proportion to the enlightened zeal with which he vindicated the distinctive tenets of his own profession.

As an ecclesiastic, he was ever distinguished for punctuality and faithfulness in attending Church Courts. Always attentive and interested in the business of a judicatory, he acquired such a ready apprehension of matters usually transacted there, that even when he ceased to hear the ordinary tones of speech on the floor, he could discern what many others who had ears to hear, failed to perceive; and mingle the expression of his own opinion with a pertinence which often excited the wonder of his juniors. Indeed

until he was over ninety years old, and his infirmities absolutely hindered him from travel, he was among the most regular and useful members of the Presbytery and the Synod. He possessed pre-eminently that triple element of Christian courage,—the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Ardent as were his feelings constitutionally, and ready as they were to be zealously affected in every good thing, he was exceedingly discreet, and sober, and well balanced in his estimation of a popular rage or a fanatical excitement.

Resembling these solid attributes of his understanding, was the type of his personal piety. It was remarkably free from irregular impulse and distressing variation. Tender, and humble, and self-abasing, it was yet almost uniformly serene and cheerful. Few men exhibit a more delicate and lively appreciation of God's favour in the smallest mercies of his providence or grace. Gratitude, then,—fiducial gratitude, which will, under any circumstances, "thank God and take courage," which so beautifully distinguishes the piety of David, and with which he ever imbues even the saddest song—"Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice,"—was the prevailing characteristic of Dr. Ralston's personal piety. Upon this beautiful adornment of a calm and thankful spirit, he wore the gem of consistency which no man could ever impeach. Temptation to swerve was not only repelled by the dignity of his peculiar character, but far more, was vanquished by a conscientiousness which a fitful and variable experience of personal religion so often lamentably wants.

His powerful mind, active, unclouded and strong till the very last, grappled with "the last enemy," death, as it had been wont to do with sin and error for almost a century. He was cheerful and happy in the prospect—girded and roused, yet tranquil, and even sublime, in the nearest approach. On the day of his death, he looked out once more on the visible and militant Church that he had loved so much, and watched with so great solicitude,—reading with fresh interest a late number of the *Presbyterian*. Then, as the struggle came on, he calmly felt his own pulse, found it sinking away, and exclaimed without faltering or agitation, "I am ready—I am a sinner saved by grace. Tell my brethren, tell the congregation, that I die in the faith I so long preached—I die relying upon the meritorious righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. What a blessing to have such a rock!" He died at his residence in Washington County, Pa., on the 25th of September, 1851, at the age of ninety-five years.

Hoping that these brief notices of one of the most venerable men may answer the purpose for which you have requested them,

I am truly and fraternally yours,

ALEXANDER T. McGILL.

SAMUEL GRAHAM RAMSEY.

1795—1817.

FROM J. G. M. RAMSEY, M. D.

MECKLENBURG, near Knoxville, Tenn., July 4, 1857.

My dear Sir: When, heretofore, I have been requested to prepare a biographical sketch of the Rev. Samuel G. Ramsey, I have asked to be excused from that otherwise grateful and pleasant duty, on the ground that he was a brother of my father; that my academic studies were prosecuted under his instruction, and I was his favourite pupil, as well as near relative; and that, under such influences, my pen might, unconsciously to myself, mislead me in the delineation of his character. But as my endeavours to enlist others in the work have proved unsuccessful,—all his co-presbyters, with a single exception, and most of his contemporaries, having passed away,—I have determined to forego my scruples on the ground of delicacy, so far as to attempt a compliance with your request. I cannot doubt that the name of this venerable man is worthy to be commemorated in your work, and that your Western readers particularly will be interested in tracing the outline of a life so pre-eminently devoted to the interests of learning and religion in this part of the country. He is still recollected by a considerable number of our older citizens with an affectionate and almost filial regard. He was one of the pioneers in the State of Tennessee, and helped to give form and symmetry to its civilisation, its learning, its piety, and I may add its Presbyterianism. Founding the church, the school house, the Academy, in its Eastern section, his agency in cultivating and improving the morals, and especially in sending abroad his pupils to enlighten and refine the secluded settlements on the frontier, is still gratefully remembered and acknowledged.

The ancestors of SAMUEL GRAHAM RAMSEY were Scotch Irish Presbyterians. He was a son of Reynolds and Naomi (Alexander) Ramsey, and was born on the 20th of October, 1771, at Marsh Creek, York (now Adams) County, Pa., whither his parents had removed shortly after their marriage. Both his parents were well educated, industrious and excellent persons, and his father was distinguished for his public spirit and patriotism, and was intimately connected with some of the most stirring scenes of the Revolution. When he was almost grown, he was, for a short time, under the instruction of the Rev. Alexander Dobbin, a Seceder clergyman, who resided in the same county. He was afterwards a student at Liberty Hall, now Washington College, in Virginia, then under the Presidency of the Rev. William Graham, for whose character he had such admiration that he adopted his name, *Graham*, as part of his own. After completing his collegiate course, he studied Theology under the same distinguished instructer and eminent divine, and on the 20th of April, 1795, was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Lexington.

Mr. Ramsey, for a short time after he was licensed, travelled in Virginia, and preached in several different churches. He afterwards extended his missionary tour to the "South Western Territory"—since the State of Tennessee. There he met with an elder brother—Col. Francis Alexander Ramsey, who had preceded him to the West twelve years, and was then

settled at his late residence, Swan Pond, Knox County. He found him well established in the confidence and esteem of the new, enterprising and patriotic community, with whose social, civil, and political condition he had, since 1783, fully identified himself. The two brothers went together still further into the adjoining frontier settlements. A hearty welcome greeted their arrival at each cabin, and a cordial wish was every where expressed that the young minister should remain in the country, and organize churches in the wilderness. He listened respectfully to their solicitations, visited several forts and stations, and preached to many who had not, since they left fatherland, heard a Presbyterian sermon. His was indeed the "voice of one crying in the wilderness." Thousands came out to hear and welcome the arrival of the strange minister. They followed him from station to station, and heard him gladly. The *vox populi* was, in this instance, plainly the *vox Dei;* and the leadings of Providence, and the suggestions of conscience, united in forming the stranger's determination to obey the Macedonian cry,—"Come over and help us." With this purpose he returned to Virginia. But there a new era in his life began to open upon him. In his peregrinations through that State, he had met with Mrs. Eliza Allen, the widow of the Rev. Carey Allen, who died in Kentucky in the summer of 1795. Mrs. Allen was the daughter of Col. William Flemming, M. D.,—a native of Scotland, and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh,—a surgeon of the Virginia troops, and a commander of one of her regiments at Point Pleasant (Kanawha) battle where he was severely wounded. The widowed daughter returned in her desolation to her father's house, near the Big Lick, Bottetourt County, Va., and was a member of his family, when Mr. Ramsey first made her acquaintance. She was every way an exceedingly interesting lady,—beautiful, talented, well educated, accustomed to the best society, and from early life, an exemplary professor of religion. With a heart still saddened by the heaviest domestic bereavements, she found quiet and solace in the bosom of her old home, and in the privileges and ordinances of God's house. Under these circumstances, the young minister first saw his future wife. They were married on the 24th of February, 1797; and in December of the same year, they migrated to, and settled at, Mount Ebenezer, by which name they designated their private residence, eleven miles West of Knoxville,—the then seat of Government of the State of Tennessee. Mr. Ramsey then became the Pastor of the Grassy Valley Congregation, preaching, on alternate Sabbaths, at Ebenezer and Pleasant Fount. Over these Churches he exercised his ministry, being ordained and installed in 1798. His pastoral labours were incessant; and from the large area occupied by the people of his charge, heavy and fatiguing in the extreme. He was overworked by preaching and visiting, and after three years of severe parochial service, he was attacked with a violent pulmonary hemorrhage, which had well nigh terminated his life. His brethren of the Presbytery sympathized deeply in his affliction, and at their fall session, in 1800, adopted the following minute—"Presbytery finding that our brother Ramsey is in a delicate and weak state of health, and that preaching in his present situation would be injurious to him, we do recommend to Mr. Ramsey to be cautious in his exertions, until he feels more fully recovered. We likewise recommend to his charge to continue their attachment to him, in hopes of his speedy recovery, and we do cheer-

fully agree to give as much of our labours to the Churches under Mr. Ramsey's care as will comport with our other duties."

But the shock was too great for his constitution to rally under it at once, and in April, 1802, the following minute appears in the Records of Presbytery—"Mr. Ramsey reports that he has not been able to preach any the year past, but that, whenever the state of his health would admit, he met with the people in society, and gave an exhortation, and prayed with them, and that he was able to do this for the most part, though not always; and that he had administered the Sacrament twice."

In November, 1803, Mr. Ramsey informed the Presbytery that, in consequence of bodily indisposition, he was unable to discharge the duties of his office, and therefore asked for a dissolution of the pastoral relation. His petition was granted, and the Church declared vacant. In this condition matters remained until 1807, when the Moderator, Mr. Ramsey, informed the Presbytery, that "through the goodness of Divine Providence, he has been enabled to preach statedly to his congregation since last October, and that the congregation have taken up a subscription for his support."

From the time of this partial restoration of his health, Mr. Ramsey continued to minister to his people for nearly ten years,—when he gave another instance of his noble and disinterested spirit, and considerate regard to the best interests of his flock. This is seen in the minute adopted by Presbytery—"The Rev. Samuel G. Ramsey, being in a very ill state of health, communicated information to Presbytery that he did not expect to be able to supply Grassy Valley Congregation any longer,—that he had no claim or charge against them, and that he wished this to be recorded, as it might favour their procuring the stated means of grace from some regular minister." Such was the man.

His apprehensions about his health were but too well founded. That delicate fabric, which had, by the great goodness of God, so long held out, was rapidly tending to decay; and the next meeting of Presbytery furnishes this record—"Penetrated with sentiments of sincere affection and deep sorrow, Presbytery have to notice in this place that, on the 6th (5th?) of July, 1817, the Rev. Samuel G. Ramsey was removed by death from serving the cause of Christ in his Church, and has left his seat vacant amongst us."

Notwithstanding these several interruptions which he experienced in his ministerial labours, Mr. Ramsey had the satisfaction to see Ebenezer and Pleasant Fount increase and flourish. Few churches in Tennessee contained more of evangelical piety, intelligence, or weight of character. Yearly additions were made to its original list, while few became backsliders, and none were excommunicated. Mr. Ramsey's Congregation resembled a well-regulated family,—united, affectionate and dutiful. The Pastor's voice, his counsels and example, were ever regarded with a respect and veneration almost filial. He was urbane, conciliatory and prudent, and in his intercourse with his people through the week, compensated in part for the loss of regular pulpit exercises and public instruction.

Besides his engagements with his Congregation proper, Mr. Ramsey, for a time, preached to the Church in Knoxville, left vacant by the sudden death of its Pastor, the Rev. Samuel Carrick. During that time, he rode, every third Sabbath, eleven miles to Knoxville, preaching in the Court House; and it was owing to his persevering efforts that the late church edifice of the First Presbyterian Congregation in that city was erected. On

one of the days that he supplied them, he preached from the following very appropriate text, a Sermon that is said to have produced a powerful and probably a decisive effect, in leading them to take the resolution to build the new church:—"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways. Go up to the mountain, and bring wood, and build the house: and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord. Ye looked for much, and it came to little; and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it. Why?—saith the Lord of Hosts. Because of my house that is waste, and ye run every man to his own house. Therefore the heaven over you is stayed from dew, and the earth is stayed from her fruits." (Haggai i., 7–10.) The Sermon is still extant. Mr. Ramsey was a great favourite with that people.

During the suspension of his ministerial functions at different periods, on account of existing or apprehended hemorrhages, he taught a classical school. Ebenezer Academy he first opened about 1801; and, after a temporary suspension, it was again opened in 1809. Young men flocked to his school from all parts of the State. His scholarship was better than is common among modern clergymen,—especially in the Latin and Greek Classics. A faithful and indefatigable teacher, he was a great favourite with his pupils. The Latin Grammar, in his school, formed the study of an entire session of five months, and this made future progress in the language easy and rapid. He permitted no student to speak in school hours in any other language than that which he was learning. Among his scholars were always found some poor and pious young men, who were aiming at the ministry. These were not only instructed, but boarded in his house, gratuitously.

Mr. Ramsey was remarkably slender, and quite above the common stature,—say six feet, two or three inches,—dignified, benignant and grave. His voice was strong, loud, clear and musical. The old people of the country say that it was the best bass they ever heard. His manner in the pulpit was not vehement, but exceedingly solemn and impressive. He never read his sermons—always had a skeleton before him, but generally extemporized. Still, in his earlier pulpit preparations, he regularly studied and wrote out his discourses. Many of them are still in the possession of surviving friends, elaborately composed and neatly written. His chirography was remarkably elegant. His preaching was plain, practical, pathetic, instructive, and powerfully persuasive.

His general temper, even after disease had fastened itself upon him, was quiet and placid—he always exhibited great amenity and sometimes a pleasant mirthfulness. The *suaviter in modo* was his chief characteristic, while he had almost none of the *fortiter in re*, which abounded so much in many of his frontier contemporaries. Though he was a decided Presbyterian and Calvinist, he had little to do with controversy, and rarely, if ever, preached a controversial sermon.

In the more private relations of life, it may not be improper to add that he was a dutiful son, a kind and affectionate husband and father, a sympathizing brother, a good neighbour and citizen, and an indulgent and considerate master. The children of his slaves he presented in Baptism, and instructed them in religious truth. Nearly the whole of them were members of the church, could read the New Testament, and answer the questions of the Catechism.

It remains only to refer briefly to the circumstances of his death. Exhausted by previous hemorrhages, and the depletory remedies provided for their prevention and cure, Mr. Ramsey, in the spring of 1817, became dropsical and declined rapidly. The Sabbath before his death he thought was his last, and he improved it by an interesting conversation with his wife on the subject of his release from earth. As he had foretold, the next Sabbath he was laid in his grave at Ebenezer Church. "A heavenly and peaceful smile was upon his face—oh! so different from the expression of pain, worn for so many months. For a day or two preceding his death, he had been in a kind of lethargic stupor, and scarcely noticed any thing. An only brother (and there was an unusual affection between them) arrived, and, approaching the bed, and taking his hand, asked if he knew him. The sound of that loved voice aroused him for a moment, when he looked up, and with a glad smile, said 'Yes, you are my dear, dear brother.' Although he appeared unconscious, and indifferent to surrounding objects, yet that night he joined in singing, with a clear, sweet voice, the twenty-third Psalm, short metre:

'The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied,' &c.

It is not recollected that he aroused again. Calmly he breathed his last, the next morning at five o'clock. This was Saturday, July 5, 1817." The next day he was buried in Ebenezer church-yard. An immense concourse of people attended his Funeral, and witnessed, with uncommon interest and solemnity, his interment; and in the afternoon, the Rev. Richard Hall King,* his successor in the pastorate of the churches to which he had ministered, preached an appropriate Sermon from the text—"See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."

The widow of Mr. Ramsey survived him nearly twenty years. Affliction had only ripened her for Heaven. She trained her fatherless children well, and until her sons were old enough to divide that duty with her, she regularly conducted family worship, and was the priestess in her own household. From a domestic altar thus early erected, from parental instruction thus persistently imparted, and from examples thus luminously spread out before them, it is not to be wondered at that the six children,—three sons and three daughters,—who survived the best of fathers, and the most faithful of mothers, should become respectable and useful members of society, and ornaments of the Church. Of the sons, two at least are elders of different Presbyterian Congregations; while the same office is held by the gentlemen who married the three daughters. I am yours truly,

J. G. M. RAMSEY.

* Richard Hall King was a native of North Carolina, and prosecuted his early studies under the Rev. Dr. James Hall. He became hopefully pious about the year 1801 or 1802; and, as he was very zealous and more than commonly gifted, he commenced preaching at once without any preparatory course of study. As this was a step that could not be tolerated in the Presbyterian Church, he joined the Methodist Communion, and laboured for several years in that connection; but was afterwards received into the Presbyterian Church and ministry. About the year 1816, he made a visit to the central portion of Tennessee, and was so well pleased with the country that he returned to North Carolina with a view of removing his family thither. On his way to Maury, in April, 1817, he passed the residence of the Rev. S. G. Ramsey, who was then near the close of life, and was prevailed on to stop and take charge of the Churches of which Mr. R. had been the Pastor. He was received into the Presbytery of Union from the Presbytery of Concord, on the 22d of September, 1817, and continued to minister to the Grassy Valley Churches until he was disabled by bodily infirmity. He died on the 27th of May, 1825. He was a large and corpulent man, and in the latter part of his life was greatly afflicted by the disease called *elephantiasis*, in one leg. Dr. Foote, in his Sketches of North Carolina, says that Mr. King was "esteemed a man of the finest powers ever trained in Western Carolina."

AMZI ARMSTRONG, D. D.*

1795—1827.

AMZI ARMSTRONG was born in Florida, Orange County, N. Y., on the 1st of December, 1771. His parents, Francis and Jane (Borland) Armstrong, were of Irish extraction, *their* parents having migrated to this country not far from the year, 1730. His father was a farmer, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He (the son) commenced the study of the languages, when he was quite young, under the tuition of the Rev. Amzi Lewis,† then Pastor of the Church at Florida. Subsequently to this, he spent two years, as a member of Dr. Dwight's school at Greenfield, Conn. He was never connected as a student with any College.

Before entering the ministry, he was engaged for a while, as a teacher in Bloomfield, N. J. He pursued his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. Jedediah Chapman of Orange in the same State. He was taken under the care of the Presbytery of New York as a candidate, on the 5th of October, 1794, and was licensed to preach on the 28d of October, 1795. The same Presbytery ordained him to the work of the ministry, and installed him as Pastor of the Church in Mendham, Morris County, N. J., on the 29th of November, 1796. Here he continued laboriously and zealously engaged for twenty years. His pastoral relation being dissolved by the Presbytery of Jersey,‡ on the 2d of October, 1816, he removed to Bloomfield to take charge of the Academy in that place, with the intention to make it a school for the instruction of young men in a course of preparation for the ministry. It was, however, his own private school for a number of years; though he ultimately disposed of it to the Presbyterian branch of the Education Society, whose Executive Committee

* MSS. from his family.

† AMZI LEWIS, a son of Samuel Lewis, was born at Canterbury, Conn., October 18, 1746; was graduated at Yale College in 1768; and was ordained Pastor of the Churches of Florida and Warwick, in Orange County, N. Y., April 9, 1772. Within a few years after his settlement, he was dismissed from the pastoral care of the Warwick Congregation, but continued his connection with the Congregation of Florida until November, 1787, when he left with their consent,—having laboured among them about sixteen years. During his connection with the Florida Congregation, he separated himself from the Presbytery of New York, and united with three other ministers, one of whom was the Rev. Jacob Green of Hanover, N. J., in forming an Independent Presbytery, called the Associated Presbytery of Morris County. The Body never grew in numbers, though it continued many years. In 1787, Mr. Lewis took charge of the Academy in North Salem, Westchester County, and at the same time became the acting Pastor of the Presbyterian Church there, though it is believed that he was never formally installed. He remained Principal of the Academy until about the beginning of 1795. On the 26th of December, of that year, he was installed as Pastor of the Congregational Church in North Stamford, Conn., where he died on the 5th of April, 1819, in the seventy-third year of his age. He published a pamphlet entitled "The Covenant interest of the children of believers illustrated and proved, and considered as a solid foundation for Infant Baptism. With an Appendix concerning the Discipline of baptised children," 1782; a Sermon preached at the ordination of Zachariah Greene to the pastoral charge of the Church at Cutchogue (so called) in Southold, 1787; a Sermon delivered at Gilead in Fredericktown, 1792. He prepared for publication an elaborate Treatise on the doctrine of the Trinity; another on the Prophecies of Daniel; and another on the Revelation of St. John. The Rev. Daniel Smith, says of him in his Funeral Sermon—"He possessed a strong and discriminating mind; maintained a high standing as a man and a scholar among his contemporaries in Yale College, * * and has uniformly, through his ministerial life, maintained a high standing as a scholar and a theologian: but his most distinguishing excellence consisted in being an eminent Christian, a laborious, faithful, and in a good degree successful, minister of the Gospel."

‡ The Presbytery of New York was divided by the Synod of New York and New Jersey, in October, 1809; and the new Presbytery was known as the Presbytery of *Jersey*, and Mr. Armstrong, with the Church of Mendham, fell within its bounds.

were several of them members of the Newark Presbytery. Of this institution he continued the Principal till about a year previous to his death. After his removal to Bloomfield, he preached occasionally, though he had no stated charge.

Mr. Armstrong received the degree of Master of Arts from the College of New Jersey in 1804, and the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the same College, in 1821.

Dr. Armstrong, a short time before his death, removed with his family to Perth Amboy, N. J., where he spent his last days. In May, 1821, he had an attack of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered; and he had several attacks afterwards, each leaving him more feeble than the previous one. Towards the close of his life, his mind became seriously affected by his disease, and he lost that self-control which had always constituted one of his prominent characteristics; though he retained to the last a strong filial confidence in God. The Sabbath morning before his death, he called his children together, and, after committing them to the care of his Heavenly Father, soon lost the power of speech, and never afterwards recovered it. He died at Perth Amboy, on the 4th of March, 1827. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. G. N. Judd, then Pastor of the Church in Bloomfield, to which place his remains were taken for burial.

He was married in the year 1795, to Polly, daughter of Aaron and Sarah Dod, of Bloomfield,—of Puritan extraction. She died on the 13th of December, 1826, about three months previous to the death of her husband. They had ten children,—three sons and seven daughters. The sons were all graduated at the College of New Jersey. The eldest was the Rev. *William J. Armstrong*, D. D., a notice of whom will be found in another part of this work. The second, *Amzi Armstrong*, was a lawyer, and for a time a member of the Senate and of the Governor's Council in New Jersey. The third, the Rev. *George D. Armstrong*, D. D., was for fourteen years a Professor in Washington College, Va., and is now (1855) Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Norfolk, Va.

Dr. Armstrong published two Sermons in the New Jersey Preacher, 1813; a Syllabus of Lectures on the visions of the Revelation, 1815; a Sermon entitled "the last Trumpet," 1823.

FROM THE REV. E. R. FAIRCHILD, D. D.

New York, February, 15, 1855.

My dear Sir: Although in my infancy I was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Richards of Morristown, N. J., in whose parish my parents then lived, the Rev. Dr. Amzi Armstrong, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Mendham of that State, was the earliest minister I remember to have seen.

Before I had reached my fourth year, my parents had removed from the Morristown Congregation, and settled within the bounds of Dr. Armstrong's charge. With the family I attended his ministrations on the Sabbath, and at other times, till the pastoral relation between him and his people was dissolved, in 1816, and he removed to Bloomfield. My father was early elected a ruling elder in his church, and thus an official and social intimacy sprung up and continued between him and our family, and I thus had many opportunities of seeing him and of becoming acquainted with his character.

In many respects Dr. Armstrong was a remarkable man, and would compare not unfavourably with the most prominent and gifted of his cotemporaries. In

person he was under the medium size. He was about five feet six inches high. His limbs were small; his chest and shoulders were somewhat broader, than is usual with persons of his stature. His head and face were well formed and well proportioned to his chest. His hair was straight, and of dark brown colour. His eyes were bright and piercing, and his countenance open, frank and intelligent. He was, however, unfortunately, a cripple from his infancy, and in consequence often suffered a great deal. He was rendered a cripple by his nurse, who, upon her dying bed, subsequent to his retirement from Mendham, revealed it to him. He was sent for in haste to visit an aged woman, who was about to die, but who declared she could not die in peace till she had seen him. He repaired to her residence. She was still living and able to speak to him. She told him she had called for him to reveal to him a secret, and to ask his forgiveness. He was surprised when he found the secret related to himself; but the woman proceeded to inform him that she nursed him when an infant, and, in a fit of impatience one day, threw him from her arms upon the floor with such violence that it brought on him his lameness, and all the attendant evils he had suffered from his childhood. Thus, for the first time, he learned exactly how, and by whose agency, his frame was shattered, and he subjected to such bodily infirmity and pain through his whole life. Of course he forgave the dying woman, and gave her suitable Christian counsel.

His right leg was shorter and smaller than the other, and very weak, so that he walked with great difficulty, even when aided by a cane. With advancing age, this infirmity grew upon him, and it was a principal cause of leading him to ask a release from the duties of his pastoral charge.

As a man, a citizen, a friend, and a pastor, Dr. Armstrong was very highly esteemed in his congregation. His perceptions of the relations, privileges, and rights of others, and of the proprieties of life, were delicate, quick and just; and his temperament and moral principles were such as led him to perform his various social duties in an easy and acceptable manner. He was of an uncommonly happy disposition. Though not justly liable to the charge of levity, there was an innocent mirthfulness which enlivened his intercourse, especially with his more intimate friends. A broad current of genuine wit, and a vein of keen sarcasm ran through his mental constitution, whose overflowings it was not always easy for him to repress; and his impulses to repartee made most who knew him deal cautiously in their approaches, which were likely to call him out in this direction. It was of rare occurrence that any who assailed him came off unscathed, or other than "second best" in the conflict.

His manners and bearing in society were familiar, courteous and gentlemanly. He knew how to mingle with his people with a graceful freedom that would seem to put all reserve away, and yet by that intercourse obtain and secure to himself higher respect and veneration than he had before.

As a pastor, he was much beloved and reverenced. Few have had such influence over their flocks as he had. He was regarded not merely as a thorough theologian and safe instructer in morals and evangelical religion, but as a wise and prudent counsellor in all the matters of ordinary life. Few understood human nature and the springs of action better than he, or could manage men more advantageously to the peace and happiness of society. Among his parishioners it was a commonly expressed opinion, (and it was derived to a good extent from things dropped by him, in his preaching and intercourse with them,) that he knew about all that was going on in every part of the parish. If the youth or others were occasionally engaged in any matter of doubtful propriety, some occurrence would sooner or later give some of the parties an impression that the pastor had heard of it.

In intellect, Dr. Armstrong was much above mediocrity; and as a preacher he was superior to most of his brethren. He early accustomed himself to

preach without his manuscript, and ultimately attained to great self-possession and power in that mode of preaching. He, however, did not lay aside writing, but cultivated the two habits of writing and extemporizing at the same time.

In the judicatories of the Church, he exerted great influence, and commanded high respect. He had a clear and well balanced mind, and a happy faculty of disentangling difficult and involved subjects. He usually imparted light whenever he spoke, from which acknowledged fact he was facetiously called "the snuffers of the Presbytery." I believe the foregoing hints and facts will cover the ground which your request contemplated. If they shall aid you in your work, I shall be happy in having furnished them.

Yours respectfully,

E. R. FAIRCHILD.

SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, D. D.*

1795—1828.

Samuel Blatchford was a descendant of Major Blatchford who was at the battle of the Boyne, having gone from Holland to England with King William's army. He was the son of Henry and Mary Blatchford, and was born in the town of Plymouth Dock, now called Davenport, in the County of Devon, England, in the year 1767. His parents were both distinguished for piety: his father first became seriously impressed under the preaching of John Wesley, his mother under that of Rowland Hill. He was early devoted, in the purpose and wish of his parents, to the ministry of the sanctuary, and his studies were directed with reference to that end.

It was while he was yet a mere child that the war broke out that resulted in the American Revolution. Among those who ventured to espouse our country's cause in Great Britain, were young Blatchford's family connections, particularly his maternal uncle, the Rev. Robert Heath. While the American prisoners were confined in Mill prison, these benevolent persons were assiduous in endeavouring to mitigate their sufferings by every means in their power; until at length an association was formed in London for the purpose, with several philanthropic noblemen at its head. The subject of this sketch was often employed to convey the means of relief to these tenants of the prison; and, as he became familiar with their sufferings, and interested in their fortunes, he formed the purpose, while he was yet in his boyhood, that, if his life should be spared, he would some day make his home in America.

Between the ages of seven and nine years, he experienced two signal instances of Divine goodness in the preservation of his life, when exposed to imminent danger. Of these merciful interpositions he has left the following account:—"I had been amusing myself nearly the whole of an afternoon by fishing from a boat which lay beside the dock, and was so much occupied by my employment that I did not perceive the falling of the tide. It fell, I think, about twelve or fourteen feet. It now became a question how to return, and I determined to clamber up by the help of the projecting

* MS. Autobiography from his son, Dr. T. W. Blatchford.

stones of which the pier was built. In the attempt, one of the stones gave away and I fell between the boat and the pier. At the adjoining pier lay a collier of about three hundred tons burden, and on the yard arm of which was a Mr. B., belonging to the customs. He swung off the yards by means of a rope, and caught me by my hair, and thus rescued me from a watery grave. The second circumstance to which I referred was this: I was requested to ride my uncle's horse from Stoke, his country residence, into Plymouth Dock. As I approached the draw bridge which covered the fort, (for Plymouth Dock was a fortified town,) I slid, by some means, from the saddle, and my left leg caught in the stirrup. No one was near to render me assistance, excepting the sentry who was on guard at the time, and could not leave his post without a breach of orders, which would subject him to punishment. But the invisible God was present, and graciously sustained me, until the horse drew me without injury within the limits beyond which the sentry could not pass."

Under the influence of faithful parental instruction, he seems to have been the subject of religious impressions from his early childhood, and, at the age of about twelve, he supposed that he came to the great practical decision in favour of a religious life. Almost simultaneous with the consecration of himself to the service of God, was the purpose to serve Him in the ministry of reconciliation; and, with this view, both on the part of his parents and of himself, he was sent to a boarding school at Willington, in Somersetshire, under the care of the Rev. Joseph Chadwick, a Dissenting clergyman of excellent character and fine endowments. Here he was prepared to enter the Dissenting Theological School at Homerton, near London. Previous to his leaving the school at Willington, death deprived him of his father,—a loss which he deeply felt, as he seems to have been one of the best of fathers.

Though his parents had originally designed him for the ministry, his mother, under the influence of some of his remoter relatives, was prevailed on to propose to him the medical profession. He could not, however, for a moment, entertain the idea, but resolutely persevered in the purpose to become a minister of the Gospel. In due time, having gone through with his preparatory course at Willington, he became a student at Homerton,—an institution which then was and is still one of the most respectable of its kind in Great Britain. Here he enjoyed the instruction of several able Professors, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gibbons, well known in this country as the editor of President Davies' Sermons. He was also the intimate and confidential friend of Dr. Watts; and he often entertained his students with reminiscences of that great and excellent man.

During his connection with Homerton College, he had a good opportunity of exercising his gifts and graces in connection with various institutions in and about London for the relief and support of pious and destitute widows. At several of these places there were weekly lectures established by the students, in the labour and the benefit of which he thought it a privilege to share; and the Christian intercourse which he enjoyed with these afflicted but eminently godly persons, was of great use in invigorating his own good affections, and thus increasing his spiritual preparation for the ministry.

In his last year at Homerton, he was invited to preach, during the vacation, to a Congregation in Plymouth, in the absence of one of its pastors.

He accepted the invitation, and continued his labours there for six weeks. About the same time, he was introduced to the Rev. William Evans, Pastor of the United Congregations of Kingsbridge and Ford, where, during his connection with the College, he had occasionally preached. As soon as his theological studies were closed, he accepted an invitation to become Mr. Evans' assistant in the duties of the ministry, and immediately entered on this engagement. He was ordained (not however till November, 1789) Pastor of the Church at Kingsbridge; though this did not interrupt the arrangement into which he had entered, of preaching alternately at Kingsbridge and Ford.

Shortly after his settlement, he entered into a matrimonial engagement with Alicia, daughter of Thomas Windeatt, Esq., of Bridgetown Totnes. The connection was consummated in March, 1788, and was a source of great comfort to him as long as he lived.

Previous to his marriage, an invitation was presented to him through the Rev. Dr. Lake of London to accompany Lord Dorchester to Canada, of which he had just been appointed Governor. This offer he declined, chiefly on account of the opposition of the friends of his intended wife; and, though the offer was subsequently repeated, he felt constrained to adhere to his original determination.

Before he had been long at Kingsbridge, he was invited by the Church in Topsham, near the city of Exeter, in Devonshire, to become its Pastor. This was an old Presbyterian Church, and had for some years been under the influence of the Arian and Sabellian doctrines, with which Mr. Blatchford, of course, did not sympathize. The call was, however, urged, upon him, particularly by some of his Calvinistic brethren, and he finally accepted it from a conviction that it was a call of God. He commenced his labours here early in 1791.

Not long after his removal to Topsham, the subject of Sabbath Schools engaged the attention of many benevolent persons, in consequence of the vigorous and successful efforts that had been made in behalf of poor and neglected youth by that eminent philanthropist, Robert Raikes. Mr. Blatchford entered with great zeal into this labour of love; and, though the project had to encounter a strong opposition on different grounds, he had the pleasure, at no distant period, of seeing four distinct schools opened and in successful operation, in his immediate neighbourhood.

Mr. Blatchford seems never to have lost sight of the purpose which he formed in his childhood, from his intercourse with the American prisoners, to make his ultimate settlement in the United States. Accordingly, in 1794, he made out and committed to a friend who was about to come to this country, a list of inquiries, with a request that he would obtain answers to them from competent persons, hoping thereby to gain information which would enable him to form a more decided and intelligent conclusion in respect to his duty. In due time he received from his friend an intimation that he might be employed as a minister in Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y.; upon which a correspondence took place between himself and a committee of the Bedford Congregation, which resulted in his tendering the resignation of his charge at Topsham, and making his arrangements to remove to America. The Captain of the vessel in which he sailed was present and heard his Farewell Sermon; and so deeply was he affected by it, that he immediately offered to take him and his family at a greatly reduced price,

that he might have the benefit of his instructions during the passage; though, previous to that time, the price that had been talked of was so much beyond Mr. Blatchford's means, that he almost regretted having projected the enterprise. He left his native shores on the 19th of June, 1795, and arrived within the Hook at New York on the 1st of August,—the day that completed his twenty-eighth year.

Without any unnecessary delay, he made his way to Bedford, the anticipated field of his labours; but several adverse circumstances occurred in connection with his arrival there, which occasioned disappointment and even despondency. The most mortifying thing of all was that one of the individuals with whom he had corresponded, informed him that, as his arrival had been delayed beyond their expectations, they had actually filled the place, and a Mr. Benedict was engaged to supply their pulpit for one year. When Mr. Benedict, however, came to understand the circumstances of the case, he generously insisted on withdrawing in favour of Mr. Blatchford; but the result was that they were both retained to supply alternately the Congregations of Bedford and Poundridge. At the next meeting of the Presbytery of Hudson, within the bounds of which were those Congregations, Mr. Blatchford, having given his consent to the Presbyterian Confession of Faith and Form of Government, was regularly appointed to supply at Bedford as many Sabbaths as might be convenient.

Early in the succeeding year, (1796,) he was invited to pass a Sabbath at Greenfield, Conn., and preach in the pulpit which had then been lately vacated by the removal of Dr. Dwight to the Presidency of Yale College. Having complied with this request, much to the satisfaction of the Congregation, they unanimously requested his services for a year. To this request also he gave an affirmative answer, with an understanding, however, that the engagement should not extend beyond six months, if circumstances should render his removal desirable.

In February, 1797, the Congregational Society at Stratfield (now Bridgeport) Conn. extended to him an invitation to labour among them for six months, with reference to a permanent settlement. And in March of the same year, a similar proposal was made to him by the United Society of Fair Haven and White Haven, in the city of New Haven, where he had some time before preached for several Sabbaths to great acceptance. The two invitations were before him at the same time; but, after much deliberation, he decided in favour of the former.

His residence at Greenfield, though it was for only a year, was in the main exceedingly pleasant to him. Beside his duties as a minister, he instructed an Academy there, being successor in that office to Mr. Jeremiah Day, now the Rev. Dr. Day, late President of Yale College.

In the acceptance of the invitation from Stratfield, he stipulated for the building of an edifice suitable for an Academy; as he foresaw that the salary which the parish offered him would be inadequate to the support of his growing, and by this time numerous, family. Here he was installed by the Consociation of Fairfield East, and here he remained, discharging the double duties of Pastor of a Church and Preceptor of an Academy, for several years. His intercourse with the clergy of Connecticut, during this period, seems to have been a source of great pleasure to him, and various were the expressions he received of their fraternal good-will and confidence.

In January, 1804, he was invited to take charge of the Presbyterian Churches in Lansingburg and Waterford, in the State of New York. Here was offered not only a more adequate support for his family, but a more extensive field of usefulness. The result was that he accepted the invitation, and was installed by the Presbytery of Columbia in July following. He agreed, at the same time, to continue his labours as an instructor of youth, taking charge of the Lansingburg Academy.

Soon after his settlement in Lansingburg, having long witnessed the difficulties which beginners in Greek experienced for want of a good Greek Grammar in English, instead of a Latin translation, he undertook the task of rendering into English the Grammar of Dr. Moor; to which also he added various notes, together with Dr. Ewing's Syntax. This Grammar met with considerable favour in its day, and was adopted by several of our Colleges.

For the first four years after his settlement in Lansingburg, he continued unremittingly to discharge the duties of Principal of the Academy and Pastor of the united Congregations of Lansingburg and Waterford. In 1809, finding that the Academy occupied more of his time than he could conveniently devote to it, in consistency with due attention to his pastoral duties, an arrangement was entered into by which the amount of labour he was to perform in the Academy was reduced one half. In a subsequent arrangement, he engaged to spend one day in a week in the Academy; and in 1811, he withdrew from it altogether, except as he still continued to hold the office of Trustee, and acted as President of the Board of Trustees until a short time before his death.

In 1808, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Williams College,—an honour that he appreciated the more, as it came from those who were personally almost strangers to him.

Dr. Blatchford's general health was remarkably good; but it began to wane about two years previous to his death. He had a large tumour which proved, on a post mortem examination, to be an enormous expansion of the kidney, weighing, when removed, fourteen pounds and six ounces. For the last six months of his life, he was confined to his room, and mostly to his easy chair or his bed. He experienced much intense suffering; but throughout the whole evinced the most cheerful submission to the Divine will, and the utmost readiness to depart whenever God should call him. Many of his remarks in the near prospect of death have been preserved, which indicate an uncommonly high tone of spirituality. He died on the 17th of March, 1828, in the sixty-second year of his age, and the forty-first of his ministry. A Sermon on the occasion of his death was preached by the Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College.

Dr. Blatchford was the father of seventeen children. Of these, seven died before him,—two in England, four in Lansingburg, and one in Maryland. Two of his sons have been in the ministry, one is a physician, and one a lawyer; and all highly respectable and useful in their several professions and occupations.

Henry, the eldest son, was born at Ford in Devonshire, England, December 4, 1788, and came with his parents to this country, when he was in his seventh year. Shortly after the removal of the family to Lansingburg, in 1804, he made a profession of religion, and joined the church under his father's care. He entered the grammar school connected with Union Col-

lege, Schenectady, in 1806, became a member of the Freshman class in College in 1807, and graduated in 1811. He then went to New York, and commenced the study of Theology under the Rev. Dr. Milledoler; but when the Theological Seminary at Princeton was opened the next year, he entered it as a student, and remained there until he was licensed to preach by the New York Presbytery, on the 22d of April, 1815. On the 27th of November following, he was ordained and installed Pastor of the Orange Street Church, New York. After remaining there about three years, he accepted a call from the Branch (Presbyterian) Church in Salem, Mass., and was installed there by the Londonderry Presbytery, on the 6th of January, 1819. He resigned this charge about the close of 1820, spent the succeeding winter and spring in the city of New York, and then took a missionary tour in the Western part of the State of New York, and in Ohio. In the summer of 1822, he accepted an invitation from the united Congregations of Snow Hill, Pitt's Creek, Rehobeth, and Monekin in Maryland, and immediately commenced his labours there. But when he had scarcely had time to survey his anticipated field of labour, death put a period to both his labours and his life. In August of the same year, he was attacked with congestive fever, and on the 7th of September following, died at Princess Ann, whither he had gone a few days before,—in the thirty-fourth year of his age. It is inscribed on his monument—"All who knew him, loved him." In the autumn of 1816, he was married to Mary Ann, daughter of Elisha Coit, of New York. She is now (1856) the widow of the late Hon. Samuel Hubbard, of Boston.

John, a younger son of Dr. Blatchford, who also entered the ministry, was born at Bridgeport, Conn., May 24, 1796. Having removed with his father's family to Lansingburg, he was fitted for College, partly at the Cambridge Academy, Washington County, N. Y., and partly at the Salem Academy. He entered Union College in 1817, and graduated in 1820. Shortly after, he became a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where he remained between two and three years. After being licensed by the Presbytery of Troy, he accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church in Pittstown, N. Y., where he was ordained and installed in August, 1823. Here he remained till the spring of 1825, when he removed to Stillwater, N. Y.,—being installed Pastor of the Church there on the 20th of April of that year. In 1829, he accepted a call from the Congregational Church in his native place. Here he laboured with much acceptance till 1836, when the enfeebled health of his wife led him to resign his charge with a view to foreign travel. This purpose, however, was providentially defeated; and the winter following he spent at Jacksonville, Ill. In 1837, he was called to Chicago, where he continued labouring acceptably and usefully until 1840, when, in consequence of having suffered severely from a brain fever, from the effects of which he never fully recovered, he returned to the East with a view to a permanent residence. But, compelled by the health of his wife, he again went to the West. The winter of 1840–41 he spent at Wheeling, Va.; and from 1841 to 1844, he was connected with Marion College,—first as Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and afterwards as President. After the College was purchased by the Freemasons, he removed to West Ely, where he continued till 1847; when, at the instance of friends, he removed to Quincy, Ill.; and there, after abounding in labours for several years, he died in April, 1855. He was a

man of a ready mind, a genial spirit, frank and pleasant manners, zealously devoted to his work, and a very acceptable preacher. He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Marion College in 1841.

Mrs. Blatchford (the Doctor's widow) survived him many years, and died at Lansingburg, after an illness of about six days, on the 2d of December, 1846. She was a lady of high intellectual endowments, and a beautiful specimen of true refinement and Christian loveliness.

The following is a list of Dr. Blatchford's published works:—The Validity of Presbyterian Ordination maintained in a Letter to the Rev. William Smith, D. D., 1798. An Address delivered to the Oneida Indians, 1810. A Sermon before the Albany Bible Society, 1811. A Sermon on the day of the National Thanksgiving, 1815. A Sermon on the sanctification of the Sabbath, 1825.

I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Blatchford several times, and was always struck with his bland and gentlemanly manners, and his sensible and edifying conversation. I heard him preach once only: the sermon in matter and manner was highly impressive. I could easily understand, from what I saw of him, that he must have been one of the leading men of his day.

FROM THE REV. MARK TUCKER, D. D.

WETHERSFIELD, Conn., June 21, 1849.

My dear Sir: My recollections of the late Dr. Blatchford are altogether of a pleasant character. He is associated in my mind with the whole of my college course, with its hopes and aspirations, with its early struggles and closing scenes. He was one of the Trustees and one of the Examiners of Union College. He was exceedingly kind to young men, and took a deep interest in their welfare. As several of his sons were, at different times, members of College, he was accustomed to visit them in their rooms, and, indulging himself with a pipe and familiar conversation, intermingling interesting anecdotes with judicious counsel, his hold upon the affections of the young men whom he occasionally met there, became very strong. His open, manly countenance, and dignified English manners, made an early impression upon me. He was an excellent Greek scholar—his translation of Moor's Greek Grammar was adopted by the Faculty of Union College. He was always present at the Examinations and the Commencements of the College, and was regarded as one of its most efficient friends and patrons. I had no intimate acquaintance with him until after my settlement in the ministry at Stillwater, in 1817. I was allowed to become one of a small circle of ministers who met for mutual improvement, and soon was admitted to his confidence. That circle, though small, embraced men of the first talents in Albany and the vicinity. It was at their meetings that I first learned, from actual observation, the benignity and generosity of his spirit, his vigorous powers, and substantial acquirements.

Dr. Blatchford was eminently favoured in having a wife admirably fitted to her station. Their numerous children, both sons and daughters, have borne ample testimony, by their excellent characters and useful lives, to the wisdom and fidelity of their parents. One of the greatest American statesmen once said, "Our children rather than our parents tell what we are." It is seldom that such strong ties hold a family together.

As a preacher, Dr. Blatchford was distinguished for ease and naturalness; for appropriate and useful thought, and an impressive and somewhat imposing

manner. He sometimes rose to sublimity, but never descended to tameness. He was always instructive, and occasionally irresistibly pathetic.

His religious opinions were formed upon mature reflection, and were held with no small tenacity. They were, I believe, strictly in accordance with the standards of the Church to which he belonged. An incident occurred about 1819, when I was travelling with him to Saratoga Springs, which very well illustrated his polemic dexterity. We paused for a short time at the house of a Mr. G——, a man of considerable pretension, and some notoriety. He very soon entered into conversation with Dr. Blatchford, on a variety of subjects, and took occasion to suggest some difficulties in respect to the doctrine of Election. Turning to the venerable looking gentleman, who was a professor of religion, the Doctor enquired, with an air of great benignity,—"Do you believe the conversion of a sinner from the error of his ways to be an act of Divine power?" He replied,—"I do." He then enquired,—"Do you believe God ever puts forth an act of almighty power without *intending* it?" "Certainly not," was the answer. "Then," said Dr. B., "*when* does God intend to do it?" The objector made no reply, but immediately turned the conversation to other topics. The Doctor only remarked,—"that is my doctrine of Election."

Although not a member of the same Presbytery, yet I often met him in Synod. He was a thorough Presbyterian, and a judicious and safe counsellor. He regarded it as an imperative duty to attend all the judicatories of the Church, and he was a strenuous advocate of Gospel discipline.

He gave the whole weight of his influence to elevate the standard of ministerial education, and often set his face against hasty admissions to the clerical office. He was an early and zealous friend of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and evinced great sympathy for young men, who were struggling through poverty or ill health to enter the sacred profession. He always had a kind word, which often proved a balm to a wounded heart and a depressed spirit.

He had some physical infirmities which abridged his usefulness as a pastor, by preventing him from visiting his people as often as he desired; but his eldest daughter, who survived him several years, made up, in a great measure, by her gentleness and fidelity, for the defect. The sight of some domestic animals would throw him into convulsions, and, owing to this, he was several times near losing his life. These peculiarities, however, became known, and he seldom suffered much inconvenience on account of them.

Dr. Blatchford had a large Christian heart: he was ready to sustain the great benevolent institutions of the day according to his ability. His name will be found on many of the rolls of Christian charity, and especially among the early friends of Home Missions, and of the American Bible Society.

In his last protracted illness, he enjoyed many precious manifestations of the Divine favour. It was my privilege to see him often during his long continued sufferings. His countenance sometimes shone like the Jewish Legislator's. His whole conversation indicated an eminently spiritual frame of feeling. He would occasionally expound passages of Scripture with a compass and unction, a beauty and force, which astonished me. He had a chair which he sometimes called his "revelation chair." He would sit in it, and pour out his soul in strains of devout fervour, until nature was exhausted. As the morning star fades into the splendours of the rising sun, so he went out of the world in a blaze of glory. His was an eminently triumphant death scene.

A few weeks before his death, I signified to him that I wished him to baptise my infant son, who was to bear his name. A highly respectable friend of mine accompanied us to witness the ceremony, and the peculiarly solemn and impressive manner in which the service was performed, is believed to have had an important influence in bringing that friend to a practical and experimental knowledge of Divine truth. Thus, to the very last, was he the instrument of

turning men to righteousness, and doubtless he will shine as the stars forever and ever.

Yours in the fellowship of the Gospel,

MARK TUCKER.

FROM THE REV. RAVAUD K. RODGERS, D. D.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., June 17, 1857.

My dear Brother: It gives me great pleasure, in compliance with your request, to furnish you with some reminiscences of the character of the late Rev. Dr. Blatchford. My recollections of him are, as my associations with him were, very pleasant. Although I became somewhat acquainted with him before I entered the ministry, (for he was often at my father's house in the city of New York, and a Director of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, while I was pursuing my studies there,) yet it was not until Providence cast my lot within the bounds of the Presbytery of Troy, of which he was an honoured and useful member, that I knew how to estimate his great worth.

In adverting to some of his prominent traits, I should say, first of all, that he was evidently an humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. He carried his religion with him wherever he went, and was never backward in showing forth the praises of his Master, both by word and by deed. He was a sober, thorough, well-read theologian, and an able minister of the New Testament. His discourses were prepared with great care, were full of the most weighty instruction, and adapted with great discrimination to the circumstances of his people. They were fitted, on the one hand, to administer comfort and strength to the children of the Kingdom, and on the other to bring the wanderer to a consideration of his ways, and finally to an acceptance of the gracious provision of the Gospel. His people were bound to him by a tie of unusual strength. Some constitutional peculiarities prevented him from mingling as much with them as might have been desirable—still, when duty called him, he was always ready and willing to go, and there is reason to believe that a rich blessing attended his private as well as public labours. Nor did he confine his labours to the people of his own charge. Though he did not go out to visit other churches as often as his neighbour, the late venerable Dr. Coe, of Troy, yet he took great pleasure in preaching and administering the ordinances of the Gospel abroad, as occasion required, or opportunity offered. Many yet live who remember with heartfelt pleasure the visits he made to the churches with which they were connected, and the deep interest he manifested for the promotion of their spiritual welfare. While the memory of these visits is embalmed in their hearts, I doubt not there is a yet more enduring record of them on high.

Dr. Blatchford was eminently "a lover of hospitality"—none who ever had the privilege of a place at his fireside or his table, but will render a grateful confirmation of this. Of remarkably easy and winning manners, and kindly and generous dispositions, and fine powers of conversation,—no one who came under his roof could long retain the feelings of a stranger. Of him it may be said, as was said of Dr. Dwight by Professor Olmsted,—"He shone nowhere with brighter lustre than in the circle of friends he loved, when the glow of animation lighted up his countenance, and a perpetual stream of knowledge and wisdom flowed from his lips."

Another striking characteristic of Dr. Blatchford was, that he was eminently the friend of those who were looking forward to the work of the ministry, as well as ever ready to aid, by his judicious and paternal counsels, those who had entered upon it. There are many still living,—and I am myself one of the number, —who remember what wise and encouraging words he used to speak to

them, and how much a single interview with him often did to strengthen them for their arduous labours.

Dr. Blatchford was most exemplary in his attendance on the judicatories of the Church. In the Presbytery, in the Synod, and in the General Assembly, of which he was frequently a member, (for his brethren felt that they were safe in committing their ecclesiastical interests to his care,) his opinions uniformly commanded great attention and respect. On these occasions particularly, he always left the impression that he was an eminently wise counsellor, as well as a faithful friend of the Church to which he belonged.

Dr. Blatchford's death was worthy to crown his godly and useful life. It was my privilege to witness the serenity and triumph of his spirit, as he was getting ready to put on immortality; and as I made out a brief record of what I witnessed and knew of his dying exercises while the scene was yet fresh in my memory, perhaps I cannot occupy the rest of this letter more advantageously than by giving you the substance of it.

Said he, on one occasion, when conversing with reference to his departure,—"I feel like a passenger waiting to be carried over Jordan;" and at another, when in great distress of body,—"It is harder crossing the stream than I had anticipated, but the beauties of Canaan are not at all diminished by it." When, on one occasion, a member of his family proposed to him to take some nourishment, he replied, with a sweet smile which lighted up his countenance almost pallid in death,—"My *eating* days are almost over, but my *banquet* days are all before me. Oh, Eternity! Eternity! How bright will be its shining! How rich will be its joys!"

Said he to a friend who was standing by, and making some inquiry in regard to his ministry,—"I have been in the vineyard forty years. I have handled the plough, the mattock, and the spade, but in so sluggish a manner that I wonder the great Master has not turned me out. Now I am come to the end of my work, and am going to receive my penny; and if that is bestowed through sovereign grace, it will be just one penny more than I deserve."

When, on one occasion, it was proposed that prayer should be offered on his behalf, he replied,—"Oh, yes,—prayer is an order—a bank note—drawn upon the Great Proprietor. It will always be honoured, if presented in a proper frame of mind—sure pay—no counterfeit."

Addressing himself to some friends who had called to see him, and who expressed the hope that he might be graciously sustained, even unto death, he replied as follows—"As the wise men were travelling in pursuit of Jesus of Nazareth, the Star of Bethlehem, which guided them on their way, grew brighter and brighter, until it stood over the place where the child lay; and if I am permitted to have a sight of that Star, even in its faint glimmering, how blest am I! This strengthens, supports, encourages me, as I go to be with Christ. But Oh, how shall this poor heart of mine bear the sight of the transcendent glory of my Divine Redeemer, unless it is more completely sanctified by the Blessed Spirit? But this it shall be, and will be, to the praise of his rich and glorious grace."

When spoken to in regard to his final rest, he replied as follows:—"When I have been travelling up and down the North River in the steam-boat, I have often noticed a great anxiety among the passengers to get a view of the 'Mountain House' on the Catskill Mountain; and if there were twenty telescopes on board, they would all be employed in examining the distant edifice; but we who are sailing down the River of Life, are attracted by the Building of God, the House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. And we have a telescope of Divine origin—the Word of the Living God," (at the same time raising his hand, and looking through it,) "through which we may examine the beautiful building, and view its foundation, and admire its structure and its extent, and by means of which we may learn the qualifications for admittance there."

"Under what obligations I am," said he to a friend, "to sing the royalties of grace—I say *royalties*, because they all come from the hand of a Sovereign."

Speaking of the course he had pursued as a minister of Christ, he remarked,—"I have always been a moderate man, or at least have tried to be so, but in some things I have been vastly too moderate. God has said—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;' but oh, how often have I suffered a little bit of the creature to creep in, even in my best moments."

Such are some of the remarks made by this excellent man, as he was approaching the end of his course. Little did I think, as I took down some of them, while standing by his side, and was furnished with others by his son John, (now deceased,) that, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, I should have occasion to present them in this public manner by way of illustrating his triumphant death scene. I shall be thankful indeed if they may serve to reproduce the impression on other minds which they have made on mine.

Yours with Christian affection,

R. K. RODGERS.

ARCHIBALD CAMERON.*

1795—1826.

ARCHIBALD CAMERON was born in Scotland about the year 1771 or 1772; but his parents migrated to America, when he was in his infancy. His father, whose name was John Cameron, of the "Clan Cameron," of the family of Kenloch, was a farmer, of good natural capacity, correct principles, and strict integrity. His mother, whose maiden name was Jannet McDonald, was of the "McDonald Clan," of most respectable parentage, of a strong and well cultivated mind, and of exemplary piety. She was a true "Scotch Presbyterian."

The first permanent settlement of the family, after their arrival in this country, was in Virginia, on the Monongahela River, where they resided until April, 1781. Meanwhile, one of the sons, *Angus*, a young man of fine talents and accomplishments, who accompanied General George Rogers Clark in his expedition through the Western country, had visited Kentucky, and on his return had given such a glowing description of its advantages as a place of residence, as induced the family to make their arrangements for removing thither. They accordingly did remove in the spring of 1781. After spending two years in a place called Lynn's Station, they settled on a farm in Nelson County,—a beautiful and romantic spot, about six miles from Bardstown.

Of the earliest years of the subject of this sketch little is known; but, as his father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, it is presumed that he spent most of the time at home as a labourer on the farm. But, in the midst of the cares and perils in which he grew up, the cultivation of his mind was never lost sight of—he studied Latin, and to some extent Greek also, under the tuition of his elder brother, Angus, who, though subject at

* MSS. from several clergymen, furnished by Mr. J. C. Brown.—Collins' Hist. Ky.—Davidson's Hist. Presb. Ch. Ky.

that time to mental alienation, in consequence of a contusion on his head, was still capable of rendering good service in the way of instruction to the younger members of the family.

Mr. Cameron spent a year or more at the "Transylvania Seminary," now "Transylvania University," in Lexington, over which a Mr. Wilson at that time presided. He subsequently completed his literary course at Bardstown, under Dr. James Priestley,*—one of the most accomplished scholars, and perhaps the most distinguished classical teacher, of his day, in the West. He was here associated in his studies with John Rowan, Felix Grundy, John Pope, and several others, who became greatly distinguished; but he is said, in point of scholarship, to have taken the precedence of them all. The acquaintance which he now formed with these eminent men continued in after life, and they often bore the highest testimony to his talents and virtues.

Though he had the benefit of a strictly religious education, and grew up under the restraining influence of sound religious principle, yet it was not till he was about eighteen years of age that his attention was directed to religion as the chief concern. After a somewhat protracted season of anxiety in respect to his salvation, he believed himself to have become the subject of a renovating influence; and, at the age of nineteen, he made a public profession of his faith, and connected himself with the Presbyterian Church in Bardstown, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Terah Templin.†

Mr. Cameron, after finishing his literary course, entered on the study of Theology, under the direction of the Rev. David Rice, who then resided near Danville, in Mercer County, Ky. His advantages here for pursuing a theological course were quite limited; but his uncommon energy, independence, and perseverance, made up in a great measure for this deficiency. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Transylvania Presbytery, February 14, 1795. His first efforts in the pulpit by no means gave promise of what was subsequently realized, owing particularly to a hesitating and diffident manner, which practice enabled him in a good degree to correct. He commenced his ministerial course as a missionary; and his labours were distributed among a large number of neighbourhoods, mostly in the Counties of Nelson, Shelby, and Jefferson, at many of which points he afterwards organized churches.

In the spring of 1796, he received a call from a people who wished to be collected into a congregation, and to enjoy the regular ministry of the Gos-

*James Priestley was the son of a poor but very pious man in the County of Rockbridge, Va. The Rev. William Graham, in catechising the youth of his charge, having been struck with the promptness and pertinency of his answers, obtained the consent of his parents to take him into his own family, with a view to his being liberally educated. The boy, possessing remarkable talents, soon became a distinguished scholar and a Tutor in the Academy. After completing his academical studies, and serving for some time as Tutor, he directed his course to Maryland, and was soon employed as a classical teacher, first in Annapolis, and then in Georgetown. On removing to Kentucky as a lawyer, he resumed the business of teaching, but afterwards returned to Georgetown. Not far from the beginning of this century, he transferred his abode to the city of Baltimore, and a few years later, accepted an invitation to take charge of Cumberland College, as it was then called, at Nashville. Here he spent the last years of his life; but, though possessed of extraordinary learning and high qualifications as a teacher, he did not succeed well in organising and arranging an infant College.

† Terah Templin, having been licensed by the Hanover (Va.) Presbytery in 1780, went to Kentucky shortly after, where he received ordination in 1785. He settled in Washington County, on the South side of the Kentucky River, and there organized several churches and laboured faithfully as an evangelist. He extended his labours, in the way of supplying destitute churches and forming new ones, into Livingston County also. He died October 6, 1818, at the age of seventy-six. His talents were respectable, his manner solemn and impressive, and his character every way irreproachable.

pel, in the Counties of both Shelby and Nelson. On the 2d of June, 1796, he was ordained and installed over the Churches of Akron and Fox Run in Shelby, and Big Spring in Nelson. For several years, his labours were spread over a very extensive field, now occupied by the Churches of Shelbyville, Mulberry, Six Mile, Shiloh, Olivet, and Big Spring, and embracing a circuit of from thirty to forty miles. These churches, with the exception of Big Spring, were organized and built up through his instrumentality: he also organized the Churches of Cane Run and Pennsylvania Run, in Jefferson County. For many years, he was the only Presbyterian minister in this wide extent of country; to supply which he laboured with indefatigable industry and perseverance, travelling through a wilderness in the most inclement seasons, and often being obliged to swim the swollen streams, to fulfil his appointments. But the field being too wide, and the labour in supplying so many points too great, he, in 1803, resigned his charge of the church in Nelson, and devoted himself exclusively to those in Shelby. Here he laboured with great acceptance and success until 1818, when the Churches, now called Shiloh and Olivet, being desirous of having a large portion of the time and labours of a minister, were separated from his charge, and secured the services of another pastor. Mr. Cameron now devoted his undivided energies to the Shelbyville, Mulberry, and Six Mile, Churches. In this still extended field, the people were much attached to him, and his labours among them were attended with a manifest blessing; but the accessions to his churches, though very considerable, did not secure a proportionate increase of members, as the Churches were subject to constant diminution by removals to the West. At one time, in the space of two years, almost an entire church, besides many from some other of his churches, removed to Indiana; and in that single State, there are now (1852) some five or six Presbyterian Congregations, which are colonies from the Congregations of which he was pastor in Shelby County. During an extensive revival of religion in 1828, large additions were made to all his churches; after which it became necessary for him to contract his labours within a still narrower field; and from this time till near the close of life, he devoted himself to the Churches of Shelbyville and Mulberry. Here he had a long and interesting term of service,—it being altogether more than forty years.

In early life, Mr. Cameron had a most vigorous constitution, and enjoyed excellent health; but his abundant labours and exposures, in connection with his habit of close study, gradually impaired his vigour, and brought on a nervous affection, which, though, for a while, it did not interrupt, yet greatly embarrassed, the discharge of his duties. This affection finally terminated in *bronchitis*,—the disease that occasioned his death. He was violently attacked by it in February, 1836, and was so ill that his recovery was nearly despaired of; but in the early part of summer, his health had so far improved that he was able occasionally to preach. In the autumn of that year, however, he began to sink, and no medical aid was sufficient to arrest his decline. During his last illness,—a period of ten months, he was uniformly sustained by the consolations of religion, and sometimes the state of his mind rose to intense rapture. To his brethren of the Presbytery, at their meeting the spring before his death, when he was supposed by himself and others to be on the borders of the grave, he sent a most tender message, assuring them that the nearer he approached to the eternal world,

the more precious did the doctrines he had been accustomed to preach appear to him, and charging them to hold fast to those truths which yielded him so much consolation in the most trying circumstances. In the full possession of his faculties, and in the joyful hope of entering into rest, he died on the 4th of December, 1836.

The following is a list of his published works:—The Faithful Steward: against baptizing adults who do not give evidence of faith and repentance, or the children of such adults, 1806. The Monitor, on Religious Liberty, Church Government, Discipline, &c., 1806. An Appeal to the Scriptures on the design, extent, and effect, of the Propitiation made by Christ, 1811. A Discourse between the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church, and a Preacher in that Society who holds the doctrine of an indefinite or universal atonement, 1814. A Defence of the Doctrines of grace: a series of Letters in reply to Judge Davidge's publication addressed to the "advocates of a partial Gospel," 1816. A Reply to some Arminian questions on "Divine Predestination," and to a doggerel poem,—"The trial of Cain," 1822. An anonymous Letter on Foreordination. Two pamphlets addressed to the Rev. George C. Light, a Methodist Preacher, 1829. An Historical Sketch of the Presbytery of Transylvania, for the General Assembly's Committee appointed to write a History of the Presbyterian Church.

FROM THE HON. C. S. TODD,

MINISTER FROM THE UNITED STATES TO RUSSIA.

SHELBYVILLE, Ky. January 1, 1852.

My dear Sir: I proceed, in compliance with your request, and in fulfilment of my promise, to submit to you a few remarks as to my general estimate of the character, personal appearance, manners, general bearing in society, the intellectual and social qualities, the style of preaching, and general results of the labours, of the late Rev. Archibald Cameron.

It was my good fortune to be his neighbour for many years, and being a member of one of the churches he had planted in this region, to enjoy the privilege of attending his preaching. I have also been gratified frequently by his society around my own fireside, and have thus been enabled to form an estimate of his character under circumstances the most favourable to obtain a right appreciation of it.

His personal appearance was not very prepossessing, though his head and the general outline of his features indicated his striking characteristics of mind,—decision and benevolence. His personal habits as to dress were not particularly neat,—which may be ascribed to the customs of the early days of Western Pennsylvania and Kentucky, where he grew up to manhood. His manners in general society were blunt, evincing traces of his Scotch descent, but in the bosom of the Church and of his congregation, he was tender and affectionate in his intercourse, exhibiting a remarkable instance of the power of grace in the soul. The thousands who attended his preaching for a period of forty years, in a wide district of country, and especially those whom he was the blessed instrument of bringing into the Church, will long remember the affecting instances of his intellectual power and persuasive eloquence; but most of all, will they cherish a deep sense of the tenderness and solicitude with which he laboured for their spiritual welfare. To say that he was beloved by his brethren is but a faint expression of their feelings. They venerated his piety and his rich instruction, while, at the same time, they were fascinated by the sprightliness of his wit and the benevolence of his feelings.

His style of preaching was peculiar. He had the power of condensation in a very remarkable degree. He combined chasteness and simplicity of style with great earnestness of manner; and while he always dwelt with emphasis upon the doctrines of the Gospel, he never failed to conclude with an impressive and practical application.

Mr. Cameron was a ripe scholar in all that fitted him to interpret the Scriptures, though in general science and literature, he may not have been a great proficient. His mind was cast in the finest mould, and its distinctive characteristics were strength, originality, and discrimination. He was gifted with keen powers of satire, and when contending for what he believed to be the truth, he was wonderfully direct and pungent. He acted upon the scriptural principle, that the Church must be "first pure—then peaceable." He was regarded as decidedly a leader in the Synod, and next to that illustrious pioneer, the Rev. David Rice, he was the Father of Presbyterianism in Kentucky.

He was afflicted for many years with what was termed the "sleepy disease," which he could not shake off in the pulpit. Some amusing incidents connected with this habit are treasured up in the memory of his brethren. Among them may be mentioned the case of a young minister, who, on the occasion of a protracted meeting, was assisting Father Cameron. During his sermon, he discovered his elder brother to be apparently in a sound sleep, and he ventured, near the close of the discourse, to wander out of the Bible in search of some philosophical speculations. When he had finished, Father Cameron promptly rose, and reviewing the sermon in detail, and quoting not a little of his language, administered such a rebuke as convinced the young minister that, though he seemed to sleep, he was yet wide awake to the truth. The lesson was not lost on the young preacher—he afterwards laboured faithfully many years in one of the new States.

The style and manner of Father Cameron bore a striking resemblance to that of Dr. Archibald Alexander of Princeton; and it is a remarkable coincidence that they were pupils of the same teacher,—Mr. Priestley, who instructed a class in Kentucky who became distinguished lawyers and statesmen. In one peculiar talent, Father Cameron and Mr. Rowan were equally happy; that of method, chasteness, and beauty in an extemporaneous address. Mr. Rowan was an eminent orator and spoke off-hand, as they say in the West, with all the precision you would expect in a written production. The same quality was exhibited in the extemporaneous prayer of Father Cameron, who blended with the richest evangelical thoughts the hallowed tenderness and devout elevation of a heart deeply penetrated with an unction from on high. With the thousand labourers in the vineyard who have gone before, and are now following him, his reward is in Heaven and his record is on high.

I remain yours in affectionate bonds,

C. S. TODD.

JOSEPH CALDWELL, D. D.*

1796—1835.

The father of JOSEPH CALDWELL was a physician, settled at Lamington, N. J. He died in consequence of the rupture of a blood vessel in his lungs, on the 19th of April, 1773, was buried on the 20th, and on the 21st his son Joseph was born. His mother, whose maiden name was Rachel Harker, was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, and the granddaughter of a Mr. Lovel, a Huguenot, who fled from France, on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. After the close of the Revolutionary war, the family removed to Bristol, Pa., where the education of this son was commenced; and subsequently to Amwell, N. J. The mother was a woman of devoted piety, and attended faithfully to the religious culture of her son. His studies preparatory to entering College were commenced at Princeton; were continued at Newark, (to which place again his mother had removed,) under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. McWhorter; and were completed at Princeton. As the pecuniary circumstances of the family were somewhat straitened, Dr. Witherspoon, who had met his mother at Elizabethtown, kindly proffered his aid, as far as the matter of expense was concerned, in furnishing a liberal education to her son. He accordingly entered the Freshman class in the autumn of 1787, and, during his whole collegiate course, maintained the highest rank as a scholar. He graduated in 1791, on which occasion he delivered the Salutatory Oration in Latin.

After his graduation, he engaged in the business of teaching, first in his native place, and afterwards in Elizabethtown, where he applied himself to the study of Divinity, under the direction of the Rev. David Austin, at that time Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that place. In April, 1795, he became Tutor in Princeton College, and continued to hold the office somewhat more than a year. In the summer of 1796, he received and accepted the appointment of Professor of Mathematics in the University of North Carolina. On the 22d of September following, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of New Brunswick; and immediately after entered on the duties of his Professorship, being then only twenty-three years of age. A spirit less determined than his might have been broken by the difficulties against which he continually struggled for many years. He found the College in a feeble state, unsettled in its course of studies, without discipline, poorly manned with officers, low in funds, and nearly destitute of buildings, library, and apparatus. The Board of Trustees was, with few exceptions, composed of uneducated men, who had little skill in either organising or sustaining such an institution. In its early history, it was subject to numerous vicissitudes, which more than once threatened its very existence; and to Dr. Caldwell is justly ascribed the merit of having, in each case, saved it from ruin, and of having laid the foundation of that high respectability which it has attained among the literary institutions of our country.

In 1804, he was transferred from his Professorship to the Presidency of the University. This latter office he continued to hold till 1812, when he

*MSS. from Rev. E. Mitchell, D. D., and Rev. W. Hooper, D. D.—Foote's Sketches of N. C.

resigned it, and returned to the mathematical chair,—being succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Chapman. In 1816, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of New Jersey. In 1817, Dr. Chapman retired from the Presidency, and Dr. Caldwell was chosen President again. In 1824, he went to Europe for the purchase of apparatus and books for the University, and returned the following year. His time was spent mostly in Great Britain; but he passed over to the Continent, and visited Paris, thence went to Lyons and Switzerland, and down the Rhine to Frankfort, whence he returned to England. The first access of the disease that terminated his life was in 1828 or 1829, after which, till the time of his decease, (January 24, 1835,) he was never well, and often suffered severely. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. E. Mitchell, then Senior Professor in the University, and at the ensuing Commencement, a Eulogium commemorative of his abilities, virtues, and public services, was pronounced by Professor Anderson, subsequently Judge Anderson of Florida. A monument to his memory was erected in the grove surrounding the University buildings, by the Trustees. This is to be torn down, as not corresponding to the high standing of the man whose virtues it commemorates; and another of greater cost and elegance is to be substituted for it. It is now (1854) in the hands of the artist. The funds devoted to its erection, have been contributed by his pupils and other friends.

About 1803, he was married to Susan Rowan of Fayetteville, sister to William Barry Grove, formerly Member of Congress from North Carolina. She became the mother of one child, that died in infancy; and she did not herself long survive. In 1809, he was a second time married to Mrs. Helen Hooper, (a Scotch lady whose maiden name was Hogg,) widow of a son of the Signer of the Declaration of Independence. She was the mother of three sons at the time of her marriage, but had no children afterwards. One of the sons is the Rev. Dr. Hooper, for many years Professor in the University of North Carolina. She survived her second husband several years.

Besides two or three occasional Sermons, Dr. Caldwell published a Mathematical work with the following title:—A Compendious System of Elementary Geometry, in Seven Books: to which an eighth is added, containing such other propositions as are Elementary. Subjoined, is a Treatise of Plane Trigonometry. He published also, in one of the Raleigh newspapers, a series of articles, called "Letters of Carlton," which were designed to awaken a spirit of internal improvement in the State of North Carolina; and another series on Popular Education or Free Schools. These were republished in a volume about the year, 1825.

FROM DENISON OLMSTED, LL. D.

New Haven, May 8, 1854.

My dear Sir: My acquaintance with President Caldwell commenced in the year 1818, when he was about twenty-five years of age, and being a Professor in the same institution, I was on terms of daily intercourse with him for the seven years following. I loved him as a man and a Christian, respected him for his talents and learning, and admired him for the dignity and skill with which he presided over the College. Dr. Caldwell was in stature below the average height, but of a compact and elegant form, and of handsome features. His bodily activity and athletic vigour were remarkable, and his ordinary bearing,

though graceful and dignified, bespoke the resolute determination of his character.

On my first acquaintance with him,—as his intellect did not appear to me remarkable, and his oratorical powers were but small, I was somewhat at a loss to account for that extraordinary influence which he exercised over men's minds, especially in a country where nothing is so much admired as splendid talents, and nothing commands such sway as popular eloquence. A more intimate acquaintance with him revealed the secret of his might. He was a man of remarkably *sound judgment*—this was his most commanding trait of character. He was *self-denying*—every one felt that he was ready to make any sacrifices within his power, of personal ease, property, or private advantage, for the good of the College. He was *generous*—his charities to the poor, his aid to the unfortunate, his hospitality and his contributions to the cause of benevolence, were disproportioned to his income, and left him little more than a frugal support. He was *fearless*—in the unsettled state of society in which he lived, when he first took up his residence in that country, he had frequently to encounter the spirit of violence, especially among the insubordinate youth who became members of the College; but he established, and ever afterwards maintained, both in College and out, a reputation for undaunted courage. Finally, he was one of the most *persevering* of men—his perseverance, however, was not the obstinacy which adheres to its measures, merely because it has taken them, irrespective of right or wrong, but that firmness which refuses to relax its grasp, because it believes them to be right. If any measure was in agitation, affecting the interests of the College, of sufficient importance to arouse his energies, the Board of Trustees had learned to feel that it must certainly succeed, or the alternative would be the loss of his services. The same qualities which gave him such influence over men of mature minds, exercised in a different way a similar ascendancy over the minds of youth; and no man whom I have ever known, appeared to me to have equal power of controlling the disobedient and refractory. His watchfulness over the student was constant and unwearied. There was no hour of the night, when those engaged in unlawful proceedings might not expect to see him suddenly in the midst of them; yet very few, if any, of the graduates of the University, ever failed to remember him with admiration and affection.

In early life, Dr. Caldwell was said to have been distinguished for great vivacity of disposition and manners, although always under the control of a studious propriety. In later life, his manners were more grave, but they were still enlivened, at suitable times, by a current of good humour, although he seldom descended to the facetious. The society of men or women of high intelligence was ever delightful to him, as every look, and word, and action, demonstrated. His natural benevolence, as well as his social disposition, fell in very fully with the ancient habits of hospitality of the South, and no one of any degree of respectability, who chose to make his house a resting place, failed to receive a most courteous welcome.

In his studies Dr. Caldwell was patient, laborious and exact. He was a sound scholar, rather than a man of superior genius. Having, during the various vicissitudes of the College, been obliged at different times to give instruction in nearly every department of the academic course, his acquaintance with all was uncommonly familiar, although his taste led him to prefer the exact sciences to classical literature.

I have been told that this eminent man dated the commencement of his religious experience at a period subsequent to his entering the ministry. A severe and dangerous fit of sickness, which he suffered in middle life, presented eternal things in a new light, and from that time to his death, he grew constantly in spirituality. His earlier sermons, of which we occasionally had specimens, were characterized by a vagueness of expression, and by barren generalities, from

which his later discourses were generally free, although I never thought his style of writing particularly luminous. His delivery was grave, earnest and affectionate, though somewhat monotonous. But he occasionally touched a tender chord, and awakened considerable emotion, although the general character of his preaching was intellectual and preceptive, rather than impassioned. On the whole, it may be truly said that he was an instructive, faithful and useful preacher of the Gospel, and he left on the minds of his hearers a strong impression that they had been listening to words of truth and soberness.

North Carolina reveres his memory. Her most distinguished sons were his pupils, and cherish for him a truly filial affection; and the advance which that State made in intelligence and virtue, through the instrumentality of his labours, is the highest monument of his power and wisdom.

Yours with great regard,

D. OLMSTED.

FROM THE REV. SHEPARD K. KOLLOCK, D. D.

GREENWICH, N. J., 8th February, 1855.

Rev. and dear Sir: You wish me to give you some of my recollections of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Caldwell. I do it cheerfully; for the remembrance of the six years in which I was associated with him at the University of North Carolina is exceedingly pleasant to me.

Soon after I was licensed to preach, Dr. Caldwell called upon me, when I was in Carolina, and asked me if I would take a situation in the College, if one were offered me by the Trustees. I frankly told him that, at first view, I was disinclined to do so; not merely on account of my youth and inexperience, but also because my preferences were for the pastoral office, and because I was licensed to *preach*. He, at once, replied, "That is what we want—more preaching on the Sabbath and in the week; and if a small congregation in the country be united to the college pulpit, you may, with a good conscience, secure the end of your education and licensure." He then proceeded to speak for some time on the absolute necessity of religion in the government of a College, observing that, without such influence, literary institutions must sooner or later become the fountains of corruption; that nothing so effectually as this imposes a check upon youthful folly and wickedness; that without religious principles, no system of discipline, however wisely formed, or faithfully executed, can save a Seminary from moral deterioration, or prevent the highest talents or the richest attainments from being perverted to the worst of purposes—that every seat of science should therefore be the seat of Christian piety. These remarks, coming from one who had been more than twenty years connected with a College, made an impression on me that was never lost. One of the Trustees informed me that about a week after this, he addressed the Board on this subject, and spoke an hour, in a manner most convincing and persuasive. He concluded his address in this manner—"Let the Gospel be fully preached at your seat of learning, by any faithful minister of any denomination—I will add, even 'through strife and envy,' and, like the great Apostle, 'I will rejoice.'" After the Professorship was established, I accepted the office,—influenced chiefly by his arguments, and entered upon my duties—I gave instruction in Rhetoric and Logic, and devoted much of my time to the appropriate work of a minister.

You doubtless have all the information you need concerning Dr. Caldwell, as a scholar, an instructer of youth, a President of a College, and a liberal friend of education. I shall therefore, in what I am now to say of him, confine myself to his *religious character*, as I had the opportunity of observing it. His piety was enlightened and consistent. On the subject of personal and experimental religion, he was usually reserved; but I can recall instances in which he unbo-

somed himself freely, and evinced, not only a decided attachment to the truths of the Bible, but also a deeply personal interest in them.

As a preacher, I cannot say that I should place him in the very first rank. His discourses were not greatly elaborated, nor had he an animated and glowing manner. This, however, should not excite our wonder, considering how, at different periods, he was obliged to give instruction in every branch taught in College, and how little time, therefore, he could devote to preparation for the pulpit.

But though not eminently distinguished in the pulpit, he did much to promote the cause of religion. On Sabbath afternoon, he gave instruction to the Senior class in the Bible; diligently preparing for the recitation, by the study of Doddridge, his favourite commentator. I was often told that in that exercise he was peculiarly happy, explaining and enforcing the Scripture in a manner most interesting and impressive. It may in truth be said that he countenanced every means to promote the interests of piety, regularly attended the weekly meeting for prayer, and encouraged similar associations among the pious students. One circumstance I can never forget. When the Circular from one of the Northern institutions reached us, recommending a day of "Fasting and Prayer for Colleges," I called upon the Doctor, and asked him if we should observe it. His immediate reply was,—"By all means—I know of nothing more encouraging than thus humbling ourselves before God, and praying for the visitations of his presence in our seats of learning. We must unite with our brethren in observing the day, and observing it properly—it is a glorious object,—the consecration of all our literary institutions to the Divine service." A few days before the appointed time, he announced it at evening prayers; explained the nature of religious fasting; alluded to the Circular, and spoke of the pleasure of such a bond of union; showed our duty in thus publicly attesting our dependance upon God, and concluded with the announcement that, on the following Thursday, the College exercises would be suspended, and the chapel opened. The day was properly observed by two public discourses, and a meeting for prayer in the evening. Good was done; the gracious influences of the Spirit were granted; the people of God were quickened; and two or three students were deeply affected, who afterwards made a public profession of religion.

In one part of Theology Dr. Caldwell was as well versed as almost any man that I have known—that relating to the evidences of Christianity, and the Divine authority of the Scriptures. His mind had been peculiarly directed to this subject, on account of the opposition he met with, when he first went to the South. It was a time when French infidelity was pervading almost every part of the country; when, in Carolina, not a small part of the rich and educated disbelieved the Bible, and regarded Christianity a delusion; and when, even in the University, infidelity had been earnestly inculcated. As soon as he entered the College, he became the bold champion of Christianity. He was well acquainted with the more prominent infidel writers,—from Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke to Paine; understood all their arguments, and knew well how to refute them. At meetings of Presbytery, when he was called upon to examine candidates for the ministry, it was truly gratifying to see how perfectly familiar he was with this subject, and how bravely and skilfully, and successfully, he had borne his part in this struggle. He relied much upon the Bible, and laboured to lead his pupils to make it the man of their counsel. From the time they came under his instruction to the completion of their course, he constantly urged that this should be their guide, and then, when taking their degree, a handsome copy of the Scriptures was presented with their diploma, implying that the latter would be of little service without the use of the former.

The last time I saw Dr. Caldwell was in the city of Philadelphia,—I think in 1834, when he was under medical treatment,—undergoing a painful surgical

operation. He spoke much of his disease, and of the bodily agony which he suffered,—saying "it is almost too much for human nature to bear; but the grace of God is sufficient." He continued conversing for some time on the nature of Christian consolation and support, compared with what is termed philosophical fortitude,—and showed that he was calmly submissive to the Divine will, whatever it might be; ready to recover and live longer, or to suffer still more from his disease and die. I found him the same warm-hearted friend that he had always been, and if there was any change, it was this—the kindness of his nature and the tenderness of his piety seemed to have increased under his sufferings, and in view of his departure.

All who were acquainted with his labours must acknowledge that he was an eminent benefactor of youth, and did much for the cause of education; and those who knew him intimately, will testify that he was an ornament to the Church with which he was connected, and in many ways a blessing to the generation in which he lived.

Yours most affectionately,

SHEPARD K. KOLLOCK.

JOHN LYLE.*

1797—1825.

JOHN LYLE, the son of John and Flora (Reed) Lyle, was born in Rockbridge County, Va., October 20, 1769. Both his father and grandfather were elders of the Timber Ridge Church, and the latter emigrated from the North of Ireland before the middle of the eighteenth century, and was one of the original settlers of Rockbridge County. His father, though not affluent, was in comfortable circumstances, and owned a farm, which he and his sons cultivated, as he was in principle opposed to holding slaves. The subject of this notice made a profession of religion in September, 1789, when he was a month less than twenty years of age; and from this time he became very desirous of devoting himself to the Christian ministry. His father, however, endeavoured to dissuade him from it,—partly on the ground that, having educated an elder son already, it would be inconvenient to him to meet the expenses of *his* education, and partly because he thought he was in some respects constitutionally disqualified to be a public speaker. But the young man could not be prevailed on to abandon his purpose, and he accordingly entered a school in that neighbourhood taught by his brother Andrew, a young man of great promise, who had graduated at Liberty Hall, and was at that time preparing for the ministry. Here he continued until the death of his brother, which took place in 1791. He then commenced teaching an English school himself, and, at the same time, was vigorously engaged in preparing to enter College. In due time he became a student at Liberty Hall, where, in the more advanced stage of his education, he was employed as a Tutor to the younger classes. He graduated about the year 1794.

* Davidson's Hist. Presb. Ch. Ky.—Foote's Sketches of Va., 2d Series.—MSS. from Rev. Joel K. Lyle, Rev. Dr. J. C. Barnes and Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart.

Immediately after leaving College, he was employed in teaching a school in Rockbridge County, while he pursued his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. William Graham. He was received as a candidate for licensure, by the Lexington Presbytery, April 21, 1796, and in just a year from that day was licensed to preach the Gospel. During the succeeding autumn and winter, he was employed as a missionary on the frontier of Virginia proper; and in the summer of 1798, he was in Kentucky in the same capacity. Sometime in the fall of 1799, he was received and ordained by the West Lexington Presbytery. In 1800, he took charge of the Churches of Salem and Sugar Ridge, in Clark County, where he remained several years. As these churches yielded him an inadequate support, he was obliged, during the period of his connection with them, to teach a school in order to meet his necessary expenses.

During the great religious excitement that commenced in the Southwest, in the year 1800, accompanied by violent bodily exercises, Mr. Lyle, though for a time greatly tried by the extraordinary demonstrations which he witnessed, very soon became satisfied that they were not the effects of a Divine impulse, but were, to say the least, evidences of human infirmity, and served only to mar what he considered as otherwise a genuine revival of religion. With this conviction, he felt himself called upon to resist the strong current that was sweeping through the churches, though he did it, as might be expected, at the expense of being regarded by many as at best a cold friend to the revival. At Paris, Ky., he preached a Sermon on the text—"Let all things be done decently and in order," which is said to have been very effective to the purpose for which it was intended. At Danville, while he was preaching from the words—"Bodily exercise profiteth little," he was interrupted by sounds resembling the barking of a dog, but by a few words uttered in an earnest and decided tone, he arrested the disorder.

In 1805, he was appointed by the Synod to ride two months within the bounds of the Cumberland Presbytery, and afterwards to sit as one of the Commissioners on the difficulties of that Body. He was a member of the General Assembly, when the subject came up for adjudication in 1809, and represented the case with such fervour and ability, that his audience were not only convinced by his statements, but powerfully affected by his appeals.

In May, 1807, Mr. Lyle removed to Paris, Bourbon County, Ky., whither also he removed his school; but subsequently established an Academy, which flourished greatly under his superintendence. At the same time, he preached to the Churches of Cane Ridge and Concord., About 1810, he withdrew from the Academy, in consequence of a determination on the part of the Trustees to discard the Bible and all religious instruction. He also, owing to various circumstances, ceased to labour with the above named Congregations, and soon after commenced preaching to Mount Pleasant Church, near Cynthiana, Harrison County. In the summer of 1814, he spent four months in the Counties of Bourbon, Harrison, Nicholas, and Fayette, preaching chiefly to the coloured people.

Having been instrumental, between the years 1815 and 1818, in the settlement of two ministers—one in the Mount Pleasant Church, and the other in the Churches of Concord and Carlisle,—both within the field in which he had himself laboured,—he gave up the stated labours of a pastor, and devoted the rest of his life to missionary service.

Mr. Lyle continued earnestly and successfully engaged in his work, till he was taken off by the disease which terminated his life. He died at his residence in Paris, Ky., July 22, 1825, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, from an attack of dysentery, which run its course in fourteen days. He was buried in his garden, in a spot selected by himself, under the shade of a favourite tree.

Mr. Lyle was married, June 18, 1798, to Mrs. Margaret Lapsley, widow of Capt. Samuel Lapsley, a lady of most exemplary Christian character, who survived him seventeen years. He had three children,—all of them sons.

Mr. Lyle's only publications, with the exception of his contributions to periodicals, are the New American English Grammar, 1804; and a Sermon on the qualifications and duties of Gospel ministers, delivered at the opening of the first Session of the Presbytery of Ebenezer, 1821.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT STUART, D. D.

NICHOLASVILLE, Ky., September 15, 1854.

Dear Sir: I was intimately acquainted with the Rev. John Lyle, having been contemporary with him, and a co-agent in most of the deeply interesting ecclesiastical scenes through which he was called to pass. My first personal knowledge of him was at the time he entered College. A Mr. Ramsay and myself at that time occupied a room in College, and were students of Theology under President Graham. The arrangement of the Trustees was that all the students should live in College and board with a steward; and among them was Mr. Lyle. Some dissipated youth from the Eastern part of Virginia, having fallen into the habit of gambling in Lexington, and the Professors, being informed of the fact, having called them to an account for their conduct, they accused Mr. Lyle,—whether truly or falsely,—of being the informer, and set themselves to revenge upon him by persecuting him in every way in their power. He at length came to our room to ask our opinion as to what he ought to do; and our judgment in the case was that he had better arm himself with a club, and assume a stern and threatening aspect and manner, and we doubted not that they would quail before him. He took our advice, and it turned out as we predicted—the persecutions from that time ceased. Shortly after this, I obtained license to preach, came to Kentucky, and received an appointment to a Professorship in Transylvania University, where I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Lyle, from which time a fraternal intimacy subsisted between us till his death.

Mr. Lyle was of a tall and slender figure, and his manners, though not studied or artificial, were kind and agreeable. He had naturally a warm and genial spirit, and made himself very pleasant in circles in which he was well acquainted, though in his intercourse with strangers he was inclined to be reserved,—owing, I doubt not, to the fact of his being somewhat deaf.

He was pre-eminently a benefactor to the cause of education in the West. Having an ardent thirst for knowledge, and being a thorough scholar, especially in the languages, he was intent on doing his utmost for the intellectual as well as moral and religious improvement of the rising generation. His Academy at Paris, which he continued for years, under very favourable auspices, he made the instrument of preparing several indigent young men for the ministry, by employing them as teachers, and at the same time instructing them in Divinity, with a view to their entering the Theological Seminary at Princeton. To him belongs the honour of establishing the first school *exclusively* for the education of females in the West, or so far as my own knowledge extends, in any part of the country.

He was also one of the first,—so far as I know, the very first, to suggest the plan of circulating the Scriptures by means of colporteurs. In a conversation with myself, he lamented that he found the ignorance of the people so great through the country, that they could not receive the legitimate benefit of the preaching of the Gospel. He therefore resolved to establish a press, for the special purpose of publishing plain practical tracts on religious subjects, and circulating them among the people, in the hope of thereby creating and cherishing a taste for religious reading. He had the pleasure ere long of seeing this purpose successfully carried out.

As a preacher, he was ardent, zealous, and highly evangelical. He avoided vain speculations, and kept his audience constantly within sight of the Cross. During much the greater portion of his ministry, he laboured as an evangelist.

He was an earnest and vigorous defender of the order, discipline, and doctrines, of the Presbyterian Church. In the different schisms which occurred during his ministry, almost every doctrine and principle of discipline in the Confession of Faith was called in question; and no man came more promptly and efficiently to the defence than Mr. Lyle. Indeed I have no hesitation in ranking him among the foremost of his day in preserving the unity and prosperity of the Church under trying circumstances.

Yours with respect,

ROBERT STUART.

FROM THE REV. HUBBARD HINDE KAVANAUGH, D. D.,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

VERSAILLES, Ky., February 6, 1855.

My dear Sir: Though I had my home for a considerable time in Mr. Lyle's dwelling, yet it was at so early a period of my life, that I am not sure that my estimate of his character is so perfect as you might obtain from some one who was longer contemporary with him. I think, however, I cannot be deceived in regard to his more prominent traits; and such as my recollections are, I cheerfully give them to you, leaving it to others to furnish you a more finished portrait.

Mr. Lyle undoubtedly made a strong impression upon the Southwest, as a Christian, a Teacher, and a Preacher.

He was a man of excellent judgment, of very good classical acquirements, and of earnest and consistent piety. His views and his spirit were eminently evangelical—he made much, in both his teachings and his experience, of the difference between the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith. His heart was evidently warmed, and his life controlled, by the truths which he believed.

As a Preacher, he showed that he had a clear and comprehensive view of the Gospel of the blessed God. He never attempted elegance of style or gracefulness of manner; though I do not mean to intimate that he was particularly deficient in either. He spoke out of a mind richly stored with Divine truth, and from a heart fully in sympathy with his exalted themes. His object evidently was to bring out and enforce the very mind of the Spirit; and it was always done with the dignity of enlightened earnestness, and not unfrequently with tears.

In the discipline of his family and school, he was conscientiously rigid. So frequent were his appeals to Solomon for authority to use the rod, that he got that ancient sage into rather bad odour among the subjects of his discipline. His conduct towards those who were apprentices under him, (for he carried on for a while the printing and book binding business,) was kind and respectful; and both he and his excellent wife laboured for their temporal and spiritual

good, more in the spirit of the parental relation than of that which they actually sustained. They were all allowed to eat at the same table with the family, were uniformly called to the family devotions, and each was furnished with a Hymn Book to sing at prayers, and with a Bible which he was required to read regularly; and his seat in the church might never be vacant, except from necessity. Three of his apprentices became ministers of the Gospel; and all but one are members of some branch of the Church; and that one is a man of such steady habits that he has been styled "a lobby member of the Presbyterian Church" for many years.

Mr. Lyle was generally a man of much more than common gravity—still he was not without a vein of humour, to which he sometimes gave play in a very agreeable manner. I remember one instance in which I was myself personally interested. At the age of thirteen, I was indentured to him to learn the art of printing. Before my time had expired, he had determined to give up the business. The terms of the contract which bound me to him had not been fulfilled on either part. Meanwhile, in attending him on one of his preaching tours, I had sought and embraced religion. After some two months' deliberation, I attached myself to the Methodist Church. Mr. Lyle was inclined to let me go free; but then he was legally liable to a prosecution for not fulfilling his contract. He asked me whether, if he would release me from all obligation to him, I would ever sue him. I assured him that I would not. He then, smiling, said, "Will you ever sue me until you fall from grace?"—thus giving a pleasant thrust at my doctrine of the possibility of such an event. I promised I would not; and on this bargain we parted.

Mr. Lyle's usefulness has survived him in many distinguished individuals, whose characters his influence has helped to mould.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

H. H. KAVANAUGH.

FROM THE REV. W. H. McGUFFEY, D.D., LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, March 19, 1855.

My dear Sir: Though I knew Mr. Lyle well, I was at the time young and ill qualified to form right impressions of such a man. My acquaintance with him, too, was, for the most part, at a distance—as a preacher rather than as a neighbour, though towards the last, as a friend. Still I will very cheerfully give you both my convictions and impressions respecting him.

To begin with his appearance—he was one of the most venerable and dignified looking gentlemen I ever saw. Much above the ordinary stature,—erect in form, with an expanded chest and a remarkably fine head, surrounded by a profusion of hair entirely white, and which he wore long, flowing down to his shoulders,—with an elastic step and commanding mien, he could not have been mistaken in any company or by the most careless observer for an ordinary man. He was dignified, but not forbidding; of commanding presence, but not austere; yet the vicious or even the frivolous might well feel ill at ease before him. Dignified humility, in the minister of Christ, is, by the shallow and flippant worldling, frequently mistaken for arrogance or pride. A more affable and courteous Christian gentleman than was the Rev. John Lyle, I do not remember to have known.

As a preacher, my recollections of him are less distinct. He was always instructive, frequently impressive, and sometimes, (when I had the privilege of hearing him,) persuasive in a very high degree. His most prominent trait as a preacher, I should think, was an earnest fidelity to the souls of his audience upon all occasions. Often have I seen his whole frame tremulous with emotion,

and the tears flowing profusely down his venerable face, while in tones of tenderness he expostulated with infatuated sinners, in the name of his Master—"Why will ye die? *Why will ye die?*"

His fidelity to the cause of truth in all its bearings, deserves to be noticed particularly. I can never forget the courage which he evinced, when warning and rebuking the open scoffer or the sneering sceptic, and with what Christian heroism he ventured, at times, to denounce the wickedness of the departed, even over their coffins, when profligate conventionalities strove to force him to become the panegyrist of that which his pious heart abhorred. The experiment was not often repeated. The same fidelity to his Master marked his conduct at Church Courts, when occasion demanded. No candidate for the ministry failed to hear of the doublings of the human heart in matters of self-deception, if Father Lyle was on the committee of examination. No necessary warning was withheld to look well to the motives which prompted the young brother to desire the work of the ministry. No false delicacy was ever allowed to prevent the honest expression of doubt, when the venerable man was not satisfied; and when he *was* satisfied, the vote of approval was apt to be unanimous. Yet he was the farthest possible from being censorious. His sagacity has more than once been vindicated by the subsequent career of those concerning whose admission or licensure he had been led to doubt.

His theological attainments, as far as I was then able to judge, were accurate and extensive, at least for that day; and I am far from being sure that the clergy of our Church at the present day would gain by an honest comparison with the ministers of thirty years ago. His talents must have been much above mediocrity, though, on that point too, I am led to distrust my early estimates.

I remain very sincerely yours,

W. H. McGUFFEY.

FROM THE HON. CHILTON ALLAN,

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

WINCHESTER, Ky., August 15, 1856.

Dear Sir: The Rev. John Lyle, concerning whom you ask for my recollections, had a school in this County, which I attended about the year 1806. I boarded in his family, and of course had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with him. He had a well defined Caucassian face, that I think resembled a marble bust I have seen of Mr. Jefferson. His hair was prematurely gray,—which rendered his appearance more venerable. His manner was thoughtful and dignified, and he would have been noticed any where by strangers as a remarkable man.

As a teacher, he was singularly devoted to the improvement of his pupils, and had an admirable talent at communicating knowledge in an easy and impressive manner. I think that his labours in this way accomplished more than those of any other teacher whom I have known in this part of the country. We used to have great exhibitions at his school, that called hundreds of people together; and, on these occasions, we declaimed, and acted tragedies and comedies,—in all which he seemed to take a great interest. This, besides contributing to the improvement and gratification of his scholars, helped to make his schools attractive and popular.

As a preacher, he addressed himself more to the understandings of his hearers than to their passions. His aim was to reach the common mind; and in order to this, he thought it necessary not only to be clear, but to a considerable extent elementary—no one, I may safely say, had any difficulty in understanding his sermons. His appearance in the pulpit was uncommonly dignified and impressive. He mingled freely in the revivals of 1803 and 1804; but my impression is, though I would not speak too confidently, that he found a good deal in them

to disapprove. The Rev. J—— H——, one of the best men in the world, became so enthusiastic, that he he never knew when to stop preaching or praying; and some of the members of his church, catching his burning zeal, would pray by the hour. He held a great camp meeting at Springfield, that lasted for many days; and Mr. Lyle, being present, bore with their prayers as long as he could; but one morning he broke out upon them in one of the most eloquent and impressive exhortations I ever heard—it gave great satisfaction to all the calm Christian men and women who were present, and on the whole produced a decidedly happy effect. Mr. Lyle had not only no tendency to enthusiasm, but very little patience with it—in religion as well as in other matters, his feelings were very much under the control of his judgment.

He was greatly respected while he lived, and left behind him an honoured name.

Yours respectfully,
CHILTON ALLAN.

FROM GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

PARIS, Ky., November 26, 1856.

Dear Sir: My acquaintance with the Rev. John Lyle, during the time I was a student at Law with Judge Mills, which was in the years 1824–25, was intimate. I was but a young man then, and was associated with his son, Joel A. Lyle, a class mate in study. The father was an old man, whose hair was white with the frosts of many winters, and whose demeanour was dignified and affable. I had known him from my boyhood, but I had not, before the period alluded to, been permitted to enjoy his society;—my knowledge of him being such only as would be received by a boy of an old man, who looked upon all young men with peculiar kindness, and whose bearing towards them, and especially to well-behaved boys, was marked by that sort of condescending affability which oftentimes forms so agreeable a link between youth and old age. I first saw him, to remember him, in the year 1816, perhaps 1817, at a book store containing rather an ill-assorted collection, but among which were many valuable books, of some of which he was the publisher and printer, and of all of which he was the proprietor. My Mother had given me a dollar to be expended in the purchase of a book. His was the only book store in Paris, and I cannot now think of the patience he exercised with me,—for I was a long time in selecting a book,—and the gratification expressed by him at the choice I made, without surprise,—so very different was the kindness of his manner to me, from that which I afterwards sometimes found, as a boy, from others, not as aged as he, under similar circumstances.

When his son Joel and I were afterwards thrown together as Law students, I was at his house weekly, and oftentimes daily, for two years. I have reason to believe that I won his best regards. We, I may say, became intimate. An amusing incident occurred between us, that placed us upon a footing of as perfect equality as could possibly be, between persons with whom there was so great disparity of age. It was winter. The day was a cold one. I was seated alone by a cheerful fire in his son Joel's study, having entered without the knowledge of any one, as it happened. This was an upper room in the house of his father. I heard some one on the stairway which led directly to the room where I was. The person who was ascending the stairs, was whistling a lively air, and could not be seen by me. I thought it was my class mate, and I determined to play a practical joke on him. I placed myself so as to be concealed behind the door, when open, and waited until the advancing individual opened the door and came into the room, when I sprang from my hiding place, seized him by the shoulders, his

back being towards me, and gave him as vigorous a shake as I could. The act was done in an instant, and it was all over before I saw my mistake. What was my surprise, and even fright, when I discovered I had my hands on the shoulders of the father instead of the son! He was as greatly surprised as I was, and for a moment seemed to regard me in the light of a rude and unmannerly intruder; but as soon as he had time for thought, and before I could begin to stammer an apology, the whole truth flashed upon his mind, and I am sure I never in my life witnessed a more hearty laugh from any man, upon any occasion, than was given by him. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and he gave himself up to a sense of its fun with an absolute *abandon*. From this time there was no reserve between us, and our intercourse was frequent and familiar,—nearly as much so as between his son and myself.

At this distant day, I recur to these scenes, and indulge these reminiscences of the Man, the Philosopher, and the Christian Minister, with the liveliest emotions. The only drawback to a full enjoyment of his society was a slight loss of his hearing, but his social turn made more than ample amends for this. In person he was over six feet in height, and when standing erect, there was more about him to command the respect of every beholder than commonly pertains to men of his age and figure. His appearance was in the highest degree venerable. In his manners he was dignified without reserve or stiffness; although from his accessibility in conversation, and the readiness with which he unbent himself to an interchange of social feelings and sentiments with his fellow citizens, he would not be thought to be so by many. In speech, there was rather a quiet bluntness with him, which was the effect of his natural candour.

These are my impressions about him now. I have not spoken, as you perceive, of his position as a preacher, nor of his learning, nor piety. All these, I doubt not, are in the hands of others, more competent to do him justice than I can possibly be, inasmuch as in our religious opinions we differed very widely.

I cannot close this hasty sketch of the father without a passing tribute to the son. I have never seen a man, with whom I became acquainted, who was in intellect the superior of Joel A. Lyle. He learned the most abstruse principles of Law without labour, and to me apparently by intuition. Had he lived, he would have been one of the brightest ornaments of the Bar. His career of greatness and of usefulness, however, was closed on earth at its beginning. He was the soul of honour and the impersonation of virtue.

Very truly yours,

GEO. W. WILLIAMS.

JOSHUA WILLIAMS, D. D.*

1797—1838.

JOSHUA WILLIAMS, a son of Lewis and Mary Williams, was born in Chester County, Pa., about twenty miles from Philadelphia, August 8, 1767. The parents of his father were from Wales—they were Presbyterians, and as long as they lived, worshipped God in their native language. The parents of his mother, whose maiden name was Hudson, were emigrants from Ireland, and were also Presbyterians. His father was originally a carpenter by trade, but in 1769 he purchased a farm in York County, Pa., whither he, at that time, removed, and after that made farming his employment as long as he was able to labour. He was an uncommonly amiable man, an exemplary Christian, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. His mother also was remarkable for her good sense, eminent piety, and great energy of character. Her son always retained the highest estimate of both her intellectual and moral qualities, and could never speak of her but in terms of the warmest filial veneration. The subject of this sketch was one of a family of eleven children, all of whom were members, and three of them ruling elders, of the Presbyterian Church.

Young Williams was taught the languages in Gettysburg, Pa., by the Rev. Alexander Dobbin. He was at that time probably twenty-three or four years of age, and his faculties were proportionably matured. He was distinguished even then for uncommon skill in debate, and great fluency in extemporaneous speaking. He subsequently became a member of Dickinson College, Carlisle, where he graduated in the autumn of 1795. After leaving College, he studied Theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Robert Cooper, of Middle Spring, near Shippensburg,—being associated in his studies with Mr. Francis Herron, now (1850) the Rev. Dr. Herron of Pittsburg. He was received on trial for the Gospel ministry by the Presbytery of Carlisle, October 6, 1796, and was licensed to preach October 4, 1797.

His earliest efforts in the pulpit gave promise of an able and successful ministry. He was invited to supply several vacant congregations, and received two calls to settle at nearly the same time: that which he determined to accept was from the united Congregations of Derry and Paxton. Here he was ordained and installed on the 2d of October, 1799. Within a short time after his settlement, some difficulty arose in one of his congregations, which led him to seek a release from his pastoral charge; and, accordingly, on the 30th of June, 1801, the Presbytery met at his request, and dissolved the pastoral relation. On the 8th of October following, he received a call from the Congregation of Big Spring, in the same Presbytery,—which he immediately accepted, and was installed on the 14th of April, 1802. Here he continued diligently and faithfully employed for twenty-seven years; during which period, as appears from his Church Register, he admitted to Communion four hundred and twenty-six persons. In April, 1829, on account of increasing bodily infirmities, he resigned his charge. From the day of his installation till that of his resignation, he

* MS. from his son.—Nevin's Churches of the Valley.

lived and laboured among his people with the utmost harmony, and with a constantly increasing interest.

After retiring from his pastoral charge, he still continued to preach, as his health permitted, and opportunity offered,—serving vacant congregations in the neighbourhood, and assisting his brethren on special occasions. In January, 1837, he experienced a sore affliction in the fracture of one of his limbs, which confined him to his couch for about eight months. He was, however, during this period, cheerful and happy, and occupied most of his time in useful reading and devout meditation. Within about a year after he received the injury, he had so far recovered as to be able to ride out; but his voice had failed so much that he could scarcely bear his part in ordinary conversation. He attempted to preach after this, but it was with great difficulty that he could go through the service. About three weeks before his death, he was present at a meeting of Presbytery, and manifested his accustomed interest in its proceedings. His last illness, which was dysentery, was of only four days' continuance; and from its commencement he predicted that it would end in death. The disease affected his head, so that he complained that he had not the command of his thoughts, and it was apparent that his mind was occasionally flighty and wandering. He died in the utmost tranquillity, and without any experience of the painful struggle which he had always feared, on the morning of the 21st of August, 1838. His Funeral was attended the next day by a large assemblage, among whom were eight or ten of his brethren in the ministry; and a Sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. James Williamson, then of Silver Spring. His remains repose in the Big Spring burial place,—the spot being nearly within view from the pulpit where he had so long stood to dispense the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Jefferson College in the autumn of 1837.

The only publication of Dr. Williams, beside occasional contributions to periodicals, was a Sermon on the Sinner's inability, preached in the Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, Pa., about the year 1832.

Dr. Williams was married, on the 15th of June, 1800, to Eleanor, daughter of James Campbell, who lived and died within the bounds of the Church of Derry. They had nine children,—six sons and three daughters. *James Campbell*,—the eldest child, was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1821, and afterwards commenced the study of the Law, but was soon obliged to relinquish it on account of ill health, and returned to his father's house, where, after lingering about three months, he died in the hope of a better life. He was distinguished for high intellectual and moral qualities. Dr. Williams' widow still (1850) survives.

The following is the inscription upon his tombstone, written by the Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin, Professor at Mercersburg:—

"In memory of Joshua Williams, D. D., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Big Spring, from A. D. 1801 to A. D. 1829; called home, August 21, A. D. 1838, in the 71st year of his age.

"A man of vigorous and comprehensive mind; in thought acute, original, and profound; learned and able in his profession; firm, enlightened, and independent in his views of truth; as a preacher, sound, evangelical and instructive; and in his general walk and character a consistent Christian, whose life, systematically ordered by principle, rather than by impulse, adorned the Gospel which he proclaimed to others. Though formed to take rank with the conspicuous of the age, he shrank from observation, while living, and courted no fame beyond the sphere of his own pastoral charge

Here his memory is embalmed in many hearts; and his voice will long continue to be heard from the grave where he sleeps: may it find an echo in every spirit, and be as the 'still small voice' from Heaven, that leads to righteousness and to God."

FROM THE HON. ROGER B. TANEY, LL. D.,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 20, 1850.

Dear Sir: You ask for my recollections of my class mate Joshua Williams. More than fifty years have passed since we graduated together at Dickinson College; but my recollection of him seems as fresh as the day after we parted,—for he was not a man to be forgotten by his companions.

It is not in my power to give you any particular incidents in his life worth repeating. Indeed, in the calm and quiet life of a student, faithfully performing his college duties, and preparing himself for future usefulness, there is scarcely ever any striking event, worth recording in his biography. Such, according to my recollection, was Mr. Williams.

He was, I believe, a few years older than myself. His standing as a scholar was equal to the highest in the class. He was studious, yet cheerful, social, and a general favourite. His life was pure and unsullied, and it is a pleasure to recall him to memory, such as he then was. We all thought him eloquent; and, although he and I never met after we left College, I have often inquired after him, and heard of him, and have been gratified to find that his future life did not disappoint the anticipations of those who were his companions and fellow-students. I have ever cherished for him a high and cordial regard.

With great respect and esteem, I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. B. TANEY.

FROM THE REV. DAVID McCONAUGHY, D. D., LL. D.

WASHINGTON, Pa., July 8, 1850.

Dear Sir: The Rev. Doctor Joshua Williams, concerning whom you ask for my recollections, was among my very early and most esteemed acquaintances. My first knowledge of him was at the classical school of the Rev. A. Dobbin at Gettysburg. I was then a boy without maturity of mind, though considerably advanced in classical studies. He was older by several years, and in general knowledge much my superior. I admired his talents, though I could not think profoundly, discourse fluently, and argue ingeniously, as he did. He had even then, as the result of considerable reading, and other well employed means, much acquired knowledge, and much of that spirit of investigation, discriminating judgment, and love of intellectual conflict and learned discussion, which eminently characterized him through life. His talents and his taste found, at Mr. Dobbin's school, a favourable opportunity of indulgence and development, especially in the society of Mr. D—— C——, a fellow-student of like habits and mental endowments, who was afterwards, for many years, an eminent lawyer in York, Pa. I, with many others, was often delighted as well as profited, by their earnest but kind and pleasant debates on various important subjects.

Some years after, we were fellow-students and class mates in Dickinson College. Here also he was a devoted, successful and highly respected student. As I was not a member of the same literary Society in College with him, I had less opportunity of witnessing the manifestations of his logical acumen, and powerful discursive faculty. In future life we were not brought into circumstances of long continued and intimate association; although as licentiates, and subsequently settled Pastors of Churches of the same Presbytery, and Trustees of our Alma Mater, our interviews were not unfrequent.

My early attachment to him, and admiration of his character and talents, were increased, as years passed away, and he still lives in my affectionate remembrance. And it is a pleasant reflection to me that, in various ways, he gave me reason to think that I shared his friendship and kind regard.

Accept the assurance of my esteem, and believe me

Your faithful friend,

DAVID McCONAUGHY.

FROM THE REV. DAVID ELLIOTT, D. D.

ALLEGHANY, June 27, 1850.

Dear Sir: It has afforded me pleasure to learn that you contemplate a notice of the late Rev. Joshua Williams, D. D., and that you have been furnished from reliable sources with the leading facts of his life. My gratification, in this case, is the greater, as he was one of my theological instructers, during my course of preparation for the Gospel ministry, at a period when Theological Seminaries, consecrated specially to that object, were not in existence in our Church. I therefore cheerfully comply with your request, and shall endeavour to furnish you with some of the leading traits of his character, as they presented themselves to my mind, from an intercourse of nearly thirty years of intimate and unbroken friendship. Shortly after the death of Dr. Williams, I wrote an obituary notice of him which was published in some of the Religious Journals, from which I beg leave to make the following extract, as expressing in a brief form my views of his character:—

"Dr. Williams was no common man. His intellect was of a high order, and distinguished by great acuteness and power of discrimination. He seemed to be endowed with an intuitive promptness in detecting sophistry, and exposing its subtleties. The facility with which he communicated was equal to his quickness of perception. His conversational powers rendered him a most instructive and agreeable companion. And those who have ever been drawn into debate with him, will not fail to recollect him as an antagonist of no ordinary grade, both in intellectual power and logical skill. With the science of Mental Philosophy he was familiar. He adopted the doctrine of Edwards on the subject of moral necessity, and was master of the argument of that profound metaphysician on the whole subject.

"In Theology he was well read. In addition to an accurate acquaintance with Didactic, he had a very considerable knowledge of Polemic, Theology, and Biblical Criticism. In the early part of his ministry, he was somewhat speculative. The particular structure of his mind led him in this direction. But at a later period, he restrained this speculative tendency, and in his preaching dwelt much on the great leading doctrines and duties of the Gospel. He acted with the Old School from the commencement of the unhappy controversies in our Church, and when occasion required and Providence offered the opportunity, ably defended his own views of Christian doctrine; and his repeated testimony to the writer of this article was, that the longer he lived, the more he admired and loved the old Calvinistic doctrines contained in our Confession of Faith and Catechisms.

"As a preacher, Dr. Williams was highly instructive and evangelical. His style was more philosophical than colloquial. His manner was grave, dignified, and solemn. Though never vehement, he was always earnest, especially in the application of his discourses. His piety was not of that fitful character, which rises and falls according to incidental circumstances, but was constant and uniform in a high degree. It bore the character of solidity and intelligence as well as spirituality and practical power. In his social intercourse, there was sometimes a tincture of severity, especially towards those whose pretensions were obtrusive beyond their real merits. But notwithstanding this, he was constitr

tionally kind and affectionate, and in his friendships ardent and constant. The society of his friends seemed to be a cordial to his spirits under his heaviest afflictions; and very often, in the midst of weakness and dejection, have we seen his countenance suddenly lighted up, and the elasticity of his mind restored, by the appearance of those whose friendship he prized, and whose tastes and habits of thought were congenial with his own.

"Of the state of his mind during his last illness we cannot speak, as we were at a distance from him. But during an afflictive visitation of Providence, about eighteen months before his death, and from which he almost despaired of recovery, his mind was calm and peaceful in the prospect of dissolution. To the writer, who visited him at that time, he expressed a strong and settled confidence in the Saviour. He renounced all dependance on any thing he had ever done, and rested his hope of acceptance with God entirely upon the righteousness of Christ. He was much afraid that his protracted affliction might render him impatient, and lead him to dishonour religion. And his great desire was that he might honour Christ, in his death, as he had sought to do in his life."

To the foregoing I would add that Dr. Williams had the happy faculty, beyond most men, of giving to conversation a proper direction. While, with his intimate friends, he would occasionally indulge in miscellaneous anecdotes, his common practice was to turn the conversation into a higher channel. With his ministerial brethren especially, he was in the habit of introducing such topics of a religious or literary character as would lead to profitable investigation. And he rarely failed to place the subject of conversation in such a form, as most effectually to elicit friendly discussion, and a free interchange of opinions on the part of those present. He was particularly fond of those social colloquies, which afforded opportunity for debate, and which, by drawing forth the mental powers and resources of the parties, secured for the subject under discussion a more thorough analysis. His controversial tactics on these occasions have often been witnessed with admiration. Sometimes strangers who knew nothing of his mental acumen and skill in debate, would be drawn into collision with him, on some question of Theology or Mental Philosophy,—but not rarely found that they must capitulate or suffer certain defeat. And if, in the progress of the debate, he discovered that his opponent was puffed up with a vain opinion of his learning or his abilities, he was sure to make him feel, before the conversation ended, that he had little of which to be vain.

In these discussions in the social circle, he appeared to greater advantage than in the more set forms of public debate in our Ecclesiastical Courts. This was probably owing in part to his not having been accustomed in early life to extemporaneous efforts of this kind. If the period of his collegiate course be excepted, he had few opportunities of formal or public disputation. The method of private study, then prevalent, did not connect with it this sort of training. And after he entered the ministry, owing to his nervous temperament, he rarely attempted any thing like a set speech in any of the judicatories of the Church, especially in the larger ones. Indeed, I have heard him remark that it cost him a great effort to attempt to speak in a public body, and that the embarrassment which he experienced greatly impaired his self-possession, and disqualified him for successful exertions in this way. But at the fireside, and in the social circle, his mind, free from these disturbing causes, never seemed to falter or to fail in meeting the heaviest drafts which were made upon it. With promptness and vigour it seized upon the most difficult points, and moulded them into whatever form the nature of his argument required, or the exigencies of the occasion demanded.

It was not very often that he consented to take the direction of the studies of young men preparing for the ministry; and when he did, he modestly declined being considered in the light of an instructer. Hence, he neither delivered writ-

ten lectures, nor propounded formal interrogatories, on the subjects of study But having suggested suitable works for their perusal, he frequently, as inclination or convenience led him, visited his students at their room, and in a free and full conversation, brought into view and discussed every topic embraced in their course of reading. During these conversations, in which he placed himself in the position of a friend and companion, rather than that of a teacher, much valuable information was communicated on the one part, and received on the other. Doctrines and principles were examined and analyzed by him, with a clearness and precision beyond what is generally found in text books. Suggestions were made, and thoughts presented, which gave freshness to the subjects under examination, and stimulated and quickened inquiry. And I owe it to his memory to say, that to these free and unreserved conversations I feel myself largely indebted for assistance and progress in my theological studies. Every interview of this kind gave a fresh impulse to my mind, and excited to more careful and extended research in reference to the various subjects of investigation.

He had high notions of the dignity and sacredness of the ministerial office, and of the necessity for ample preparation for entering upon its duties. And he had but little patience with those weak and conceited young men, who, with crude notions and superficial attainments in Theology, sought to thrust themselves prematurely into the sacred office.

His taste for reading continued to the close of life. On my visits to him, after he had, through infirmity, resigned his pastoral charge, I always found him engaged on some solid work, and as clear and cogent in his remarks upon its contents, as he was accustomed to be in earlier life. His mind seemed to have lost nothing of its vigour, nor his thirst for knowledge to have suffered any abatement. No doubt, by this constant employment of his mental faculties, he did much to preserve them from decay, and from the debilitating influence of diminished bodily activity.

In stature, Dr. Williams was about middle size, and was erect and dignified in his demeanour. He had a dark and penetrating eye, deeply set in his head, a face of regular proportions, and a well-developed forehead,—the whole indicating deep and serious thoughtfulness, and great discrimination and force of intellect. By his death, the Church lost an able and faithful minister of Christ, whose talents and acquirements, sanctified by the grace of God, fitted him to take rank with the most gifted minds of the denomination to which he belonged, and to dignify and adorn its ministry.

With great respect, yours very truly,

DAVID ELLIOTT.

GEORGE ADDISON BAXTER, D. D.*

1797—1841.

GEORGE ADDISON BAXTER was born in Rockingham County, Va., July 22, 1771. His parents, Col. George Baxter and Mary Love, were both of Scotch Irish Presbyterian families, and both came to this country while children. They were exemplary members, and the father a ruling elder, of the Presbyterian Church. He was also a man of no inconsiderable influence in civil life. It is an interesting fact that all their children, and a large number of their grandchildren, who lived to adult age, were found walking in the footsteps of their faith and piety.

The childhood and youth of the subject of this sketch were passed in his native county. A somewhat singular circumstance threw him, at an early period, under the influence of one well fitted to awaken and cherish a taste for literary pursuits. It was at that time common for persons in humble circumstances to emigrate from Ireland and Scotland to this country, and hire themselves for a term of years to pay their passage. Col. Love, the father of Mrs. Baxter, engaged one of these indented servants as a labourer on his farm. The young man performed the stipulated work, but avoided all intercourse with his companions, and his abstracted and melancholy appearance, and a habit that he had of talking to himself, gave rise to the report that he was insane. Mr. Baxter (the father) was, at this time, absent from home; but, hearing, on his return, of the peculiarities of the young Irishman, sought him out, and entered into conversation with him, and found, to his surprise, that he was a man of liberal education and uncommon talents. Satisfied that the stranger was far superior to the situation in which he found him, he went at once to Col. Love, bought the indentures of the Irishman, and gave them to him, telling him that he was at perfect liberty to do as he pleased, but offering him, at the same time, the place of a teacher in his family. He accepted the place, and proved to be a man of rare attainments. While living in Rockingham, he went on one occasion to Richmond, and though he evidently endeavoured to keep aloof from his own countrymen, he unexpectedly met one who instantly recognised him, and who stated that he was the son of an eminent merchant in Cork. This person, probably by request of the young man, subsequently refused to give any further information concerning him. The young man himself, however, who was known only by an assumed name, afterwards told his benefactor, Mr. Baxter, that he was obliged to fly from Ireland in consequence of having become involved in difficulties; that he embarked for America in the expectation of meeting a near relative in Baltimore, but, on his arrival, was disappointed; and, being quite destitute of money, and withal an entire stranger in the country, he was sold to pay his passage. The cause of his flight from home he did not state; but, from the wild republican sentiments he expressed, it was believed to be a connection with the political disturbances with which Ireland was then rife. After this meeting with his countryman in Richmond, he went back to Ireland, telling his friends in Rockingham that, if successful in an enterprise in which he was about to

* MS. from his daughter.—Foote's Sketches of Va., 2d series.

embark, they would hear of him under his real name; but if he failed, they would never hear of him again. He did not again communicate with them, and some years later, a name which was supposed to be the true name of this young man, appeared in a list of those who were executed as rebels.

Young Baxter made a profession of religion previous to leaving home for College, and united with the Church of which his parents were members, and the Rev. Benjamin Erwin* was Pastor. He entered Liberty Hall in the year 1789, but was soon obliged, from the failure of health, to suspend his studies and return home. The next year, he resumed his studies at Lexington, but was interrupted a second time from a similar cause. During a part of the year 1793, he seems to have had charge of the New London Academy. He graduated in the year 1796, having, during part of his course, acted as Tutor.

Mr. Baxter prosecuted his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. William Graham, Rector of Liberty Hall. He is supposed to have commenced the study of Theology before he graduated, and to have continued it during the succeeding winter. He was licensed to preach by the Lexington Presbytery, April 1, 1797.

When he first began to prepare for public life, he suffered not a little inconvenience from an impediment in his speech; but this he overcame by accustoming himself to declaim, after the manner of the great Grecian model, with pebbles in his mouth, and in the noise of waterfalls. So completely was this difficulty removed that, in later life, one of the most remarkable things in his delivery was its perfect ease and freedom; and so far from feeling the fatigue, after preaching, of which most ministers are wont to complain, he actually found himself invigorated by that kind of effort for a journey or any other unusual exertion.

At the time of his introduction to the ministry, so low was the state of religion, and so inadequately appreciated were the ordinances of the Gospel, in Virginia, that it was a matter of necessity with most of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church to connect with the appropriate duties of their profession some other employment, by which they might make out what was otherwise wanting to their support. Accordingly, Mr. Baxter, after he was licensed to preach, travelled for six months through Virginia and Maryland, preaching as a missionary, and at the same time making collections for the New London Academy. On his return from this tour, he again took charge of that Academy, and remained there until the spring of 1799.

In January, 1798, he was married to Annie, daughter of Col. William Flemming, of Bottetourt County,—a gentleman of high standing, whose name is intimately associated with both the military and civil history of Virginia during the Revolution. On the 19th of October, 1798, the Trustees of Liberty Hall offered to Mr. Baxter the Professorship of Mathematics, with which was connected Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. He accepted the invitation and removed to Lexington. As Mr. Graham, the Principal of the Academy, died the next year, Mr. Baxter, by request of the Trustees, pronounced a Eulogy upon him, and the same day was chosen as his successor. The Academy was so connected with the Congre-

* Benjamin Erwin was graduated at Princeton College in 1776; was received as a candidate by the Presbytery of Hanover, April 30, 1778; was ordained and installed June 20, 1780, as Pastor of Mossy Creek and Cook's Creek Congregation. He died while in connection with his first and only charge.

gations of New Monmouth and Lexington, that it became almost necessary that the Principal of the School should also be the minister of these Congregations: accordingly, Mr. Baxter, after having served them as a supply for a few months, was regularly constituted their Pastor.

There were in the Academy, when Mr. Baxter came to it, but seven students—ten accompanied him from New London, and others quickly followed. Meanwhile, the name of the institution had been changed from Liberty Hall to Washington Academy, in consequence of a donation from General Washington; but, as this donation was, for many years, unproductive, and the school was nearly destitute of available funds, Mr. Baxter, with a view to make up the deficiency, spent his vacations in making collections for the Academy; and, in order to secure the aid of other teachers, he relinquished his salary from the school for several years, and lived upon the stinted salary that was paid him by his congregation, drawing at the same time upon his own private resources.

He continued his connection with this institution, which was, some years after, chartered as a College, until the autumn of 1829; filling, during the whole time, the Professorships of Mathematics and Belles Lettres, and part of the time, that of Languages also. At the same time, he discharged regularly the duties of a Pastor, conducting the public services on the Sabbath, and preaching once in the week. His sermons were extemporaneous, in the sense of not being written, but were nevertheless carefully premeditated. In seasons of revival, his labours were greatly increased; and he has been known, at such times, besides spending five hours of each day in his college duties, to preach every night for several weeks together. Had he not possessed an uncommonly vigorous constitution, and withal been relieved from the whole weight of domestic care by the watchful and unceasing activity of his wife, he never could have performed such an amount of labour in his public relations.

In 1812, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of North Carolina.

During his connection with Washington College, he was invited to the Presidency of several other similar institutions, with an offer of increased salary; but he uniformly declined to listen to the invitations. He had, for many years, greatly desired to give up teaching, and devote himself exclusively to the work of the ministry; but had been prevented from doing so by the consideration that, owing to the inadequacy of the college funds, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a competent person to undertake the service which he had performed. He retired from the College in the autumn of 1829, but still retained the pastoral charge of the Congregation.

In the autumn of 1831, he removed to the Union Theological Seminary, and was inaugurated Professor of Theology in that institution, April 11, 1832. At the time he accepted the appointment, the Seminary was in an embarrassed state, and he spent several vacations in soliciting pecuniary aid in its behalf. Besides performing the duties of his Professorship, he preached regularly to vacant congregations in the neighbourhood, and, for four years before his death, supplied a church, twenty-five miles from his residence: the first two years he preached two Sabbaths, afterwards one Sabbath, in each month,—going to the place on Saturday, and returning on Monday.

Dr. Baxter was a member of the General Assembly in 1837, and is understood to have had an important agency in originating the plan by which the division of the Presbyterian Church took place that year.*

He continued to labour without interruption almost to the day of his death. In the early part of March, 1841, he was confined to his house with a cold, but was apparently recovering, and until the close of the session on the 10th of April, he continued to attend to his classes as usual. On the evening of the 23d of April, he sat up until nine o'clock, his usual hour for retiring, and was engaged with some friends in animated conversation, chiefly on the subject of unfulfilled prophecy. He slept quietly until daylight, when he arose, and almost immediately was heard to fall: his friends, coming to his assistance, laid him upon the bed, and, after a few minutes of intense suffering, he expired without a groan. The disease which terminated his life was pronounced by the physicians to be apoplexy of the lungs.

His wife survived him more than nine years, and died August 8, 1850. They lost one son, the eldest of nine children, in infancy. The second son chose the profession of Law, and, after distinguishing himself at the Bar, died in 1835. The youngest son became a minister, but was soon called from his earthly labours. He died in 1845. His only surviving son has been for many years Attorney General of the State of Virginia.

Besides various contributions to periodicals, Dr. Baxter published the following Sermons and Essays:—A Sermon at the installation of the Rev. Thomas Caldwell, 1825. A Pastoral Letter, 1827. Inaugural Address at the Union Theological Seminary, 1832. An Essay on Baptism, 1833. An Essay on Slavery, 1836. A Semi-centenary Sermon, 1840. A Sermon on Ministerial Parity, 1840.

FROM THE REV. JOHN LEYBURN, D.D.

PHILADELPHIA, June 20, 1849.

Rev. and dear Sir: You have requested me to give you my recollections of the Rev. Dr. Baxter. These commence with the very earliest of any impressions on my mind. Of his church my father was a ruling elder; by his hands I was baptized; I was received by him into full communion; and from him derived instruction in preparing for the ministry. I knew him from the first of my life, and I knew him to the last of his.

On all sides Dr. Baxter seems to have been admitted to be a truly great man. In his day there were giants in the Virginia Synod,—men much above the ordinary intellectual stature. Conrad Speece, and John H. Rice, and James Turner, and other such were there; but I have never heard either of these mentioned as superior in original powers to Dr. Baxter. He had not indeed the wit, nor the propensity to devour books, nor perhaps the mere naked force, which belonged to Speece; nor the application, and varied scholarship, and practical available talent of Rice; nor exactly the soul-stirring, tear-drawing eloquence of Turner; but he had an understanding vast in its powers of comprehension, eminently profound, logical and lucid; a judgment which seldom erred; a memory which never forgot; and an amount of fervent emotion, which sent forth his great thoughts in burning and melting masses.

Perhaps if any one mental quality could be considered as having the precedence of the rest, it was clearness. He had the capacity of discerning distinctly

* See "Spirit of the Nineteenth Century," for June 1837; edited by Rev. Robert Breckenridge, D. D.

whatever was to be seen, in any field he explored, and then of making his discoveries equally clear to others. Many things incomprehensible to most others, were plain to him, and seemed to be so naturally. His mind appeared incapable of any other than intelligent and lucid views. Others might be struggling in vain to see the light—the obscurity may have been to them impenetrable; but he was like one who had been all the while sitting above the region of the clouds,—whose habitation was amidst perpetual sunlight, and who had only to open his lips to explain to those below the entire range of objects which to them were so obscure. This faculty was displayed to great advantage in the theological lecture-room: his pupils here heard abstruse and difficult subjects unravelled so clearly that they could but marvel that all had not seen them as did their venerated instructer. In deliberative bodies, other and able minds may have given forth powerful and conflicting views, leaving the subject, however, at last, apparently more difficult because of their opposing arguments; but when Baxter spoke, any one might see what portion of all that had been brought forth was irrelevant, what arguments were really weighty, what were the strong points of the case; and his simple, lucid statements seemed in themselves arguments conclusive.

Then in the Rhetorical Society of the Seminary he shone with no common lustre. This, it is true, was a comparatively humble sphere; but to him it was none the less interesting. It was a weekly debating Society of the students, and amongst their number were minds of no mean order. Logic and eloquence were not unfrequently arrayed on opposing sides, until it seemed doubtful where the truth lay. But when the Doctor came to his "summing up," the shadows instantly flew away, and the truth, clear as the sun, stood forth, in all its native majesty.

Yet, with this remarkable faculty of discerning whatever was within the legitimate boundary of human knowledge, no man knew better than he where that boundary lay, or was more ready practically to recognise it in his investigations. He had no empty ambition to seem to know every thing, nor did he aspire to be wise above that which is written. Herein he was eminently useful as a guide to his pupils. He brought clearly before them the known; he showed them with equal clearness where was the unknown; and thus gave them good solid ground to stand upon.

His power of condensation also was remarkable. A few words availed with him more than many with most other speakers or writers. His prayers were in this respect extraordinary. They were always brief,—sometimes *very* brief; but never so much so but that every thing appropriate seemed to be embraced. He probably never made a long speech in a Church judicatory. What he had to say pertained directly to the subject in hand; he advanced at once to the point in discussion, and stopped when he was done. His sermons, while he was a pastor, rarely exceeded three quarters of an hour, which, in the South, is considered very moderate length. Indeed, after his removal to the Seminary, whilst supplying, during a portion of his time, the pulpit in the adjacent church, I have understood that he was formally waited on by the Session of the Church with a request that he would preach longer;—a request seldom made to ministers.

In his theological exercises in the Seminary, Dr. Baxter may not have been so methodical as some others. He wrote but few lectures—he needed not to write any thing. He could extemporize great thoughts in logical order and in proper language. His style of teaching, indeed, was to a great extent catechetical. His object seemed to be to set the minds of his pupils at work,—to teach them to investigate and digest for themselves, and train them for intelligent and independent mental effort. He announced his subject, pointed out authorities for consultation, and in due season called for the opinions of the class in a free and thorough conference, and required each member to commit to writing a con-

nected view of the whole subject. These lecture-room conferences were the occasion of vast improvement to the pupil, and apparently great pleasure to the instructer. He revelled amidst things intellectual, and was seldom more pleased than when watching youthful mind struggling in the wide fields of thought. And never probably did Professor more enjoy the logical or theological dilemmas into which his catechetical method would not unfrequently betray the student. He had no desire to mortify his pupil—for *that* his nature was too kind; nor did he seek to show off himself by gaining a victory over a younger and weaker adversary—for this he was at once too humble and too noble. His object was perhaps twofold;—primarily the improvement of the pupil,—afterwards a sort of intellectual entertainment for himself. He would often begin his stratagem by propounding a question very remote from his ultimate end; gradually he would make nearer approaches with his catechisings, until at last the pupil was unwittingly committed to what he was soon himself to see was an inextricable dilemma; and, as the crisis came on, the Doctor's benevolent face would glow, and his large sides shake, in innocent enjoyment.

Although this intellectual *trapping* was of very frequent occurrence, and almost always wound up with catching the student, and with a good-natured laugh from the Doctor, yet I never knew any offence taken in a single instance. He was indeed one of the last men to give offence intentionally. His remarkable kindness and leniency were seen in his criticisms on the performances of the students. One of the severest critiques he ever made, was upon a sermon preached by a student in which there was but little of the savour of piety,—about the weightiest of all faults in the Doctor's estimation—"It might be remarked of that sermon," said he, "as it was of Dr. Blair's, it would be the better for *conversion*." The stroke too was probably a *double-entendre*; for though no other person present knew the fact, it was afterwards discovered that the sermon was stolen almost bodily from Dr. Blair.

Dr. Baxter's habits of study were peculiar. He had but a small salary, and I do not think he could be called a great reader; but whatever he read he always remembered. He very seldom *wrote* any thing,—a circumstance much to be regretted, now that he is gone. A clerical friend who looked over his manuscripts after his decease, said that he thought the whole stock was not as large as he himself had when he had been preaching six months, although that six months was spent in missionary life. Some might infer that such habits would induce complete mental stagnation; but so it was not. The same friend who made this remark about his manuscripts, when recently in conversation with another, who had well known Dr. Baxter, and had also had some opportunity for seeing and hearing distinguished men on both sides of the water, said,—"Well, you have been a good deal over the world, and heard a good many great men,—have you ever met any where as great a man as Dr. Baxter?"—and then added in regard to the Doctor's habits of study—"it is true that he did not appear to study as other men, but his way was the best for *him*. I never found him but that he had been pursuing some train of thought so lofty or profound as to be beyond the range of ordinary men." It may be mentioned, as another peculiarity, that he often studied reclining upon his couch, and it has been said that in this posture his mind worked to the best advantage.

After what has just been stated, it seems almost superfluous to say that Dr. Baxter was what is usually termed an *extempore* preacher. He probably never had a manuscript sermon in the pulpit in his life; and in all the preaching which I ever heard from him, I never saw him with even the briefest outline committed to paper. His pulpit preparations were nevertheless thorough. He advised his students always to put into words their extempore sermons, at least twice, before preaching them; and he observed that when they came to be delivered, the language of either the one or the other of these rehearsals would most pro-

bably recur. It is not improbable that this was his own method of preparation: certainly he repeated his sermons to himself, and often audibly; for few of the students of Washington College, who were ever much in the old building formerly nearest the President's house, could have failed to hear him preaching his sermons, as he walked to and from his recitation rooms in the more distant building. He had the power, too, of preaching the sermon almost word for word as he had rehearsed it.

In speaking of him as a preacher, it may be proper to say something of the physical man. In this respect, as well as intellectually, he was *great*. In his youth he had been rather tall and slender, but from at least middle life he was corpulent. His head was large, with an expanded, massive brow, in which the very majesty of mind seemed enthroned. By means of an accident, one of his limbs was somewhat shortened, occasioning a very slight limp in his gait. His peculiar footstep, with the striking of his cane, and his manner of clearing his throat, were sounds with which no student of Washington College at least was ever unacquainted: they were too often alarm signals to those who might have been better employed.

His voice was good,—perhaps somewhat monotonous; but in his whole manner there was an air of unpretending majesty in keeping with the elevation of his thoughts. His sermons were always full of solid evangelical instruction. He was not always descanting on social evils, and evils of the body politic. He came to the pulpit, feeling that he had a momentous message to deliver, and evidently burdened with its weighty import. He was deeply solemn, impressive and affectionate. He had imagination, and he had pathos; and, while he never preached any other than a good sermon, he was often truly and highly eloquent. He was remarkable for tenderness of feeling: I think I have never known any minister who had such frequent and powerful struggles, whilst preaching, to suppress strong emotion. This was most common when dwelling on the miseries of the lost, or the compassion and sufferings of the Saviour, or the unfaithfulness and unworthiness of God's professed people. This also was very peculiar,—that his mind moved faster than his words, and the sentiment had often melted his own heart, while it was yet unrevealed to his hearers. He saw the spectacle in the distance, and as it continued to approach, his emotion increased, till he was finally melted to tears.

Few pastors ever entered more heartily into revivals of religion. His ardent piety, and his kind, affectionate nature, too, fitted him eminently to mingle to advantage in such scenes. Who that witnessed it, can ever forget the fervour with which he entered into the revival in Lexington, and the country adjacent, in 1823; especially who can forget the Sacrament Sunday at the romantic old stone church at Monmouth? And the great revival of 1831,—how his large heart was cheered by what he then saw, and heard, and felt. That was about the last of his ingatherings from the field he had been so long cultivating; for scarcely had it come to a close, before he was called to part with his long loved and devoted people, and go up to the vacant chair in the School of the Prophets.

If Dr. Baxter was so remarkable a person, some may inquire why he was not more universally known in the Church and in the country. Principally, because he was one of the most modest of men. He not only shrunk from every thing that was even remotely allied to the appearance of display, but his desire for keeping himself in the back ground seemed to amount almost to a passion. Indeed it may be doubted whether he did not carry his sensitiveness on this point to an extreme which limited his usefulness. For this reason partly, he seldom, if ever, preached so well abroad as in his own pulpit. He was almost easily embarrassed as the humblest and plainest student, fresh from the Semi-
y. But while he disliked to occupy a conspicuous position, no man was more

ready to do honour to others, and no one rejoiced more in the prosperity and usefulness of his brethren.

I am very truly and fraternally yours,

JOHN LEYBURN.

DAVID McCONAUGHY, D. D. LL. D.*

1797—1852.

DAVID McCONAUGHY was born in Menallen township, York County, (now Adams) Pa., September 29, 1775. His grandfather, David McConaughy, had settled in that region previous to the Revolution, and held the office of Sheriff of Lancaster County, under the Royal government. His son Robert, the father of David, was actively engaged in the service of his country, in the war of the Revolution; but whether as an officer or private soldier, is not now known. During his absence with the army, his son David, then about two years old, wandered off in company with another child to a mill race in the neighbourhood, fell into it, and remained there a considerable time. When he was taken out, it was supposed that life was extinct; but, after vigorous applications had been made for some time, suspended animation was restored.

The rudiments of his education were received, under the tuition of a Mr. Monteith, in the vicinity of his father's residence. At the age of about ten, he was sent to a grammar school in the neighbourhood, taught by a Mr. Boggs, which was among the earliest classical schools established in the interior of the State. As this school, however, was soon discontinued, he was removed to a classical school in Gettysburg, about six miles from his paternal home, under the care of the Rev. Alexander Dobbin, an accomplished teacher, and a minister of the Associate Reformed Church. Here he continued till he was prepared to enter College.

He received his collegiate education at Dickinson College, Carlisle, where he was graduated in September, 1795. He had the Latin Salutatory assigned him, which was, at that time, considered the highest honour. Among his class mates were the present Chief Justice Taney, of the Federal Court of the United States, the late Justice Kennedy of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and the late Rev. Dr. Joshua Williams of Pennsylvania, distinguished as an able and profound theologian.

Shortly after he graduated, he commenced his theological studies under the direction of the Rev Nathan Grier, of Brandywine, well known as a popular preacher, and an able teacher of Theology. After having continued his studies for two years, he was licensed to preach the Gospel, on the 5th of October, 1797, by the Presbytery of Newcastle. The next spring he received permission from the Presbytery to spend six months as a sort of missionary without their bounds, and particularly within the limits of the Carlisle and Philadelphia Presbyteries. Accordingly, he preached frequently both in Philadelphia and in New York; and he was detained a considerable time in the latter city, in consequence of the prevalence of

* Dr. Elliott's Fun. Serm.—Nevins' Churches of the Valley.

the yellow fever in Philadelphia. In April, 1799, he took his dismission from the Presbytery of Newcastle, and immediately after placed himself under the care of the Presbytery of Carlisle.

Having received and accepted a call from the united Churches of Upper Marsh Creek and Great Conewago, within the bounds of that Presbytery, he was ordained and installed their Pastor, on the 8th of October, 1800. The Congregation of Upper Marsh Creek ultimately determined to remove their edifice to Gettysburg, which had become the County seat, and was about three miles from the site of the building which they then occupied. This removal took place in 1813, but it was not till 1816 that the new church was finished and ready for occupancy. The Congregation still retained its original chartered name of "Upper Marsh Creek," and still remained in union with Great Conewago. In these united Congregations, he continued in the faithful and acceptable discharge of his ministerial duties till the spring of 1832, when he resigned his pastoral charge to enter on another, and in some respects a more important, field of labour.

Mr. McConaughy, was greatly devoted not only to the spiritual but the temporal interests of his flock. A few years before his removal from Gettysburg, a large debt which had been suffered to accumulate upon the Church in that place, threatened it with absolute bankruptcy; and it was only through the indefatigable exertions of the Pastor that this disastrous issue was averted. In addition to his efforts at home, he visited the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, for the purpose of procuring pecuniary aid; and the result was, that, before his death, (for the debt was not entirely extinguished till after his removal from Gettysburg,) he had the satisfaction to see the congregation entirely relieved, and able, without assistance, to support a pastor the whole of his time.

Mr. McConaughy interested himself much, at an early period, in the Temperance reform, and may be said to have taken the lead in it in his native county. He appointed meetings to be held at the Court House in the evenings, at which he read from the works of various distinguished men, with a view to prepare the way for the formation of a Society. In due time a Society was formed,—the first of the kind in Adams County; and he was elected its first President. In aid of the cause he preached a Sermon on Intemperance, distinguished for its truthful and eloquent delineations,—which was published, and extensively circulated throughout that region.

In the year 1807, he commenced a grammar school in Gettysburg, for the purpose of preparing young men to enter College; but, after five years, he relinquished it in favour of a county organization. As a teacher, as well as a minister of the Gospel, he rendered most important service to his native county. His pupils were generally distinguished, in the Colleges to which they resorted, for the extent and accuracy of their attainments.

After Dr. Wylie had resigned the Presidency of Washington College, the attention of the Trustees was directed towards Mr. McConaughy, as a suitable person to fill the vacant chair; and, accordingly, he was elected President of that institution, on the 12th of March, 1830. This appointment he would have immediately accepted, had not the unexpected death of a near relative produced a state of things in his family relations that rendered it, in his judgment and that of others, improper for him to remove. He was, however, re-elected, at the close of the year 1831, (the operations of the College having in the mean time proceeded under a temporary arrange-

ment,) and his circumstances had now so far changed, that he felt himself at liberty to accept the appointment. He accordingly removed to Washington, and was inaugurated as President of the College on the 9th of May, 1832. During his whole administration, which embraced a period of seventeen years and six months, three hundred and eighty-eight young men received the honours of the institution. The first class that graduated under his Presidency, consisted of four, the last of thirty-six. The College, during the whole period, enjoyed a constantly increasing prosperity.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Jefferson College in the year 1833.

Dr. McConaughy tendered his resignation as President of the College, on the 1st of October, 1849; and it was accepted at a special meeting of the Board a few days after,—it being understood that his purpose to retire was immovably fixed. He consented, however, as a matter of accommodation, to retain a sort of unofficial connection with the College until a successor could be procured; and this he did until the arrival of the President elect,—much to the satisfaction of the Board and the advantage of the institution. The Board, on accepting his resignation, passed resolutions expressive of their high sense of his worth and of the value of his services to the College, and conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Dr. McConaughy's labours did not cease when his connection with the College closed. During the next year after his resignation, he published a volume of Discourses, chiefly biographical, which does honour to the religious literature of our country.

On Sabbath, the 11th of January, Dr. McConaughy preached his last sermon in the Church at Washington, from Proverbs i. 22. It was a sermon, of great interest, and his manner was unusually animated and impressive. The next Sabbath he was confined to his bed with a severe cold, which, however, at first, occasioned no apprehension in respect to the result. But his strength, from that time, gradually failed, and it soon became apparent that the current of life was ebbing away. His extreme weakness and difficulty of breathing prevented him from saying much, but the expression of his countenance uniformly betokened a heavenly serenity. He died at his residence at Washington, on the 29th of January, 1852, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and the fifty-fifth of his ministry. A Sermon commemorative of his life and character was preached in the Presbyterian Church at Washington, on the 21st of March following, at the request of the Faculty of Washington College, and of the Session of the Church, by the Rev. Dr. Elliott, Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, Alleghany.

In the spring of 1802, he was married to Mary, daughter of David Mahon, Esq., of Shippensburg, Pa.,—a lady with whom he lived most happily for fifty years, and who survives (1853) to mourn his departure. They had no children.

The following is a list of Dr. McConaughy's publications:—Drunkenness excludes from Heaven: A Sermon, 1827. An Inaugural Address delivered on his Induction to the office of President of Washington College, 1832. Christ the Lord our Righteousness: A Sermon, 1833. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy: A Sermon, 1835. A Brief Summary and Outline of the principal Subjects comprehended in Moral Science, designed for the use of the Senior Class in Washington College, 1838. A Sermon

on the necessity of a high tone of piety in the Gospel ministry: Preached by appointment of the Synod of Wheeling, 1844. A Baccalaureate delivered to the graduating class in Washington College, 1848. Discourses chiefly Biographical, of persons eminent in Sacred History, (an octavo volume,) 1850. Two Tracts published by the Presbyterian Board, on the Doctrine of the Trinity, and Infant Baptism.

FROM THE REV. DAVID ELLIOTT, D. D.

ALLEGHANY CITY, July 7, 1852.

Dear Sir: At the risk of appearing too frequently among the number of your contributors, I send you, at your request, my impressions of the character of my late venerable friend, the Rev. Dr. McConaughy, whom I have known for upwards of forty years. He was a member of the Presbytery of Carlisle, when I entered upon my trials in that Presbytery, and delivered the Charge to me at my ordination. We were members of the same Presbytery for upwards of seventeen years, during which period I had many opportunities for becoming well acquainted with him, both in public and private. After his removal to Washington, we were again co-presbyters for more than four years, resided in the same town, and were in habits of the closest intimacy, which intimacy continued to the end of his life. What I have to communicate, therefore, in respect to him, is the result of personal observation, and *that* made under circumstances which afforded the best opportunity to form a correct judgment in the case.

If there was a man within the entire circle of my acquaintance, who was entitled to the character of "a good man," it was DAVID MCCONAUGHY. Although, from literary institutions of high reputation, he had received the honorary distinctions of "Doctor of Divinity" and "Doctor of Laws," the still higher and nobler title—that of "A GOOD MAN," was conferred upon him by the united suffrage of the whole community. Nor was this title ever conferred in the sense of disparagement, unless it may have been by some thoughtless charlatan, or by some transient observer, who knew but little of his character. But Dr. McConaughy was reputed a good man in the most favourable sense of the phrase. The high qualities of his character which lay transparent on the surface of his acts, commanded the respect and won the admiration of all who had the capacity to discern, or disposition to appreciate, true moral excellence.

There was a sincerity and honesty in all his words and actions, which put to flight every shadow of suspicion that he was not what he appeared to be. What he said he thought,—his words being ever the faithful transcript of the thoughts and intents of his heart.

There was, moreover, a completeness of character belonging to him, beyond that of most men. That he was free from defects I do not affirm; but by the number and strength and vitality of his constitutional gifts and Christian graces, these defects were so overshadowed as scarcely to be seen; or if seen, but little regarded by those whose moral vision was not jaundiced by prejudice. And this living assemblage of excellent properties seemed all to be under the control of a gravitating power, giving regularity to their movements, and impelling them to a common centre, for the fuller and clearer manifestation of the whole. Hence his character was one of great moral power, and his example was such as those within the sphere of its influence might safely and honourably imitate.

The religious character of Dr. McConaughy was not only decided, but strongly marked. His piety was eminently intelligent—the fulness of his faith in reference to the great truths of the Gospel imparted a distinctness and definiteness to all his devotional acts. It was also of a confiding character—he had not only an intelligent discernment of the God of grace, as reconciled through the blood of his Son Jesus Christ, but he approached and leaned upon Him with all the

affectionate confidence of a child. His was a cheerful piety also—though highly reverential, it was not the piety of a hermit or a monk; but, in the exercise of an intelligent, confiding faith, he found materials to impart animation and cheerfulness to his mind, in its approaches to God and in its aspirations after Heaven. His piety, moreover, was eminently spiritual—there were occasions on which, forgetting apparently the things of earth, he seemed to rise in rapt devotion to the very throne of God.

One of these occasions I now distinctly call to mind. We had gone together on a summer's Sabbath day, to preach and administer the Lord's Supper in the Church of Mount Nebo, in the vicinity of Washington, in this State. The morning service, including that of the Communion, being over, Dr. McConaughy preached in the afternoon. By the time he closed his sermon, the Western sky was overcast with dark clouds, from the midst of which sheets of lightning burst upon the eye, the roar of distant thunder and the heavy sighing of the wind fell upon the ear, portending a fearful storm. The church, (a building, as I now recollect, of no great strength,) was in the woods, and the impulse, probably, of almost every mind in the house, was, that the service should close, to afford the people an opportunity to reach the neighbouring farm houses, where they and their horses might find a shelter from the impending tempest. With Dr. McConaughy, however, all seemed to be clear sky. He raised his hands and his voice in prayer. He became deeply engaged. Pious thoughts seemed to crowd upon his mind; devout aspirations swelled his heart; time passed on, and still he prayed, while the indications of the approaching storm became more alarmingly distinct. And while others of weaker faith and less spiritual affections were anxiously observing the troubled atmosphere, our stronger and more devout brother had ascended from Nebo "to the top of Pisgah," and there, far above the reach of conflicting elements, and in view of the promised land, was holding sweet fellowship with his God. At length he ceased, and descending from the Mount, closed the services with a hymn. We retired from the church, but before we reached the nearest house, the storm was upon us.

But it would be impossible to form a correct judgment of his character, without taking into view the manner of its development in the various relations which he sustained to his fellow men. As a public man, the most important relations which he held to others were those of Pastor of a Church and President of a College.

As a Pastor, he undoubtedly filled up the measure of his obligations with approved fidelity. His discourses were the product of much thought, and of close mental application. Both as to matter and style, they bore marks of very careful preparation. They were characterized by an uncommon richness and fulness of evangelical truth, and by a chaste and classical elegance, and were delivered in an earnest and persuasive manner. I cannot say that his delivery, especially to those not accustomed to it, was altogether attractive; and yet I think it will scarcely be questioned that when his mind was roused and his heart warmed, there was often a commanding power in his manner which bowed the judgments and won the hearts of his hearers.

In the less public duties of his pastoral office, also,—in his catechetical instructions, in his visits to the chamber of sickness, and in his social intercourse with the people of his charge, he was not only the faithful and affectionate pastor, but the kind and obliging friend, the object of universal love, esteem, and confidence. Hence when he revisited his former charge, he was always met with the warm greetings of unextinguished love, and the people vied with each other in testifying towards him their unabated regard and veneration.

In the public judicatories of the Church, he was a wise and judicious counsellor, although he spoke but seldom. When he did speak, his remarks were always brief and to the point. And when thrown into a leading position on

committees, where important reports or other documents had to be drawn, he never failed to do justice to his subject, and credit to himself and the body of which he was the organ. It is hardly necessary to say that he was a thorough Presbyterian, and amidst scenes of agitation as well as of quietude, always maintained an unwavering attachment to the doctrines and order of the Church to which he belonged.

But I must speak of him as the presiding officer of Washington College. Here he exhibited the same elevated traits of character, and made good his title to the same public approval, which he had done as the pastor of a church. His commanding talents, his extensive and accurate scholarship, his unswerving integrity, his purity of motive, his paternal care and affectionate regard for his pupils, the uniform dignity of his deportment, and the captivating benevolence of his disposition—in a word, the concentrated force of the many rare qualities which constituted his character, gave him a power and control over the public mind, and over the hearts of the young men, against which any few incidental defects in the management of the College, which might perhaps be justly imputed to him, presented but slight resistance. The history of the College during his administration is a sufficient certificate to the ability and fidelity with which he presided over it.

I only add that, in the fulfilment of the duties growing out of his relations to the community in which he dwelt, his character developed itself with equal distinctness. He was ever ready to bear his part in any project of benevolence, to raise his voice and open his hand in aid of any scriptural movement which had for its object the relief of human suffering, the advancement of the happiness of man, or the promotion of the glory of God. According to his means, he was distinguished for his liberality. And, although characteristically retiring and unobtrusive, whenever the moral, or religious, or social interests of the community required his influence, and the calls of duty demanded his efforts, he never hesitated to bestow them. His sense of obligation overcame his constitutional modesty, and in his public advocacy of the various benevolent enterprises of the day, no one could fail to perceive the strength of his convictions, nor to feel the power of his eloquence. In a word, I am sure that I do not exceed the truth when I say that he was one of the most benevolent, most amiable, and very best of men.

Very faithfully and truly your friend,

DAVID ELLIOTT.

JOHN WATSON.

1798—1802.

FROM THE REV. JAMES CARNAHAN, D. D.

PRINCETON, N. J., November 16, 1847.

Dear Sir: The Rev. JOHN WATSON concerning whom you inquire, was undoubtedly an extraordinary man, and well deserving of an honourable and enduring record. I knew him well, and am happy to communicate to you some notices of his life, together with my impressions concerning his character.

He was born of poor but respectable parents, West of the Mountains of Pennsylvania. His parents taught him to read at an early age, and my impression is that he never went regularly to school; or if he did, it was only for a very short period. He did not recollect that he had any uncommon attachment to books, until, when about six or seven years old, his father presented to him some work of fiction—if I mistake not, it was Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. He immediately commenced reading it, and became so interested in the story, that, if permitted, he would have read all night. From that period his desire to read and to obtain knowledge was insatiable. His father cherished his desire of improvement by furnishing books, chiefly of Geography and History.

When he was about nine years of age, he was deprived of his father, who lost his life by a fall from his horse. Whether his mother died before this period, or was left in such destitute circumstances that she was unable to provide for the support of her son, I do not now remember. Young Watson had no relatives West of the Mountains. His mother's relatives resided near Cranberry, in this State.

The orphan boy was taken into the family of one of his father's friends, fed, and clothed, and required to perform such services as he was capable of rendering. The lady with whom he lived had a handsome collection of books, and especially of novels, of which she was a great reader. She soon discovered that Watson was, at every leisure moment, reading these books. Whether she thought they were not suited to his age, or that his reading occupied too much of his time, I do not know; but, at any rate, she peremptorily forbade him the use of them. He wished to be obedient to a lady who, in every other respect, treated him kindly, but he could not resist his desire to read. He secretly took her books, and concealing them in private places, read them by stealth. This stratagem being discovered, the book-case was locked, and the key securely laid away. Mortified and miserable, Watson lay awake whole nights, thinking about the books, and devising means to obtain them. His mistress, (for so she may be called,) he knew was inexorable on this subject. To resort to stratagem again he thought both wrong and dangerous. While in this state of mind, he found a key, and it occurred to him that it might possibly open the book-case. In her absence, agitated by fear lest he should not succeed, and by a sense of guilt, from being conscious that he was doing a wicked thing, he made the experiment and was successful. He took out a volume, read and returned it, when he found the lady was absent, and then took another.

This practice he continued until he had read every book in the library. Watson was one of the most conscientiously honest men that ever breathed; and he said (and I fully believe his declaration) that this was the only dishonest act of which he was ever guilty. I do not distinctly recollect whether he remained in the same family where this incident occurred, or removed to another place. But I am sure that the statement which follows is substantially correct.

The gentleman with whom he lived, keeping a tavern and retail store, taught him writing and arithmetic, in order that he might be a useful assistant in his business. As soon as he was capable of service, Watson was employed in the store, and in the bar-room, as circumstances required. Still his beloved books occupied his attention at every leisure moment. Addison's Spectator fell into his hands, and was read with great delight. But prefixed to each number, he usually found a Latin sentence which he could not understand. This was a source of great mortification, and excited an intense desire to learn Latin. About this time, when, perhaps, he was eleven or twelve years old, he got possession of a copy of Horace, and an old broken Latin Dictionary, and with these helps, without a Grammar or any other aid, he commenced learning Latin. By unremitted diligence and vast labour, he became able to understand a great part of that difficult author.

While he was thus employed, Alexander Addison, then President of the Court of Common Pleas in the Western District of Pennsylvania, lodged at the public house where Watson lived, and returning to his lodgings one night at a late hour, after the family had retired to rest, he found the young bar keeper reading Horace by fire light. Entering into familiar conversation with Watson, he learned with surprise the study in which he was engaged, and the progress he had made in it. Addison expressed his delight at finding him so laudably employed, and his regret that he was not furnished with better means of obtaining a classical education; and, at the same time, promised to bring him suitable books at the next session of the Court. This was the first encouraging word the orphan boy had heard respecting his studies, since the death of his father. Its effect was transporting. In imagination he saw himself a learned man, able to read Latin and Greek, and every thing he wished. The ardently desired time arrived, and the Judge rode up to the tavern door. Watson, anticipating the hostler, seized the horse's bridle, and, at the same time, cast an impatient look at the portmanteau. "I have brought you the books, my good lad," said the Judge. "Never," said Watson, when relating this incident, "did I experience a more joyful moment. My heart was so full I could not utter a word." A Latin Grammar, Œsop's Fables, Selectæ Veteri Testamento, and a good Latin Dictionary, formed the treasure.

Having given some general directions in respect to the manner of studying the Latin Grammar, and of applying its rules in the course of reading, the Judge promised to furnish such books as would be suitable at future periods. This pledge he faithfully redeemed. He furnished him not only with the Latin and Greek classics, but also with such works as he judged useful on History, Belles Lettres, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Metaphysics, &c. His own library, which was extensive and well selected, as well as those of his professional brethren, were at the service of young Watson until his death.

After he had made considerable progress in learning Latin by his own unaided efforts, he became acquainted with a boy of the same age with himself, and of similar ardour in acquiring knowledge. This boy was a regular scholar at a grammar school in the village where Watson lived. When out of school, he came to Watson, and read over to him the lesson of the preceding day, and they put their heads together to learn the lesson for the day which followed. After some time spent in this manner, the teacher of the school invited Watson, whenever he had a leisure hour, to come and recite with his young friend. Of this privilege he availed himself as opportunity offered. In this way, he became one of the most thorough Latin and Greek scholars that I ever knew. I must not here omit to mention an act of imprudence which he often lamented, and which was probably the cause of his premature death. He and his companion became so deeply interested in their studies, that three or four hours during the night was the longest time they usually allowed to themselves for sleep. And in order to prevent drowsiness they agreed to eat sparingly and of light food. Under this severe regimen and intense application to study, at unseasonable hours, their strength began to fail. Having read in some book that the cold bath would invigorate weak constitutions, they rose at daybreak and showered each other with cold water immediately from the pump. On Watson the effect was fatal. He was seized with a chill. A pain in his breast and a cough succeeded, from which he was never wholly exempt during the remainder of his life.

Until he was about nineteen years of age, he remained in his place at the counter, and in the bar room, improving himself at every leisure moment in the ancient classics, and in various branches of literature and science. At this period, his attainments and worth became known, and through the influence of the Rev. John McMillan, D. D., he was appointed assistant teacher in the Academy of Cannonsburg. Here, in the autumn of 1793, I first became acquainted with him. He was my first tutor when I commenced the study of the Latin language. In this occupation he remained eighteen months. And his venerable patron, believing him worthy of the best advantages our country afforded, procured him a place on the Leslie fund in the College of New Jersey. The sum received from this fund not being fully sufficient to pay boarding and college charges, the balance, and what was necessary for clothing, books, and contingent expenses, Father McMillan generously offered to pay from his own resources. In order to relieve his benevolent and liberal patron from this expense, Watson took charge of the grammar school in the College, and at the same time recited in his class. During his college course he was distinguished for his excellent standing as a scholar, for his amiable disposition, conciliatory manners, unblemished morals, and unaffected piety. Although he had made high attainments in literature and science before he entered College, I doubt whether any individual has derived more advantage than he from a college life. He was prepared to receive the benefits which the institution afforded. He formed regular and systematic habits of study. He became well acquainted with his own powers. He learned perfectly many things of which, as he was accustomed to say, he had previously only a *smattering*. On returning to his native State, he was immediately chosen Principal of the Academy at Cannonsburg; and soon after, by an able and powerful appeal to the Legislature, he obtained the Charter of Jefferson College.

His scientific and literary attainments were equally extensive and exact. Without going into any details in the way of illustration, I may say that he was a good French, Spanish, and Italian scholar, and was familiar also with the Hebrew and the Arabic. He had collected copious materials for a large work which, if his life had been spared, it was his intention to prepare for the press.

In the mental constitution of John Watson there always appeared to me to be something very peculiar. Although his early education was so irregular, and he had read so many and such various books, there was nothing confused or heterogeneous in his mind, on any subject. His knowledge was not a mere historical detail of the opinions of others. His own sentiments, which were definite and fixed, he could present in language simple, clear, forcible, and not unfrequently elegant. He often spoke of having a defective memory. And if by a good memory we understand the power of recollecting words that have little or no connection, or of repeating the precise language of a speaker or writer, his remark was in some degree true: it must be acknowledged that in these respects he possessed no uncommon facility. But in remembering facts, arguments, or the substance of any thing he had read or heard, I never knew his superior. His intellectual furniture seemed to be arranged and classed in a manner so orderly, that he could seize analogies fit to illustrate his meaning, and recur to principles and facts necessary to complete his argument, without the least apparent effort.

Mr. Watson was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1798, one year or less after he left College. As he had for years made the Sacred Scriptures in the original languages the subject of study, and had also read the most distinguished authors on Practical and Polemic Theology, as well as on Ecclesiastical History, a longer period of theological study in his case was not necessary.

Soon after his licensure, he was invited to the pastoral charge of a small church and congregation about three miles from Cannonsburg. He accepted the call, and continued to preach regularly to this people on the Sabbath, and occasionally on week days, until a short time before his death, which occurred on the 31st of November, 1802. Very few of his sermons were fully written out;—first, because his feeble health and his laborious duties in the College would not permit him to do so; and secondly, he was so familiar with the Bible, and had so thoroughly digested and arranged in his mind all subjects proper to be discussed in the pulpit, that to write sermons to be delivered to a plain people would have been lost labour. He had also at his command a ready flow of simple, chaste, and sometimes elegant, language, which enabled him to express his thoughts without effort in the most intelligible manner.

In conversation and in public speaking, I never knew him to hesitate a moment for want of a word to express his meaning. His utterance was so clear and distinct that, although his voice was feeble, he could be heard and understood by a large audience. He made no appeals to the passions, aiming solely to enlighten the understanding and touch the conscience. In these two points, he was very successful. For his language was so simple and natural that it could be understood by a child, and his aim so honest and direct that it brought conviction to the heart.

The first time he attended the General Assembly was in 1801, and he accepted the appointment with great reluctance. He was selected expressly for the purpose of defending his Presbytery against a complaint made by the Rev. T. L. Birch, a minister from Ireland. Mr. B. applied to the Presbytery of Ohio to be admitted as a member. The Presbytery proceeded to examine him as to his acquaintance with experimental religion, and with entire unanimity they refused to sustain this preliminary trial. Mr. Birch complained to the General Assembly of this refusal. And when this complaint was called up, the sympathy of the Assembly was greatly excited, as Birch had been pastor of a large church in his native country, and was well advanced in years. Some of the oldest and ablest members of the Assembly espoused his cause with great zeal, and in no measured terms denounced the injustice and uncharitableness of the Presbytery. The Assembly was on the point of passing a vote of censure on the Presbytery, and of requiring them to receive the applicant. Thus far Mr. Watson, leaving the defence of his Presbytery to his colleague, and to other members who volunteered in its cause, was silent. Before any action was taken, feeble and emaciated as at that time he was, he addressed the House in a brief and lucid speech, the amount of which was, that the whole proceeding of the Assembly in the case was wrong;—that it had no right to review or reverse the decision of the Presbytery,—much less to pass a vote of censure;—that to judge whether or not a candidate for the Gospel ministry was acquainted with experimental religion was a matter belonging exclusively to each Presbytery;—that the Assembly could not take that business out of the hands of the Presbyteries;—that in the case before the House, the Presbytery might have decided erroneously, but if they had, they were responsible only to God and their own consciences;—that no decision or censure of the Assembly could change the opinion of his Presbytery;—that they had acted conscientiously, and had done nothing more than the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church directed them to do;—that if this complaint should be sustained, and the Presbytery condemned, it would be a restraint on the freedom of Presbytery, and a temptation to decide in similar cases, not according to the dictates of conscience and the Word of God, but according to the supposed opinion of the General Assembly, when a complaint was brought before it;—that Presbyteries were more likely to err by too great laxity than by too great rigour, in judging of experimental religion in candidates for the Gospel ministry;—that Presbyteries had a better opportunity of judging respecting the piety of men whose daily conduct they had witnessed, than the Assembly who could hear only a verbal statement made in public;—and finally, that the statement made before the Assembly might be very different from that before the Presbytery.

This address, delivered with great modesty and in a feeble voice, produced a wonderful change in the views of the Assembly; so that it was resolved "that no evidence of censurable procedure in the Presbytery of Ohio in the case of Mr. Birch has appeared to this House, inasmuch as there is a discretionary power necessarily lodged in every Presbytery to judge of the qualifications of those whom they receive, especially with respect to experimental religion."

After passing this vote, the friends of Mr. Birch insisted that he should be examined by the Assembly on his acquaintance with experimental religion; and he *was* examined, and the following record made on the

Minutes—that "they find no obstruction against any Presbytery to which he may apply, taking him up and proceeding with him agreeably to the rules and regulations in this case made and provided." (Minutes of 1801.)

In this minute, there is at least an implied censure of the Presbytery of Ohio, which, in my opinion, was not deserved. The whole decision was a compromise intended to satisfy the two parties into which the House was divided on this subject. Subsequent events proved that the Presbytery of Ohio did not err in their judgment respecting the qualifications of this man for the Gospel ministry. He applied to the Presbytery of Baltimore and was received, although he resided and continued to reside until his death, in Western Pennsylvania.

This is the first case of elective affinity in the Presbyterian Church with which I am acquainted. In this trial, Mr. Watson exhibited his true character. Naturally diffident and retiring, he was calm, collected and fearless, when duty required him to speak in behalf of what he believed to be truth and righteousness.

I remain, with great respect, yours,

JAMES CARNAHAN.

JOHN BLAIR LINN, D. D.*

1798—1804.

JOHN BLAIR LINN was the great-grandson of William Linn, who emigrated from Ireland at an early period in the history of the country, settled in what was then the wilderness of Pennsylvania, and lived more than a hundred years. His father was the Rev. Dr. William Linn, who was, for some time, minister in Pennsylvania, and afterwards became one of the Pastors of the Reformed Dutch Collegiate Churches in the city of New York. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. John Blair, a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church.

The eldest son, *John Blair*, was born in Shippensburg, Pa., March 14, 1777, near the birth place of his father, and the spot where his great-grandfather settled on his first coming to the country. He evinced an early attachment to books, and commenced the study of the Latin language while he was yet a child. When he was nine years old, his father removed to the city of New York, where he enjoyed the best opportunities for improvement. He was at school for two or three years at Flatbush on Long Island; and he has been heard to say that these were the happiest years of his life. In 1791, when he was a little less than fourteen, he entered Columbia College. Here he was distinguished chiefly by his love of elegant literature, and especially of poetry. He not only composed several pieces, both in prose and verse, which were considered as indicating uncommon genius, but actually published some of them, before he had reached his seventeenth year. He was also, at this period, passionately fond of dramatic exhibitions;

* Memoir prefixed to his Poem, entitled "Valerian."—MS. from his sister.

and, as some performers of eminence had then lately arrived in the country, he was not an unfrequent attendant at the theatre. It does not appear, however, that he ever experienced any of the corrupting influences of the stage, as his morals seem to have been at all times irreproachable.

He was graduated in the year 1795, at the age of eighteen, in the same class with Dr. Romeyn of New York, and Dr. Inglis of Baltimore. Having determined to make the Law his profession, he placed himself under the direction of Alexander Hamilton, who was a friend of his father, and took a deep interest in the welfare of the son. But the Law was far from being congenial with his taste. He had cultivated a passion for the poetic and the dramatic, and had actually brought out one play that had been acted on the stage; and this was a poor preparation for his becoming enamoured with legal technicalities. After a short trial in Hamilton's office, he abandoned the study altogether; and, from this period, his mind seems to have taken a more serious turn, and he resolved to devote himself to the Christian ministry. Accordingly, he left New York and went to Schenectady, where he prosecuted his theological studies under the care of Dr. Dirick Romeyn, an eminent clergyman, and a Professor of Theology in the Reformed Dutch Church.

As he advanced in the study of Theology, he seems to have become more deeply impressed with the vanity of the world, and the importance of the Christian ministry. The following is an extract from a letter written to his father during his residence at Schenectady, and shortly after a visit to his family:—

"When I was in New York, I saw more clearly than I have ever yet seen the road of preferment which I have forsaken. I saw more clearly than ever that worldly friendship and favour follow the footsteps of pomp and ambition. I hope, however, never to have cause to regret the choice I have made. I hope to see more and more the little worth of earthly things, and the importance of those which are eternal. As I have no treasures on earth, may I lay up treasures in Heaven.

"The disgust which I contracted for the Law might perhaps chiefly arise from a sickly and over-delicate taste. The pages of Coke and Blackstone contained, to my apprehension, nothing but horrid jargon. The language of the science was discord, and its methods the perfection of confusion to me; and this,—whether a fault in me or not I cannot tell, but certain I am it was past remedy. But my aversion to the Bar had something else in it than the mere loathing of taste. I could not bear its tricks and artifices; the enlisting of all one's wit and wisdom in the service of any one that could pay for them.

"My mind, which has been for a long time restless and uneasy and continually on the wing, feels already, in a state of comparative solitude,—in the enjoyment of that sober and quiet peace to which it has been long a stranger. I regret not the gay objects of New York, which I have exchanged for the now dreary scenes of Schenectady. The pleasures of my former life were often the pleasures of an hour, leaving behind them the anxieties of days and of years. A very few excepted, I regret not those friends of my early youth, from whom I have removed. Friendship is, in most cases, only a weathercock, shifting with the lightest gale, and scarcely stable long enough to be viewed. The applause of men I no longer prize, and self-approbation becomes every day of greater value."

During his residence at Schenectady, he pursued his theological studies with great ardour, though he occasionally indulged his taste for poetry, and wrote some essays in prose which were published in a newspaper in that place. He was licensed to preach by the Classis of Albany, in the year 1798, having just entered his twenty-second year.

The popularity which his first efforts in the pulpit secured to him, was such as falls to the lot of very few young ministers. He was immediately sought after by some of the most prominent congregations in the United States. The First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia soon gave him a

call to settle as co-pastor with the Rev. Dr. Ewing; and, though he shrunk from the responsibility incident to so important a charge, yet the advantages of being associated with a man of such high intellectual and moral qualities, finally determined him to accept the invitation. He was accordingly ordained and installed in June, 1799.

Shortly after this, he was married to Hester, daughter of Colonel John Bailey, a respectable inhabitant of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. They had three children—all sons, the two youngest of whom survived their father.

During the first two years of his ministry, there was a large demand made upon his time and strength, particularly by reason of the increasing infirmities of his venerable colleague. He, however, besides performing to great acceptance the duties of his office, found time, in this interval, to compose two Poems, the latter of which was highly elaborated and of considerable length. The first was occasioned by the death of Washington, and was written in imitation of the style of Ossian, of which he was a great admirer. The second was entitled "The Powers of Genius." It was received with no small favour in this country, soon passed to a second edition, and was republished in a style of great elegance in England. Several smaller pieces were included in the same volume.

Mr. Linn was, from his infancy, subject to attacks of severe illness, which were the greater affliction on account of his uncommonly sanguine temperament. His imagination always magnified the disease whenever it recurred; and he seemed to have the fullest conviction that it was destined to bring him to an early grave. It was not, however, till the year 1802, that his constitution received any serious injury. In the summer of that year, he set out on a journey to New York; and when he had reached Woodbridge, N. J., owing to the excessive heat, he fell into a swoon, which was followed by a fever. He was conveyed to the house of the Rev. Dr. Roe, the Presbyterian clergyman of that place; and, after remaining there a few days, was able to return home, though his system never afterwards fully recovered its former tone. After he resumed his public labours, he often found it difficult to speak, from a sudden affection of the brain; and would sometimes be obliged to support himself by holding to the rails of the pulpit, when he was preaching with his usual energy and eloquence.

In the year 1802, Dr. Priestley, who had then been in this country several years, published a short Treatise, instituting a comparison between Jesus Christ and Socrates, in which he maintained the doctrine that our Saviour is a mere man.

Mr. Linn, though very young to engage with such a distinguished and veteran combatant, wrote a book in reply, which, while it was considered by some as lacking somewhat in polemic courtesy, was acknowledged, both by friends and foes, to indicate vigorous intellect and extensive research. This work was published in the year 1803; and shortly after, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Pennsylvania.

His health continued to decline, though his malady seemed to have firmer hold of the mind than of the body. He had all sorts of gloomy fancies; and the objects of nature which used to delight him so much, now served only to increase the sadness of his spirit. He often half resolved to resign his charge,—sometimes on the ground that he was totally inadequate to perform his duties as a minister, and sometimes from a conscientious conviction that he had no right to his salary for such services as he was able

to render; but his friends dissuaded him from such a step. He made repeated journeys for his health, and tried the effect of complete cessation from public labour; but it was all to no purpose. He had always had an impression that he should die young, and had always had a great horror of dying of consumption. The frequent raising of blood he regarded as an infallible token, not only that he was to die of this dreaded malady, but that it had actually well nigh done its work.

In the winter and spring of 1804, his disease seemed to be making rapid progress, though his physician did not yet pronounce it incurable. Though Dr. Linn himself had no idea that he should receive any benefit from a journey, yet, by the persuasion of his friends, he was induced to make the experiment. Having obtained leave of absence from his congregation for two or three months, he set out for New England, and travelled as far as Boston. But the hopes of his friends were disappointed, while his own expectations were realized—neither his bodily health nor his spirits seem to have been materially benefitted. Before leaving Boston, on his return, he wrote a letter to his father, of which the following is an extract:—

"Never was a traveller less qualified for giving or receiving pleasure. I cannot discover that I have received the least benefit from my voyage or travel, nor have my spirits ascended the smallest degree above their customary pitch.

"I am convinced that unless I undergo a total renovation, I must leave the pulpit, and endeavour to earn my bread in some other way. If my present impressions are true,—if appearances deceive me not, I shall need 'but little here below, nor need that little long.' But as all my hopes of the world are clouded and ruined, could I only subdue some rising apprehensions, and leave my family provided for, I should not regret the blow, however speedy, that crumbled me to dust. I write not to afflict you, but to relieve myself. It is a strange consolation, but it is one of the few consolations I know. You will therefore please to pardon me for this, and for all other offences towards you of which I may be guilty. They are inseparable from my cruel disease.

"I feel the ruin of an intellect which, with health, would not have dishonoured you, my family, or my country. I feel the ruin of a heart, which I trust was never deficient in gratitude towards my God or my worldly benefactors. This heart has always fervently cherished the social affections, but now broods over the images of despair, and wars ineffectually with the pang that bespeaks my dissolution. But I must be silent. I believe I have gone too far."

After stopping for a short time in New York and its neighbourhood, he returned to Philadelphia. During the ensuing six weeks, he was attacked with some other form or forms of disease, which strengthened his conviction that his case was hopeless; and he wrote a letter, from his bed of sickness, to the Session of his Church, tendering the resignation of his pastoral charge. This letter, however, after a few days, he was persuaded to recall; and some slight mitigation of his disease inspired a trembling hope that possibly the dark cloud which had so long overshadowed him might pass away. But alas! such hope, so far as it existed, was soon to prove delusive.

On the morning of the 30th of August, he seemed more comfortable than usual; and in the course of the day wrote a letter to his father, querying with him whether it was not his duty to resign his charge without further delay. In the evening of that day, he occasionally raised blood in very small quantities; but it was enough to produce a manifest effect upon his spirits. He retired about half-past ten o'clock, but scarcely had his head touched the pillow, when he said to his wife,—"I feel something burst within me—call the family together—I am dying." Instantly his utterance was choked by a stream of blood. Recovering a little strength, he exclaimed, with hands clasped and eyes uplifted,—"Lord Jesus, pardon my

transgressions, and receive my soul!" And when he had said this, his spirit had fled. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Blair.

Beside the works already noticed, Dr. Linn published a Sermon occasioned by the death of Dr. Ewing, in 1802. He left behind him a Narrative Poem entitled "Valerian," descriptive chiefly of the early persecutions of Christians, which was published, with a sketch of his life and character by Charles Brockden Brown, in 1805.

FROM THE REV. ALEXANDER PHŒNIX.

HARLEM, N. Y., 2d March, 1852.

Rev. and dear Sir: You were right in supposing that I was intimately acquainted with Dr. John Blair Linn. He was my class mate in Columbia College, and during the whole of our college course, we maintained the most friendly and intimate relations. After he left the office of General Hamilton, with whom he had commenced the study of the Law, to take up his abode in the family of the Rev. Dr. Romeyn of Schenectady, and especially after his settlement in Philadelphia, I saw very little of him; and, except the interchange of an occasional letter, our intercourse was limited to a few interviews, during his visits in New York, which, however, were of rare occurrence.

Instead of complying literally with your request by furnishing you with my own recollections of Dr. Linn, I prefer to send you the following testimony of two of his very intimate friends concerning him—both highly distinguished individuals, who had a much better opportunity, from their peculiar relations to him, of marking the development of his religious character than I had myself—I refer to the late Doctors Romeyn and McLeod, of New York.

Dr. Romeyn writes thus:—

"I need scarcely mention that his talents were of the first order. His imagination was glowing, and yet it was chaste. Even his earliest attempts at writing display a soundness of judgment rarely united with fervidness of fancy, especially in young people. His taste was formed on pure models. He was capable of deep research, though constitutionally indisposed to it. His genius was poetic. He always preferred a poem or criticisms on polite literature, to any other species of composition. His constitution was sanguine. This caused a precipitancy in some of his actions, which prudence condemned. He had a bias to pleasure, a taste for it; so much so, that I have often, in reflecting on past scenes, wondered how he escaped its pollutions as he did. His reading in early life contributed very much to increase this taste. He was disposed to be romantic in his views and conduct. His temper was quick, his sensibility exquisite. He had all the capricious feelings peculiar to a poet. Though hasty, and sometimes rash, yet was he generous; he scorned meanness. He was warm in his attachments; benevolent in his propensities to mankind. His anticipated pleasures generally exceeded his actual enjoyments. He was accustomed to dwell more on the dark than on the bright side of the picture of life. He was prone to melancholy,—the melancholy of genius. Ofttimes he appeared its victim, sitting for days silent, sad and gloomy. He felt, even to madness, the slightest disrespect, and as sensibly enjoyed attention paid to him. He was not calculated to move in a moderate, common course with the generality of mankind; he was either in the valley of gloom or on the mount of transport—rarely did he enjoy temperate, calm pleasure. With years, this sensibility was corrected. I myself perceived a change in him, in this respect, the last time we were together. In short, his system was like a delicate machine, composed of the finest materials, which was liable to derangement from the slightest and most trifling cir-

cumstance, and the continual, diversified action of whose parts tended gradually, though certainly, to a speedy destruction of the whole."

Dr. McLeod writes thus:—

"About the time of his beginning to preach the Gospel, he was greatly agitated about two of the most important points in the Christian life—What are the characteristics of gracious exercises of heart toward God? and what is the connection between the speculative truths of revealed religion and those exercises?

"I advised him to read Dr. Owen's Treatise on Communion with God. He did so. He was satisfied with it. He entered fully into the Doctor's views of that interesting subject. Of the state of his mind I have received from himself explicit information. Opposed to enthusiasm, and naturally delicate, he was not very communicative on such subjects. He did not think it prudent to unbosom himself to many, because he had himself such a low opinion of his Christian experience, that he thought it probable a fair statement would dispose the censorious to conclude he was entirely destitute of piety, and render the nominal professor satisfied with his own attainments; and consequently have a tendency to hinder his public usefulness, and to encourage inattention to experimental religion. He therefore scarcely ever alluded to his own experience in conversation; even with his most intimate religious friends. He was not, however, absolutely opposed to conversation upon such subjects. He could throw aside reserve, and enter upon it with freedom, when he was under no apprehension that this freedom would be abused.

He was much under the influence of the fear of death, and a reluctance to dying. But he was not in terror of future punishment; for, although he confessed himself worthy of it, he trusted in that Saviour which the Gospel offers to sinners, and, firmly persuaded of the safety of believers, cheerfully hoped that his own faith, although weak, was really sincere. The frame of his mind, in relation to spiritual things, was almost uniform; never extremely gloomy, never extremely joyous. It differed surprisingly from the natural temperament of his mind. In the concerns of common life, he was the slave of sensibility, the mere child of circumstances. He knew this. His religious life appeared to himself a third estate, supernaturally called into existence in the empire of his soul, which created a distinct interest to which all his affections were drawn; and which, gradually progressing in strength and in influence, checked the dangerous efforts of the opposite principles of his constitution, rendering his joys less vivid and more lasting, and rendering his sorrows more easy to endure and overcome."

The above testimony is so full and so entirely in accordance with my own impressions concerning Dr. Linn, that I will only add that

I am very sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER PHŒNIX.

JOHN BRODHEAD ROMEYN, D. D.*

1798—1825.

JOHN BRODHEAD ROMEYN was the only son of the Rev Dirick Romeyn, D. D., and was born at Marbletown, Ulster County, N. Y., November 8, 1777. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Brodhead. His father was, at that time, Pastor of the united Reformed Dutch Congregations of Hackensack and Schraalenburgh in New Jersey; but, previous to the birth of the son, he had removed his family from Hackensack,—their usual place of residence, to Marbletown, to avoid the dangers to which they were exposed from the predatory incursions of the British troops, during the war of the Revolution.

When he was seven years old, his father, who was among the most eminent ministers of the denomination to which he belonged, took the pastoral charge of the Reformed Dutch Church in Schenectady. There the son commenced his classical studies, in an Academy which his father had been a chief instrument in founding, and which was the germ of what is now Union College. So rapidly did his faculties unfold, and so great was his proficiency in the various branches of knowledge, that, at the age of seventeen, he joined the *Senior* class in Columbia College, in the city of New York; and, notwithstanding the class was eminent for talent and scholarship, and he was among the youngest of its members, he immediately took rank with the best scholars, and graduated with high honour in 1795.

It is not known that any record remains of his early religious exercises, or of the process of thought and feeling by which he was ultimately determined to devote himself to the Christian ministry. In 1796, he became a communicant in the Church at Schenectady, of which his father was Pastor, and, shortly after, commenced his theological studies under the instruction of the late Rev. Dr. John H. Livingston. He, however, after some time, returned to Schenectady, and completed his course under the direction of his own venerable father, having for his associate in study his intimate friend and class mate, John Blair Linn, whose career was alike brief and brilliant. He was licensed to preach by the Classis of Albany, June 20, 1798, at the early age of twenty-one.

His first appearance in the pulpit awakened great interest and high expectation; and there were several congregations that would have been glad to secure at once his permanent services. He, however, owing to a naturally frail constitution, which had been enfeebled still more by constant and intense study, did not think favourably of an immediate settlement; and nearly a year passed before he consented to listen to any proposal on the subject. On the 17th of May, 1799, he was examined at New Paltz by the Classis of Poughkeepsie, with reference to ordination, and before the close of the month was regularly set apart to the pastoral charge of the Reformed Dutch Church in Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, N. Y., whose call he had previously accepted. Here he laboured more than four years with great popularity and success; and he was accustomed, during the rest of his life, frequently to visit this field of his early labours, and in conver-

* Rowan's Fun. Serm.—MS. from Dr. T. R. Beck.

sation with his friends to revert to this period of his ministry with the highest satisfaction.

In November, 1803, he accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church in the city of Schenectady. On resigning his charge at Rhinebeck, the Classis of Poughkeepsie rendered a very decided testimony to his high qualifications as a minister of the Gospel, and expressed deep regret at his removal beyond their bounds. The considerations which influenced him to this step, were chiefly two—the peculiar state of the congregation to which he was called,—he being the only individual upon whom they could unite, after a protracted season of division, and the declining health of his father, to whom he felt that he owed the best filial attentions.

He continued at Schenectady but a single year. In November, 1804, he received a call from the First Presbyterian Church in Albany, which, on the whole, he thought it his duty to accept. The Church at Schenectady had become harmonious under his ministry, and the pre-existing difficulties had so far passed away as no longer to jeopard its welfare. His father had been taken to his rest, so that his attentions to *him* were no longer required. The Church to which he was invited opened a much more extended field of usefulness than the one of which he then had the charge. And his brethren in the ministry whom he consulted, generally expressed an opinion in favour of the change. Under these circumstances, he accepted the call, delivered his Farewell Sermon on the 2d of December, and was installed Pastor of the Church in Albany a few days after.

There were circumstances connected with the congregation with which he now became connected, that would have rendered the situation of almost any clergyman who might have been settled over it doubtful, not to say, perilous. As it was the only Presbyterian Congregation in the Capital of the State of New York, it had gathered into it a large amount of cultivated intellect and professional eminence; and, during the sessions of the Legislature particularly, the church was thronged with strangers,—many of them persons of distinction, from various parts of the country. In addition to this, his two immediate predecessors had been men of remarkable powers, and varied attainments, and under their preaching the congregation had become sufficiently fastidious not to be satisfied with pulpit efforts of a mere ordinary character. Mr. Romeyn, however, fully sustained himself in his delicate position, and continued, for four years, labouring with great zeal and acceptance in this important field.

When the new Church in Cedar Street, New York, was established, in 1808, the great popularity which Mr. Romeyn had acquired, led that infant but highly promising congregation to think of him at once as a suitable person to become their pastor; and in the month of May they presented him a regular call. What his feelings were in reference to it, and what the motives which finally influenced him to accept it, may be learned from the following record on the subject found among his papers:—"I discouraged the idea; but they made out the call, and prosecuted it, notwithstanding that discouragement. It was offered to me, because they knew I was not in good health, and a change might be of service. The Cedar Street Church bids fair to be large and respectable; and, from the character of the subscribers, a Gospel ministry, if successful among them, will have the most salutary effects upon a large portion of the inhabitants of the city. The members are unanimous in the call made on me. My wife's health will, I

believe, be benefitted by sea air. My mother and sister approve of a removal. These considerations, added to my health, seem to make it my duty to remove."

In September previous to his removal to New York, he preached two Sermons on occasion of a Fast appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, designed to exhibit some of the peculiar aspects of the then existing crisis. The Discourses discover an extensive knowledge of both History and Prophecy, and a great dread of the influence upon our national institutions, of Romanism and Infidelity. They were published by request of the "members of the Session and Corporation" of the Church, and were introduced by an appropriate Dedication to the Congregation of which he was about to take leave, and a grateful recognition of the interesting relation which he had sustained to them. They were regarded, at that time, as among the ablest published Discourses of the class to which they belonged.

The previous arrangements having been consummated, he removed to New York, and early in November, (1808,) was inducted to his new charge.

In 1809, the year after his removal to New York, when he was only thirty-two years old, the College of New Jersey conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He found every thing quite to his mind in his new field of labour, and within a short period he had gathered around him one of the largest and most respectable congregations in the city. In 1813, his health had become so much impaired that it was deemed expedient that he should relax from his labours, and try the effect upon his constitution of a temporary residence in other climes. Accordingly, in November of that year, he embarked at New Bedford, with his wife and nephew, Dr. John B. Beck, for Lisbon. He spent the next winter upon the Continent, and early in the spring passed over to England. He was particularly interested in his visit to Holland, the land of his fathers' sepulchres, where he was met with every expression of hospitality and good will. This tour brought him in contact with many of the most eminent men of the age, and no one was better able than he to appreciate such society. He availed himself also of the opportunity which was furnished him of adding greatly to his library; and his extensive knowledge of books qualified him to make the most judicious selection. He came back in the autumn of 1814, with greatly improved health, and was welcomed by his congregation with every demonstration of affectionate regard. His first sermon after his return was preached on the 9th of December, from Lamentations iii. 21, 22, 23. He resumed his labours now with increased alacrity and zeal, and his church, in both its spiritual and temporal interests, continued in a state of undiminished prosperity.

From this period Dr. Romeyn prosecuted, without much interruption, his ministerial duties till near the close of life, though for a year or two previous to his death, his health was evidently upon the wane, and his friends were pained to observe the constantly increasing indications that his course was nearly run. Less than two weeks before his death, he preached on the text—"It is finished," and then administered the Lord's Supper with great tenderness and fervour; and in the course of the service intimated, as it proved with prophetic truth, that he should never preside in the administration of the ordinance again. A large portion of the day imme-

diately preceding his death, was occupied in exercises of devotion, and especially in earnest intercession for his family and his flock. The last words he uttered were—"Blessed Jesus, while passing through the dark valley of death, do thou spread underneath me thine everlasting arms. Come, Lord Jesus, receive me into thy Kingdom, which thou hast prepared for thy chosen ones; that I may there join in singing hallelujahs forever and ever." He died a few hours after this, February 22, 1825, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the twenty-sixth of his ministry.

Dr. Romeyn was married on the 22d of April, 1799, to Harriet, daughter of John N. Bleecker, of Albany. They had but one child,—a son, who died in infancy. Mrs. Romeyn survived her husband but a few months, and died on the 23d of October following.

Dr. Romeyn received numerous and various expressions of public regard. Besides being privately consulted in respect to several of the most important stations of public usefulness in the country, which, however, he prevented from being formally offered to him,—he was actually called to the Pastorate of the Reformed Dutch Collegiate Churches in New York, simultaneously with his receiving the call from Cedar Street; and, after his return from Europe, he was offered the Presidency of Transylvania University in Kentucky, and subsequently that of Dickinson College in Pennsylvania. He had an important agency in establishing the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and was one of its Directors from its commencement till his death. He was also a Trustee of Princeton College from 1809 till the last year of his life, when he resigned the office. He occupied various important posts, at different periods, under the General Assembly,—such as being on the Standing Committee of Missions, on the Committee to revise the Book of Psalmody, &c.; and in 1810, when he had only reached the age of thirty-three, the Assembly appointed him their Moderator.

Dr. Romeyn's published works, though highly respectable, will scarcely sustain the reputation which he enjoyed as a preacher. Some of the discourses to which his energetic and impassioned manner gave an effect which his hearers can never forget, are found, in the reading, to be bereft of much of their life and power. They certainly possess in themselves no small degree of merit; but his manner was so uncommonly impressive as necessarily to render them quite a different thing to the reader from what they were to the hearer. The greater part of his printed works are comprised in two volumes of Sermons, published in 1816, and shortly after republished in Scotland. Beside these, he published the following in pamphlet form, some of which have generally been regarded as among the best of his printed productions:—

An Oration on the death of Washington, 1800. A Sermon on resigning his pastoral charge at Rhinebeck, 1803. A Sermon delivered by appointment of the Committee of Missions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, in the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, 1808. Two Sermons delivered in the Presbyterian Church in Albany on the day recommended by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church for Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer, 1808. An Introductory Sermon delivered in the new Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, New York, the first Sabbath after being installed Pastor of said Church, 1808. The good Samaritan: A Sermon delivered in the Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, New York, for the benefit of the New York Dis-

pensary, 1810. The danger and duty of young people: A Sermon delivered in the Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, New York, 1810. An Exhortation to the people at the ordination of the Rev. Gardiner Spring, 1810. A Sermon delivered at the opening of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, 1811. Report of a Committee of the General Assembly appointed to draft a plan for disciplining baptized children, 1812. A Sermon delivered in the Middle Dutch Church, New York, for the benefit of the New York Marine Missionary Society, 1819. The duty and reward of honouring God: A Sermon delivered in the Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, New York, on the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims of New England, 1821.

I became acquainted with Dr. Romeyn first in June, 1816, and knew him quite well till the close of his life. On my introduction to him, I was struck with his friendly and earnest manner, and it was at his suggestion, and through his influence, that I became a member of the Princeton Theological Seminary. I had heard him preach in his own church, in the preceding autumn, a very impressive discourse on that beautiful passage in Job—"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"—on the Sabbath immediately succeeding a terrific and desolating gale, still remembered as the "September gale;" and the deep interest with which I had listened to that discourse made me the more desirous of obtaining an introduction to him. Before my course in the Seminary was closed, I spent a Sabbath with him at Elizabethtown, on a Communion occasion in Dr. McDowell's Church, when nearly one hundred new members were admitted; and I was exceedingly struck on that occasion with the appropriateness as well as the impressiveness of his public exercises. The last public occasion on which I met him, was the ordination of the Rev. A. Phœnix at Springfield, (Chickopee parish,) Mass., a few months before his death. Mr. Phœnix and himself had been class mates in Columbia College, and intimate friends in after life; and, though Dr. Romeyn's health was then considerably reduced, he could not resist the desire to assist in putting his old friend into the ministry; and the sermon which he preached on the occasion, evinced the great interest which he felt in it, while it was altogether a manly and vigorous effort. The most remarkable thing, however, in connection with the occasion, was his asking a blessing at the table, where the Council dined after the ordination. Within the compass of a minute or two, he seemed to bring all the peculiar circumstances of the people and the pastor, and the newly formed relation between them, combining them in the most impressive and beautiful manner; and yet there was every thing to indicate that it was entirely an unpremeditated service. The next afternoon, I heard him preach a Communion lecture for Dr. Osgood at Springfield, after which he crossed the river, and preached for me in the evening at West Springfield, one of his most eloquent discourses, on the text—"I am the first and the last," &c. Though I saw evidences that his health was upon the wane, the freedom and vigour of his manner, and his power to impress an audience, seemed to me to have suffered no abatement. I parted with him the next morning, and never met him afterwards.

FROM THEODORIC ROMEYN BECK, LL. D.

ALBANY, September 1, 1852.

My dear Sir: I will not dissemble that a principal reason of my having been somewhat dilatory in complying with your request, has been that my relationship to Dr. Romeyn has seemed to me to make it a matter of some delicacy for me to render such a public testimony concerning him as your request contemplates. I will, however, as a token of my good will, state a few things that occur to me,—not doubting that you will obtain from others a more full and satisfactory account of him. The fact that he was my maternal uncle brought me near to him from my childhood; and, during a part of the four years that I was engaged in the study of my profession, I was a member of his family. I have therefore had distinct impressions of his character, however they may have somewhat faded under the influence of time.

I recollect him as a young man of fine personal appearance, frank in his manners, ardent in his feelings, quick in his temper, and little disposed to yield his opinions or prejudices to any thing that bore the semblance of dictation or constraint. He appears to me to have been singularly fortunate in his early friendships—among the most intimate friends of his youth were John Blair Linn and Alexander McLeod—the former of whom survived only to a ripe manhood,—the latter died some years after his friend. They joined in several literary undertakings which met the public notice either in periodicals or in distinct publications. Each was united to the others by the strongest ties of affection,—ties which were severed only by the stroke of death.

Dr. Romeyn, until his constitution was broken by disease, was indefatigable in his weekly preparations for the pulpit. The great mass of sermons that he left in manuscript, and which have come into my possession as his executor, bear ample testimony to this. I would not venture to assign to him the very highest rank among pulpit orators; but he was certainly a highly impressive and animated speaker, and always spoke out of the depths of an earnest and solemn conviction. His discourses in the earlier part of his ministry were generally written out; but in later years he was accustomed to leave large chasms in his manuscript to be filled up by the suggestions of the moment; and these extemporaneous parts of his sermon often produced the greatest effect. The fact that he gathered around him, in so short a time, in the city of New York, so large, intellectual and cultivated a congregation, and held it till his death, shows that his talents in the pulpit must have been—to say the least—of a superior order.

Of his intellectual habits I can speak with an abiding remembrance; for I had abundant opportunities of observing them. He preserved a good knowledge of the languages, having been thoroughly grounded in them at Columbia College; yet he pursued the study of them only as auxiliary to those studies which were strictly professional. He was one of the greatest readers I ever knew; and his own library supplied him with the best works not only connected with his profession, but in almost every department of literature. At the time of his death, there were few private libraries in the country that compared with his, either in extent or in value. It was particularly rich in books of Travels; and I remember well how he used to revel over the pages of Elphinstone, Pottinger, and other kindred authors.

Dr. Romeyn had no aversion, certainly in his later years, to reading occasionally a work of fiction,—especially one from the hand of a master, and in which some great principle of human nature was successfully evolved. I remember his telling me that, when he was in Edinburgh, he had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mrs. Grant, the writer of "Letters from the Mountains," &c., and in one of

his interviews with her, the conversation turned upon the new novel,—one of the series of the Waverly novels, then in the course of publication, while it was not yet known who was the author of them; and Mrs. Grant unhesitatingly ascribed them to Sir Walter Scott, on the ground that he was the only man in the world who was *capable* of writing them.

Since Dr. Romeyn's death, great changes have occurred in connection with the former field of his labours. The spirit of commercial enterprise has swept over the spot where he ministered, and a block of stores have succeeded to the place of worship. The congregation that he gathered has passed through a succession of changes, till its identity,—certainly as far as respects members, is nearly gone. The great benevolent institutions that he helped to foster in their infancy, and that were only beginning to develop their mighty resources when he died, have now reached to a vigorous manhood. But the influence of his ministry still survives; and now and then, as I pass about the country, or meet people from a distance, I fall in with a man whose voice and manner take on an unwonted tenderness, as he speaks of his former pastor, Dr. Romeyn.

I remain very truly,

Your obedient servant,

T. R. BECK.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D. D.

New York, December 8, 1856.

My dear Doctor: My recollections of Dr. John B. Romeyn commence almost with my earliest years, when he was in the vigorous exercise of his powers, and at the meridian of his popularity and usefulness, and they continue until his death. While pursuing my collegiate and theological studies, however, and when I was becoming in some measure fitted to form an estimate of his qualities, as a man and a preacher, I was, for the most part, absent from the city. I had hoped that, as my pastor, he would have introduced me to the sacred desk: but, although my first sermon was preached in the pulpit he had long adorned, it was draped in sable to mourn his recent loss. What I can say of him must relate chiefly to the impressions produced upon my mind during my boyhood, therefore, and it is very likely it will not be very discriminating, nor convey any adequate idea of his individuality to those who had no knowledge of the man.

In person, Dr. Romeyn was about the medium height, of a compact, well proportioned frame, rather spare habit, and of a very nervous temperament, which showed itself in the animation of his fine, intelligent eye, and expressive countenance, in ready utterance, and in graceful, but rapid and decisive, motions of the body. This ran through every thing he did. There was nothing uncertain or vacillating in his manner; no hesitation apparently in his mind; nothing sluggish or slow in his composition. His opinions were clearly conceived and boldly expressed. His purposes were promptly formed and executed with energy. He seemed to enter with heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, into whatever he undertook: literally what he found to do he did with all his might. This was so in and out of the pulpit. I suppose a stranger would not be long in his company without saying to himself,—"this man has all his faculties about him, and is all awake." And yet he was not a bustler, but most efficient in forming and executing his plans. He was a cheerful companion, frank and unreserved, and very genial with the young. Yet there was no frivolity or want of proper dignity. I do not recall a single jest or witticism ascribed to him. But I remember him, at the period of his greatest success, as earnest and even intense in the performance of his appropriate duties, seeming to feel deeply his responsibilities, and as much as any man I ever knew, to aim at making full proof of his ministry. His quick step, downcast eye, and deeply serious, absorbed air, as he passed up the

broad aisle, and took his position in the pulpit, and prepared for the service, illustrate this remark very well, and were perfectly characteristic of the man.

Dr. Romeyn's mind, I should judge, was of a high order. The peculiarities, however, to which I have adverted, would necessarily disqualify him, in a great measure, for becoming a patient and profound investigator, while they added greatly to his power as a ready, effective speaker, and fitted him the better for the sphere he was called to occupy. But there was no particular originality or independence of thought: no metaphysical aptness certainly; and no apparent disposition or ability to subject his themes to any very rigid analysis, and rarely an effort to build up and compact a logical train of argumentation, by which truth might be demonstrated, doubt dispelled, and gainsayers convinced. I presume he had never subjected his mind in any high degree to the discipline of close and consecutive thinking. He was rather a reader,—a great reader. His admirable library supplied him abundantly with the means of indulging his tastes in this respect, and likewise with the materials which he brought into his pulpit preparations, and he used it very diligently. He had acquired a large store of general information, therefore, if he had not become deeply learned. And a suggestive memory enabled him to hold very much at command what he had read. He was reputed to be a very good theologian; but, from his conversations, I think history was his favourite branch of reading; and he was regarded by his clerical friends, I recollect, as being exceedingly well versed in that department.

Dr. Romeyn was made, however, for the pulpit. All his natural tastes and mental training seemed to have peculiar reference to that sphere. As a preacher, you know, he stood eminent,—in some respects "primus inter pares," among the great lights our city could boast at that day. And in Mason, McLeod, Milledoler, and others, it then enjoyed a ministry rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed. The substance of his preaching was sound, edifying Gospel truth; although he was very apt to seize on passing events, and turn them with very great effect to a spiritual use. His sermons were usually well arranged and well expressed, as was requisite to suit the taste of one of the most intelligent and refined congregations in the country. But there was no subtle process of reasoning: and what was singular, when you consider the marked effects of his ministrations, he dealt very sparingly in figures of speech or fine writing. There were few delicate touches of fancy, or bold flights of imagination: there was no splendid diction nor carefully wrought and sustained rhetoric. In fact he was very little of a rhetorician. But there was most momentous truth, and there was life and vivacity, pathos and downright energy, and perfect naturalness and sincerity, which gave the preacher the victory, and made him, what he was, for several years, to say the least, not inferior in popularity and success to any of his compeers. His ordinary animation, and his sweet, full, flexible voice, though managed with no art, were always pleasant. But, at times, every line of his face, even his whole frame, became instinct with passion, and then the eye kindled or tearful,—the very soul speaking through the body that trembled with emotion or erected itself to an attitude of authority,—the torrent of feeling often subdued and carried away his hearers with responding emotion. I can hardly tell why—but Dr. Romeyn and young Spencer of Liverpool have always been associated in my mind, as having strong points of resemblance. Certainly, I think that, so far as the pulpit is concerned, Dr. Romeyn, in his prime, was entitled to be called one of the very first preachers of his day.

His success corresponded with this description. The Cedar Street Church was a new enterprise, commenced by men of high social position in various walks of life,—many of them New England men, and I have an idea that its origin was in some way connected with politics, as I recollect it used to be called the Federal Church—although Dr. Romeyn was never a political preacher. But for years this house overflowed. Prayer meetings and evening lectures were well sustained.

He was aided by a most efficient Board of elders; and the accessions to the church were numerous at almost every Communion season. Especially were his labours blessed among the young. His catechetical classes on Wednesday afternoons were crowded. He threw such attraction around them, that we longed for the day: and among this class, and through this instrumentality, very much of his useful labour was performed. Of a very large Bible class of young ladies, every one, I think he told me, became a professor of religion. More young men became ministers from his congregation than from any other. And the churches in the city from that day to this have drawn a large proportion of elders and deacons, and our benevolent societies many of their most active members and officers, from among the men who were trained under him. I think the warm affection with which his memory is cherished by those who enjoyed his pulpit and pastoral services, and the tender tones in which they are wont to speak of the Cedar Street Church of those bright days, are proof conclusive of the excellence of the man, and the usefulness of his ministry. During the last years of his life, as I have said, I was absent, and had little part there. But for the period of which I have mainly spoken, it was very much of a model Church; and its character and success were owing, under God, very much to the ability and zeal of its Pastor.

If this meagre outline of Dr. Romeyn's qualities, rather than of his life, can be made serviceable in any way, I shall be very glad. I have endeavoured to give the fair transcript of my memory, and perhaps have been too eulogistic, as writers under such circumstances are certainly in great danger of being. But such as it is, Dear Doctor, it is at your disposal.

With brotherly regards, I am yours,

THOMAS E. VERMILYE.

HENRY DAVIS, D. D.*

1798—1852.

The ancestors of the subject of this sketch, who came to this country, were from Kidderminster, England, and were parishioners of Richard Baxter, and it is supposed, members of his Church. They resided awhile in Lynn, near Boston; then in New Haven, Conn.; and finally took up their permanent residence in East Hampton, L. I. They were two brothers—one of them, who was a lawyer, was never married: the other, who was the grandfather of Henry Davis, had two children,—a son and a daughter. The son (*John*) was twice married—first to Catharine Talmadge, and afterwards to Mary Conkling. By the first marriage he had six children; by the second five; all of whom lived to be more than seventy-three years of age. *Henry* was a son by the second marriage. Both parents were exemplary members of Dr. Buell's Church, and both attained to nearly fourscore years.

Henry Davis was born at East Hampton, September 15, 1771. The next year his father removed from East Hampton to Stonington, Conn. In both places he carried on the business of farming on a somewhat extended scale, and, in connection with it, that of tanning and shoe making. In 1784,

* MS. from himself.—Dr. North's Fun. Serm.

the war being now over, he removed, with the younger members of his family, back to East Hampton. Clinton Academy being established there about this time, under very favourable auspices, he proposed to his son Henry to prepare for College, with several other young men who were then in a course of preparation, and go with them to Princeton. But, at that time, the son preferred the medical profession, and declined his father's proposal. He was, for some time, a member of the Academy,—occasionally leaving it for a few months to teach a school: the last of his teaching, previous to his going to College, was at Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was engaged the greater part of two years. Having changed his purpose as to a profession, he commenced his immediate preparation for College without the aid of a teacher, and continued to study in this way, except for about three months,—during which time he was a student in Clinton Academy,—until October, 1793, when he entered the Sophomore class in Yale College.

He graduated, an excellent scholar, in the year 1796; and immediately after accepted a Tutorship in Williams College, which he held till January, 1798. He then went to Somers, Conn., and studied Theology for some months under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Charles Backus, and was licensed to preach the Gospel, in July following, by the Association of Tolland County. At the ensuing Commencement in Yale College, he was appointed a Tutor in that institution. He accepted the appointment, and continued in the office till 1803. At the Commencement in 1801, he was appointed Professor of Divinity; and was requested, provided he was unwilling to enter immediately on the office, to continue in the Tutorship, while he was making the requisite preparation for it. But, before he considered himself as qualified for the duties of the Professorship, his health became so feeble that he was unable to preach. With a view to recruit his health, he made several journeys, and spent one season on the coast of Labrador.

In September, 1806, he was called to the Professorship of the Greek language in Union College, Schenectady; and, as he was still unable to preach, he gave up all idea of undertaking the Theological Professorship at Yale, and accepted the place which was offered him at Union. Here he continued for about three years.

In December, 1809, he entered on the Presidency of Middlebury College, and at the same time was ordained to the ministry,—the Sermon on the occasion being preached by the Rev. Dr. Proudfit. In 1810, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Union College. In 1814, the Professorship which he had left at Union, was again offered to him, but he declined it. In January, 1817, he was appointed to the Presidency of Hamilton College, as successor to Dr. Backus; and a month after, before he had had time to give his answer, was appointed President of Yale College, as successor to Dr. Dwight. But such were the circumstances of Middlebury College at the time, and so deeply was he interested in its fortunes, that he felt constrained to return a negative to both invitations. Subsequently to this, however, circumstances occurred which led him to suppose that if he were to leave Middlebury, the College at Burlington which was then in an exceedingly depressed state, might be given up, on condition that its President should be called to Middlebury; and, as he considered it an evil that there should be two Colleges in the same immediate neighbourhood, he thought it his duty even to make some sacrifice to have but one

institution. He accordingly intimated to the Trustees of Hamilton College that, in view of this change of circumstances, he should not decline their invitation, if it were repeated. It *was* repeated in the month of July; but about this time the aspect of things in regard to Middlebury and Burlington so far changed, that President Davis would gladly, if he had not already committed himself to Hamilton, have remained at his post. He even made an attempt to get released from his engagement at Hamilton, but it was ineffectual; and, accordingly, before the close of the year 1817, he was inaugurated as President of that College. Here he continued till 1833, when, in consequence of difference of opinion between him and the Trustees of the College, in respect to various matters, he resigned his office as President, though he was a member of the Board of Trustees until 1847.

Dr. Davis still continued to reside at Clinton, and was greatly respected by the whole community. His health now grew very infirm, and on this account he spent one or two winters in the Southern States. For several of the last years of his life, he was confined chiefly to his house by an affection of the lungs; and it was wonderful how he lived, year after year, apparently on the verge of the grave. He retained, during all this time, the utmost equanimity of mind, and was evidently waiting all the days of his appointed time till his change should come. At length the vital energy was gone, and he died in perfect tranquillity at his residence at Clinton, March 8, 1852. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. North, his successor in the Presidency, and was published.

Dr. Davis was married, shortly after he was appointed to the Professorship of Divinity in Yale College, to Hannah Phœnix, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Treadwell of Plattsburg, N. Y., and previously of Smithtown, L. I., who was the last surviving member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of New York, in 1777. They had four children,—two sons and two daughters. One of his sons was graduated at Williams College in 1824, and the other at Hamilton College in 1831. Both studied Law and devoted themselves to its practice at Syracuse, N. Y.

The following is a list of Dr. Davis' publications:—An Inaugural Oration at Middlebury College, 1810. A Baccalaureate Sermon at Middlebury College, 1810. An Election Sermon at Montpelier, 1815. A Sermon before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1816. A Baccalaureate Sermon at Hamilton College, 1828. A Farewell Address at the Exhibition of the Junior class in Hamilton College, 1833. A Narrative of the embarrassments and decline of Hamilton College, 1833.

The first time I ever saw President Davis, I heard him preach in Yale College Chapel, in my Freshman year. I remember distinctly the general character of the sermon—it was clear, logical and forcible; and the manner was dignified, and perhaps a little professorial. In the year 1816, I attended Commencement at Middlebury, where I had the privilege of making his acquaintance. I found him exceedingly sociable and communicative, without any official airs in private, while yet he left upon my mind a strong impression of personal dignity. He presided at the Commencement exercises with all due grace, and seemed to be entirely at home in every situation in which I saw him. After 1830, I became quite intimate with him, and had an opportunity, on more than one occasion, of witnessing his inflexible adherence to what he believed was truth and right, against the pressure of very powerful influences. On two occasions, after he was con-

fined chiefly to his house, I had the privilege of visiting him, and, though he was bowed under the infirmities of age and the power of disease, I could not discover the least waning of his noble intellect, and certainly there was nothing that indicated any decline of his religious fervour, or his generous sensibilities. Though he was alive to the present, he seemed to live more in the past, and was a fine example of a serene, Christian old age. I had occasion more than once to make proof of his friendship, and the result in every case was such as it is grateful to me to recall, now that my earthly intercourse with him is closed.

FROM THE REV. JEREMIAH DAY, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

NEW HAVEN, March 25, 1852.

Rev. and dear Sir: My particular acquaintance with President Davis was in early life. For nearly fifty years past, I have had only occasional opportunities of personal intercourse with him. We were two years members of College together; and afterwards fellow-tutors at Williamstown and Yale.

As an undergraduate, he was among the most distinguished for scholarship and elevated character in the first class taught by President Dwight. He then exhibited those prominent moral and intellectual traits, which have since been more fully developed in his public life. They appeared even then to be marking him out and preparing him for some such distinguished stations, as those which he afterwards occupied. His powers, his inclinations, and his habits, were eminently of a practical character,—especially adapted to the instruction and government of youth. To this employment he was called immediately after he was graduated; and to this he devoted his time and strength, in five different Colleges successively, till he resigned the Presidency of Hamilton College. His unvarying firmness of moral and religious principle led him to employ his talents and attainments exclusively in the discharge of his duty. His literary and scientific investigations were conducted, not with a view to display, or to obtain credit for originality, but to qualify him for the instruction which he was providentially called to impart. His natural temperament, though ardent, was well balanced by strength of intellect and sound practical judgment. He had a rare energy and firmness of purpose,—a native intrepidity which fitted him to maintain a steady collegiate government, and to encounter difficulties and obstacles, an ample share of which was allotted him. He evidently aimed to be faithful to the trust committed to him. His application to business and study was so intense that his constitution, originally vigorous, early received a shock from which it never recovered. His slender and debilitated frame ever after impeded the execution of his ardent and widely reaching purposes. His performances in the desk I have had no opportunity of witnessing for many years past. His preaching and literary and religious character were in such estimation that he, early in life, was elected to the Professorship of Divinity in Yale College,—an appointment which his then prostrated health prevented him from accepting. His disposition was open, frank and affectionate; his manners simple and grave, dignified and kind; his friendship ardent and lasting.

Believe me, dear Sir, with very great regard,

Your friend and servant,

JEREMIAH DAY.

FROM THE HON. SAMUEL NELSON,

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, January 11, 1857.

Dear Sir: Dr. Davis was President of Middlebury College while I was a student there, from the beginning of the last term of the Sophomore year, 1811, till August, 1813, when I graduated. He was then, I should think, under fifty years of age; his head slightly grey, but apparently the effect of infirm health, and long sedentary habits. In person he was tall,—over six feet, slender, erect and of noble and manly appearance; a face strongly marked, indicating the true character of his mind,—strength and vigour, but polished and graceful from varied and extensive acquirements, and association with men of his class and position in society. He was a gentleman of the old school, in the truest sense of that term, without its characteristic costume. His disposition was cheerful,—even playful, kind and generous, deeply sympathizing with all his friends and acquaintances, and especially with the concerns of all in any way under his care, or subject to his advice or direction. He had a warm heart, directed by a strong sense of right, and what was due to religion and virtue, and the decencies and proprieties of life; a true and reliable judgment, and hence firm and steady in his principles, and consistent in his conduct.

The impression made upon the students was that Dr. Davis possessed high qualities and endowments for the head of a College. He was not disposed to take severe notice of trifling irregularities, or the thoughtlessness of youth, but was generous and forbearing, and if noticed at all, it was with the affection and admonition of a friend. But in a case of transgression indicating a perverse mind, or bad heart, and which necessarily called for the interposition of the authorities, and the use of discipline, he was stern and inflexible, and nothing short of unconditional submission and assurance of future good conduct, or separation from the institution, would be listened to. Indeed, perhaps the leading characteristic of the life of the Doctor was deliberation and forecast in making up his judgment as to right and duty in any given case, and when made up and settled, a firmness and courage to stand by it which no consideration personal to himself could shake.

The influence of this characteristic of his life was felt, and had its natural effect in the government of the College; but with this sturdy feature was mingled a strong sense of right and justice, benignity of feeling, and a sensibility in meeting the stern necessities of the case, as creditable to his heart, as the firm will, under the circumstances, was to the head.

In his intercourse with the students, he invariably treated them as gentlemen, thereby inspiring and elevating their self-respect, seeking through that element of character, and the wholesome influences consequent thereon, to regulate their conduct, and encourage proficiency and scholarship, rather than by the mere rigour of authority. It is needless to add that he was universally beloved by the students.

It was understood, soon after I left College, that he had been invited by the authorities of Yale College to succeed Dr. Dwight as President of that institution. I believed at the time, if he should accept the place, and be blessed with the enjoyment of health, that, properly supported as he would be in the discharge of his duties, he would become one of the most eminent heads of a collegiate institution which the country has ever known. The invitation, it was understood at the time, was declined on account of infirm health.

I have thus, my dear Sir, at your urgent request, hastily, and under the pressure of other duties, thrown together my ideas of the character of President

Davis as they were impressed upon me while I was his pupil. If this imperfect tribute of my respect and gratitude is worthy of a place in your proposed sketch of him, it is quite at your service.

With great respect and regard,

Your obedient servant,

S. NELSON.

JOHN GLENDY,* D. D.

1799—1862.

JOHN GLENDY, a son of Samuel Glendy, was born in the neighbourhood of Londonderry, Ireland, on the 24th of June, 1755. His parents are said to have been eminent for piety; and his mother, particularly, to have been distinguished for an uncommonly vigorous intellect. Being destined, in the intention of his parents, to the ministry, he was early sent to a Latin School, where he remained till the age of fourteen. He subsequently went to the University of Glasgow, and there passed through the regular curriculum; and, after devoting some time to Theology, was licensed to preach, and ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. On his return to Londonderry, he made the acquaintance of the Lord Bishop who resided there, and who became so much interested in him, as to propose that he should accompany him as Chaplain on a tour that he was about to make upon the Continent. This proposal, however, was accompanied by a condition to which young Glendy was unwilling to accede,—namely, that he should join the Episcopal Church. In view of this, he unhesitatingly declined what both himself and his friends regarded as rather a brilliant offer.

Shortly after this, he accepted a call from a Church in Londonderry; and at the same time, his father, who seems to have been in circumstances of affluence, gave him a house and grounds in the neighbourhood of the city. He now became united in marriage with Eliza Cirswell, a native of Londonderry, an only daughter, and a young lady of fine qualities of mind and heart, as well as of great personal attractions. For a few years, he was subject to no disturbing influence, and was eminently happy in all his relations. But at length he found there was a storm gathering, which threatened destruction to his dearest earthly interests. While the great questions of British policy in respect to Ireland, involving her condition and prospects, were agitating the public mind, and the whole population of the country were ranging themselves on the one side or on the other, Mr. Glendy openly and earnestly protested against the aggressive measures of the government, and thus made himself particularly obnoxious in high places. As his talents and standing were such as to render his influence somewhat formidable, he became a marked man to the emissaries of government, and a purpose was quickly formed to arrest his influence by taking his life. At the suggestion, and through the instrumentality, of Lord Castlereagh, with

* MS. from his daughter, Mrs. Sproston.—Obituary notices in the Baltimore papers, &c., furnished by Dr. Cohen.

whom he had been intimate in his earlier years, a troop of horse, commanded by Capt. Leith, surrounded Mr. Glendy's house, and set fire to it; and the order was given that, if he should attempt to escape by door or window, they should despatch him at the point of the bayonet.

Through the vigilant attention of some of his friends, however, Mr. Glendy became apprised of the approach of the soldiers, but had only time to effect his own escape and that of his family before they were on the ground. On finding that he was not in the house, they tracked him to a small cottage owned by a poor widow who had often been the recipient of his bounty,—whither he had fled, after consigning his family to the care of a relative who lived several miles distant. His preservation here seemed scarcely less than miraculous. The soldiers rushed into the house in pursuit of him; but he had concealed himself under a large sack which had been spread over a bedstead, and though they were within a few feet of him, he actually eluded their search. They left the place, imprecating vengeance upon him, and went forth to prosecute their search in the surrounding country. As soon as they were out of sight, Mr. Glendy fled in an opposite direction; and, after a walk of several miles, arrived at the house of his brother, thinking that, for a time at least, he might hope to be unmolested. It was but a short time, however, before the soldiery heard where he was, and forthwith directed their course to his brother's house; but were not more successful in their search than they had been before. Finding that he could not remain there with safety, he exchanged clothes with his brother, and in other ways disguised his appearance, and actually passed undetected through the crowd who were seeking his destruction.

After remaining concealed in another place a few days longer, and having become wearied and dejected from his perilous adventures, he finally resolved to surrender himself and demand a trial, though at the hands, as he believed, of a prejudiced and perjured jury. This, accordingly, took place; and though, through the intercession of some influential friends, his life was spared, he was condemned to perpetual exile from his native country. A few days only were given him to take leave of his friends, and then he was compelled to embark in an old, unseaworthy vessel, crowded with emigrants, who, with the crew, were obliged to work almost incessantly at the pump to keep her afloat. She finally put in at Norfolk, Va., in distress; and there Mr. Glendy, by request of the Captain, preached a Sermon in the Court House, (for there was no Presbyterian Church there at that time,) in behalf of the poor emigrants. The novelty of the occasion drew together a large audience, among whom were several distinguished lawyers, who were so much impressed by the service that they made particular inquiries in respect to the preacher; and, having learned something of his history, they extended a hospitable welcome to both himself and his wife, and, during a sojourn there of some months, these exiles were treated with marked respect and kindness. Mr. Glendy arrived in this country in the year 1799.

The climate of Norfolk proving unfavourable to Mrs. Glendy's health, they were compelled to seek a different locality, and, by advice of her physician, they took up their abode in Staunton, Va. As they had letters to some influential persons there, they were introduced at once to the best society; and it was but a short time before Mr. Glendy's services were put in requisition by the two Congregations of Staunton and Bethel, in Augusta County,—both of which he supplied for nearly two years. Having made

the acquaintance of Mr. Jefferson, then President of the United States, he was invited by that distinguished man to visit Washington, as his guest; and he accepted the invitation. During his visit he delivered a discourse in the Capitol, which is said to have awakened great interest, and to have drawn from the President a strong expression of admiration. On a short visit to Baltimore, he was invited to preach in the Presbyterian Church then vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Allison. He did so, and his preaching was very favourably received. He subsequently consented to be considered as a candidate, in connection with the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) James Inglis; but the election resulted in favour of the latter.

In the year 1803, a number of gentlemen in Baltimore, specially friendly to Mr. Glendy, associated for the purpose of building a new church edifice, with a view to secure permanently his services. The building being completed, the Second Presbyterian Congregation was formed, and in due time Mr. Glendy was regularly inducted as its Pastor. But scarcely had this agreeable settlement been effected, when he was cast into the depths of affliction by being bereaved of his beloved wife. She died at the age of thirty-five, on the 13th of June, 1804. The following is the private record which he made of the event. After mentioning the time of her death and her age, he says,—

"Then commenced her glorious career of life that shall never end. Though merciless death, for ten long moons, was gradually sapping all that was mortal in her constitution, yet not one murmuring sigh escaped her bosom—not one repining wish agitated her soul. Peaceful, patient, tranquil, resigned,—her conscience clear, her faith unwavering, her hope triumphant, her Heaven in prospect,—she bad adieu to all her heart most dearly prized on earth,—her infant family, and her loved compeers, and in accents sweeter far than angels' notes, she gently raised her voice, saying, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' As daughter, wife, mother, friend, Christian, she was all that beauty, truth, and friendship; all that religion, purity, and love, could render estimable and precious. Yes, she has gone to her Father's House, to realize all that piety can hope, humanity wish, or Heaven bestow."

At a later period, he was visited by other domestic afflictions in the death of an intelligent and lovely daughter of fifteen, and a very promising son,—both of whom fell victims to consumption.

Mr. Glendy was chosen Chaplain to the House of Representatives in Congress in 1806, and to the Senate in 1815 and 1816. He numbered among his acquaintances and friends many of the most distinguished men of his day, among whom were Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, from each of whom he received marked attentions. His popular address and general intelligence, in connection with the important place he occupied, and the fact of his being an exile from his native land, gave him easy access to the highest classes of society.

About the year 1822, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Maryland.

Dr. Glendy continued sole Pastor of his Congregation about twenty-three years, when, on account of the infirmities of advancing age, he expressed a wish that he might be provided with a colleague. Accordingly, in 1826, the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) John Breckenridge became associated with him in this relation; and in a short time he yielded to his colleague

the entire charge. About two years before his death, he went to reside temporarily with a married daughter in Philadelphia, in the hope of benefitting his health; and he was about making his arrangements to return to Baltimore, when he was found to be in too precarious a state to warrant it. He died at Philadelphia, after a protracted and painful illness, on the 4th of October, 1832, aged seventy-seven years. His remains were removed to Baltimore for interment.

The following account of his Funeral at Baltimore is extracted from a letter addressed by Dr. John Wilson, an elder in Dr. Glendy's Church, to his daughter at Philadelphia:—

"It must be a subject of sincere gratification to you to hear of the strong sensation produced in Baltimore, when the news of your beloved father's death was received. Mr. M.'s letter reached me at too late an hour on Saturday evening to have it noticed in the public papers. I mentioned it at our prayer meeting on Sunday morning, and before two o'clock the ladies had the pulpit neatly dressed in mourning,—the sight of which through the day, and the tender recollections it called up, melted many into tears.

"I addressed circulars on Sunday morning to the different ministers in our more immediate connection, including Messrs. Helfenstein and Duncan, the latter of whom, after reading the notice, pronounced an eloquent eulogium on the deceased, and all of them arranged the hour of their afternoon service so as to give their congregations an opportunity of joining in the procession. At an early hour in the afternoon, the wharf was crowded, and the people waited patiently and respectfully the arrival of the steamboat, which did not get in till it was nearly dark. At the same early hour, the church was filled to overflowing—even the enclosure to the gate was one dense mass of people. They opened a way for us, and Mr. Gibson made a very appropriate address from the pulpit, and good old Mr. Williams an excellent prayer. The procession, which was long and solemn, was then formed, and an appropriate prayer over the tomb by the Rev. Mr. Phelps closed the impressive exercises. It was affecting to see, on the sidewalks, dear little girls and boys, and even women with children in their arms, walking out such a distance by moonlight, to testify their respect for the memory of the deceased."

In 1800, Dr. Glendy published an Oration which he delivered at Staunton on the twenty-second of February, in commemoration of General Washington. This was republished in 1835, in connection with a Prayer which he offered on the Fourth of July, 1821. The Oration is a glowing production, and indicates the writer's common nationality with Curran and Phillips.

Dr. Glendy had six children,—four daughters and two sons. One son and two daughters still (1857) survive.

In the spring of 1816, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Glendy, and hearing him preach two sermons in Dr. Muir's pulpit in Alexandria. He was there to assist Dr. M. on a Communion occasion; and the unusually large congregation which was secured by the announcement that he was to preach, was sufficient evidence of his great popularity. I well remember that, at the close of the morning service in which he had officiated, the good old Doctor, who seemed to value the popularity of his brethren a little more than his own, said,—doubtless with a view to bring back as many as he could

in the afternoon,—"Our brother from Baltimore will conduct the remaining services of the day." It was uttered with such an air of pure benignity, and withal in such an intensely Scottish accent, that the sound seems still to vibrate upon my ears. My impression in regard to the two discourses of that day, is that they were distinguished chiefly by a lively fancy and great opulence of diction. Some of his sentences, which I still distinctly remember, were strikingly bold and beautiful. His utterance was rapid, his gesture abundant, and a sort of Irish glow pervaded his whole manner. It was evident that his style of preaching had not been formed on this side of the Atlantic. I saw but little of him in private, but enough to satisfy me that his powers of conversation were of a high order.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS B. BALCH.

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1857.

Dear Sir: I am every way disposed to comply with your request in furnishing you my recollections of Dr. Glendy; and yet I am afraid they are too meagre to be of much use to you. I had the opportunity of frequently seeing him in my earlier days, and hearing him both in the pulpit and out of it; but, though the impression he made upon me is very distinct and vivid, I do not seem to have treasured any of those striking incidents which serve perhaps better than any thing else to illustrate character. You are of course aware that he came to this country in consequence of the troubles in his own. I have always understood, however, that he denied any other agency in the Rebellion, than was implied in frankly expressing his opinion, and in showing kindness to those who were directly engaged in it. But, whatever may have been the measure of his participancy, it was made the occasion of driving him into perpetual banishment from his loved Erin Isle.

My first recollection of Dr. Glendy dates back to the year 1806, when, after his removal to Baltimore, he served as Chaplain to Congress. In the course of that winter, he officiated one Sabbath afternoon for my father at Georgetown. I do not remember the subject of his discourse; but my impression of his appearance, his manner, and the general character of the service, has scarcely yet begun to fade. He was singularly neat,—even elegant, in his dress. His hair was thrown into artificial curls, and powdered as white as the snows of Mont Blanc. His complexion was pale; his eye intensely blue; his gesticulation animated and graceful, but somewhat profuse. He read the Hymns with an eye-glass, but the Scriptures with spectacles; and in due time dashed off into his discourse with a rapidity of utterance which would have distanced the King of Pylos or John C. Calhoun. The sermon was a perfect torrent of Irish eloquence, and much more like Phillips than Grattan. His voice was as sweet as the harp of David, but as unlike as possible to the horns that demolished the walls of Jericho. The whole impression produced by his preaching was at the time perfectly delightful, though I cannot say that it was very enduring. I heard him subsequently in the same pulpit two or three times, and each of the discourses possessed the same general characteristics with the first.

Dr. Glendy had, I think, a strongly marked Irish idiosyncrasy. He was uncommonly fascinating in his private intercourse,—was fond of saying agreeable things, and never lost the opportunity of doing so up to the full measure of a good conscience. He was duly mindful of his own rights, and not insensible to any infringement of them, or to any omission of what he deemed propriety or courtesy towards him. He was regular in his attendance on meetings of Presbytery, when his health was good; but when he thought himself too unwell to

be there, he would sometimes write an apologetic note, and once humorously told them that he was in a state of suspended animation.

Regretting that I have so little to say in reply to your request,

I am, as ever, your friend,

T. B. BALCH.

FROM THE REV. ELIAS HARRISON, D. D.

ALEXANDRIA, May 14, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: I cheerfully comply with your request for some reminiscences of Dr. Glendy, though I cannot say that my personal knowledge of him was ever very extensive, and some of my impressions concerning him have lost in a degree their vividness from the lapse of years.

My first interview with him took place in August, 1817, at the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore. It was immediately after he had preached a sermon,—to which I had listened with rapt attention,—preparatory to the Communion on the approaching Sabbath. I was exceedingly struck with both the matter and manner of the performance; and the favourable impression which the discourse had made was by no means diminished, when, at the close of the service, with true Irish warmth, he grasped my hand, and gave me a most cordial welcome. He was then, I should suppose, not far either way from fifty years of age. He was exceedingly elegant in his appearance and manners, and altogether one of the most polished gentlemen I had ever seen. He was about the medium height, his step was firm, though elastic, and his gait that of a man who had studied Chesterfield most thoroughly, in the "waving line of beauty and of grace." With all his politeness there was not the semblance of affectation—on the contrary his manner seemed natural and frank, and was adapted to put a stranger entirely at his ease.

After this interview,—becoming as I did a member of the same Presbytery with him,—our meetings were frequent, and our friendly intercourse continued until about the time that he retired from the active duties of the ministry. He was, however, never, after that period, in very firm health, and was often incapacitated by his extreme nervous debility for both the labours of the pulpit and pastoral visitation. During these seasons, a heavy cloud would sometimes settle over him, his naturally warm feelings would seem chilled, and he would imagine that he was in the last stage of his earthly existence. And yet, at those very times, if you could interest him so much as to induce him to take a stroll with you along the streets, it is quite likely that he would return as cheerful and buoyant as if he had been all the time in bright sunshine.

I never saw him in this depressed state but once; and the interview then was of such a character as to make an enduring impression upon me. The occasion was this—The people whom he served were desirous, in consequence of his enfeebled health, of securing for him a colleague, or at least an assistant; but reluctant to break the matter to him themselves,—not doubting that it would be an unwelcome subject,—they applied through their representative for the advice of the Presbytery. Knowing that the Doctor had ever manifested a very kind regard for me, and supposing that he would perhaps be as likely to listen to me as to any one, they were pleased to designate me to the delicate office of conversing with him. I found him seated in his chair,—the very picture of wo. Though the day was unusually warm, every window was down, and every door closed; while his hat upon his head was stuffed half full of cotton or wool, and about his person was closely wrapped his heavy winter cloak. If I had judged from his own statement of his case, or indeed from the first view of his countenance, I should have supposed that he was in the very last stage of decline. A very cautious allusion to the object of my visit, restored him at once to both animation and

energy. Though not losing his politeness,—he seemed incapable of that,—he was nevertheless truly angry; and he made it manifest by both looks and words. He said the Presbytery, in his humble opinion, had transcended the limits of its allotted functions, and he must confess himself somewhat surprised that his *young and greatly esteemed brother, generally so very judicious*, had consented to have any agency in so small a concern! I was completely dumbfounded; but, at length, rallying a little, and changing the subject, (for I was not disposed to press the matter further at that time,) I proposed to him to lean upon my arm, and go to the door, and look out upon the glorious sunshine around him; and I succeeded in so disengaging his mind from his infirmities that, almost before he was aware of it, he had taken a walk of several squares; and, on returning to his house, he declared himself better than he had been for several weeks. I said no more to him on the subject of my mission; but recurring to it himself, as I was taking my leave, he apologized in his usual bland manner for any seeming rudeness he might have exhibited, and promised to take the matter of which I had spoken into serious consideration. He did so; and, after reflecting upon it for some months, he consented—I believe cordially—to receive as a colleague, my much esteemed friend, the Rev. John Breckenridge. Before that relation was constituted, however, I was set off to another Presbytery, and my intercourse with Dr. Glendy measurably ceased.

As a preacher, the Doctor was, in the common acceptation of the word, highly popular—that is, the masses not only loved to hear him, but until they had become entirely familiar with his manner, they would not readily forego an opportunity of hearing him. He had a certain grace and elegance of bearing in the pulpit, that predisposed every body to listen; and this, combined with the distinctness of his voice, the ease and rapidity of his utterance, the appropriateness of his language, the vivacity of his style,—not unfrequently sparkling with ornaments, and the glowing animation of his manner, often rendered him, especially to a stranger, exceedingly fascinating. He was never noisy, never tame or dry. I believe he was accustomed always to write his sermons for the Sabbath, but I never saw him with a manuscript of any kind before him in the pulpit. His preaching was always fully in accordance with the standards of our Church, and sometimes it was marked by such clearness and force of statement, and such earnestness and impressiveness of manner, as to produce a visible effect upon a large congregation; though I think it was more commonly distinguished for gracefulness and elegance. He was rarely profound—rarely *very* logical; and was not much given to novelties either in matter or manner. He was, however, fond of a shrewd remark, and occasionally you would see something like a flash of his Irish wit. He was rather profuse in epithets, but they were generally well selected, and I believe he rarely, if ever, wearied his audience by an excessively long sermon.

His manner of giving out notices from the pulpit was very peculiar,—sometimes bordering a little upon the ludicrous. I once heard him announce to his audience, after preaching in the morning, that there would be preaching in the afternoon by a backwoodsman, who was on his way to the General Assembly. The notice of course brought out a large congregation; and a more lucid, solemn, impressive discourse I had rarely, if ever, listened to. The Doctor was himself much impressed by it; and, after conversing in a whisper with the preacher for a moment, he arose and announced that there would also be preaching at night by the same eloquent and greatly beloved brother, who had just addressed them. Both the Doctor and the Congregation were taken by surprise by the masterly performance. On another occasion, when the resident clergy were in the habit of taking turns to preach to the convicts in prison, I heard him, after the morning service, express his earnest desire that he might find all his people that afternoon at the penitentiary! Then, pausing for a moment, he added that

it was his turn to preach there, and that consequently there would be no service at the church. If his design had been—as I doubt not it was—to put his congregation for the moment into good-humour, he could scarcely have done it more effectually: indeed he accomplished more than this—the circumstance gave rise to a rumour that floated rapidly through the city, that he had said that his people were fit only for the penitentiary.

There was another notice of his which has often been related to me, on good authority, and I am not quite sure but that I heard it from the Doctor himself—to the people it was amusing enough, but to the individual more immediately concerned it was not a little vexatious. A certain brother minister in Baltimore—himself also an Irishman, and withal a great stickler for orthodoxy—had engaged to preach for Dr. Glendy on a certain Sabbath afternoon. It so happened that this brother was at the church in the morning, and heard a sermon from a stranger, which he considered as not only wanting in evangelical tone, but as decidedly latitudinarian. Very early in the interval of service, the Doctor received a note from him, stating that his mind had become so *deranged* by the discourse of the morning as utterly to incapacitate him for fulfilling his afternoon's engagement. Now, being thus unexpectedly left to supply the pulpit himself, the Doctor was somewhat vexed also; and, apologizing to his people, before he commenced, for want of suitable preparation, he remarked that he regretted to be obliged to inform them that his good brother who was to have preached, had been suddenly afflicted with a paroxysm of *mental derangement*, so as to be entirely *incapacitated* for the service which he had promised—emphasizing the very words of his note. Without a word of explanation, he then proceeded to perform the usual services. The news ran like wild fire all over the city that this minister was deranged, awakening both surprise and sympathy wherever it went. And when, after the matter was explained, the Doctor was reproved for his unbrotherly conduct,—"Upon my word," said he, "I always took that brother to be a gentleman, and a man of truth; and if my statement was not correct—here is the note—let it speak for itself—I have adhered not only to the sentiment, but to the very language." It was even so; but it planted a thorn in the bosom of his friend, that left a festering wound, notwithstanding.

On one occasion when I was in the pulpit with him in Georgetown,—the Presbytery being in session there,—he was not a little annoyed on finding that there was no footstool; and he could not appear in the service to his usual advantage without one. As the only expedient that occurred to him at the moment, he took the large folio Bible that he found in the pulpit, and secured the desired elevation by placing it under his feet. Being taken to task for it the next morning by one of the members of the Presbytery,—not very seriously to be sure, for nobody supposed that he really intended to show any want of reverence for the Bible,—he rose with an unusual gravity of countenance, and made quite a long speech in the way both of apology and of justification. The amount of what he said was that he had stood upon the Bible from his early years,—almost from his cradle; that it was the basis of all his hopes; and that thus standing upon the Prophets and Apostles, in the higher sense, it was not very likely that he intended to insult them by standing upon them in a different sense. He maintained that, however the act might be interpreted by the ignorant and weak-minded, it could not, upon any fair construction, render him liable to the charge of presumption or irreverence.

Among his own countrymen in Baltimore,—and there were a multitude of them,—no minister was more popular; and I think he was admired by the population at large. He attracted attention not more by his eloquence in the pulpit, than by his genial spirit and gentlemanly bearing out of it. Though generally dignified in manner, he could at pleasure let himself down with the most graceful ease, and, without seeming at all to compromit his self-respect, tell an Irish

story in a manner that was alike inimitable and irresistible. He is still remembered by many with a feeling of strong affection; and he certainly possessed qualities which will be likely to perpetuate his name.

Very truly yours,

ELIAS HARRISON.

MATTHEW LA RUE PERRINE, D. D.*

1799—1836.

Matthew La Rue Perrine was born in Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J., on the 4th of May, 1777. While he was yet quite young, he went to reside in the family of his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Ira Condict, at Newton, N. J.; and while there, began his studies preparatory to entering College, and about the same time had his attention strongly and permanently directed to the subject of religion. When Dr. Condict removed to New Brunswick, young Perrine accompanied him; and, having completed his preparatory studies, he entered the College of New Jersey, one year in advance, in 1794, and graduated in 1797. He studied Theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. John Woodhull, the minister of the congregation in which he was born; and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, on the 18th of September, 1799.

In May, 1800, he was appointed by the General Assembly a missionary for four months, with instructions to commence his mission at Wilkesbarre on the Susquehanna River, and proceed up that river and the Tioga to Painted Post and Bath, and thence through the Genesee country and Military Tract to Fort Stanwix. He was ordained as an Evangelist on the 24th of June, and immediately after entered upon his mission.

On the 28th of April, 1802, he was dismissed from the Presbytery of New Brunswick; on the 4th of May following, was received by the Presbytery of New York; and, on the 15th of June, was installed by that Presbytery as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Bottle Hill, N. J. In 1804, he performed a second missionary tour of three months, mostly in Western New York, under a commission from the General Assembly.

When the division of the Presbytery of New York took place in 1809, Mr. Perrine was thrown within the bounds of the Presbytery of Jersey. He remained at South Hanover till 1811, when he received a call from the Spring Street Church in New York. He was dismissed by the Presbytery of Jersey, on the 16th of October, 1811, and was received by the Presbytery of New York the next day, and on the 31st of the same month was installed Pastor of the Spring Street Church. Here he continued until the 26th of July, 1820, when, by his own request, his pastoral relation was dissolved.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Alleghany College, Meadville, in 1818.

* MSS. from Rev. R. W. Hill, Rev. R. K. Rodgers, D. D., and Rev. M. L. P. Thompson, D. D.

On the 2d of May, 1821, he was elected to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History and Church Polity, in the Theological Seminary at Auburn; and, on the 22d of the same month, was dismissed by the Presbytery of New York to the Presbytery of Cayuga, with a view to his entering on the duties of his Professorship. For two years he performed the duties of not only his own Professorship, but that of Theology also. He frequently preached in the chapel of the Seminary, and in the churches in the surrounding country, besides occasionally taking a short agency in collecting funds for the infant institution. He continued actively engaged in the discharge of his various duties till near the close of life. His last illness was short, but was attended with much suffering. He was perfectly tranquil in the prospect of death, and felt that he knew in whom he had believed. He died February 11, 1836, in his fifty-ninth year. His Funeral Sermon was preached by his Colleague, the Rev. Dr. Richards. His death produced a great sensation not only in Auburn, but in the whole surrounding region, and especially among those who had enjoyed the benefit of his instruction.

Dr. Perrine published Letters concerning the Plan of Salvation addressed to the members of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, New York, 1816; a Sermon before a Female Missionary Society in New York, 1817; and an Abstract of Biblical Geography, 1835.

Dr. Perrine was married, about the year 1800, to Anne, daughter of John Thompson, then of New Brunswick, N. J. They had no children of their own, but adopted and educated several of their nephews and other relatives, some of whom have since become distinguished in the walks of honourable usefulness. Mrs. Perrine died in Indiana about the year 1851.

FROM THE REV. A. E. CAMPBELL, D. D.

New York, December 15, 1852.

Dear Sir: I had a good opportunity of knowing Dr. Perrine during several of the last years of his life. I first became acquainted with him in 1826, while he was Professor at Auburn, and from that time till his death, my intercourse with him was frequent and somewhat intimate. We were members of the same Presbytery, and I was accustomed also frequently to meet him at the examinations in the Seminary. His character was a transparent one, and there was little difficulty in forming a correct estimate of it.

Dr. Perrine's personal appearance was altogether agreeable. In stature, I should think he did not vary much from five feet, nine inches; his countenance was indicative of great mildness and benignity, mingled with thoughtfulness and intelligence. His manners, though not highly polished, were urbane and winning, and as far as possible from any thing that had the semblance of affectation. In his ordinary intercourse, he never showed himself a great talker, though, with his intimate friends, there was never any complaint of his being unduly reserved. He was not wanting in cheerfulness on what he deemed proper occasions; and yet you could never be in his presence without being sensible of the dignity of the Christian minister.

Dr. Perrine possessed what his countenance indicated,—an uncommonly amiable and benevolent temper. He was remarkably considerate of the feelings of those with whom he was brought in contact, and never inflicted a wound unless a conviction of duty absolutely required it. He was discreet in his general movements, and yet I should not say that he was distinguished for what is commonly called *tact;* he was not the man who would have been most likely to be selected for an enterprise that required high executive powers. I recollect his

once coming into my congregation to raise money to aid in endowing the Seminary; and I was struck with the fact that, though he went with me to call upon the various persons to be applied to, he left it to me almost entirely to urge the claims of his object. He was much better fitted to be the pastor of a church where every thing was established and orderly, than of one that required to be built up or carried through severe struggles.

Dr. Perrine's mind was well fitted for close investigation. He was, naturally, I think, somewhat of a speculative and metaphysical turn, and perhaps the reasoning faculty was predominant in his intellectual constitution. In his theological speculations, I suppose he harmonized very nearly with Dr. Emmons; and though his peculiar views doubtless gave a tinge to his preaching, yet I do not think that he was accustomed to bring them forward very distinctly, especially in a controversial manner. There is no doubt that a considerable number of the earlier students of the Seminary had their theological views moulded by his influence in conformity with Dr. Emmons' system.

As a preacher, he could not be ranked among the most popular of the day, and yet he was always instructive,—always interesting. From my general recollection of the discourses that I have heard from him, I am inclined to think that he delighted most in topics immediately connected with Christian experience; though I think he rarely preached a sermon that did not contain some pungent appeal to the conscience of the sinner. His style was correct and perspicuous, but in a great measure unadorned. His manner, though it was simple reading, without gesture, and far from being vehement or highly impassioned, was nevertheless characterized by no inconsiderable power; the secret of which, I think, lay chiefly in this,—that he did not leave it at your option whether or not to give him credit for sincerity: he *made* you feel that every sentence that he uttered came from the bottom of his heart. There was a sort of subduing charm, too, in his voice—I never could listen to its mellow and gentle tones, either in or out of the pulpit, without emotion.

He was not fond of public business, and was never, as far as I know, a very active member of ecclesiastical bodies. He was highly respected as a Professor in the Seminary, and had the affection of his classes, I believe, in an uncommon degree. He had the reputation of being an accurate and thorough scholar, though I do not suppose that his studies took a very wide range. He was a most respectable man, and enjoyed the universal confidence of the Churches.

Yours truly,

A. E. CAMPBELL.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL H. COX, D. D.

La Roy, N. Y., March 15, 1857.

My dear Dr. Sprague: The Reverend Matthew La Rue Perrine, D. D., was my predecessor in the Spring Street, afterwards the Laight Street, Church in New York, and was subsequently my honoured Colleague in the Theological Seminary of Auburn, and was, for many years, my intimate friend. I feel, therefore, quite competent to comply with your request, though I shall limit myself to a few remarks on his character, and the moral scenery of his death-bed.

For meekness and docility, for modest and unselfish regards in every thing, he had few equals. He was eminently the "beloved disciple." His spirit was refined and tender in every degree that could consist with manliness and a proper sense of the true and the right. His mind was peculiarly ruminant and clear; his manners consistent and correct. With a vein of wit that sometimes corruscated with effulgence, he was distinguished for avoiding, as many do not, to wound or strike with it, so as to show unkindness. All the aspirings of ambition, all the management and tactics of politicians, in the Church or out of it, he

practically ignored; while *sublimiora peto* seemed to be unfeignedly the motto in it all. He habitually looked "at the things which are unseen and eternal. Hence the purity and the ripeness of his very faultless character, and his death was gloriously appropriate to it. That rich scene I often witnessed, and found it

"Privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven."

On the 11th of February I was with him nearly all the evening, perhaps till after eleven o'clock, when I left him, hoping to see him again, in the morning—but just about an hour or less after, he fell asleep! Had I suspected his great proximity to death, I should never have left him till the crisis was passed. He expired just about midnight. I regretted that my departure was so soon; but he was bright, calm, clear, communicative—all himself; and we rather thought it a revival of strength than its termination. But thus it often is. Just before its exit, the expiring wick burns with a livelier flame; and it requires skill in the pathology of suffering nature, rightly to interpret the harbinger of extinction,—the herald-trumpeter of death!

I consider the death-bed of Perrine a glorious demonstration of the truth of Christianity. He seemed perfectly cognizant of his true condition. He had studied the nature of his disease, watched its progress, expected its consummation, and panted for the reunion of his soul with Christ and his redeemed in glory. There was no hesitancy or reluctance—he knew whom he had trusted, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which he had committed to Him against that day. All his secular affairs were settled. He took leave of friends and attendants, with simple but deeply emotional tenderness, exhorting them and advising them in the Lord, and with their love and veneration matured in the scene.

Gratitude to them all, even the poorest servant that had been near him, for their kind offices, was quite distinguishing and distinguished. He seemed to have no conception that they could think he deserved their love and service, as *he* could not think it: while a sense of the abounding grace of God in him, which no desert of his had anticipated, seemed to pervade his soul, his features, his manners, and the tones of his voice.

"My dear brother," said he to me, "I thank you more than I can tell, for all your affection and good offices to me. We have always been friends, and I have loved you more and more. God makes you the witness of my concluding scenes of life. Shall I tell you of my hope?—oh! how wonderful that hope is! How passing wonder that it should be mine! Nothing of the kind, nothing like it in the universe! It makes more than a prince of worse than a pauper. My hope is all Christian. It is all Christ—our Lord Jesus Christ, who is our hope. The same God that brings me to Heaven, will keep me there—or I should never keep myself, even there! It is the grace of the Father, the prevalent mediation of the Son, the energy of the Eternal Spirit, that I shall forever need, and also forever enjoy. It is here I find the Rock of Ages. My sins (wonderful to tell or to know!) are not too great to be forgiven; not so great as his grace; not so enslaving as He is absolving. What wonderful deliverance! What I want is to have grace to the end, that I may not dishonour such a Saviour, that I may glorify Him before I disappear to the living, that I may recommend Him to all others when they see what He enables me to suffer and vanquish and to enjoy in Him! The glory all his own forever!"

Thus lucid was his death-bed, where he was "languishing into life." His last frail powers were rallied to honour his God and Saviour, and win others to the faith of his name. All his language seemed absorbed with one theme, all his thoughts concentrating in one direction. His beloved wife, (they had never a child,) he most affectionately blessed, commended her to God, and spake of a better meeting—soon! And now he desired me to pray with him. "Yes, my dear brother," he said, "for your sake and your family's, I am unwilling to

main you longer at present. In prayer for us, let me say to you—not all prayer! raise—give a great place to praise! Thanksgiving—thanks to God for his unspeakable gift—thanks for what He has done for us, for me—poor unworthy me! I know my unworthiness! It is not cant when I say it. I know it—I feel it—and the Son hath made me free!" Again: "Ask Him for more, for all we want! Yet not *as if* He was unwilling or parsimonious to grant it—that is not the way! Believe, ask believing—knowing that He will do 'exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.'"

Prayer and praise, in which several of us united, were offered to his Father and our Father. I grasped his hand in silence then, and left him for home—in less than an hour after, he left us all for a better home. Blessed man of God! Oh! who would die or live—an infidel!

Ever yours in the glorious Gospel,

S. H. COX.

ELISHA MACURDY.*

1799—1845.

ELISHA MACURDY, a son of John and Mary (Fox) Macurdy, was born in Carlisle, Pa., October 15, 1768. His paternal grandfather emigrated from Ireland, and his maternal great-grandfather from England. Of his early life little is known, except that he enjoyed such advantages for education as were common at that time in his native place. He had just commenced the study of the Latin language, when the school which he attended was broken up by the commencement of the war of the Revolution.

He is said to have been distinguished for his facility of both acquiring and communicating knowledge. It is not known that he had, at this early period, any decided religious impressions, but it *is* known that he had a strong antipathy to intoxicating drinks, and from his youth up, never indulged in the use of them.

His father, having become embarrassed in his worldly circumstances, removed with his family to the neighbourhood of Taneytown, Md., in the hope of improving them; but, after continuing there a year, he returned to Pennsylvania, and settled in York County, where he remained nearly four years. Not succeeding in his efforts to repair his losses, he finally removed to Ligonier Valley, Westmoreland County, Pa.

At the period last mentioned, Elisha was about twenty-one years of age. As the support of the family now devolved chiefly on him, he engaged in the transportation of freight to and from Baltimore, and continued the business with very liberal profits for about eighteen months. By this means he was enabled to purchase a farm, which, under his prudent management, yielded a comfortable support to the family. It is doubtful whether his associations, during the period above referred to, proved the most favourable to his moral character at the time; but there is no doubt that his employment served to increase his knowledge of human nature, as well as his resolution and power of endurance.

* Memoir by the Rev. Dr. Elliott.

At Ligonier he had the opportunity of hearing various ministers, who either volunteered, or were sent by the Presbytery, to preach to the people in that neighbourhood. The one from whom he received his first religious impressions, was the Rev. James Hughes. A sermon which he heard from him threw the things that are unseen and eternal into a new light; and he was led to purchase a Bible—which, until now, he had not possessed,—and to examine it with a view to ascertain how far it sustained the alarming statements he had then lately heard from the pulpit. The result of his inquiry was a full conviction that Mr. H. had said nothing that was not entirely in accordance with the Word of God; and he now formed the purpose that he would change his course, and seek a better portion than he could find in this world. In the fulfilment of this purpose, he endeavored to correct the errors of his external conduct, attended diligently on the means of grace, and was in all respects so exemplary in his deportment that a good old lady expressed her confidence in his piety by saying,—"If Mr. Macurdy has no religion, God help the world." He, however, became subsequently convinced that he had no religion of which self-righteousness was not the leading element, It was a sermon preached by the Rev. John McPherrin,* on the text—"What think ye of Christ?"—that satisfied him that he had never been the subject of a truly evangelical experience. After this, being brought, as he believed, to repose in the gracious provisions of Christianity, he made a public profession of his faith, in the Church of Salem, of which Mr. McPherrin was Pastor.

From the time that he experienced this change of character, his grand object seemed to be to bring all around him to the knowledge and love of true religion; and his labours in this way were attended with no common blessing. It was not long, however, before his mind began to be directed to the work of the ministry; and many of his friends, observing the uncommon spirituality and Christian activity which he evinced, urged him strongly to such a course. Among those who manifested the deepest interest on the subject was the Rev. George Hill,† who, about this time, was invited to become the Pastor of the Church at Ligonier. The result was that Mr.

* John McPherrin was born in York, now Adams County, Pa., November 17, 1767. He was fitted for College by the Rev. Robert Smith, D. D., of Pequea, and was graduated in 1788, at Dickinson College, under the Presidency of the Rev. Dr. Nisbet. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Redstone, August 20, 1789, and was ordained and installed by the same Presbytery, Pastor of the united Congregations of Salem and Unity, in Westmoreland County, Pa., September 22, 1790. On the 25th of June, 1800, he resigned the charge of Unity, and on the 20th of April, 1803, that of Salem; and, having accepted a call from the united Congregations of Concord and Muddy Creek, within the bounds of the Erie Presbytery, he removed with his family to Butler County, in which his congregations were situated. A few years afterwards, Concord and Harmony appear as his charge on the Records of the Presbytery, and still later, Butler and Concord. He is said to have been the founder of the Church in the town of Butler, and was its Pastor for ten or twelve years. He died February 10, 1822, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He was a thorough Latin and Greek scholar, an earnest, evangelical preacher, and an able and devoted minister of Christ.

† George Hill was born in York County, Pa., March 13, 1764. At the age of about nineteen, he removed with his father and family to Fayette County, and resided within the bounds of the Congregation of George's Creek. His classical studies were prosecuted chiefly, if not entirely, under the Rev. James Dunlap, Pastor of Laurel Hill and Dunlap's Creek Congregations. He is supposed to have studied Theology under the Rev. Jacob Jennings. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Redstone, December 22, 1791, and was ordained and installed Pastor of the united Congregations of Fairfield, Donegal, and Wheatfield, on the 13th of November, 1792. He resigned his charge of Wheatfield on the 11th of April, 1798, and a new Congregation called Ligonier having been formed between Fairfield and Donegal, he continued to labour in these three last named churches, until his death, which took place, June 9, 1822. He is represented as having been remarkable for modesty, sensibility, self-denial, and devotedness to his Master's cause.

Macurdy determined to submit the matter to the Presbytery, and to be governed by their advice; and they unanimously advised him to enter upon a course of study with a view to the ministry. He accordingly did so; though he was obliged to sell his farm in order to defray the expense of his preparatory course.

In 1792, Mr. Macurdy became a member of the Academy at Cannonsburg,—an institution which was subsequently merged in Jefferson College. Though he was now twenty-nine years old, he manifested no disposition to dispense with what was then considered full preparation for the sacred office. He remained at Cannonsburg until 1799, when he had gone through both his literary and theological course. His studies in Theology were directed chiefly by the Rev. Dr. McMillan, assisted occasionally by the Rev. John Watson, one of the teachers of the Academy.

In August, 1796, and during his connection with the Academy, Mr. Macurdy was married to Sarah, daughter of Thomas Briceland, of Cannonsburg. However this may be regarded, as a matter of discretion, the lady proved herself every way worthy of his choice, and fulfilled the duties of a minister's wife in the most exemplary manner.

Mr. Macurdy was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Ohio, on the 26th of June, 1799, at the Church of Upper Buffalo, Washington County, Pa. At the same time and place, the Presbytery licensed Mr. Joseph Stockton,* afterwards well known in Western Pennsylvania as a respectable and useful minister.

For some time after his licensure, Mr. Macurdy was engaged in missionary labour in the region bordering on Lake Erie; but in June, 1800, he was ordained and installed Pastor of the united Congregations of Cross Roads and Three Springs, by the Presbytery of Ohio. Contemporaneous with the call from these Congregations was one from the Forks of Beaver and Shenango; and he had great difficulty in deciding upon their relative claims; but, after viewing the matter in all its bearings, and especially after consulting his excellent friend Dr. McMillan, in whose judgment he reposed great confidence, he thought that the path of duty was sufficiently clear to warrant decisive action.

Mr. Macurdy's ministry, from its commencement to its close, was a scene of the most self-denying and unremitting labour. He had an important agency in connection with the great revival in Western Pennsylvania, that commenced about 1801–02, and was distinguished in its progress by some

* Joseph Stockton was born near Chambersburg, Pa., February 25, 1779. In the year 1784, he removed with his father's family to the vicinity of Washington, Pa. He pursued his classical course at Cannonsburg, where he was afterwards, for some time, a teacher; studied Theology under the Rev. Dr. McMillan, and was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Ohio, in June, 1799. Having received a call from the Churches of Meadville and Sugar Creek, he removed to Meadville in the fall of 1800, and on the 24th of June, 1801, was ordained and installed Pastor of these Congregations. Here he continued till 1810, when he resigned his pastoral charge. While at Meadville, he acted in the double capacity of Pastor and Teacher, having charge of the Academy in that place. On leaving Meadville, he became Principal of the Pittsburg Academy, which was subsequently merged in the "Western University of Pennsylvania;" but here again, he preached as well as taught, and among other important services which he rendered, was the founding of the Presbyterian Church in Allegheny. He resigned his place in the Academy in 1820. From 1820 to 1829, his labours were equally divided between the Churches of Pine Creek and Allegheny; but from 1829 till his death, he preached the whole time at Pine Creek. He died of cholera, October 29, 1832, in the city of Baltimore, whither he had gone to visit a son who was lying ill of a fever. During his connection with the Pittsburg Academy, he published the "Western Spelling Book," and the "Western Calculator," both of which have been extensively used in schools in Western Pennsylvania. He was also one of the first instructers in the Western Theological Seminary, and took an active part in securing its location at Allegheny.

very peculiar, not to say doubtful, characteristics. He was always the zealous friend of missions—not only was he among the few leading spirits that formed the "Western Missionary Society," designed especially to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel among the new settlements and the Indian tribes, but he engaged personally in the missionary work; frequently leaving his own immediate charge for a considerable time to break the bread of life to those who were otherwise entirely destitute of it. At the same time, this seems to have interfered little, if at all, with the religious prosperity of his own congregations; for the register which he kept of admissions to the church, shows that, with the exception of three years, there was a regular annual increase in the number of communicants, during his whole ministry. And what is specially worthy of notice is that the largest increase was during those years in which he performed the greatest amount of missionary labour.

Mr. Macurdy, while his chief concern was for the spiritual interests of his flock, did not neglect their temporal welfare. The following case is an illustration:—In the year 1818, the small pox made its appearance in that part of the country. The people, being greatly alarmed, looked to vaccination as the only effectual preventive; and a quack doctor in the neighbourhood undertook to profit by their necessities, by administering to them at an enormous price. Mr. Macurdy, having heard of the imposition, obtained some vaccine matter, and gave notice to his congregation the next Sabbath that as many as would meet him at the church, on Thursday following, he would vaccinate without charge. Other similar appointments were subsequently made, until nearly two hundred had shared his gratuitous services.

In October of the same year, Mrs. Macurdy died in the forty-seventh year of her age. Some time after this, he formed another matrimonial connection with Mrs. Sarah Colwell, relict of Robert Colwell, and daughter of Captain Oliver Brown of Western Virginia. She was, equally with his former wife, a fellow-helper with him unto the Kingdom of God. By the first marriage he had no children—by the second, two.

In the summer of 1823, Mr. Macurdy went to fulfil a missionary appointment at Maumee. His labours here were severe and exhausting; and in the midst of them he was prostrated by a fever which, though at first of an apparently mild type, afterwards assumed a threatening form, insomuch that, for some time, his life was nearly despaired of. Though he gradually recovered his health in a good measure, he found it necessary to curtail, to some extent, his labours, and accordingly he resigned his charge of the Church of Three Springs, and confined himself to that of Cross Roads.

In the autumn of 1835, Mr. Macurdy was induced by increasing bodily infirmities, and the apprehension that he might be less useful to his people than a younger and more active man, to resign his pastoral charge. He, however, by their request, continued to preach to them through the winter; but in the spring of 1836, removed to Alleghany, where he resided during the rest of his life. Here he was still employed, as opportunity offered and his strength allowed, in preaching the Gospel. It was through his agency especially that the way was prepared for the organization of a respectable church in the town of Manchester. The last of his labours of love which he was obliged to relinquish on account of growing infirmity, was his visits to the inmates of the Western Penitentiary. But even after this, he was

able to ride out and visit some of his most intimate friends, though he accounted it a great deprivation that he was no longer able to meet his ministerial brethren in the judicatories of the Church.

In the autumn of 1842, a Convention of Ministers and Ruling Elders, belonging to the Synods of Pittsburg, Ohio, and Wheeling, was held in Pittsburg for conference and prayer in reference to the state of the Church, especially with a view to supplicate larger measures of the Divine influence. In the course of this meeting, Mr. Macurdy paid his brethren a visit, and addressed them with great simplicity, tenderness, and appropriateness. It proved to be the last interview with them that he ever enjoyed on earth. He attended church for the last time on a Communion Sabbath, in January, 1843; and at the close of the exercise at the table, by request of the Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Swift, he briefly and affectionately addressed the communicants. This address formed an appropriate close of his public labours, which had been continued during a period of more than forty years.

Though Mr. Macurdy lived more than two years after this, he was confined to his house and his chamber, and undergoing a constant, but very gradual, process of decay. But his mind was habitually in a highly spiritual state, and awake to all the great interests of Christ's Kingdom. He had great satisfaction in the visits of his Christian friends, and never failed to impress them deeply with the maturity and elevation of his own experience. His faith had a complete triumph in the last hour. He died on the 22d of July, 1845, in the eighty-third year of his age; and, on the day following, his remains were conveyed to Cross Roads, the scene of his most extended labours, and, in the midst of a large congregation, committed to their final resting place.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM NEILL, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, September 25, 1856.

My dear Sir: I have no recollections of the Rev. Mr. Macurdy, concerning whom you inquire, except those which reach back to quite the earlier part of my life. My acquaintance with him commenced about 1795 or 1796, when we were both students of the Academy at Cannonsburg; and it was limited chiefly to the two years during which we were members of that institution. I had a pretty good opportunity of gaining a correct knowledge of his character at that time; and I have reason to believe that there was nothing in his subsequent developments to vary materially the impression which he made at that early period. Indeed, for some of the statements which I shall make concerning him, I am indebted to those who were familiar with him in the later periods of his life.

In his personal appearance there was nothing particularly imposing or attractive. He was of about the medium size, of sandy complexion and hair, and without any very strongly marked expression of countenance. His mind was characterized rather by strong common sense than by any brilliant or striking qualities—he was in a high degree a practical man, and aimed to make every thing that he did turn to some profitable account. He possessed great decision of purpose, and when his mind was once made up in respect to his duty, the terrors of the lion's den would not have been sufficient to move him. He had an accurate discernment of character, and knew how to adapt himself successfully to the different types of intellect and feeling. He possessed uncommon constitutional ardour; and while this gave him a great advantage in carrying forward various good enterprises in which he engaged, it sometimes no doubt

operated prejudicially by leading him to utter himself, even on questions of moment, without due consideration.

Mr. Macurdy, as a preacher, was distinguished for directness, earnestness, boldness, in both matter and manner. He never daubed with untempered mortar. He never softened down God's truth for the sake of conciliating those who pronounced it a hard saying. It is possible that he may have sometimes, in his uncompromising plainness, have failed to choose out acceptable words in the sense of the wise man's direction; but if he erred in this way, it was evidently under a strong impulse of fidelity to his Master. There was certainly little refinement in his manner or style of preaching; but there was a rich vein of evangelical thought, and an air of deep sincerity, that were far more impressive and effective than any mere rhetorical exhibitions could have been. He had a clear, loud voice, which was usually brought into exercise in the pulpit under the influence of intense feeling, and very often in the utterance of the most terrible denunciations of God's word. It is probable that his earnest piety may be considered as having been the leading element of his usefulness—it kept his heart always beating, and his hand always busy, for the promotion of the great interests of Christ's Kingdom. He was undoubtedly among the most laborious and useful ministers in Western Pennsylvania.

Yours, in the Beloved,

WILLIAM NEILL.

CHARLES COFFIN, D. D.*

1799—1853.

Charles Coffin was born in Newburyport, Mass., August 15, 1775. His father was Charles Coffin, M. D., who was graduated at Harvard College in 1759, was for many years a distinguished physician in Newburyport, and died in April, 1821, at the age of eighty. He kept a journal in Latin from 1775 till about the close of that century. His mother, whose maiden name was Hepzibah Carnes, was a native of Boston, a devoted Christian, and eminently faithful in the discharge of parental duty.

His early youth was marked by freedom from all immoral tendencies, great precocity of intellect, and an ardent thirst for knowledge. At the age of ten, he had read twice through the whole Bible; though he was attracted to it rather by the wonderful things which it revealed to his imagination and curiosity, than by any spiritual appreciation of its contents. He was fitted for College, partly at least under the instruction of Nicholas Pike,—the author of an "Arithmetic" that had no small celebrity in its day; though he had also the advantage of the careful supervision of his father, who was an admirable Latin scholar, and every way competent to the best intellectual training of his son. In August, 1789, when he was only fourteen years of age, he became a member of Harvard College; and, having sustained a high reputation for both scholarship and deportment, during his whole course, was graduated in July, 1793,—on which occasion he delivered a Poem on the "Comparative Beauties of Nature and Art." After leaving

* Presbyterian Witness, 1853.—MSS. from his son,—J. A. Coffin, Esq., Miss C. M. Melville, and Rev. J. H. Martin.

College, he commenced the study of medicine; but he soon made a profession of religion, and resolved to devote himself to the ministry. It was an interesting circumstance that his father, though he had been for many years a regular attendant on the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) Samuel Spring's ministry, and accustomed to give religious counsel to his children, had never made a public profession of his faith, and both the father and the son joined the church at the same time. Of the early religious exercises of the son, the following testimony was furnished by the late Professor Woods, of Andover, who was his intimate friend, in a letter to Dr. Coffin's son, written shortly after his death. He says,—"I was made acquainted with his religious exercises by Dr. Spring, who told me that your father's convictions of sin were very strong and deep, and that, for a time, he was driven into a state of despair,—in which state his distress of mind was insupportable, and he 'chose strangling and death, rather than life.' His subsequent state was uncommonly happy."

Having pursued his theological studies under the instruction, first of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Dana of Ipswich, and then of his own Pastor,—the Rev. Dr. Spring,—he was licensed to preach by the Essex Middle Association, at Ipswich, on the 14th of May, 1799. Previous to his licensure, he had been engaged for some time as an assistant teacher in Exeter Phillips Academy.

His health having become impaired, and his eyes injured, by too intense application to study, he determined to try the effect of a journey into the Southern States. Accordingly, he left Newburyport in December, 1799, and spent the winter in Norfolk, Va., where he was abundant in his evangelical labours. At that time there was only one church edifice in Norfolk, and that Episcopal, and in a dilapidated and almost ruinous state. The Presbyterians held their public worship in the Town Hall, or Court House. While preaching there one Sabbath, he alluded very pointedly in the course of his sermon to this lamentable destitution of church accommodations, and exclaimed with a pleasant satire, which he knew so well how to use charitably—"Oh, happy people of Norfolk! If an enemy should come into your harbour, and bombard your city, they could not batter down your churches; for you have none to bear the brunt." A smile flitted for a moment on the faces of his congregation, and an emotion of shame and regret instantly followed, which was shared by every Presbyterian in the assembly. A subscription was shortly after commenced, and in 1802, a substantial brick building was dedicated by them to the worship of God.

In the latter part of May, 1800, Mr. Coffin left Norfolk, where he had been, for several months, most diligently, usefully, and pleasantly occupied, and travelled on horseback through Virginia and North Carolina, to Greenville, Tenn., which he reached in the month of June. He remained in Tennessee, preaching in different places, until April, 1801, when he returned to New England with his health much improved. While in Tennessee, he became much interested in the prosperity of Greenville College; and the conviction which he felt of the importance of having the number of competent teachers, as well as ministers of the Gospel, greatly increased in that newly settled Western country, gave direction to his future course in life.

On the 19th of October, 1802, Mr. Coffin was married to Susan W., daughter of James and Mary (Woodbridge) Ayer, of New Milford, Me.—She was a lineal descendant of Benjamin Woodbridge, whose name stands

at the head of the Catalogue of Harvard College. In November succeeding his marriage, he started on horseback for Tennessee, and arrived at Greenville in January, 1803. Having remained there long enough to make arrangements for a permanent residence, he returned by way of South Carolina, reaching New England in June following. Here he was occupied for a considerable time in soliciting funds for the endowment of Greenville College, of which he had now become Vice President.

On the 11th of September, 1804, he was ordained as an Evangelist by the Essex Middle Association, the Sermon on the occasion being preached by Dr. Spring, and the Charge delivered by Dr. Joseph Dana of Ipswich. About a fortnight after, he set out with his family, consisting of his wife, an infant son, and his wife's sister, for their new and distant home. They reached Greenville about the 1st of January, 1805, having made the journey—at that day both perilous and difficult—in a vehicle drawn by three horses.

Mr. Coffin now devoted all his energies to the building up of Greenville College; and its good influence was felt in moulding the characters of not a few who have since been among the brightest lights of the South West. But with his labours as a teacher he combined also a great amount of preaching; for he could never forget that his highest vocation was that of a Gospel minister. It was common in that part of the country, at that day, to preach in the open air, and without notes; and Mr. Coffin conformed to this usage to the material injury of his health. For many years he preached in Hawkins County, at Rogersville and New Providence Churches,—till they were able to sustain a pastor. He likewise preached once in three weeks at Jonesborough, and was instrumental in building up a Church there, to which he ministered till about 1820. For a few years before he ceased preaching at Jonesborough, he was greatly encouraged and aided by David Nelson, one of the ruling elders of the Hebron Church, (Jonesborough,) who afterwards became a distinguished clergyman and author. During the greater part of the time that he was connected with Greenville College, he had charge of the Harmony Church in Greenville. He made it a matter of conscience to attend the meetings of Synod, in all cases in which it was not absolutely impracticable; though, in doing so, he was sometimes obliged to travel a distance of three hundred miles.

In 1808, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Williams College.

Having acted as Vice President of Greenville College until the death of its President,—the Rev. Dr. Hezekiah Balch,—in 1810, Dr. Coffin was elected his successor. In this capacity he continued to serve until the spring of 1827, when he accepted a call to the Presidency of East Tennessee University, at Knoxville. Here he remained till 1833; when, in consequence of declining health, he resigned the office, and returned to his former residence near Greenville, where he continued during the rest of his life. His latter years were years of great bodily infirmity, but he uniformly sustained himself in the dignity of Christian submission and trust, and availed himself of every opportunity to serve the cause to which his life had been preeminently devoted. He died on the 3d of June, 1853.

Dr. Coffin's only publications, as far as is known, are a Sermon on Disinterested Benevolence; a Sermon on the Conclusion of Peace with Great

Britain, 1815; and a Sermon on the Anniversary of the East Tennessee Bible Society, 1817.

Dr. Coffin was the father of twelve children. Two of them died in infancy, and six sons and four daughters reached mature age, all of whom have been highly respected and useful members of society. His widow still (1857) survives.

FROM THE REV. DANIEL DANA, D. D.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., March 17, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My acquaintance with Dr. Coffin commenced when we were both young, he being four or five years my junior. As our parents lived in neighbouring towns, and were intimate friends, I had early and frequent opportunities of familiarity with him. I found him a youth of amiable dispositions, of a tender conscience and of an accurate and discursive mind. Soon after leaving Harvard College, he raised a trembling eye to the ministry, and commenced the study of Theology with my father at Ipswich. The minister of his parents was the Rev. Dr. Spring of this place, whose religious views were, as you know, decidedly and strongly Hopkinsian. But though such were not the early views of the young man, there occurred, afterwards, a great revolution in his mind. He finished his studies with Dr. Spring, and, becoming a candidate for the ministry, was viewed as one of the most acute and able defenders of the new system which he had embraced. Previously to this, however, he became the subject of deep religious dejection;—a dejection which, for a time, bore the aspect even of despair. From this state of mind he gradually emerged, and became a successful and popular preacher.

From the time that he went to Tennessee, my intimacy, or rather my intercourse, with Mr. Coffin, in a great measure ceased. As to the general estimation in which he was held by the community, amidst which he finally settled, I am precluded, by my distance, from giving you minute information. I have always supposed, however, that both his literary and religious character were highly appreciated; that he filled his presidential office with great ability; that he was an instructive and evangelical preacher; that his life was without a stain; and that his labours were eminently fruitful of blessing to the Church and the world. I doubt not that what exists in my mind only in the form of a general impression, will be abundantly confirmed to you by the testimony of at least some surviving witnesses to his useful career.

Believe me, with distinguished regard,

Your affectionate friend,

DANIEL DANA.

FROM THE REV. FRANCIS A. McCORKLE, D. D.

GREENVILLE, Tenn., February 16, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: I became personally acquainted with Dr. Coffin in the summer of 1822. He was my intimate friend from that time until his death, and my near neighbour also, with the exception of a few years, while he was President of the University at Knoxville. I often met and conferred with him on Educational and Church matters, and had every opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with his character.

Dr. Coffin was of about the medium size, with very white hair, a bright eye, well-formed features, expressive countenance, and in his whole bearing benignant, dignified and venerable. He possessed excellent intellectual powers, which remained in great vigour to the last. With a great flow of animal spirits, and the

most amiable and gentlemanly qualities he combined great decision and independence of character. He possessed fine conversational powers, and was an uncommonly interesting companion—he had a boundless fund of good humour, and a great variety of interesting anecdotes, which were always at command, and always turned to the best account. If there was any point at which he may be said in any degree to have failed, perhaps it was in the judgments that he formed of men's characters. He was so perfectly honest and guileless himself, that he was slow to impute bad motives where good ones could possibly be supposed; and this really amiable trait, no doubt, often operated to prevent the legitimate exercise of his better judgment, and sometimes to subject him to inconvenience from designing men.

Dr. Coffin's whole professional life was identified with the cause of education. Knowing, as he did, its value by experience, (for he was a very highly educated man,) he laboured for its promotion in the sphere in which Providence placed him, with untiring assiduity. He was not only an excellent teacher, but an admirable disciplinarian—he carefully studied the peculiar mental and moral constitutions of those who were committed to his care; and the results of his labours in forming the minds and characters of many of the most influential men in the Southwest, are the best testimony to his ability and fidelity.

Dr. Coffin, though engaged so much in teaching, had a great love for the duties of the ministry, and he scarcely intermitted them, when his health would allow him to labour, during any period of his life. His sermons were highly instructive; his style was sometimes diffuse, and sometimes concise and nervous, according to circumstances; his delivery was natural, and earnest, and unembarrassed by notes; and his whole manner such as to leave the impression that preaching was with him a most serious business. He was remarkably felicitous in religious conversation, and in pastoral visits. Rarely did he enter a dwelling, without in some way dropping a word designed to tell upon the spiritual interests of some or all of the family. He took a deep interest in the various benevolent enterprises of the day, and had a heart and a hand open to all the recognised claims of charity. If a minister, a member of the Church, or even a man of the world, had been guilty of any marked delinquency,—while he was ready to admit every apology that charity could suggest, he sought the earliest opportunity to endeavour to convince him of his error, and to recover him to the sense and practice of his duty. As an instance, I may mention that when General Jackson was President, the Doctor was at Washington city, on an agency to collect funds for the College; and, calling upon the General for a contribution, he told him honestly that he did not vote for him, because he could not conscientiously lend his influence to place a profane man at the head of the government, and at the same time expressed an earnest wish that he might attend to his spiritual interests. "But, Sir," added he, "I think you are a friend of education, and I trust you will be willing to give something to build up a literary institution in your own State." The result of the Doctor's plain and yet respectful and affectionate dealing with him, was, that before he left the city, the President handed him a paper containing a liberal donation to the College. Is it not possible at least that that faithful conversation with that distinguished man may have had its influence in producing the happy reformation that afterwards appeared in him? Another instance illustrative of his fidelity in a different way, occurs to me—Dr. Coffin had a coloured servant in his family,—not his own, for he never owned a slave,—and by his faithful instructions and admonitions, the servant was hopefully converted. At the death of the Doctor, with a sad countenance, and eyes suffused with tears, the poor fellow said—"I have lost my best friend upon earth."

I am fraternally yours,

F. A. McCORKLE.

FROM MISS C. M. MELVILLE.

MACON, Ga., February 23, 1857.

Rev. Sir: I wish that I could give you a pen and ink likeness of Dr. Coffin at all worthy of the subject.

The first time I saw this venerable man was in the summer of '39 or '40. I had often heard of him,—as who had not, that had spent any length of time in East Tennessee or Western Virginia? There is not a mountain, or a cove, throughout that whole region, in which the familiar and honoured name of Dr. Coffin is not a household word. I remember well the impression his clerical costume and gentlemanly appearance made on me, at our first introduction, and not less impressed upon my memory is the true Christian urbanity, which at once made the stranger feel at home in his presence. I can see him now distinctly, when he gave the hand of welcome, not bending, but rather becoming more erect, while he drew you towards him, making you feel as one of the same loving family, of which he was an honoured minister. Thus I thought as I shook hands with Dr. Coffin, in 'Squire Eason's parlour at Jonesborough; and this impression was strengthened by a close intimacy of many years. Even in personal appearance, he did not change during the last twenty years of his life, or so little, that it was not noticeable to his most intimate friends.

Dr. Coffin was about the middle height, and his slight figure remained unbent. Although age had robbed him of teeth, and stamped many wrinkles upon his brow, yet his utterance was remarkable for distinctness, and the nervous power of his arm was undiminished. His black eye remained as lively and piercing, and could look or be looked into as steadily in the latter, as in the former, years; and his hair, white as snow, became him as well when I first saw him, as it did when I received his last blessing. The appearance of Dr. Coffin must always have commanded respect,—not only for himself, but for the Church of his love. His invariable cheerfulness threw sunshine into whatever circle he entered, unless indeed it was one from which piety must be repulsed. It will be many a day indeed before his physical, intellectual, or moral portrait be forgotten in Greenville. It would be difficult to depict Dr. Coffin happily, without placing him in some situation in which his benignant countenance, his clear judgment, and his willing hand, could all be brought into play. I think I see him now, riding rapidly in his open "buggy" (he was one of the best drivers) into town; bowing to his friends as he proceeded, and, after stopping at the post office, make a call of kindness on Mrs. K., Mrs. I., or some other afflicted friend, cheering not more by the promises of the Bible, which he had ready for every occasion and case, than by the example of resignation and cheerful courage to bear his own trials with manly Christian patience. His health, never robust, had been for many years very feeble, and no one could have imagined, outside the room, that the hearty laugh, and the gleeful repartee, came from that prostrate old man, who must rest an hour on that lounge, before he can be enabled to bear the fatigue of returning home. His intimate friends were aware of his feebleness, and a place of rest was always ready, round which the family gathered, and the newspapers, religious and secular, and the books in which he might be particularly interested, new or old, all were brought, and an hour or two would pass away most delightfully and profitably.

What a comfort and help was Dr. Coffin to the pastor of the village, or to the teacher who would fain do his duty. In every difficulty he was ready with prudent advice. If some church member acted inconsistently, who like Dr. Coffin could mildly and gently tell him his fault, and procure a promise of amendment?

Never was there one who carried out the Bible precept of charity, which "thinketh no evil," more perfectly than this venerable man. No matter who

the offender, no matter what the offence, no matter whether it was the seventh, or the seventy times seventh, time, it had been committed against him,—the least sign of sorrow brought free forgiveness, and in the most depraved or reprobate, some redeeming quality was ever readily found by him. Instances without number might be given, to show these traits of character, which were well known to all who even had but a slight acquaintance with him.

I do not consider myself competent to an analysis of Dr. Coffin's intellectual constitution and character; and therefore I shall not attempt it. But that he was a man of fine judgment, that his stores of knowledge were ample and well selected, that his memory was most wonderful, that, as a highly intelligent and social companion, ever ready with the illustrative anecdote, he had scarcely his equal, no one who knew him, I think, will doubt. Many a delightful reminiscence of the old times of New England, many a sketch of his early labours in Tennessee, many an anecdote of which he was *seldom the hero*, but which ever drew out the brightest traits of our common nature, have I listened to, as I sat by him in his buggy, while we whirled rapidly through the woods to his simple but beautifully situated home. The horse, stone blind, never stumbled, and often, as one hand held the reins, and guided, the interest of the recital would compel the whip to the keeping of the same hand, while the other by gesticulation gave force to his meaning. Never shall I forget those rides, or the most delightful evenings which followed them.

I cannot forbear to say that among the thousands of letters which his busy hand wrote, among the scores which I was honoured to receive, there are none which would not stand the closest criticism. As a letter writer, few could compare with him. His style reminded one of the writings of Addison. These were great favourites of his youth, and no one could read Dr. Coffin's letters, or hear him converse in some of his happy moods, but must have thought of the Spectator and "Clio."

I will close this hurried communication with the following account of Dr. Coffin's beautiful and sublime death scene, which was furnished me at the time, by his daughter-in-law:—

"It was my happy privilege to watch in his sick chamber from the evening of Tuesday until the hour of his death. Nothing that I ever witnessed, equalled the full submission to the will of his Heavenly Father, that marked those last hours. He was willing to depart, but would cheerfully have tarried longer. The calm faith and beautiful trust with which he met the announcement from his physician, and brother in the ministry, that all earthly hope had passed, was thus expressed—'I am well aware of it, Sir; but I am in the hands of a Being who cannot err—He doeth all things well.' The natural enthusiasm with which he entered into whatever interested his friends, continued unabated. The mercies of God were recognised in the smallest matters. He would say to his friends,—I thank God for this delightful chamber,—so far removed from noise and confusion; for this wide, beautiful view of mountain and valley, and for the pure air which breathes upon me, but more than all for the love and attention of the dear ones who watch me.'

"His literary taste and discriminating criticism did not seem lessened by disease, nor was the strength of his memory impaired. He had previously spoken to one of the many ladies,—who came as daughters to weep beside him, of the history of Napoleon by Abbot, as then being published by the Harpers; and now abruptly asked, with his usual animation, 'How is it with the man of blood in the last number?'—and then expressed his regret that such a fascination should be thrown around the character of Buonaparte.

"Two ladies, who were particularly overcome with grief, at the thought of his departure, said,—'No one in Greenville will miss you as we shall, Dr. Coffin—you have been so like a father to us in our afflictions.' He replied, 'There is

a Comforter, who will ever be near you, if you but seek Him,—a Friend who will never leave you.' To an aged friend he said, 'Madam; as thy days, so shall thy strength be.'

"He frequently spoke with deep feeling of the affection of his children, saying,—'If ever a man was blessed in his children, I am; and it is over a broken covenant—a broken covenant, for I have been ungrateful and unfaithful.'

"At ten o'clock, it became evident that the chill of death was stealing over the frame, and making more pallid the brow of the beloved father—yet there was no indication of bodily suffering, and not a shadow of mental disquietude. As one of his constant and faithful nurses was examining his pulse, he asked,—'How do you find it—how many does it beat?' When told that the strokes were few and feeble, he said, 'All is well,—Jesus can make a dying bed,' &c. His little grandson, who had for years been the object of his daily care and unwearied attention, came into the room to kiss him. He looked upon the child with inexpressible fondness, and said, 'Sweet one, remember the prayers that have been offered for you, and meet Grandpa in Heaven.' There was so little pain attending the release of the soul, that he was much inclined to sleep, and desired all to leave the room, except a daughter-in-law, saying,—'S. will watch me, and the room can be quiet that I may sleep.' With his hand clasped in hers, she said,—'Dear Father, all we have now to ask of God for you is an easy passage through the valley—for that we are praying.' He answered—'I trust He will grant it—I know there are many prayers going up for me now.' His youngest daughter, who had watched him with unceasing devotion through his illness, stood by the bed. Although but a few minutes before his departure, he remembered that she must necessarily be fatigued, and said,—'My daughter, sit down—you are wearied.' Consciousness did not forsake him, and the power of utterance was distinct, ten minutes before he ceased to breathe. After his posture was changed, one of his children said,—'Pa, can we do any thing more for you?' He looked up, with a grateful, tranquil expression, and answered,—'No, nothing more—I have been sleeping have I not?' When told he had, he added, 'I thought so.' These were his last words.

"What need now to admit the half excluded sunbeam, to shed even so soft a light through the chamber of the dying saint? The eloquence of those undimmed eyes seems to have caught the lustre of the world, where there is neither sun nor moon. That form needs not the invigorating air, for its soul finds strength in the promises of Jesus. Fear is overcome by the fulness of faith. With folded hands, and closed eyes, he remained a few moments quiet; and just as the soul was leaving its tabernacle, his eyes were opened wide, and fixed with an upward gaze, full of unearthly joy. I cannot close more appropriately than in the language of a beloved son, who is now with him in the holy city—'O for the faith of my father; he died with his eye fixed where it had been through life.'"

I am, Rev. Sir, yours most respectfully,

C. M. MELVILLE.

FROM THE REV. FREDERICK A. ROSS, D. D.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., March 24, 1857.

My dear Sir: You desire some recollections of the Rev. Dr. Coffin, of East Tennessee. All my memories of him are pictures, very pleasant unto me. My wife's father was a ruling elder during his ministry in Jonesborough, Tenn. And Mrs. Ross was baptised by the Doctor, and always a great favourite with Mrs. Coffin and himself before, as well as after, our marriage.

It may have been in 1820 that the Church at Kingsport, E. Tenn., was organized. I resided near the village,—then an unmarried young man. Having some relatives, recently from Virginia, and members of the Presbyterian Church, I

attended, on that occasion, with better motives than mere curiosity, although the scene was attractive. The congregation assembled in and around an unfinished store-house, on the very edge of the Holston River. I recollect that the surly carpenter, who had no love for religion, hesitated to give consent to the use of the house, as it would derange his benches, tools, and lumber. However, the room was obtained, and fitted up with rough planks, on blocks, as seats; and a reading desk, equally hasty in structure and accommodations. But rude as that building was, being merely designed as a depot for salt, it had much of pictorial beauty about it in that day. It stood, as I have said, on the brink of the Holston,—a clear stream right from the mountains. The lower point of Long Island was just opposite the back door of the house, across a narrow arm of water,—the intervening channel affording a landing for great flat boats, to carry salt, and every thing else in the varied commerce of East Tennessee, a thousand miles. There were no boats at that season of the year. The deep blue water only was rippling past that gathering assembly. Immediately across the river, Bay's Mountain jutted down in bold, abrupt termination. The house was overshadowed by some elms, as fine as any in New Haven; and two of them made the noblest leafy arch I ever saw.

In that house and under those trees, fifteen persons were organized into a Presbyterian Church—the same to which I afterwards preached nearly thirty years. The officiating ministers on the occasion were Dr. Coffin and Rev. George Erskine. And strange as it may sound to our abolition brethren, Rev. Mr. Erskine was an African negro, as black as ebony. There he stands preaching,—a large man, with strong, good face,—of decided talents, giving a masterly sermon in the vigorous old Hopkinsianism and manly style of the Rev. Isaac Anderson, of Maryville, by whom he was educated. He was on his way to Liberia, where he died very soon, in the morning of his usefulness.

I remember only that sermon, and one of Dr. Coffin's, the next day,—the Sabbath, and the first Communion occasion in that little flock.

I see now, as if yesterday, the man who was ever after so venerated and beloved of me. He is beginning to speak—immediately at the door—not the door on the river side, through which the running water is seen, but the one near the street—it is open too, that he may be heard by the crowd outside. His left hand is towards it. A board—the temporary pulpit—has on it his Bible and Hymn-Book. He uses no notes. I sat sufficiently near, on one of the benches in front of him. His text was the whole ten commandments, which he condensed into a discourse of the usual East Tennessee length, as to permission and requirement in those times, when people went thirty miles to a "Presbyterian Sacramental meeting," and would have been dissatisfied with a sermon of thirty minutes. I had never before been so much interested in a sermon. There was one passage, particularly, which affected me greatly, in which Hannah More was represented, training the women of England; and in *that* noble guardianship, worthy of as high honour as the warriors of her land, to whom she was seen presenting daughters and sisters so watched over, to fathers and brothers, returning from fields of victory. I was subdued into tears under this eloquence. The speaker saw my tenderness. And although there was in my emotion, more of response to his power, than of a touched conscience, yet he became at once interested in me, sought me out, and on going away, made me promise to visit him at his home some forty miles distant.

Dr. Coffin had long been a teacher of young men, and was most attractive to them. He was, to me, at once. His personal appearance and carriage, the habits of his body and mind, had that not to be defined something, which is the charm of impressiveness. He was only becoming grey; and his eyes and features were full of that joyous vitality of soul and body, which makes men live long and beloved. There was a nervousness too, all over his slight, graceful figure,

which made his step most elastic, and his mind most mercurial, to correspond. Once seen, you never forgot or mistook his walk. It had a springy singularity, and an oscillatory motion from side to side, which showed he loved to walk, and was thinking, on his way. I never saw any walk in which the inner man was so perfectly revealed in muscular motion. If you caught but a glimpse of him, or his momentary shadow, you knew—there comes Dr. Coffin. That walk and temperament enabled him to pay more pastoral visits in given time than most ministers,—while that subtilty of spirit made him exceedingly attractive in metaphysical disquisition to the last days of his long life. His voice was the most exhilarating, the most expressive of felt peace and joy, and the most rapid conductor of the same feeling, electrically to others, I ever heard. And it did you good to be present when he laughed,—the tears running down his face. His address, full of ease with every body, and every where, was the refined outward expression of such a spirit, and of a man who had mingled freely with the greatest, the best, in every part of our varied country.

I paid the Doctor my promised visit. He lived near Greenville. The road some three miles—the same that leads to the Warm Springs, Buncombe County, North Carolina, giving fine scenery as you approach. His house—it was the New England house, fifty years ago, in every part, and most marked in contrast with every other house thereabouts. It was nearly square—two stories, a chimney in the middle, giving a little lobby, from which were stairs to the rooms above. The parlour was to the right, the dining room to the left, the kitchen, &c., &c., back of both rooms—all clustering round that one big chimney, very comfortably. The house was painted some tint of yellow, with plain cornice, and modest porch, both white. Fence and gate to correspond ran along the road before mentioned, about twenty steps from the front, forming a small yard in which were some noble forest oaks. As you stood in the porch, the orchard was to your right. An open green, on the left, led down to the College—the work of the Doctor's life, then in its best promise. There it stood, like the house, a little piece of Massachusetts, brought all the way to Tennessee. Yea, a veritable place for the schoolmaster, with hall, library, apparatus, cupola, and bell—white and clean. When seen by me with the boys about, it was the central object in a noble landscape of rich fields and forests, beyond which there was a long winding river of vapour high above the under living stream of Nolachucky,—while huge, distant mountains stretched far away into the blue of the heavens.

At the little gate, that fine old man met me, as Pilgrim was met at the wicket, and welcomed me to come in and find the strait way. It was ever the same, during more than thirty years thereafter—the same full-toned, strong voice of welcome, and in later day, the loud clearing of the throat, and both hands—New England hands, too, from use of pruning-knife or some tool, just laid aside to welcome me—then, there, in the door or out in the little portico, *that* affectionate full open face, looking from within its ample cap and wide ruffle—*her* face, which then, and ever thereafter, always said, even before the tongue, "I am so glad to see you—how is Theodosia and the children?" [Theodosia was my wife, greatly and ever beloved of Mrs. as well as Dr. Coffin.] And so it was ever to impress on me that she was happy always in conferring pleasure on those around her.

That visit gave me the first opportunity I had enjoyed of being present in a New England minister's family. Although not a Christian in heart, I was one intellectually, and in that state of mind to be impressed by the elevated and refined religion of such a house. I was greatly gratified, and I am sure, benefitted, by that interview with the Doctor at his home. Yet I bring up in memory, very vividly, among matters more important, this slight incident. It was new to me when the Doctor in the morning, after reading the eighteenth of John, asked the children and servants to repeat some sentence or word, to show how they

had listened. One little girl said, "Now Barabbas was a robber." No doubt the little thing had had many other sentences on her tongue, while her father was reading; but that last was the easiest because it *was* the last, and she had heard, too, of robbers, so she spoke out distinctly and composedly, as finely trained,—"now Barabbas was a robber." That was all. Then the coloured woman was asked, and she said "Am I a Jew?" She, I was sure, believed the Jews were very bad people. Then *his* prayer. 'Twas good to be there—and so I felt even then; years before I yielded to the Gospel.

Every public speaker knows how much he is afraid, in his first efforts, to have before him a master critic. But I was always glad to speak before Dr. Coffin. For his face, and gestures, and nervous interest in all I was saying, expressed to me as plainly as face, and gesture, and interest could, that he was pardoning all defects, and making the most of every thing that would do at all. But woe to me, albeit very pleasantly inflicted, if I came out with what he regarded wrong doctrine,—if I believed in permissive decrees, or denied disinterested benevolence, or affirmed it in any other way, than as the alone attribute of the regenerated sinner. The passage at arms was sure to come—the argument, like artillery,—the anecdote and wit, like the musketry between—the battle often lasted till twelve o'clock at night. And I was sometimes pursued to my farthest retreat, by long columns of assault in the finest letters of love. Yea, and I am realizing now every day the good effects of training and discipline, acquired under Dr. Coffin's hands, in our many discussions of the doctrines of grace.

I must, I see, finish this sketch. I linger with reverence due to him only, over the grave of Dr. Coffin. Gallaher and Nelson, I write about, as equals. But I first knew Dr. Coffin as my father in age and spiritual wisdom. And although years, in my grey hairs, lessened the distance, comparatively, between us, still I looked up to him as the most venerated of all I knew in the ministry of Jesus Christ.

In high regard,

F. A. ROSS.

MATTHEW BROWN, D. D., LL. D.*

1799—1853.

MATTHEW BROWN was descended from respectable and pious ancestors. His paternal grandfather, a native of Ireland, but of Scottish extraction, came to this country about the year 1720, and died not long after his arrival in Pennsylvania, leaving five sons,—all distinguished as devout and exemplary Christians. His son *Matthew*, the father of the subject of this notice, was born in 1732, resided some years in the vicinity of Carlisle, Pa., and thence removed to White Deer Valley, Northumberland County, of which he was one of the early settlers. He was a ruling elder in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and is reported to have been a man of decided talents, and to have been somewhat famous for his wit. He took an active part in the early stages of the Revolutionary struggle, and while thus engaged, died of a fever in 1778, at the age of forty-six. *Matthew*, his youngest son, was born in the year 1776,—two years before his father's death. He was adopted in his infancy by his father's brother, William Brown, who, for many years, was well known, and exerted an extensive influence, in both the political and religious world.

* Presbyterian Advocate, 1853.—*MS.* from his son,—Rev. A. B. Brown, D. D.

This uncle resided in Dauphin County, near Harrisburg; and it was at a school in that neighbourhood that young Matthew was fitted to enter College. In due time he became a member of Dickinson College, Carlisle, where he was graduated, in May, 1794, during the Presidency of Dr. Nisbet, for whom he always entertained the highest regard. After his graduation, he taught, for some time, a classical school, in Northumberland County, where he became intimately acquainted with Dr. Joseph Priestley, and other distinguished men of that region. He commenced his theological studies about the year 1796; and he prosecuted them, partly under the Rev. James Snodgrass,* within the bounds of whose congregation he passed his early years,—partly under Dr. Nisbet, and partly under Dr. John King, a distinguished Presbyterian minister in that part of Pennsylvania. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Carlisle, on the 3d of October, 1799.

Two years after he was licensed, he accepted a call from the united Congregations of Mifflin and Lost Creek, within the bounds of the Presbytery of Huntingdon; and on the 6th of October, 1801, he transferred his relation to that Presbytery, and in due time was ordained and installed as Pastor of the above named Churches. Here he laboured faithfully for several years; though his situation was rendered not a little uncomfortable through the influence of a few disaffected individuals. At length, being invited by the Congregation of Washington, Pa. to become their Pastor, and by the Board of Trustees of Washington Academy, to become its Principal, he accepted these invitations, obtained a dismission from his pastoral charge, and removed to Washington in the spring of 1805. There he laboured in the double capacity of Pastor and Principal, though the labour of instruction in the Academy was shared by an assistant teacher. During the spring of 1806, the Academy of which he was the Principal became merged in Washington College,—a charter for that purpose having been procured, and very much through his influence, from the Legislature of Pennsylvania. Of the new College Mr. Brown was elected the first President on the 13th of December, 1806, retaining at the same time his pastoral connection with the Congregation. For the discharge of his double duties, as Pastor and President, his time was most

* James Snodgrass was born near Doylestown, Bucks County, Pa.,—the son of pious parents, who were strongly attached to the doctrines and discipline of the Presbyterian Church. He was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1783, and was afterwards for some time a Tutor in the same institution. He studied Theology under the direction of the Rev. Nathaniel Irwin, then Pastor of the Church in Neshaminy, and was licensed to preach by the First Presbytery of Philadelphia, in December 1785. After preaching about a year and a half in destitute places, in the Central and Northern parts of the State of New York, he accepted a call from the West Hanover Congregation, (Dauphin County,) in connection with the Presbytery of Carlisle. He was installed there in May, 1788, and continued in the active discharge of the duties of his office, until the 25th of July, 1845, when he was attacked by a disease from which he never so far recovered as to be able to resume his labours. The only service which he attempted afterwards, was in May 1846, at the Funeral of his son-in-law, as well as his friend and physician,—Dr. William Simonton. After the coffin had been lowered to its final resting place, he addressed the people for a few minutes, "leaning on the top of his staff." He then sat down upon a tomb-stone, and, having remained a short time to recruit his strength, attempted to walk the distance of a few hundred feet to his own dwelling; but, on arriving at the gate, he found it impossible to proceed farther—he was carried to his bed, and from that time gradually declined until the 2d of July, when, in the full possession of his mental faculties, and in the joyful hope of a better life, he gently fell asleep, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was distinguished for sound judgment, great modesty, and eminent devotedness to his work. Though he rather shunned than courted the public gaze, he was held in high estimation by all who knew him. He was the father of the Rev. William D. Snodgrass, D. D., now (1857) of Goshen, N. Y.

diligently employed, and his faculties tasked to the utmost; but the results of his labours were visible in the growing prosperity both of the Church and of the College. In the course of events, a dissatisfaction with Mr. Brown arose in the minds of some who were intimately connected with the College, which led the Board to adopt measures, having for their object the separation of the two offices which had hitherto been united in him. The result was that, after some conflict of opinion and feeling, Mr. Brown, on the 16th of December, 1816, tendered to the Board his resignation of the Presidency of the College, preferring to retain his pastoral charge of the Church.

The reputation which he had acquired from his connection with Washington College, now drew attention to him from some other institutions. The Trustees of Centre College, Danville, Ky., offered him the Presidency of that institution; but he declined it. He, however, in 1822, accepted the Presidency of Jefferson College, at Cannonsburg, and continued to hold the office twenty-three years; and, during his whole administration, the College was eminently prosperous. The whole number of graduates during this period was seven hundred and seventy,—nearly one half of whom became ministers of the Gospel.

In 1823, Mr. Brown was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of New Jersey, and subsequently the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by both Lafayette and Jefferson Colleges. For several years after his removal to Cannonsburg, he preached, by invitation, a part of each Sabbath, in conjunction with the venerable Dr. McMillan, at Chartiers, where Dr. M. was Pastor. After some time, a separate organization was effected in the town of Cannonsburg, in connection with the College, and Dr. Brown became their regular Pastor, and continued to serve them in that capacity, until he resigned the Presidency of the College,—when the pastoral relation ceased. For several years before his retirement, it had been apparent to both himself and his friends, that he was overtasking his constitution by the great amount of labour which he had taken upon himself, and the effect had already become visible in the incipient decay of his physical energies. Accordingly, in the year 1845, he tendered his resignation to the Board; and, in accepting it, they passed resolutions testifying their high appreciation of his character and services, and at the same time conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Some six or seven years after he left Washington, both the Congregation and the College invited him to return thither, and resume his relations as both Pastor and President. There were many circumstances that strongly inclined him to accept the invitation; but, after mature deliberation, he thought best to decline it. This result was highly gratifying to the people of Cannonsburg, and the friends of Jefferson College.

From the time that Dr. Brown retired from the Presidency of the College, and from his pastoral charge, in Cannonsburg, he gladly availed himself of every favourable opportunity for preaching the Gospel. This was the work in which he especially delighted; and, even after his bodily strength had greatly declined, he preached with a degree of animation and fervour that surprised those who heard him. His labours in the pulpit did not wholly cease till near the close of life.

Some weeks before his death, symptoms of alarming disease appeared; and his physicians, in apprizing him of it, intimated to him that he was

liable to die suddenly. The intelligence, however, did not alarm him; and in communicating it to a friend in a brief note, he said in his laconic manner—"The story is soon told—may go off in a few days. But my trust is in God: He will not forsake me in the trying hour." He continued, however, for some time after this; but, a few days before his death, his mind, which had suffered severely from extreme nervous irritability, seemed to cast off all its burdens, and enjoy a delightful Christian tranquillity. His conversation from this time was of the most comforting as well as most edifying kind; and when death really came, it came so gently that even his children who were watching around his pillow, did not know the precise moment of his departure. He died at the house of his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Riddle, of Pittsburg, on the 29th of July, 1853. His body was removed to Cannonsburg, where a Funeral Discourse was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Swift, of Alleghany. It was then taken to Washington for interment. Both at Cannonsburg and Washington, there was every demonstration of affectionate respect.

Dr. Brown was married on the 6th of September, 1804, to Mary Blaine of Cumberland County, Pa. She died on the 26th of March, 1818, leaving two children; one of whom, the Rev. Alexander B. Brown, D. D., is now (1854) the President of Jefferson College; the other is the wife of the Rev. Dr. Riddle of Pittsburg. In 1825, he formed a second matrimonial connection with Mary W. (Ferguson), widow of the Rev. Backus Wilbur,* of Dayton, Ohio. She died in May, 1838, leaving one daughter, who is married to Henry Alexander, Esq., of New York.

The following is a list of Dr. Brown's publications:—An Address to the graduates in Washington College, delivered at the Anniversary Commencement, 1811. An Address delivered on the occasion of his Induction into the Presidency of Jefferson College, 1822. A Discourse delivered in the Presbyterian Church, Washington, Pa., on the occasion of his resigning his charge of that Congregation, 1823. A Charge delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, at the inauguration of the Rev. Jacob J. Janeway, D. D., as Professor of Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, 1828. An Address delivered to the graduates in Jefferson College, Pa., at the Anniversary Commencement, 1832. A Memoir of the Rev. Obadiah

* Backus Wilbur was born in Richmond, Mass., November 9, 1788. When he was about nine years old, he removed with his father's family to Newark, N. J. He was the subject of serious impressions during his childhood, but they seem not to have been enduring. Early in 1808, during an extensive revival of religion, he experienced what he believed was a radical change of character, and shortly after made a public profession of his faith. By the advice of several clergymen, he soon commenced a course of study preparatory to entering College; and in 1811 entered the Junior class of the College of New Jersey, and was graduated in the autumn of 1813. In November following, he was admitted a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where he completed the regular course of study in 1816. Immediately after this,—having been licensed to preach in April of that year,—he, in company with Mr. (afterwards the Rev. Dr.) Gilbert, set out on a mission through Virginia, Ohio, and Illinois Territory,—which they closed in February, 1817. On his return, he preached five months, and with great success, to the Presbyterian Congregation in Dayton, O. After leaving Dayton, he laboured, for a while, under the direction of the Philadelphia Missionary Society, and afterwards supplied, for a considerable time, Dr. McDowell's pulpit at Elizabethtown. In October, he received a call from the Church in Dayton to become their Pastor, which he accepted, though his installation did not take place until the 27th of August, 1818. In June preceding, he was married to Mary W. Ferguson of Princeton. On the Sabbath immediately succeeding his installation, he delivered two very impressive sermons, which proved to be his last. The disease which occasioned his death, originated in a cold taken on a journey to Cincinnati, whither he had gone to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After his return to Dayton, it assumed a threatening aspect, and on the 20th of September he finished his earthly course. He possessed a sound and well balanced mind, was an earnest Christian, and an instructive and acceptable preacher.

Jennings, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn., 1832. An Address to the graduate class at Jefferson College, 1833. A Sermon delivered in the Third Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, at the installation of the Rev. David H. Riddle, Pastor, 1834. An Address to the graduate class at Jefferson College, 1835. An Address delivered to the graduates in Jefferson College, 1836. An Address to the graduates in Jefferson College delivered on the day of Commencement, 1838. An Address delivered in the chapel of Jefferson College on the Fourth of July, 1839. Extracts from Lectures on the Will, Liberty and Necessity, by Dr. Charles Nisbet, President of Dickinson College: To which are appended remarks and additional extracts from other writers, 1840. A Sermon on the death of the Rev. John H. Kennedy,* late Professor in Jefferson College, Cannonsburg: With a Memoir of the deceased, 1840. A Discourse delivered at the Funeral of Alexander Reed, Esq., Washington, Pa., 1842. Life of the Rev. John McMillan, D. D., and Biographical Sketches of other prominent Pioneers of the West. [This work was not completed, though the first eighty-four pages were issued from the press, shortly after Dr. Brown's decease.]

FROM THE REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D. D.

New York, February 28, 1854.

My dear Sir: In asking for my recollections of Dr. Matthew Brown, you put me to a service which is not only easy but grateful to me, as I knew him most intimately, and loved him as well as I knew him. My acquaintance with him commenced in 1816, when I became a member of Washington College, of which he was then President; and, from that time to the day of his death, I saw him frequently, corresponded with him occasionally, and always reckoned him among my most valued and endeared friends.

In person, he was tall and slender, had rather a thin and narrow face, and a blue eye, with a more than commonly bright and animated expression. There was something in his face that reminded me of Lord Brougham; though I cannot say that the resemblance was very striking. His movements were rapid and careless, and he would sometimes swing himself about, and flourish his cane, in a way that a stranger could hardly fail to notice. His temperament was excessively nervous, and whatever infirmities or eccentricities pertained to his character, were more or less intimately connected with this. His mind was of a high order, and was specially adapted to abstract, metaphysical inquiries. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and could deal out wit in any form which the

* John H. Kennedy, son of the Rev. Robert Kennedy, a highly respectable Presbyterian clergyman, was born in Franklin County, Pa., November 11, 1801; was graduated at Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, in May, 1820; became a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton in November following; was licensed to preach the Gospel in October, 1822; left the Seminary in the autumn of 1823; after which, he spent about eighteen months in travelling and preaching in the West and South; engaged in the summer of 1825 to supply the Sixth Church in Philadelphia for three months, and was ordained and installed Pastor of that Church in November following; resigned his charge in December, 1829; accepted the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Jefferson College in the spring of 1830, and shortly after entered upon its duties; and died on the 15th of December, 1840, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. Dr. M. Brown, in the Sermon occasioned by his death, represents him as possessing much more than ordinary talents, as distinguished for benevolence, as well as deep and earnest piety; as an instructive and solemn preacher, a laborious and faithful pastor, and a thorough and accurate instructer.

Robert Kennedy, the father of John H. Kennedy, was graduated at Dickinson College in 1797; commenced his labours with the Welsh Run Church, Pa., in 1802, and continued in this connection until April 9, 1816, when he removed to Cumberland, Md. Having resided in Cumberland for nine years, he returned to his charge in the year 1825, from which time till his decease, he continued in the exercise of the pastoral office among them. He died in the autumn of 1843.

occasion required. His heart was generous and open, and he could very ill tolerate any thing dark or disingenuous in another man. He always spoke from the bottom of his heart, and sometimes spoke imprudently and with undue severity, but he was quick to discover his error, and equally quick to acknowledge and repair it. He would sometimes be responsible for needlessly wounding one's feelings, but he could never be responsible for a settled alienation or a protracted quarrel. He possessed great moral courage—he had a spirit that would not have faltered at the sight of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, if he had found it in what he believed was the path of duty. He was distinguished also for his benevolence—he delighted in doing good, and in making every body happy to the extent of his ability.

Dr. Brown's manners were, of course, to a great extent, the acting out of his peculiar temperament. He had fine powers of conversation, and had a large fund of general knowledge, including anecdotes without number, which he knew how to use to the best purpose. When his mind was unclouded, he was one of the most agreeable companions I have ever known. I have rarely met him in any circle where he was not evidently recognised as the master spirit. It must be acknowledged, however, that he had his morbid turns, when he was disinclined to active engagements, and seemed to desire little intercourse with the surrounding world.

There is no doubt that Dr. Brown was one of the most effective preachers in the part of the country in which he resided. His voice was good for public speaking, but was not always skilfully modulated. He was accustomed to study his sermon, and write the plan of it, and some of the leading thoughts, but to trust to the moment for the appropriate language. The consequence of this, in connection with his peculiar temperament, was, that his preaching was marked by great inequality—sometimes he would utter himself with remarkable fluency, as well as uncommon force and appropriateness, and at others, he would hesitate and stammer, and would, after all, perhaps, fail to get the word that he wanted. He generally spoke with great animation and fervour, and was at once pertinent and abundant in his gestures. Both his manner and matter were often characterized by the deepest solemnity—you could not resist the impression, when you heard him, that he believed heartily every word that he spoke, and that his own spirit was acting under the influence of the powers of the world to come. His preaching had a somewhat peculiar character, from the fact that he made great use of passing events in impressing the lessons of moral and Christian instruction. He inculcated strongly the importance of a high standard of Christian character; and sometimes did it at the expense of incurring the displeasure of some who wished for larger liberty in respect to worldly amusements.

Dr. Brown was a man of truly liberal views and feelings. He was a Presbyterian both in principle and in practice; but his Christian sympathies were as wide as the world. Wherever he thought he recognised the Saviour's image, he was ready to extend the hand of Christian fellowship. He was in advance of many excellent men of his day, in regard to the importance of increased activity in the Church, with reference to the conversion of men. Without falling into any erratic course, or adopting any measures of questionable propriety, he was a great friend to revivals of religion, and was always intent on promoting them, as he had opportunity. He contributed generously, according to his means, in aid of the conversion of the world. I well remember that, in my last interview with him, and a very short time before his death, he volunteered to make a liberal offering to the department of Christian benevolence in which he knew I was more particularly engaged.

Owing probably to the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, as President of two different Colleges successively, Dr. Brown was never very prominent in the judicatories of the Church—much less in managing its controversies.

When he did appear on such occasions, however, it was always with great dignity; and his quick perceptions, good judgment, and prompt and easy manner, were always a security for his being listened to with attention and interest.

But I must not omit to speak of my venerable friend as the President of a College; for as I knew him first in this relation, it is here that I gather some of my most vivid and cherished recollections of him. He was an excellent Latin scholar, but in Greek, I am inclined to think, he did not excel. In Rhetoric, Logic, Moral Philosophy, and Metaphysics, especially the latter, he was admirable. He was not only well versed in these several branches, but he possessed in an uncommon degree the power of communicating what he knew to others; and in this, quite as much as in his scholarship, lay the secret of his success as a teacher. He had been a student of Dr. Nisbet at Carlisle, and had taken copious notes from Dr. N.'s Lectures; and I well remember his once reading to us an Essay of his venerable teacher, in which he endeavoured to establish the somewhat remarkable position that Homer's birth place was Babylon. Dr. Brown was an exceedingly vigorous disciplinarian. While he treated his students with the utmost freedom, and would amuse them with anecdotes, and often step and converse with them about their affairs with an almost parental solicitude, we all understood very well that this did not imply any exemption from college rules; and that disobedience to those rules would be met by a prompt retribution. I knew him expel fourteen students, and suspend four, on one day; making eighteen out of a little more than eighty, which constituted the whole number. Though he felt most deeply on the subject, and his prayers in the College Chapel, for a week or two, had shown clearly enough that there was some painful service before him, yet, when the time came, he performed the duty with unflinching firmness, and in a most impressive and solemn manner. He was particularly watchful of the interests of his pupils, both temporal and spiritual. I remember, at this moment, with undiminished gratitude, many favours which I received from him while I was under his instruction; and especially the efforts which he made for the promotion of my higher interests. We were sometimes, indeed, annoyed by his impulsiveness, not to say offended by what we deemed his severity; but the Father was so admirably blended with the President, that we could not regard him otherwise than with an almost filial love and veneration.

I remain ever your friend and brother,

R. BAIRD.

HENRY KOLLOCK, D. D.*

1800—1819.

FROM THE REV. JAMES CARNAHAN, D. D., LL. D.

PRINCETON, February 28, 1848.

My dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to comply with your request for some notices of the life and character of the Rev. Henry Kollock, D. D., with whom, for several years, I was in intimate relations. As, however, my opportunities for observing his character and course ceased on his removal to Georgia, I shall confine myself to that portion of his life which was spent in his native State, and leave you to gather the rest from other sources.

HENRY KOLLOCK was born December 14, 1778, at New Providence, Essex County, N. J., to which place his parents had retired on account of the disturbed condition of Elizabethtown, their usual residence,—during the Revolutionary war. His father was Shepard Kollock, a man of much intelligence and respectability, who was actively engaged in the scenes of the Revolution, and was for some time the editor and publisher of a newspaper. When very young, he is said to have manifested a great thirst for knowledge, and to have applied himself so closely to his books as to impair his health. Having gone through the usual course of study, he entered the Junior class in the College of New Jersey, in the autumn of 1792. Two years after that, in September, 1794, when he lacked three months of being sixteen years of age, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Nothing remarkable occurred during his college course. There were several in his class, who ranked higher than himself in the various branches of study. He was young and playful, but not vicious. Tradition says he was more fond of reading Shakespeare and kindred works than of *poling*† at Conic Sections. The three years following his graduation he spent at his father's in Elizabethtown, in reviewing his college studies, in general reading, and in working, when he pleased, in his father's printing office.

During this period he became hopefully pious, and turned his attention to the Gospel ministry.

In 1797, he was appointed Tutor in the College where he had been educated, and became a colleague in the Tutorship with John Henry Hobart, afterwards Bishop of New York.

Between Hobart and Kollock there sprang up the most intimate and ardent friendship, which, cherished by frequent intercourse, lasted during life. They differed both in respect to national politics and church government; yet this difference did not prevent the most cordial and enduring mutual attachment. Soon after Kollock's appointment, Hobart, writing to a friend in Pennsylvania,‡ spoke of his colleague in the highest terms, as a young man of uncommon talents, of extensive reading, and of ardent piety; using an expression to this effect,—that, although he was both a

* Memoir prefixed to his Sermons.—MS. from Rev. S. K. Kollock, D. D.
† College word for hard study.
‡ John Watson.

Democrat* and a Calvinist, he was the most intelligent, gentlemanly and agreeable companion that he had ever found.

At this period, and for several years after, there was in the College a Literary Association, called the "Belles Lettres Society," consisting of the officers of College and the resident graduates,—the whole being about ten in number. They met once in two weeks, and the exercises consisted in reading an essay, which might be a sermon, a law argument, or a political, literary or philosophical discussion, followed with remarks or criticisms by the members, and then a debate on some political, literary, moral or religious question. These debates were not merely extemporary efforts. The subject was selected four or five weeks before the discussion took place, giving ample time to collect information, and to prepare for the exercise in the best manner possible. After the proponent and respondent had spoken, the other members, if they thought fit, were at liberty to continue the discussion. On one of these occasions, the subject selected was the exclusive right of Bishops, in the Episcopal sense of the term, to ordain to the office of the Gospel ministry; and Hobart and Kollock were the combatants. Great interest was excited, not only by the nature of the subject, but also by the known talents of the debaters. Each of course took the side of the Church to which he belonged, and brought all his ability to the defence of it. It was Saturday afternoon,—a beautiful summer day, and many of the undergraduates who were not permitted to enter the room, abandoning their usual walks and amusements, collected, some around the Library door where the debate was held, and others on the outside of the building, so that, through the open windows, they might catch something of what was said. There they stood fixed for two or three hours. The debate was ably and eloquently conducted on both sides; and the Presbyterians who were present, did not think their cause suffered in the hands of Mr. Kollock. To the honour of the disputants, it should be remembered that this exciting debate did not, for a moment, interrupt their kind feelings towards each other.

While Mr. Kollock performed the duties of a Tutor in the College, he devoted his leisure hours with great diligence to the study of Theology, and other kindred subjects connected with his intended profession. In those days, a knowledge of Hebrew was not so common in this country among candidates for the Gospel ministry as it now is; but in this language, as well as in Chaldaic and Arabic, Mr. Kollock is understood to have made very considerable proficiency.

He pursued his theological studies without the aid of a teacher,—reading the standard works of the old English theologians,—such as Owen, Bates, Charnock, Howe, Leighton, Barrow, and others, and using as his text-book Pictet's large work in French. He spoke French very imperfectly, but no man could translate it with more facility and elegance. He could take up any French book and read it in English, with such ease and correctness, that his hearers would not doubt that it was an English book that he had before him. In this way, before he was licensed to preach, he read French sermons in the Presbyterian Church, when the pulpit was vacant, and also at a prayer-meeting held in the College by the Tutors and pious students.

* A few years after, he agreed with the Federalists in opinion, although he never took an active and prominent part in politics.

In the spring of 1800, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of New York.

He returned to the College, after being licensed, and continued to perform the duties of Tutor until the next Annual Commencement. By request of the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, he preached nearly every Sabbath afternoon, during the session of the College.

The first discourse which he delivered in Princeton, surprised his friends, and far surpassed the expectations of those who had formed the highest estimate of his talents. His subject was "the future blessedness of the righteous." The first sentence introduced a bold and glowing contrast between the gloomy and apparently hopeless condition of the believer, as he descends into the grave, and the glory in which he shall rise on the morning of the resurrection. His intelligent friends trembled, believing it impossible that he, or any other man, could sustain the high flight which he had taken at the very commencement. As he proceeded, however, their fears were dissipated. The whole discourse was in perfect keeping with the boldness and pathos of the introduction. The preacher did not flag, but rose higher and higher, to the end of the discourse, occupying in the delivery about thirty minutes. I need not say that the attention of his hearers did not decline. Every eye was fixed, every ear was open, and a breathless silence pervaded the congregation. It could hardly be hoped that the same interest could be maintained from Sabbath to Sabbath; yet the fact was, that, during the five months to which I now refer, the interest was increased rather than diminished. The students who were required to be present at only the morning service, voluntarily came out in the afternoon; many persons from the neighbouring churches attended, and strangers not unfrequently spent the Sabbath in Princeton, in order to hear the illustrious young preacher. The subjects upon which he preached in the early part of his ministry, were chiefly some of the leading doctrines of the Gospel; such as the resurrection of the dead, the general judgment, the happiness of the righteous, the misery of the finally impenitent, the love of God, the character of Christ, the end and design of his death, the intensity and cause of his sufferings in the garden and on the cross, &c. He also delivered a series of discourses on the life and character of Peter.

After he had taken charge of a congregation, his discourses were longer and more solid, but they never lost their brilliancy and attraction. A single volume of his sermons was published during his life, and three volumes have been added since his death. These discourses are interesting, when read; but no one who did not hear them delivered, can have any adequate idea of their effect, as the words flowed from the preacher's lips. The sermons of Whitefield,—said to have been taken down in short hand, word for word, as he delivered them,—how utterly jejune do they appear, compared with what they must have been, when accompanied with his tones, and gestures, and tears!

The manner of Mr. Kollock was peculiarly his own. It could not be copied, nor can it easily be described. He was not a professed orator. I do not believe he had ever made public speaking an object of special attention. In conversation, when excited, he had an impediment in his speech, arising from the haste with which he expressed his thoughts. Aware of this infirmity, he wrote his sermons out in full, and placed the manuscript in the Bible before him. It would have been very little labour

for him to commit to memory his discourses; but he dared not trust himself without notes, fearing he should stammer. A glance of the eye on a page enabled him to repeat the whole; and he rarely recalled a word, or hesitated in uttering a syllable. In the latter part of his ministry, however, he preached without notes with the utmost ease. There was nothing theatrical or artificial in his manner. His attitudes and gestures were hardly noticed, because they were unpremeditated, and were prompted by the sentiments or emotions intended to be expressed. Those who have seen him in the pulpit, will remember how his countenance changed, and his eye sparkled with joy, or kindled with indignation, according to the natural promptings of his subject. His voice was full and distinct, but not remarkably harmonious. In its modulation there were no sudden changes from the low to the high, from the swelling to the subdued, from the plaintive to the indignant. His eloquence was not at one time a mountain torrent, dashing and foaming, and anon a meandering river, pursuing its unruffled course through an extended plain: it was a strong, uniform and noble stream, acquiring velocity, and beauty, and power, as it advanced. I have heard other men who had greater compass and flexibility of voice, greater variety of tone, and accent, and emphasis; but I never heard one who could, from the beginning to the end of a discourse, so arrest and enchain the attention of an audience. And what gave to him this wonderful power? He used no high sounding words, and no involved and unmeaning sentences. His language was plain and simple, easily understood by the most illiterate of his hearers; and yet the beauty of his style and the richness of his imagery delighted and charmed the most cultivated ear. In his manner there was a glowing earnestness and unction, which touched the soul and brought it in contact with the objects described. Persons have often remarked that, while he was speaking, their minds were kept so intensely on the stretch, that they found themselves exhausted when the discourse was finished. In description he greatly excelled; and when his own feelings and those of his audience were wrought up to the highest pitch, he would sometimes burst out in a short prayer, or in an apostrophe, so appropriate and natural, that he only gave utterance to the emotions which swelled the hearts of those who were listening to him.

He seldom brought into the pulpit the rich stores of biblical learning which he unquestionably possessed, in order to explain and illustrate difficult passages of Scripture. Infidelity he attacked and put to shame, not by logical arguments, but by direct and vivid appeals to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. Dry and elaborate metaphysical discussions had no place in his discourses. The doctrines and duties which he inculcated, were those of the Bible, illustrated and enforced in a manner suited to a popular audience. Some young men make a brilliant display and excite admiration for a short period, and then sink into obscurity. It was not so with the subject of this notice. His power in the pulpit was greater after he had been ten years in the ministry than it was at the beginning.

For some time after he was licensed, he expected to be the colleague, or rather the assistant, of the Rev. Dr. McWhorter of Newark, for whom he cherished a truly filial affection and veneration. But when he left the College, the Church in Elizabethtown, in which he had been baptized and had made a public profession of religion, being vacant, called him to be its pastor. He accepted the invitation, and laboured for three years, with

great popularity and success, among that numerous and excellent people. While he had charge of this congregation, several members of his Presbytery, aware of the destitute condition of the mountainous regions in Morris and Sussex Counties, especially at the iron mines and furnaces, agreed to go out, two and two, to spend the week, preaching and conversing, and praying with these people from house to house, and then to exchange pulpits on the following Sabbath. In this work of love, James Richards, Asa Hillyer, Edward Dorr Griffin, Amsi Armstrong, Matthew La Rue Perrine, and perhaps some others, were engaged; and they were occasionally joined by Robert Finley, although he belonged to a different Presbytery. Appointments were sent on beforehand to the people, and they assembled in large numbers,—some coming several miles on foot. The effect at the time was visible, and in some of these places, respectable congregations have since been formed. Of these preaching tours Mr. Kollock spoke with great satisfaction, and remarked that the tears flowing down the cheeks of these hardy men from the mines, coal pits, and furnaces, gave him more pleasure than the most fixed attention of a fashionable city audience. Sometimes, towards the close of the week, they visited, on their return, one of their own congregations, and spent a day in preaching, exhortation, and prayer. Such a meeting, Mr. Kollock and one or two of his brethern held at Basking Ridge, where Mr. Finley was Pastor. Solemn and exciting discourses and exhortations were delivered through the day, without any apparent effect. At the close of the day, when the congregation was about to be dismissed, Mr. Finley arose with a heart swelling with emotions too strong to be uttered. After he had laboured a short time to express a few broken sentences, his tongue was loosed, and he burst out in such impassioned eloquence, as Mr. Kollock said he had never before heard. The whole congregation was powerfully moved, and, after the benediction was pronounced, remained sobbing and overwhelmed. A powerful revival of religion followed in this congregation, and extended to other congregations in the neighbourhood.

His fame (for I know not what other word to use) was not confined within the bounds of his own Congregation or of his native State. In May, 1808, when he had been but little more than two years in the ministry, he was called to preach the Missionary Sermon before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia;—a service at that time assigned to the ablest and most eloquent men in the denomination. The Sermon was every way worthy of his reputation: it was published, and is the only one which he ever *did* publish in pamphlet form. He received invitations from several wealthy and respectable congregations to become their Pastor; and among others from the Reformed Dutch Church in Albany. Princeton also put in its claims. The Trustees of the College appointed him Professor of Theology, and the Congregation of Princeton chose him as its Pastor. The object of the Trustees was to give the undergraduates the advantage of his preaching on the Sabbath, and to afford an opportunity to students of Theology to profit by his instructions, and at the same time to aid the Congregation in supporting their minister. This invitation, although less tempting than others in a pecuniary point of view, he thought proper to accept; and, accordingly, in the fall of 1808, he returned to Princeton, in the double character of Pastor and Professor. Here his preaching was quite as attractive as it had been at the commencement

of his ministry. He delivered lectures to a few theological students, instructed them in the Hebrew language, directed their reading, and examined them on their studies.

But he was not permitted to remain in this comparative retirement, and to lay his bones, as he sometimes expressed a wish that he might do, near those of the sainted Burr, Edwards, Davies, and Witherspoon. After repeated solicitations, he was prevailed on to accept a call from the Independent Presbyterian Church in Savannah, Ga. In the autumn of 1806, after having laboured three years in Princeton, he removed to the South.

About this time, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from both Harvard University and Union College.

As my personal knowledge of him terminates here, I will stop by subscribing myself,

Yours very truly,

JAMES CARNAHAN.

Though the congregation with which Dr. Kollock became connected in Savannah, was one of the most opulent and influential in the Southern States, it was, at that time, in respect to its spiritual interests, in a depressed condition; and just such a man as he, was needed to bring about the desired change. He immediately addressed himself to his appropriate duties with the utmost fidelity; and, by his eloquent exhibitions of Divine truth in the pulpit, and his untiring pastoral labours out of it, he quickly succeeded, by the Divine blessing, in awakening no inconsiderable religious interest throughout the community. At the first Communion season after he entered upon his labours, twenty,—and at the second, eighteen,—made a public profession of their faith in the Gospel.

So insalubrious was the climate of Savannah and that region generally, during the latter part of summer and the early part of autumn, that, for two or three years after Dr. Kollock went there to live, his friends would not consent that he should run the hazard of remaining there during that season; and, accordingly, he spent several months each year in journeying and visiting in the Northern States. In one of these excursions he travelled through New England, and, wherever he preached, awakened the highest admiration. In Boston particularly, the multitude thronged after him, almost as their fathers had done after Whitefield; and those, who originally constituted the Park Street Congregation, are said to have had an eye upon him as their future Pastor, from the commencement of their enterprise. At any rate, they gave him a unanimous call as soon as they were in a condition to call any one; and though he ultimately declined it, it was not till after he had given it the most serious attention, and disposed of many doubts in respect to his duty.

In 1810, he was called to the Presidency of the University of Georgia; but his attachment to the ministry prevailed over all other considerations, and he declined the appointment.

In the winter of 1811, rendered memorable to the people of Savannah by the earthquakes with which their city was visited, his labours, which were exceedingly abundant, were attended with an uncommon blessing. Besides preaching with unaccustomed power on the Sabbath, he conducted several religious exercises during the week, and spent much of his time in counselling the awakened and inquiring. This was probably the most interesting

season of special attention to religion that occurred under his ministry. The result was the hopeful conversion of many persons, and a large addition to the church.

After the first few summers, Dr. Kollock remained with his people during the sickly season, and, with a most self-sacrificing spirit, exposed himself continually to the disease in all its virulence. He scrupled not to encounter the most pestilential atmosphere, that he might minister to the wants of his suffering fellow creatures, and especially that he might carry the consolations of the Gospel to the bedside of the sick and dying. But, though a merciful providence saved him from falling a victim to the fearful malady, or even being attacked by it, there is no doubt that so much labour and exposure served gradually to undermine his constitution. His health at length became so much impaired, that a temporary suspension of his labours was found to be absolutely necessary; and, by the advice of his physicians and friends, as well as in accordance with his own tastes and inclinations, he formed the purpose of crossing the ocean, and passing a few months in Europe. Accordingly, he sailed for England in March, 1817; and, after having visited the principal cities of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, he returned to his country and his charge, in the early part of November of the same year.

Dr. Kollock's tour in Europe was a source of great gratification to him, especially as it enabled him to form an acquaintance with many of the most distinguished European divines, with some of whom he kept up a correspondence during the rest of his life. He was received, wherever he went, with marked attention, and his preaching in various places in Great Britain drew crowds of admiring auditors. On his return to his people, he was met with enthusiastic demonstrations of affectionate regard. He reached Savannah on the evening of a monthly meeting for prayer. His people, delighted at the prospect of listening to him again, thronged to the place of worship, where he delivered a deeply interesting discourse on I. Samuel vii. 17. "And his return was to Ramah; for there was his house; and there he judged Israel; and there he built an altar unto the Lord."

It was for years a favourite object with Dr. Kollock to write the life of John Calvin,—believing, as he did, that no work in the language did full justice to the character of that extraordinary man. To collect the materials necessary for the successful prosecution of this object, was one inducement to his crossing the Atlantic; but his time was so limited that he found it impossible to make the investigations which he had proposed. He had actually made considerable progress in the work before his death;—enough to show that, if he had lived to carry out his plan, he would have supplied an important desideratum in the History of the Church.

During the latter part of the year 1819, the pestilence raged in Savannah with uncommon fatality. The severity of his labours, in connection no doubt with the infected atmosphere, threw him back into the enfeebled state from which his voyage to Europe had raised him. But in proportion as his physical energies decayed, and his hold on life grew precarious, his spirit became more and more absorbed with the great interests of the world to come. He had made an appointment to preach, on Sunday morning, the 12th of December, a Sermon in aid of a Society to provide for orphan children; and, though his friends saw that his strength was inadequate to the effort, and did their utmost to dissuade him from it, such were his benevo

lence and his zeal that he persisted in making the attempt. The sermon was a most touching and impressive one on the parable of "the Good Samaritan;" and it was the last that he ever preached. Notwithstanding his great exhaustion from the service, he attended church in the afternoon, and heard from a stranger a solemn discourse on Death. While he was in church, he experienced a slight paralytic affection in the arm, and, on his return home, fell at his own door, under a more violent shock. He, however, soon recovered, in a great measure, from this; and his friends began to flatter themselves that he might still be spared to them. But, on the next Sabbath morning, the disease overtook him with still greater power, depriving him of the use of his faculties, and setting all medical skill at defiance. He lingered till the 29th, and died at the age of forty-one.

Doctor Kollock was married in 1804 to Mrs. Mehetabel Campbell, widow of Alexander Campbell of Richmond, Va., and daughter of William Hylton of the Island of Jamaica. Mrs. Kollock survived her husband a number of years. He had no children.

Sometime after Dr. Kollock went to reside at the South, considerable anxiety was awakened among his friends and the Church at large, from the circulation of reports that he had indulged in too free a use of stimulating drinks; and he anticipated the unfavourable issue of an incipient ecclesiastical process, by withdrawing permanently from the Presbytery of Harmony, of which he was a member. Whatever may have been the extent of his aberration, his congregation, during the whole time, remained enthusiastically devoted to him, and all were agreed that, long before his death, his conduct in this respect, as in every other, was marked with most exemplary caution, and that he died with a highly honoured name.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM CAPERS, D. D.,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 25, 1849.

Dear Sir: I am sorry that absence from home and other causes should have so long delayed a communication, such as you solicit of me, respecting my recollections of Dr. Kollock. You say you do not wish to trouble me for any thing in the way of biographical detail, but simply for my impressions with regard to Dr. Kollock's character, and especially his eloquence. *Trouble*, my good Sir, is not the word to designate my appreciation of such a service, or the feeling with which I approach it. You honour me by thus calling on me, and I only do myself justice when I assure you that to comply with your request, as far as, at this late period, I have it in my power to do, affords me a pure and high gratification.

My acquaintance with Dr. Kollock was limited to the last year of his life; but I think I knew him well, and certainly I loved and honoured him with a most hearty and profound regard. This regard was not the result merely of admiration of his rare talents and accomplishments, but of a conviction that those talents and accomplishments were blended with a meekness and gentleness, humility and modesty, benevolence and kindness, equally rare and beautiful. I am sure that up to the time of his death, no man, perhaps no half dozen men, possessed so great an influence over the people of the city of Savannah as Dr. Kollock did. But he knew it not, and could not be brought to know it. I used to think it a pity that he could not entertain juster views of his power in this respect, as I believed he might and would have accomplished much, and much that was greatly needed, for the public good, that he did not attempt, had he

been sufficiently apprized of his own strength. And perhaps the weak point in the character of my honoured friend lay just here. He was not what you would call a brave or enterprising man. The spirit of the renewed nature in him was rather diffident than bold, and scarcely less averse from self-confidence than it was generous in its appreciation of others. I remember particular instances, on special public occasions, when, with tremulous emotion and even tears, he solicited another to take the place appropriated to himself, on the ground that he could not so advantageously occupy it, when every one else knew, and he himself proved by the performance, that it would have been a wrong to the assembly to admit a substitute. And so with respect to public measures on which he felt intensely, and which I have never doubted he might have carried,—as the reform of the unchristian abuse of making Sunday the chief market day for all articles of food, which, however, outlived his day, because, when the efforts of his friends proved insufficient, he could not believe that he might have better success himself.

Dr. Kollock's eloquence, concerning which you ask me to give you my impression, was the unique, living expression of what he believed, approved, and felt, on some great subject. Its primary elements were light and love; and its instruments, I think, were chiefly exquisite sensibility and a refined taste. His written discourses were excellent compositions, and he sometimes pronounced them with astonishing effect; but his brightest efforts of eloquence were purely extempore. Then his understanding seemed all light, his heart a fountain gushing with sensibility, every feature of his face beamed with glowing thought, and his whole person looked as if animated with a new life. Still there was no rant, no abandoning of himself to passion, nothing violent, nothing ungraceful. It made the noble speaker more noble, the elegant man more elegant. Every thing in his eloquence was alike free and chaste. I have not heard more than one speaker in my life, whom I have thought fairly on a par with him, and that was Dr. Jonathan Maxey, the first President of the South Carolina College.

Though, as I have said, my acquaintance with Dr. Kollock was during the last year of his life, when he was, much of the time, in feeble health, I have always considered him as one of the most exemplary of pastors, especially in his affectionate attentions to the poor. After his death, I had full proof of this, inasmuch as I scarcely entered a hovel where the inmates did not seem to have lost their chief friend and benefactor, and they would mourn for his death and talk of his prayers, and sympathies, and alms, after a sort that beggared all the ado made by the men of the city.

I have nothing from Dr. Kollock himself to authorize it, but from others I received what I fully believe, that he used to contribute very largely of his own salary to the support of the Baptist minister, who was an excellent man and faithful pastor, but of only common abilities for the pulpit, and having a large family, found it rather difficult to support them. He never laid up any thing for himself, but distributed, as a good steward, all that he could save of the noble salary allowed him by his numerous and wealthy congregation. He never used a carriage when he went out, but always walked, though a carriage was kept for the use of the family;—a habit which I ascribed to his love of communing with the Lord's poor, and an aversion from any thing that might prevent an opportunity of a free word with them, whenever he might happen to meet them.

His death was one of the most sublime and impressive scenes that ever came within my knowledge. He had been struck with paralysis a few days before; but hopes of his recovery were entertained until the Sabbath immediately preceding his death. On the evening of that day, public prayers were especially offered in his behalf,—it being understood that he lay profoundly comatose, and that the physicians apprehended he must continue so for some indefinite length

of time, and then die. Notices were read from the different pulpits, inviting his Christian friends to meet at his church for prayer at ten o'clock the next morning. The meeting was continued at four o'clock in the afternoon, and again the following day at the same hours. I think that it was on Wednesday, while we were in meeting, that a messenger ran hastily in, saying that Dr. Kollock had come to himself, and had asked to see me; and, after a short prayer of thanksgiving, dismissing the meeting, I hastened to his bedside. There he lay with his countenance looking as if bathed in the light of the Third Heavens, serene and triumphant, while the family, consisting of Mrs. Kollock and Mrs. Wayne,—her only daughter, and the Judge, (now of the Supreme Court of the United States,) and a few special friends, were present, overwhelmed with grief. Mrs. K. was in great agony, and his attention was most tenderly directed to her, but without any symptom of trouble to his own spirit, which seemed entirely beyond the reach of agitation. He asked for Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress—the book was forthcoming, and he begged her to be comforted by a passage which he pointed out to her. I think it was just then that, observing me to approach his bed, he gently extended his hand, and as I pressed it in mine, he uttered, with some effort to speak distinctly, the following passage:—"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ." And shortly after he had spoken these words, he fell asleep in Jesus.

I regret my inability to do full justice to the memory of this extraordinary man; but, I say again, it has given me sincere pleasure, even at this late day, when most of the generation that were contemporary with him, have passed away, to render my humble testimony to his exalted merits.

Accept, Rev. Sir, the sincere respect of

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM CAPERS.

FROM THE HON. JOHN MACPHERSON BERRIEN, LL. D.

ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

ROCKINGHAM, near Clarksville, Ga., 4th September, 1849.

Rev. and dear Sir: The continued ill health of my family, and the pressure of my engagements since my return to Georgia, after an absence, with very short intervals, of more than a twelve month, have unavoidably delayed the fulfilment of my promise to give you, in this form, such recollections as might occur to me of the late Rev. Dr. Henry Kollock; and now that I am about to apply myself to its performance,—writing in this mountain region, away from books and papers which might refresh my memory, I am very sensible how imperfectly I shall accomplish it. I can call to my recollection, without an effort, a long and delightful intercourse with my departed friend, but one little marked by incidents which impress themselves on the memory, and which could be appropriately embraced in a communication like this.

My acquaintance with Dr. Kollock commenced at Princeton at a very early age. He was some years older than I was, and was advanced to the Senior class in that institution when I entered as Sophomore. From this difference of age, and of collegiate rank, our relations, which were characterized by great kindness on his part, and by sincere affection on mine, resembled in some degree those of an elder and younger brother. I do not think his mind had been at that time directed, with any particular earnestness, to religious contemplation. His disposition was lively, his spirits were buoyant, and he joined with a hearty good-

will in the sports and pastimes of his college companions. We parted at Princeton to meet in Savannah, when he went there in 1806, in answer to a call from the Independent Presbyterian Congregation of that city, to become their Pastor; and, during the thirteen years of his residence there, and up to the moment of his lamented death, it was my happiness to be intimately associated with him. It belongs to his biographer to exhibit in detail his pastoral labours during that period, which was so full of interest to many who, *Deo juvante*, were called by his warning voice from "the evil to come"—I content myself with bearing testimony to the grateful recollection with which the remembrance of them is cherished by those who were the objects of his care.

Dr. Kollock continued in the pastoral charge of the congregation with which he had connected himself, notwithstanding earnest and pressing invitations to other fields of labour, presenting strong inducements to him, both as a minister of the Gospel and as a votary of literature. A congregation in Boston had unanimously called him to officiate in a new church which they had erected, with the intention that he should occupy it; and he was, with like unanimity, chosen to preside over the University of Georgia; but the devoted affection of his people, and the success which had attended his labours among them, induced him to decline these invitations. The anxiety manifested on those occasions, and the joy and gratitude with which his congregation learned his determination to remain with them, are remembered by many who still survive.

His unintermitted labours in his study, in the pulpit, and in the active discharge of his parochial duties, having impaired his health, he was urged by his congregation to visit Europe, and was furnished by them with the means of doing so. He acquiesced in their wishes, and, after a tour, which had been particularly interesting to him, returned, as it then appeared, with renovated health, to resume his ministerial labours. But his disease (which was of the heart) was steadily advancing, until, suddenly, the tidings went abroad that he had been stricken with paralysis. When, after some days, during which multitudes hovered about his house, anxiously awaiting the result, it became obvious that death was approaching,—having then the full possession of his faculties, there were some friends with whom he felt anxious to exchange a last farewell, and to leave with them his parting admonitions. Among others, I was called to his bedside, and from a sitting Court, and in the midst of an important trial in which I was engaged, repaired to his chamber. It was indeed an interesting interview, and the whole scene is deeply impressed on my memory. Dr. Kollock was suffering great pain,—for the external applications which had been made by his medical attendants, were very severe. But mind triumphed over matter. The minister of God, in his anxiety for the spiritual welfare of those around him, seemed insensible to his own sufferings. His strong intellect was yet unimpaired, and the affection which he cherished for those whom he then beheld for the last time, was warmed and quickened by the assurance of his own speedy departure. His parting admonitions were given in that spirit of deep and fervent piety, which had distinguished his ministry, and rendered doubly solemn as they were by the scene before us, were I hope, received profitably, as I am sure they were gratefully, by those to whom they were addressed. My own acquaintance with him had been of some five and twenty years, and the kindly feelings which marked its commencement had been uninterrupted during its progress. I was indebted to this, as well as to his own strong sense of duty, for the earnestness with which he adjured me to consider the transitory nature of earthly pursuits, and ever to remember that this life is but a step in the series of infinite existence to which we are destined. He had lived under a constant sense of this solemn truth, and earnestly desired to impress it upon us all. He took leave of us severally, with the calm serenity which he enjoyed, notwithstanding his bodily anguish, in the near prospect of the happiness which awaited

him, while our hearts were saddened by the reflection that a cherished friend, a devoted minister, was about to be called away from us.

Dr. Kollock had a strong and highly cultivated mind,—a quick perception, a lively imagination; and with these was combined a delicacy of taste, which banished from his writings all meretricious ornament. He was learned in his profession, but his acquisitions were by no means limited to it. He had cultivated a taste for general literature, and in conversation as well as in the pulpit, exhibited unostentatiously the stores which he had gathered. His style was simple, yet sufficiently ornate, full of pathos, and often characterized by great vigour. A peculiarly expressive countenance, a commanding presence, gestures at once appropriate and graceful, and a voice, clear, strong and melodious, gave him great advantages as a public speaker; but the charm of his pulpit exercises was found in his own deep and obvious conviction of the importance of the message which he was delivering; in the singleness and sincerity of purpose which he manifested; in his utter forgetfulness of self and entire devotion to his subject; and in the success with which he imparted his own feelings to his hearers. You saw before you an accomplished orator,—an able, faithful expositor of the sacred volume, reasoning with the accuracy of a scholar; persuading with gentle yet winning earnestness; tenderly soothing the trembling penitent, or holding up to the scoffing infidel the terrors of the law. As you listened, the man, the orator, receded from your view—you saw only the minister of God, performing his high office.

In private life, Dr. Kollock was particularly estimable. Frequent intercourse with his parishioners he felt to be a duty. He was moreover fond of society, and brought to it a fund of useful and agreeable information, a happy facility in imparting it, a cheerful benevolence, and a frank, cordial, unassuming manner, which made him always a welcome visiter. He was especially active in the discharge of his parochial duties, and prompt to give his attendance wherever sickness or sorrow called him. In seasons of affliction, he was peculiarly at home—at the bedside of the sufferer, or amid the mourners who encircled the domestic hearth, inculcating the lessons, and administering the consolations, of the religion which he taught. To this, even more than to his acknowledged excellence in the pulpit, the devotion of his congregation is to be ascribed. He was charitable in the ordinary sense of that term, to the extent of his ability, and ever ready to unite in efforts to promote the welfare of the community in which he lived.

If this very imperfect sketch may be in any degree useful to you, it will diminish the regret which I feel at having so long delayed to furnish it.

With it, accept, Reverend and dear Sir,

The respectful good wishes of

JOHN MACPHERSON BERRIEN.

ANDREW FLINN, D. D.*

1800—1820.

ANDREW FLINN was born in the State of Maryland in the year 1773. His parents, though in humble life, were much respected for their honesty and piety. When he was little more than a year old, they migrated with their family to Mecklenburg County, N. C., where his father died in August, 1785. Thus he was left under the immediate care of a widowed mother, with six small children, and with but stinted means of providing for their worldly comfort. She, however, was most faithful to her maternal obligations, and, as the reward of her fidelity, was privileged, before her death, to know that all her children were members of the visible church.

Andrew, the subject of this sketch, early gave indications of a superior genius. Being of a docile temper and active mind, his youthful developments promised well for an eminently useful life, provided he could have the benefit of a liberal education; but this the straitened circumstances of the family seemed to forbid. Some of his friends, however, observing that he was a youth of extraordinary promise, encouraged him to commence a course of study, and volunteered their aid to enable him to prosecute it. Accordingly, by vigorous and persevering application, under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. James Hall, and one or two others, he soon gained such knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and some branches of science, that he was qualified for admission into College. In due time, he entered the University of North Carolina, where he acquitted himself well both as a scholar and a Christian; and received, with considerable marks of distinction, the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1799.

From early childhood, under the influence of his excellent mother, his mind had taken a serious direction, and his heart had become deeply and permanently impressed with Divine truth. Hence he seems to have had the ministry of the Gospel in view from the commencement of his education; and, though he trembled in view of its responsibility, all his impulses and convictions were in favour of engaging in it. Accordingly, he placed himself under the care of the Presbytery of Orange, and, having gone through what was then considered a regular course of theological study, he was licensed by that Presbytery to preach the Gospel, sometime in the year 1800. His first efforts in the pulpit excited great attention, and marked him as one of the most popular candidates of the day. Having preached for some time at Hillsborough, and in some other places, he accepted, in January, 1803, an invitation to supply the pulpit in Fayetteville, which had then been vacant about a year, in consequence of the Rev. John Robinson having resigned his pastoral charge. Here his preaching proved highly and universally acceptable. The previous steps having been taken,—he was, in the month of June, regularly ordained to the work of the ministry, and installed Pastor of that Church. On this occasion, the solemnity of ordination was witnessed in Fayetteville for the first time, and it drew together a vast concourse of people.

* Rev. Dr. J. P. Wilson's Fun. Serm.—MS. from Rev. Dr. Leland.—Foote's Sketches of N. C.—Manual 2d Presb. Ch., Charleston, by Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D.

Until the settlement of Mr. Flinn, it had been common in that whole region to administer the ordinance of Baptism to children at home, or in some private house. The custom had grown out of the fact that there were at that time so few ministers, and their places of preaching were so irregular and distant, that parents felt obliged to call upon them to baptize their children, whenever they had opportunity. Mr. Flinn, regarding this as a serious evil, set himself to remedy it. On Sabbath, the 22d of April, 1804, the first public baptism of children took place in Fayetteville, in the Court House, and in the presence of a large and deeply interested assembly. The numerous relatives and friends of the parents gathered around them, and gave them the Right Hand of Fellowship, thus cordially testifying their approbation of their example. From that time the ordinance was administered in public.

Mr. Flinn was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties as a Pastor; and was obliged, besides, to teach a school, in order to make out a competent support. But in the latter part of the year 1805, his united labours as Pastor and Teacher became so oppressive, that he felt himself obliged to resign his charge. He now removed to Camden, S. C., where he was instrumental in organizing and building up a very respectable Presbyterian Congregation. After labouring there for a short time, he went to Williamsburg District, and preached for a while to the Churches of Bethel and Indiantown. But it was not long before he visited Charleston, and preached several times in the Scotch Presbyterian Church. So great was the sensation produced by his fervid eloquence, that a project was immediately formed to build a new and elegant Presbyterian Church in the upper part of the city, with the express intention to secure his pastoral services. And such was the enthusiasm evinced on the occasion, that a very large subscription was raised, and the foundation of an edifice laid, which cost not less than a hundred thousand dollars. While this new church was in process of erection, the congregation was organized, and obtained the use of a vacant Methodist place of worship, in which Mr. Flinn commenced his ministry, and continued to preach until the new edifice was completed. He was installed Pastor of the Congregation on the 4th of April, 1811. In November of this year, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of North Carolina. In 1812, he was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

As Charleston was undoubtedly the theatre of Dr. Flinn's most important labours, so it was here especially that he gained his wide and brilliant reputation. He soon came to be known extensively in the Church,—and in the North as well as the South,—as one of the most impressive and attractive preachers of his day. His labours in Charleston were attended with a manifest blessing, and both his Church and Congregation had a rapid and healthful growth. He continued in this connection till the close of his life. He died after a long and painful illness, on the 24th of February, 1820, in the forty-eighth year of his age. In his last moments he took an affectionate farewell of his mourning family and friends, and then, with perfect composure, raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, and said, "Jesus, into thine hands I commend my spirit." A Sermon commemorative of his life and character was preached, in September following his death, to the people to whom he had ministered, by Rev. George Reid. The Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson, of Philadelphia, Dr. Flinn's intimate

friend, preached a similar discourse, shortly after his death,—an outline of which, taken by a stenographer, was afterwards printed, in connection with a brief memoir of Dr. Flinn's life. Mr. Reid's Sermon was also printed.

Dr. Flinn's publications are a Sermon occasioned by the death of the Hon. Judge Wilds, delivered by the desire of the gentlemen of the Bar of Charleston, 1810; a Sermon preached at the Dedication of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, 1811; and a Sermon commemorative of the Rev. Dr. Keith, 1814.

Dr. Flinn was twice married. His first wife was Martha Henrietta Walker, who died in 1808,—the mother of one daughter, who was married to the Rev. John Dickson.* His second wife was Mrs. Eliza Grimball, widow of John Grimball, by whom he had no issue.

FROM THE REV. A. W. LELAND, D. D.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
COLUMBIA, S. C., June 8, 1858.

My dear Brother: I had no personal acquaintance with Dr. Flinn, previous to his settlement in Charleston, in 1810. But, as I became Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that city, in 1813, I was in habits of such close intimacy with him that I could not fail of being well acquainted with his character as a Man, a Christian, and a Minister. Such impressions as I received in respect to him, I cheerfully communicate to you.

In his personal appearance Dr. Flinn was both attractive and commanding in a high degree. Dignity and mildness characterized his whole deportment. Though rather below the ordinary height, his presence always commanded profound respect. His voice, his manner and countenance, were most pleasing and persuasive. Probably his powerful eloquence in the pulpit hardly produced more salutary impressions, than the kindness of his manner, and the charm of his social intercourse.

As a preacher, he was distinguished by earnestness, solemnity, and pathos. He maintained and vindicated the doctrines of grace with singular boldness and ability. He was thoroughly a Presbyterian of the Old School. The all-absorbing object of his ministry was to awaken the consciences of men, and lead them to the Saviour. The Cross and the Judgment Seat were ever prominently presented. In his pastoral labours, in private lectures and prayer meetings, his whole heart was evidently engaged to save the souls committed to his charge. Hence, as might be expected, the attachment of his flock was most devoted; while his affection for them was manifested, not only by his untiring labours to promote their spiritual good, but by a prompt rejection of several overtures to induce his removal to most advantageous situations.

In his attendance upon the judicatories of the Church, Dr. Flinn was faithful and exemplary. Whether he was found in the General Assembly, or in the meetings of Synods and Presbyteries, his personal influence, his judicious counsels, and his glowing zeal, were always highly appreciated.

I may say with confidence that Dr. Flinn was exceedingly endeared to all who were brought near to him. He was a most sincere and faithful friend, and would

* John Dickson was born in Charleston, S. C., November 4, 1795; was graduated at Yale College, in 1814; pursued his theological studies partly in private and partly at the Andover Seminary; was licensed to preach by the New Haven West Association; and, as he was prevented from settling as a regular pastor, by the state of his health, he engaged in teaching, and was for some time Professor of Moral Philosophy in Charleston College. Having supplied many churches, at different periods, especially the Third Presbyterian, First Baptist, and Mariners', Churches in Charleston, he removed to Asheville, N. C., where he founded both a Male and a Female Academy, the latter of which was the germ of the present Methodist Female College. He died in Asheville, September 28, 1847. He published a volume of ten Sermons, entitled, "Essentials of Religion."

always be on the alert to serve you by any means in his power. In his relations to the community, he was benevolent, public spirited and actively useful,—making it evident to all that he had learned to live not for himself alone. He was particularly distinguished for his liberality and zealous advocacy in sustaining all the benevolent institutions of the Church. His efficient labours and pecuniary contributions in the early endowment of some of them were worthy of all praise. And of his ministry it may be said with much truth that "he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people were added to the Church."

I will close these fragmentary recollections of my beloved and lamented brother by an illustrative anecdote, which I received upon such authority, that I am sure of its truth. On one occasion, a rebellion broke out among the students of the University of North Carolina, who became so enraged that they actually offered personal violence to the Professors. Mr. Flinn, being on the spot, and disapproving of the procedure, came in for a share of their indignation. While they were actually pursuing him with a view to deal their blows upon his person, he mounted a stump, and appealed to the infuriated mob in so persuasive and eloquent a strain, as not only utterly to disarm them, but to change their raging menaces into shouts of delighted admiration. This incident, as I have reason to know, first disclosed to him his extraordinary powers of eloquence, and thus had an important bearing upon his subsequent course.

I am affectionately yours,

A. W. LELAND.

JAMES INGLIS, D. D.*

1801—1820.

James Inglis was born in the city of Philadelphia in the year 1777. His father, James Inglis, was a Scotchman, who came to this country in early life,—about 1760. His mother, who was of Huguenot ancestry, was born in Ireland, but came also to America in early childhood,—about 1748, and passed the period of her minority chiefly in Philadelphia.

The subject of this sketch was about three years old, when his father removed to the city of New York; and there he (the son) was reared and educated. He was graduated at Columbia College in 1795. Shortly after, he commenced the study of Law under Alexander Hamilton, and, having passed through a regular course, was admitted as a practitioner, and for a short time actually practised at the New York Bar. His mind having become deeply impressed with the subject of religion, he resolved to abandon the profession on which he had entered, and devote himself to the ministry. He studied Theology under the direction of the venerable Dr. Rodgers of New York, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York in the autumn of 1801. He visited Baltimore soon after, and in February, 1802, was called to succeed the Rev. Dr. Allison as Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that city. He accepted the call, and was ordained and installed the last Sabbath in April following,—the Sermon

* MSS. from his son,—Rev. G. S. Inglis, and Rev. Dr. J. C. Backus.

on the occasion being preached by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of New Jersey College.

In November, 1802, he was married to Jane S., second daughter of Christopher Johnson, of Baltimore,—a lady of great intelligence and most exemplary piety, who died on the 2d of September 1816, a little less than four years before himself. Shortly after her death, he addressed a letter to his particular friend, the Rev. Dr. Muir of Alexandria, detailing the progress of her decline, and the triumphant exercises of her spirit, with singular pathos and power. It was published in the "Monthly Visitant,"—a periodical which Dr. Muir at that time conducted.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of New Jersey in 1811.

Dr. Inglis' public career seems to have been, for the most part, of uniform tenor, and distinguished for the splendour and attractiveness of his ministrations, rather than for any extraordinary visible and enduring results. He died suddenly, after coming out of a bath, on Sabbath morning, August 15, 1820, leaving behind him a family of seven children; one of whom, *George S.*, has since become a minister of the Gospel.

Dr. Inglis' publications are a Sermon delivered in the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore on a day of Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer, appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, 1808; a Missionary Sermon delivered in the city of Philadelphia, before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, 1812; and a Discourse delivered in the First Presbyterian Church in the city of Baltimore, before the Lieutenant Colonel, the officers and soldiers of the First Regiment of Artillery, 1814. Shortly after his death, in 1820, a selection from his Sermons, together with some of his Forms of Prayer, were published in an octavo volume.

I saw Dr. Inglis for the first time in the spring of 1809, at Ellington, Conn., where he attended the meeting of the General Association of Connecticut, as a delegate from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Though I was a mere boy, and only saw him in the pulpit, I well remember how much I was impressed by his dignified appearance, his fine voice and commanding manner, as well as the point and power of many of his sentences; and if I had never heard of him afterwards, I think I should always have remembered him as among the most eloquent preachers to whom I have ever listened. I distinctly recollect that his sermon, which was on the text,—"God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God,"—closed with these words—"Delay not, careless sinner, delay not one instant,—that instant may be thy last;" and the expression, though not in itself remarkable, yet uttered in his impressive and emphatic manner, sent a thrill to my inmost soul. His preaching produced no inconsiderable sensation among the ministers as well as the people at large; and I recollect to have heard of his having preached on the succeeding Sabbath at Hartford, to the great admiration of the whole community. President Dwight heard him, either during that visit to the North, or at some other time; and, in hearing a recitation of my class in College, on Blair's Lectures, he remarked to us that the most signal instance of precision in style that he remembered to have met with was in Mr. Inglis of Baltimore.

A year after my graduation, I passed a week in Baltimore on my return from Virginia, where I had been residing, and during that time had not only an opportunity of hearing Dr. Inglis preach twice on the Sabbath, and once on a week-day evening, but saw him several times in his own family. I found him exceedingly affable and kind, full of amusing anecdote, and disposed to dwell much on his visit in New England at the time I had heard him preach; and he seemed to have treasured the most minute circumstances attending it. His sermon on Sabbath morning, which was much the most striking that I heard from him, was aimed against bigotry on the one hand, and latitudinarianism on the other. It was delivered without notes, and, as he afterwards told me, was not written; but the sentences were formed so perfectly, and uttered with so much fluency and self-possession, that it might easily have been taken for a carefully written discourse. I believe he was accustomed to close his discourses in a somewhat abrupt, and often most effective, manner; and thus it was with the sermon to which I refer. "Strangle heterodoxy," said he;—"Strangle the monster till not one drop of blood remain in his poisonous veins; but spare the heterodox. Crush error; but, upon the peril of your soul's eternal salvation, touch not the errorist. My religion forbids it. My religion abhors it. My religion will not suffer it under any form or palliative whatever—the spirit of the Gospel forbids it—Let us pray."

FROM THE HON. ALEXANDER NISBET.

BALTIMORE, December 23, 1847.

My dear Sir: I have received your letter of the 22d ult., and am truly sorry that you should have thought it necessary to make any apology for addressing me on such a subject, and for so worthy an end. At the time I received your letter, my engagements in Court and otherwise were such as to prevent me from giving it immediate attention; and now that I have more leisure, I am greatly in doubt whether my recollections will be of sufficient importance to answer the purpose you have in view.

I removed to this place in the autumn of the year 1801. At that time Dr. Allison, the first Pastor of the only Presbyterian Church then in the city, was too ill to attend to his usual public duties. From that period until the election of Dr. Inglis, the congregation depended upon occasional supplies. After the death of Dr. Allison, the prominent candidates were Dr. Alexander, Dr. Inglis, and Dr. Glendy. The latter was strongly recommended by Mr. Jefferson, who was then President of the United States.

Dr. Alexander was first chosen by the congregation; but, owing, I believe, to some *faux pas* or tergiversation in the prosecution of the call, he did not accept. The contest then lay between Dr. Inglis and Dr. Glendy; and, after a very spirited and close election, Dr. Inglis was chosen. The supporters of Dr. Glendy broke off from the First, and formed the Second, Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Glendy continued the active Pastor, until, in his declining years and health, Dr. John Breckenridge was called to be his assistant.

At the time Dr. Inglis first preached in our church, Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith of Princeton, being then on a visit here, conversed with me freely about him, and expressed the highest admiration of his talents. He even went so far as to say that he envied him his style of writing. I have myself always admired his style as remarkably clear, forcible and eloquent, though I have sometimes thought it too much condensed. I read his printed sermons to this day with great satisfaction; though it is not improbable that my estimation of them is

somewhat enhanced, from having heard them delivered in such a splendidly oratorical manner, as well as from the early associations in the church which they bring to my remembrance.

His occasional apostrophes were very impressive, and sometimes almost paralyzing. I have yet a distinct recollection of the effect of several of them. As an example I may refer you to one that I find in his published sermon on the text, "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you;" James iv. 8. The closing paragraph is as follows:—

"Ministers of the cross—servants of the living God—commissioned to carry to the expiring saint the annunciation of a glory that shall shortly be his—you come to teach him—how often do you learn of him—how to die. From his weakness you derive strength; from his mortality, life. You instruct—you exhort—you pray for him—you endeavour to guide his devotions,—but ere long you confess yourselves his pupils. In his soul is the earnest of immortality; the radiance of salvation beams from his eyes; and his tongue, eloquent in the agonies of nature, and touched by the fire that blazes on the altars of Heaven, proclaims—Live the life of the righteous, and your death shall be like his. Be my soul with thine, expiring believer! I had rather be that dying saint than any living sinner on the throne of empire! Be mine that requiem with which they chant their own blessed spirits into eternity,—Jehovah is my Shepherd; I shall not want, &c. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day on this earth,—and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God—whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold—therefore my heart is glad and my glory rejoiceth; for thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer me to perish in corruption—thou wilt show me the path of life—in thy presence is fulness of joy—at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore. Hallelujah—blessing, and honour, and glory, and power to HIM that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever, Amen."

The last Sermon in the volume, on "Universal Praise," would be considered by many, in some of its parts, as overstrained and grandiloquent. But, during its delivery, there was neither time nor room for such criticisms; and such was the effect upon the congregation, that, although the Doctor concluded with prayer, as usual, yet some, on leaving the church, were inquiring how it happened that he omitted the last prayer. I mention these things to show you how perfectly he possessed, and how skilfully he practised, the great art of oratory. But when I thus speak of the power and charm of his manner in the pulpit, I do not mean in any degree to detract from his judgment, eloquence, and taste, as an author. I ought to say, however, in respect to his published sermons, that I do not think the selection the best that might have been made.

It was the universal testimony of Christians of all denominations, that Dr. Inglis was unsurpassed in the fervency and impressiveness of his devotional exercises. I remember, before his election, an aged and respectable member of the church told me that he had been advised by one of our old Presbyterian fathers to choose a Pastor with reference to his prayers, rather than his preaching; and for that reason he preferred Dr. Inglis. Few, I imagine, who ever heard him pray on a special occasion, have forgotten how aptly, concisely and gracefully he combined the various circumstances having a bearing upon it, thus investing the occasion with the deepest interest, and filling the minds of his hearers alternately with emotions of solemnity and delight.

I will only add that, though there was occasionally some appearance of sternness in his manner, yet, in his ordinary intercourse with society, he made himself highly acceptable, and there are not a few to testify that he was a most agreeable and charming companion and friend. He had a strong relish for good society, and

greatly enjoyed a cheerful conversation, in which he always bore a conspicuous part, and shone with no common lustre.

On looking back upon what I have written, it seems to me very meagre, and I fear may prove to you very unsatisfactory. Such as it is, you must take it, making due allowance for defect of memory, and the long period that has elapsed since Dr. Inglis' death.

I remain, with great regard,

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER NISBET.

FROM J. MEREDITH, Esq.

BALTIMORE, October 23, 1855.

Rev. and dear Sir: I regret that, after so great a delay, for which I owe an apology, I find that I have little more than a few general recollections of Dr. Inglis to communicate. For, although I enjoyed the privilege of much personal intercourse with him, time has effaced from my memory many circumstances that would have better served to delineate his character.

The possession of his portrait—a gift from himself—aids my remembrance of his personal appearance. In stature he was somewhat below the medium height; but still well formed for strength and activity. His forehead was broad and massive; his hair and complexion dark; his brows heavy; his eyes gray and piercing, but their expression weakened in the pulpit by his habitual use of glasses. His features were strongly marked, and when in repose, wore an expression of austereness. Yet in society he was cheerful, affable and courteous.

Dr. Inglis was largely gifted with many of the essential elements of oratorical power. His voice was full, clear, and capable of great varieties of modulation. His enunciation was deliberate and distinct; his action subdued but graceful; always appropriate, and seemingly unstudied. His whole manner was eminently dignified and impressive.

He was accounted a sound theologian; a good classical scholar, and familiar with the best English literature, which, with a pure and discriminating taste, he often made tributary to the adornment and illustration of his discourses.

He usually preached with his sermon before him, but did not confine himself to it; for I do not remember to have heard one in which many of the most striking and eloquent passages were not evidently extemporaneous.

I well remember, for example, the one to which you have alluded,—on Praise. It was preached to conciliate a portion of his congregation, who had protested against the introduction of the organ as an objectionable innovation upon the long established forms of Presbyterian worship. I was present; and, even at this distance of time, retain a vivid remembrance of the effect produced by that discourse. So vivid that I can almost imagine that I still hear the exultant hosannas of praise,—peal after peal echoing in every heart; that I yet see awe and admiration figured on the countenances of old and young;—that I again listen to the closing strain of that triumphant anthem,—to that sublime and wonder-working peroration which, before it ended, startled so many to their feet, as if by an electric shock.

If you have read the sermon in the published volume, you may well think this description much too highly coloured. But that is not the sermon as I heard it: the voice, the eye, the action, are not there;—the flashes of eloquence which so dazzled the mind's eye of every hearer, are not visible on the printed page;—the preacher himself, in the solitude of his closet, could not rekindle them. "Every attempt to preserve on paper the splendid efforts of impassioned eloquence, is like gathering up dew drops, which appear as jewels and pearls on the grass, but turn to water in the hand—the essence and the elements remain,—

but the grace, the sparkle, and the form, are gone." These are the words of a poet; but they are as true as they are beautiful.

The prayers of Dr. Inglis were not only remarkable for the devoutness with which they were offered, but for their method and condensation, and were frequently interspersed with well chosen passages from the Episcopal Liturgy.

In closing this brief and imperfect sketch, I will only add that, in the general judgment, Dr. Inglis was ranked—I think justly—among the great pulpit orators of his time; and is therefore well worthy of a distinguished place in your gallery of eminent divines.

I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Rev. and dear Sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. MEREDITH.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS B. BALCH.

RINGWOOD, Va., March 16, 1848.

My dear Sir: My earliest recollection of Dr. Inglis goes no farther back than the autumn of 1809. At a meeting of the Presbytery of Baltimore, which was then held in the church in Georgetown, D. C., he officiated in the afternoon of the Sabbath that was included in the sessions of that body. Being a youth at the time, my admiration of him as a pulpit orator was possibly excessive; but there was something about him which well nigh entranced me. His stature was indeed rather low; but he stood up with a bold front, and spoke with an air of authority, inspired by a perfect mastery of his subject. He seemed to have measured exactly the space that was to be filled by his voice. His intonations were remarkably fine, and his general manner simple, though it afterwards became more showy and imposing. I recollect that his text on the occasion referred to, was from the second chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews:—"Forasmuch then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death, He, might destroy him that had the power of death." The discourse, though very comprehensive, was very brief: no man loved better than he the *multum in parvo*.

At the next meeting of the Presbytery, which occurred in my father's congregation, Dr. Inglis had become so popular that his services in the pulpit were put in requisition more than once. One discourse, I well remember, on the text,—"Who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." It was a grand display of the power of eloquence; but, as I just intimated, it was evident that a change had passed upon him. His gesticulation was more copious, his intonations more studied, and his general manner more lofty; but he was still wonderfully attractive and impressive.

Dr. Inglis uniformly read his discourses; but his reading was very perfect. He wasted no time in introducing his subject. He made liberal use of the Bible in all his sermons, quoting appropriately from every part of it in confirmation of his positions. He was a preacher admirably suited to occasions of public interest, and such occasions called forth some of his finest efforts. He read Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Bossuet, in the original, and admired them greatly. He studied the Psalms profoundly and devoutly. He was a great lover of music, and liked particularly a fine performance upon the organ.

Besides the volume of his sermons printed after his death, there were several in pamphlet form published during his life time. One of these I regard as particularly eloquent. It was delivered before the Military of Baltimore, in commemoration of the Battle of North Point; but I suppose that it has gone down to the grave, where this class of productions generally find an early resting place, though it certainly deserved a better fate.

Dr. Inglis had many excellent moral qualities, and fine domestic traits, upon which it is needless to enlarge. He also evinced a truly devout spirit, though I do not claim for him, as he certainly did not claim for himself, an exemption from the infirmities of our common humanity. By his congregation, as well as by his more immediate friends, he was tenderly and deservedly beloved. I will only add that

I am yours as ever,

THOMAS B. BALCH.

CONRAD SPEECE, D. D.

1801—1836.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM BROWN.

AUGUSTA COUNTY, Va., April 26, 1856.

Dear Sir: You have kindly requested me to send you a brief memoir of my immediate predecessor, REV. CONRAD SPEECE, D. D. His name is well worthy of a place among those whom the good would love to remember. He was a true son of Virginia—was born, lived, and died in her bosom. He was great among the greatest of her preachers,—few proclaiming the Gospel more abundantly, or more powerfully. A man too of acknowledged genius and learning, of sincere piety, of warm friendships, of attractive social qualities, all together making him the life of every company he entered.

Many will think at once of his almost herculean frame, six feet and two inches of height, and, in its prime, about two hundred and thirty pounds of weight—rawboned and muscular withal. Without the slightest pretensions to gracefulness either of person or manner, his presence was very striking, and once seen, he was never forgotten. The lapse of twenty years still finds thousands in our churches with vivid impressions of his sermons—chaste in style—laden with massive matter—here and there a turn of thought or expression surprisingly original. In manner plain and solemn, save an occasional remark of outbreaking oddity,—a thing not without regret to his best friends, as well as to himself, but so much a part and parcel of Dr. Speece as to place it fairly beyond all help. And how many of us seem yet to hear the deep tones of his German voice, as it swelled out from the pulpit in the bass of his well known favourites, Mear, St. Martin's, and Old Hundred!

His father's name was Conrad Speece, the son of Conrad Speece, who migrated to this country early in the last century from Manheim, a town of Baden in Germany. The name of his mother was Ann Catharine Tournay, whose ancestry was from Deux-Ponts in France. He was born in the town of New London, Bedford County, Va., November 7, 1776. While his parents had but little of this world's goods, they were of excellent character for honesty and industry. His mother was a woman of approved piety. His father was not a member of any church, but before his death, which was in 1820, gave full expression to his entire trust in Christ as his Saviour.

In 1781, the family removed a few miles from New London, where the subject of this notice was employed in agricultural labours till 1792,

enjoying the slender advantages afforded by the common schools of the neighbourhood. It was through the instrumentality of my father, Rev. Samuel Brown, who had been one of his teachers, and had discovered his uncommon capacity, that arrangements were about this time made for his entering a grammar school near New London, where his successive instructers were Mr. Edward Graham, afterwards long a Professor in Washington College, and the late Rev. George A. Baxter, D. D.* After a few weeks of slow and embarrassed experiments, his progress was remarkably rapid. The death of his mother, in 1795, was the means of deepening the impressions of those religious truths she had early instilled into his mind. A few months afterwards he entered the Academy of Liberty Hall, since changed to Washington College, and at that time presided over by the Rev. William Graham, its distinguished founder. Here new associates soon banished serious things in a measure from his thoughts. But in a little while his interest was renewed and deepened. In the contemplation, however, of some of the most mysterious doctrines of Scripture, he was driven by the tempter—or, to give his own words—"by my own ignorance, and pride"—to the brink of infidelity. His rescue from this peril was by means of Jenyns' Internal Evidence, and Beattie's Evidences, put into his hands by Mr. Graham. After a deep struggle, in which he discovered, as never before, the depravity of his heart, and the need of a Divine Helper, he found righteousness, and strength, and peace in Jesus Christ. His plans of life, which had been formed for the profession of a lawyer, were now speedily changed to the purpose of preaching the Gospel. In April, 1796, he was admitted to the communion of the Presbyterian Church at New Monmouth, (Lexington had no church at that time,) and, in September following, was received a candidate under the care of the Presbytery of Lexington. His teacher in Theology was Mr. Graham. Certain difficulties, arising in his mind on the subject of Infant Baptism, led to the postponement of his licensure; and in the spring of 1799, he became a Tutor in Hampden Sidney College, then under the Presidency of his intimate friend, the late Archibald Alexander, D. D. In April, 1800, he considered it his duty to be immersed by a Baptist clergyman, and without any preliminary formality, began to preach the Gospel. But Dr. Alexander, having, shortly after this, found relief from the doubts which had also troubled his mind on the same subject, soon convinced Mr. Speece of the necessity of re-examining the whole argument. The result was that his opinions became finally and fully settled in favour of Infant Baptism; and, having respectfully withdrawn from the Baptist Communion, he was, on the 9th of April, 1801, regularly licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Hanover.

Weary of a college life, and wishing full employment in his ministry, he left Hampden Sidney in the autumn of this year, and was appointed by the Synod of Virginia as a kind of general missionary. During the period of this service, his labours were spread over a large part of Eastern Virginia, as well as along the extent of the great valley West of the Blue Ridge. In February, 1803, he commenced his connection with a Church in Montgomery County, Md., called Captain John, of which, at the time of his ordination by the Presbytery of Baltimore, April 22, 1804, he was installed

* From both of these gentlemen he received valuable aid.

Pastor. But his health becoming much impaired by successive attacks of fever, this connection was dissolved in April, 1805. During 1806, he preached in the Counties of Goochland and Fluvanna; and then, until 1812, in the Counties of Powhatan and Cumberland, Va.

In October, 1813, he was installed Pastor of Augusta Church, to which he had received a unanimous call. Here was the field of his labours for about twenty-two years, and until he was removed by death. Augusta Church is eight miles from Staunton, Va., and immediately on the main road through the Great Valley of the State,—one of the most fertile and beautiful sections of our country. It may be called the venerable mother of Presbyterianism in Virginia, having been, conjointly with Tinkling Spring, the First Church in which a regular Pastor was settled. In 1740, the Rev. John Craig,* a native of Ireland, and who had been educated at the University of Edinburgh, became its first Pastor. This was seven years before Samuel Davies visited the Colony. In 1747, their rude log structure gave place to the substantial edifice now used. At the time of its erection there was no vehicle with wheels to be found in the settlement. The rocks were all drawn on sledges, while the glass and the nails were brought on pack-horses from Williamsburg, a distance of two hundred miles. Richmond had then no existence. When Braddock's defeat, in 1755, spread terror over the whole frontier country, the hardy Scotch Irish of this community, under the superintendence of their pastor, constructed a substantial stockade fort around their church; and this, on many occasions, was their refuge from the savage foe. Its lines are still visible. Both pastor and people often carried the fatal rifle to the house of God. This congregation has been remarkable for its good order and harmony. No inconsiderable proof of this is to be found in the fact that, during its entire existence of one hundred and sixteen years, it has had but four pastors. The sepulchres of three are in the graveyard with their people, and the fourth is yet in the prime of life. It was in the bosom of this community Dr. Speece quietly fed the flock which the great Shepherd gave him, among the green pastures, and along the beautiful streams of our lovely valley. Here his peaceful life,—as with many of our best ministers,—however useful, and fruitful of eternal results, was yet unmarked by striking events. Any attempt at minute detail would swell this sketch far beyond its due measure. All that it is necessary to say may be gathered into a few particulars.

1. As a *Pastor*, he was faithful and laborious. He was not indeed commonly thought so well fitted, in some respects, for the details of private pastoral intercourse as some others. And it was, perhaps, a consciousness

*John Craig was born in the parish of Dunagor, County of Antrim, Ireland, August 17, 1709. After attending to most of the branches of a liberal education, in his own country, he went to Scotland, and became a member of the College of Edinburgh, where he graduated Master of Arts in the year 1732. He came to this country in 1734, arriving at Newcastle on the Delaware, on the 17th of August of that year. He appeared before the Donegal Presbytery in the autumn of 1736, and was taken on trial the next spring, and licensed, August 30, 1738. In the autumn of 1739, he received a call to settle at West Conecocheague, which he declined. At the close of that year he was sent to Western Virginia, and commenced the Presbyterian interest in Augusta. He gathered the two Congregations of Augusta and Tinkling Spring, and was installed as their Pastor in September, 1740. In the great schism of the Presbyterian Church, he sympathized strongly with the Old Side. He resigned the pastoral charge of Tinkling Spring in November, 1754, and preached a Sermon on the occasion which was printed, for the first time, in the Baltimore Literary and Religious Magazine, in 1840. He remained in charge of the Augusta Church till the close of his life. He died on the 21st of April, 1774, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. In the region in which he lived, his memory is still held in high veneration.

of this which led to the more special concentration of his energies upon the work of public preaching. Here was unquestionably his great strength, and in this his labours were abundant. The discourses delivered by him during his connection with this congregation numbered three thousand, embracing an uncommon variety of texts. Nor was his ministry unblessed of God. Three hundred and fifty names were added to the church upon profession of their faith. The attachment of his people was uncommonly strong; and when he received, only a few years before his death, a unanimous invitation to become the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Staunton, the proposal was instantly met by a strong and unanimous opposition from his congregation.

2. As a *Ruler* in the Church of God, his services were of great value. His place was seldom vacant in our judicatories, and when present, he devoted his attention closely to the business in hand. A judgment of uncommon soundness on all matters embraced in the deliberations of such bodies, gave his opinions great influence in our Presbytery, and Synod, and General Assembly.

3. Among the *Benevolent operations* of the day the Bible Society was his favourite; and upon this he bestowed liberal benefactions. In the cause of African Colonization also he took a deep interest. The Annual Reports which he drew up for the Society in this county contain sentiments hardly surpassed, in force and compass of view, by any to be met with elsewhere on that subject. But the Temperance reformation, more than any other movement, drew out the utmost powers of his mind in its promotion. Kind in his feelings, wise in his measures, and of conservative views, he abhorred the denunciations of some, and the extravagancies of others; but was, through all, an uncompromising foe of intemperance. All over this community, and wherever occasion offered, he brought down his huge battle axe upon the head of this deadly evil, and with prodigious effect.

4. The published productions of Dr. Speece are of a merit fairly claiming for him honourable mention as an *Auther*. The most considerable production of his pen is "The Mountaineer,"—a small volume containing fifty-six papers, written in 1813–1816, and after the manner of "The Spectator." It has gone through three editions,—is highly creditable to the writer, and some of the pieces are of great excellence.

From manuscripts of Dr. S. in my possession, I find that his other publications number in all one hundred and fifty, both in prose and in verse, and upon a great variety of subjects. The most important of his poetical compositions is an excellent hymn under the title—"The Cross of Christ,"—first published, as many of his pieces were, in the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine, Vol. 2. It is now the 372d Hymn of the General Assembly's Collection. This was written when he was twenty-four years of age.

His published Sermons are,—"Christ Crucified:" preached by appointment before the General Assembly, May 21, 1810; on Proverbs xxi. 31: preached in Cumberland, Va., August 20, 1812, the day appointed by the President of the United States for humiliation and prayer; on the death of Mrs. Martha Nicholas, 1812; on Ecclesiastes xii. 10: preached at the opening of the Presbytery of Lexington, 1824; on Isaiah lv. 10, 11: preached in Fredericksburg, Va., at the ordination and installation of Rev. Samuel B. Wilson, 1824; on the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Hendren, 1832.

He was also a large contributor to the Virginia Evangelical and Literary Magazine, edited by his intimate friend, the lamented John H. Rice, D. D.

In October, 1835, he attended the meeting of the Synod of Virginia in Prince Edward for the last time, and presided over its deliberations. This meeting will be long remembered as one of great interest, to which the visit of the venerable Dr. Alexander to the scene of his early ministry greatly contributed. In that Synod he still found, among his long tried friends, Doctors Baxter, Hill, and Speece. The Sabbath day was a feast indeed to hundreds. Dr. Alexander preached in the morning; and who ever heard even *him* preach better? But the sermon did not surpass the interest excited by the address preceding the administration of the Lord's Supper, delivered by Dr. Speece. The simplicity, the originality, the subdued, but elevated fervour pervading it throughout, made it almost inimitable. How many Christians felt, that day, as if brought to "the very gate of Heaven!" And when, with deep and tender emotions, he referred to the penitent thief on the cross, and his own hope soon to enter the Heavenly world, and his wish to search out that thief among the happy throng, and taking him by the hand to say—"My brother, now tell me, under all the circumstances of the case, which of us, poor sinners, is the greater debtor to the grace of our Divine Saviour?"—the effect upon the assembly was overwhelming.

From Prince Edward he made a final visit to his old friends in the Counties of Powhatan and Cumberland. Of his feelings during this visit in Eastern Virginia he makes a brief record on his return home: "During this excursion below the Blue Ridge, I have been as one walking in a fascinating but melancholy dream. Emigration, and death still more, have taken away many of the old friends in that region whom I loved; and the few that remain, appeared to me, for the most part, strikingly marked with the traces of age and debility. I seemed to be looking at countenances of which time had stolen the half, or two thirds, or even a greater proportion, forever away. Thus 'we all do fade as a leaf:' but blessed be God, we hope to obtain a better world, where sorrow, and infirmity, and death are known no more." To that "better world" he was fast drawing near. On Sabbath, December 27, 1835, and within a very few minutes after leaving the pulpit, he was seized with a violent pain in his left breast, (angina pectoris,) causing him almost instantaneously to faint, and sink to the floor. The sensation experienced he afterwards compared, in his own graphic way, to "a kind of *invisible rifle-shot*." Under powerful applications immediately administered he soon revived, and the threatening symptoms of the disease were abated. He now evidently anticipated a sudden death. "What a solemn warning was this to me to be ready, at a moment's notice, for the summons to eternity! God give me grace so to use this awful dispensation of his providence."

He lived to preach five discourses after this, but manifestly under great physical prostration. His last was on Saturday, February 15, 1836. It was a Temperance Sermon on the text "Is this thy kindness to thy friend?"—and was thought by his friends one of the very best they had ever heard from him. On the next morning, the Sabbath, and while riding to the church, he was again attacked by the same terrible disease, but not with the same violence as before. But he was waiting for the "coming of the Lord." He expressed to all around his entire confidence in the Saviour. On Monday night, and when he was thought to be recovering, the final summons

came, and in a few moments he yielded up his spirit to "God who gave it." He died in the sixtieth year of his age.

Believe me, dear Sir, most sincerely yours,

WILLIAM BROWN.

FROM THE REV. HENRY RUFFNER, D. D.

LEXINGTON, Va., January 28, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: I have just received your letter asking for my impressions respecting the late Rev. Dr. Speece. I give them cheerfully, but, owing to a pressure of other engagements, less fully and deliberately, than I otherwise should.

Dr. Speece manifested his capacity for scholarship at an early age. Edward Graham, Esq., late Professor in our Washington College, was teaching a classical school in the New London Academy, not far from old Mr. Speece's, when Conrad was sent thither to learn whatever he could or would. Mr. Graham beheld in him an awkward, uncouth Dutch boy, apparently overgrown for his age, and to a superficial observer of too rough a material to be polished into any sort of refinement. But he soon saw that he was, mentally at least, a rough diamond. He set him at the Latin Grammar. The big boy looked at it, turned over the leaves from beginning to end, and when called on said his *hic, hæc, hoc*, &c., very accurately, but rather morosely; saying that he did not understand what it meant, and would rather learn something else. Mr. Graham persuaded him to go on; and so he did, with such accelerated speed and growing encouragement, that he distanced all his class mates, and was no less distinguished for the accuracy than the rapidity of his acquirements. This was the foreshadowing of his future history. But it is not his history, but a delineation of his character, that you request of me.

In person Dr. Speece was tall, large and lubberly—somewhat like the Lexicographer, *Dr. Johnson*. In respect to his intellect, he was remarkable for the clearness, method, and precision of his thoughts, and consequently for the ready command of his knowledge, and the perfect fluency and perspicuity of his expressions. I have heard him utter perhaps millions of words, but I know not that I ever heard him hesitate for a word, or use one that was improper.

He was a great reader of books, both theological and literary. Yet he was not a great student, if by this term we understand a man who studies a particular subject until he is thoroughly acquainted with it. Hence he was not a man of science in the highest sense of the term; but rather a man of extensive knowledge, which his quick and retentive mind had always in its view, like a wide landscape before the eye.

He excelled in conversation; was full of a droll humour, that never hurt, but always diverted, his company. His peculiar humour sometimes showed itself in the pulpit, but on account of its incongruity with the place, not always with happy effect.

As a preacher, he was fluent, clear and instructive. His deep, sonorous voice filled the ears of the largest audience; but he was rather monotonous in the manner of his delivery, and never rose to a very high pitch of eloquence.

He rarely wrote his sermons or spent much time in premeditating them; yet such was his readiness of thought, clearness of method, and perfect propriety of expression, that a literal copy of his extemporaneous discourses would have needed no correction for the press.

He did not excel as a writer. The style of his writings was inferior to that of his extemporary discourses, and his ordinary conversation. His ready mind seemed to feel cramped and embarrassed by the slow mechanical process of

writing. Though an admirer of poetry, he had little imagination: his taste was therefore correct rather than delicate, and his style lacked embellishment.

He was a sincere and good-hearted Christian, void of enthusiasm, and hence not of the class called revival preachers. His principles were strictly orthodox, and his morality exemplary; and yet truth requires me to say that his economy, to say the least, verged to a point, beyond which it would have ceased to be a virtue. He was of the German stock of frugal farmers, and though long soaked in Virginianism and Presbyterianism, he still retained some spice of the native sap. He was an old bachelor withal, and having thus the centre of human attraction in the centre of his own self, his whole system tended to contraction. But this was after all a mere blemish in a great and good man; and happy are they whose spotless character shall entitle them to cast a stone at his with its one spot.

Dr. Speece was regular in his attendance upon our Church judicatories, and always showed himself a wise counsellor. As he grew somewhat old, and became more corpulent and more difficult of locomotion, requiring a giant of a horse to carry him, (by the bye, he once crushed his horse to death, when the unfortunate animal fell under his weight, upon a smooth limestone rock,) he complained of the difficulty of getting to Presbytery, when it met over rugged Western mountains, and especially when he had to travel over the worst mountain-road in Virginia—it was over the huge, Wild Cheat Mountain;—and on one occasion he so crippled his horse that he resolved that, after his return, he would never travel that road of cleft rocks, deep mire, and tangled tree-roots again. So when at last, he reached the foot of the mountain next to his home, he solemnly wheeled his horse towards this spruce-covered terror of travellers, doffed his broad-brimmed hat, of inexpressible shape, bowed after his indescribable manner, and said, "Farewell, Cheat Mountain, we shall never meet again." It was something like Mountain nodding to Mountain, and frowning one at the other.

His distinguished talents and learning procured for him, at middle age, in 1820, the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity from Princeton College; but he was not covetous of public honours nor of high station. Give him his pulpit, his parishioners, his literary friends, and his books; and the world might take all the rest with his hearty consent. I ought perhaps to except *tobacco*—"the weed," as he called it, which was to him almost as indispensable as books. He was an enormous chewer, and a zealous advocate of the use of this drug. Many were the pleasant and droll sayings that he uttered concerning it. But probably it shortened his days. Old Father Mitchel, of Bedford, used to say, after his eightieth winter, that if tobacco was a poison, it was a slow one, for he had chewed it for seventy years. But Dr. Speece, being only three times as large as Father Mitchel, consumed at least six times as much in twenty-four hours. He literally slept with his cheek full of it.

This is all that I can say off hand about Dr. Speece, and it may at least serve to give you some idea of his peculiar mental and moral constitution.

Yours in brotherhood,

H. RUFFNER.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM HILL, D.D.

WINCHESTER, Va., April 9, 1848.

Dear Sir: The Rev. Dr. Speece, concerning whom you ask for my reminiscences, was for many years my intimate friend, and I am happy in the opportunity of rendering a tribute to his memory. I shall, however, give you my recollections as they happen to occur, rather than attempt a full portrait of his character.

Nobody who knew Dr. Speece could doubt that he was, in many respects, an extraordinary man. With an uncommonly forbidding exterior, he had a mind of great strength and compass, and was by no means destitute of the milk of human kindness. With his particular friends he would unbend with great familiarity, and render himself exceedingly agreeable; while he was not particularly social among strangers, and towards those for whom he had no respect he maintained a pretty uniformly stern and distant attitude.

He may be said to have had a place among the more eminent preachers of his day. His sermons, though far from being unstudied, were seldom, if ever, written out. His thoughts were strong and pertinent, and his style rather perspicuous than ornate. Had he possessed an agreeable and well modulated voice, and in other respects an attractive manner, he would undoubtedly have enjoyed a measure of popularity as a preacher which he never reached. But in these latter particulars he was very deficient. His voice was coarse, monotonous, and very little susceptible of modulation; while his gestures, if he made any, were stiff and awkward, his head being a little inclined to one side, with a frown on his forehead.

As an illustration of what I have just stated, I may mention a circumstance that occurred between Dr. Speece and the Rev. James Turner, who was one of the most remarkable pulpit orators that Virginia has produced. Mr. Turner was a man of deep feeling, glowing piety, comprehensive genius, and popular talents; but he entered the ministry late in life, and without any very mature preparation for it. But notwithstanding he was in some respects a perfect contrast to Speece, they were still on terms of the most intimate friendship. On one occasion they agreed to go out and spend a week together on a missionary tour through the destitute regions round about. They had sent out notices of a series of appointments beforehand in the part of the country through which they intended to pass. It was agreed between them that they should preach on alternate days; and he who did not preach was always to follow at the close of the sermon with an enforcing exhortation. On one of these occasions, when Speece had finished his sermon, he called upon his brother Turner to exhort; but Turner, in rather an ungracious manner, replied,—"Close the meeting—I have nothing to say." The secret of it was, that they had had a large congregation, consisting chiefly of persons who seldom had the opportunity of hearing the Gospel; and Turner was so much impressed with the idea that Speece's sermon had not met the exigency of the case, that it had put him quite out of tune, and he did not dare utter a word, feeling assured that any attempt he might make to speak, would be a failure. When the people had dispersed, Speece said to his friend Turner, "What is the matter with you now?" "Brother Speece, I do not like your preaching at all," was the reply. "If," says he, "I could command such sentiments and language as you can, I could prostrate all before me; but you drag along, and let your words drop out of your mouth, like stones out of the tail of a cart. Man, why don't you fire? Why don't you put in more powder, and fire clear, and then you might expect to do some execution." To amuse himself and his friends, and to show his admiration of Mr. Turner, Dr. Speece would often relate this incident.

I might enlarge in respect to the character and habits of my old friend, but what I have written may perhaps be sufficient for your purpose.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM HILL.

JOHN MATTHEWS, D. D.*

1801—1848.

JOHN MATTHEWS was born in Guilford County, N. C., within the bounds of the Alamance Congregation, January 19, 1772. His father emigrated from Ireland, but was married after he came to this country—he was a farmer in moderate circumstances, but, from principle, never held slaves. The early advantages for education enjoyed by the son were very limited, though his tastes were, from childhood, decidedly intellectual. Having served for some time successively at the business of a wheelwright, a house carpenter, and a cabinet-maker,—always devoting to reading whatever leisure he could command from his daily employment,—he entered, at the age of about twenty, on a course of study in the school of the Rev. Dr. David Caldwell,—an eminent teacher, and the Pastor of the Church with which his father's family was connected. He lived part of the time in Dr. Caldwell's family, paying for his board by making various scientific instruments for the use of his school; and, during one of his vacations, he made a carriage for the Doctor, which the venerable old man used for many years afterwards to boast of, as he rode in it with his visitors, as a specimen of the handiwork of one of his pupils. During another vacation, he assisted in finishing a church edifice, especially in making the pulpit; and this structure was the first one he ever occupied, after he was licensed to preach. His progress in the languages was very rapid; but he seems to have had a still greater aptitude for the study of the sciences. He was especially delighted with Astronomy; and he even formed an Orrery, or Planetarium, showing the revolution of the heavenly bodies,—which was considered as an instrument of extraordinary power and accuracy. This also he presented to his revered teacher, in whose family it is understood that it is still preserved as a valuable relic.

Having completed his preparatory course, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Orange in March, 1801, being then in his thirtieth year. The next winter, he was sent as a missionary to Natchez; and, in fulfilling this appointment, he had to traverse an extensive desolate region, where were not to be seen even the faintest traces of civilization. On his return to Carolina, he received a call, in April, 1803, from the Nutbush and Grassy Creek Churches. He accepted the call, and was installed shortly afterwards.

Mr. Matthews remained Pastor of these Churches until 1806, when he resigned his charge, and soon after was installed over the Church in Martinsburg, Va. After remaining here a little more than a year, he yielded to the urgent solicitation of the Church in Shepherdstown, Va., then vacant by the removal of Dr. Hoge to Hampden Sidney College,—to become their Pastor. He accepted this charge, not without many misgivings, particularly in consideration of the very high character of his predecessor; but the result proved that he was in no wise unworthy to succeed the man who had gone before him, though his praise had long been in all the churches. He preached as a stated supply to this Church and that of Charlestown till about 1826 or

* MSS. from his sons.—Foote's Sketches of N. C.—Dr. Wood's Fun. Serm. (MS.)

'27,—dividing his time equally between the two places, and preaching frequently also at Harper's Ferry. He then gave up his charge at Charlestown, and took that at Martinsburg in its place, dividing his time equally between Martinsburg and Charlestown till he removed to the West. Not only by the people of his immediate charge, but throughout the whole region, and indeed in the State at large, he was regarded as one of the ablest men, and one of the most useful and excellent preachers, of his day.

In 1823, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Trustees of Washington College, Pa.

In 1830, he was invited to become the Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary which had then just been established at Hanover in Indiana. After visiting the place, and viewing the subject in all its bearings, he determined to accept the invitation; though, in doing so, he acted contrary to the judgment of most of his friends, and the earnest entreaties of some of them, and withal was fully convinced that the step must be adverse to his own pecuniary and worldly advantage. He recognised a call of Providence, and that with him was paramount to all other considerations. His inauguration as Professor took place on the 29th of June, 1831; and from that period till the close of his life,—seventeen years,—his devotion to the interests of the institution was most untiring and exemplary. He had no regular charge, as a preacher, during this period, but a large part of his Sabbaths were employed in supplying vacancies, or assisting his brethren in the neighbourhood. Though overtures were repeatedly made to him to occupy other important stations, he unhesitatingly declined them all, from a conviction that he held the place in which his labours were more effective for the promotion of the best interests of the Church than they would be likely to be in any other. During part of the time, he acted as Vice President of Hanover College, and often supplied vacancies in the College, in the way of instruction.

Dr. Matthews, a few years before his death, began to feel the infirmities of age, but he was able to labour, with little or no intermission, till almost the close of life; and at last he died suddenly. He had continued his lectures on Theology, till within a week of his death. He had been urged to submit to a surgical operation for an internal malady, and finally consented to it; but the operation proved fatal at the very moment of its being performed. He died at New Albany, on the 19th of May, 1848, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. James Wood, then one of the Professors in the Theological Seminary.

Dr. Matthews' two most important publications were entitled "Letters on the Divine Purpose," and "The influence of the Bible." These were published originally as communications in the Literary and Theological Magazine, edited by Dr. John H. Rice, and they subsequently took a more permanent form, and are justly regarded as having a high and enduring value. Beside these, he published the following:—National Peace and Safety: A Sermon preached on the Fast day appointed by public authority, 1812. Memorial of Independence: A Sermon delivered on the Fourth of July, 1815. A Sermon on Reconciliation by the Cross, published in the Virginia and North Carolina Preacher, 1818. The duties of the pastoral office: A Sermon preached at the ordination of Wells Andrews, 1818. On Intemperance, 1818. A Sermon at the Funeral of Colonel James Mor-

row. A Sermon preached before a Lodge of Freemasons. Ministerial devotedness: A Sermon delivered at the ordination and installation of Rev. James M. Brown, 1826. Inaugural Address upon occasion of his entering on the duties of Professor of Theology at Hanover, Ind., 1831. A Sermon on the Unity of Christ and the Church, published in a volume entitled "Original Sermons by Presbyterian ministers in the Mississippi Valley," 1838. A Biographical Sketch of the Rev. Harry Innis Todd.

Dr. Matthews was married on the 8th of December, 1803, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Daniel, of Charlotte County, Va. She died in June, 1809, leaving four young children. In April, 1818, he was married again to Elizabeth, daughter of James Wilson, of Berkley County; and by this marriage there were five children. His widow survives (1857) in her seventy-fourth year. All his sons,—six in number, are graduates of Colleges, and three of them are highly respectable ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

FROM THE REV. JAMES WOOD, D. D.

PROFESSOR IN THE NEW ALBANY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, IND.

NEW ALBANY, August 28, 1848.

My dear Sir: The venerable Dr. Matthews was not personally known to me till 1837. My first acquaintance with him was formed during a short visit at Hanover, Ind., where he then resided. The trait of character which produced the strongest impression on my mind at that time, was his unaffected and patriarchal simplicity. I found him, like Jacob, "a plain man," deliberate and somewhat reserved in conversation, yet so kind and hospitable that I felt the greatest freedom both in his society and in his house. Two years afterwards, I became associated with him as a Professor in the Theological Seminary, from which time I enjoyed almost daily intercourse with him till his death. My former impressions were fully sustained, and other traits, equally characteristic and praiseworthy, were developed, from time to time, as opportunities occurred for their exhibition.

Dr. Matthews possessed talents of a high order. His reasoning powers were acute. His method was easy, perspicuous and logical. He uttered his thoughts with so much accuracy and precision, that he seldom recalled a word, or had any occasion to change it for another. In the commencement of his ministry, he is said to have exhibited great fervour and occasional vehemence, which produced, at times, a very strong and visible effect upon his audience. This method of speaking he afterwards exchanged for one more composed and deliberate, and he evidently aimed rather at instructing than exciting his hearers. But though deliberate, he was not dull. Though he made no attempt at oratory, either by gestures or ornate diction, his language and manner were generally impressive, and sometimes truly eloquent. He was a close student, and an accurate scholar; was uncommonly familiar with the classics, and critically acquainted with the original of the New Testament.

In the earlier part of his ministry, he was a frequent contributor to the Literary and Evangelical Magazine, and his productions were so highly prized that some of them were republished in a separate form. For many years before his decease, he had a trembling in his hands, which disabled him, in a great measure, for committing his thoughts to paper. This accounts for his having written so little for the press, during the last twenty-five years of his life. But his "Letters on the Divine Purpose" are of themselves sufficient to entitle him to a place among our best theological writers. His lectures to the students, for the reason just given, were not written out; and are therefore preserved only in his own

brief notes, and the notes taken by those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing them delivered. He was a thorough Theologian and an able Professor; and I doubt not that those who knew him best, would fully sustain the remark that he would have honoured the chair of Professor of Theology in any Seminary in our country.

I have already alluded to the fact that Dr. Matthews was distinguished for his simplicity of character. This was visible both in public and in private; in the pulpit and in the lecture room. It applies to both his language and his feelings, to his manner and his thoughts. He always believed what he said, and spoke what he meant.

He was not less distinguished for consistency. His mind was well balanced, his judgment sound, and his conduct uniformly correct and well ordered. His piety was not fluctuating,—now elevated and again low,—here joyful and there melancholy;—it was as serene as the morning, and as constant and regular in its exercise as the return of day.

He was also a pattern of meekness. Whether he was naturally amiable or otherwise I do not know; but during his *Christian* course, the life of God in his soul shone forth in an unusual degree, in the exhibition of that holy and quiet spirit, which is patient under suffering, meek under injuries, and submissive under the vexations and disappointments incident to our earthly condition.

He was a discreet man. He never spoke nor acted rashly, but always with suitable caution and a due regard to the circumstances of the case. He was pacific and kind. He neither kindled the flame of discord, nor fanned and kept it alive, after it had been kindled by others. He studiously avoided doing harm, and was ever ready to aid in doing good.

He was eminently conscientious. The duties which he regarded as belonging to himself he seldom, without special necessity, discharged by proxy. He considered his responsibility as personal as well as official; and if able, he fulfilled his engagements with uniformity and promptness. Occasionally, in the public weekly exercises of the Seminary, the student whose turn it was to officiate performed his part in the person of another; the former agreeing to take the place of the latter at some future time. This arrangement never escaped the notice of Dr. Matthews, who often made a remark to this effect,—that what was John's duty did not belong at the same time to Peter or James; and unless the first was prevented by sickness, it was not suitable for either of the latter to take his place.

He was punctual to perform his duties at the precise time appointed. In several instances, in order to promote the same habit in the student, he gave to one of them "Punctuality" as the theme of an essay. When, as it sometimes happened, his watch was too slow, and he was, in consequence of this, behind the appointed hour in arriving at the Seminary, he would reply, on being reminded of the time,—"My watch is not a moral agent."

He was very reluctant to express an opinion as to the degree of a man's piety. If a person gave what he deemed to be scriptural evidence of being pious, he would speak of him as a pious man. But whether this man was more or less of a saint than that, he was unwilling to decide. Accordingly, in making our Quarterly Reports to the Board of Education, he never would consent to graduate the piety of the students, according to the scale furnished us by the Board. On one occasion, he remarked that the attempt to graduate their piety according to a mathematical scale, appeared to him as incongruous as to estimate music by the pound.

He seldom referred to his own religious experience either in preaching or conversation. What his feelings were could be easily inferred; yet he rarely spoke of himself. His preaching was highly spiritual. No one could listen to it without being impressed with the belief that his knowledge of Divine truth was

experimental. His conversation was, in like manner, seasoned with grace, and indicated a heart deeply and habitually imbued with the Spirit of Christ. The week before his death, I conversed with him concerning Solomon's description of old age, when he observed,—"That description suits my case; the machine is nearly run down;" but added in substance—I do not remember his precise language—that in the Heavenly state our disordered and decayed bodies will undergo a complete repair, and never become old again through eternity.

I am very respectfully yours,

JAMES WOOD.

FROM THE REV. JAMES M. BROWN, D.D.

KANAWHA COURT HOUSE, Va., February 18, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: I first became acquainted with Dr. Matthews in the autumn of 1824,—a few months after my licensure. He seemed to be past the prime of life physically, and in its very prime mentally. He was my nearest clerical neighbour, and, to my very great comfort and advantage, an intimacy commenced between us as close as can well exist where there is such disparity in age, and continued till he removed to South Hanover.

He had been settled in Shepherdstown more than twenty years. I have never known a minister of the Gospel who was more beloved and respected by all classes than he was. This was the result of perfect frankness, integrity, and gentleness, in his deportment. No man ever suspected him of double dealing. I believe he never had any thing approaching a personal difficulty, either as a man or a pastor, during his long residence in that part of Virginia. This was owing, in no small degree, to the full conviction entertained by all that, whatever opinions he might avow, or whatever course he might pursue, in any case, he was perfectly honest in it. Hence his pastoral life was peculiarly happy. And then he possessed a native kindliness that led him to sympathize most tenderly with those who were under trials or in affliction. He was a welcome visiter at the house of mourning; and many still live who remember how he soothed their sorrows in the dark days of their trouble. A more affectionate husband, father, and friend, few have ever seen.

The first evening that I spent in his company I formed a very high opinion of his Biblical knowledge; and this was abundantly confirmed by the intercourse of following years. It seemed to me that there was not a verse in the Bible that he had not investigated, so as to form a matured opinion in regard to it. I thought him better qualified to prepare what has long been needed,—a plain Commentary for common people, than any minister in the Synod of Virginia. The effect of his familiarity with the Bible was very manifest in his preaching. There was a fulness of Bible thoughts, and a pertinency in Bible illustrations that furnished rich spiritual food in all his pulpit performances.

Another thing that marked very strikingly his sermons, and all the productions of his pen, was the power that he possessed of fixing his mind on any subject, or on any subordinate part of a general subject, and following it out in all its bearings and connections. From this came a clearness and simpleness in his sermons, that formed one of their prominent characteristics. The child understood, the man was interested, and many were unaware of the high order of mental power that was exhibited in what seemed so very plain. He sometimes wrote his sermons, but never committed them,—never used his manuscript in the pulpit; and still what he delivered was so exactly what he had written, that not one in ten would be able to detect any difference. This, I know, was the case with the sermon which he preached at my ordination, and which was afterwards printed.

Earnestness was the prominent trait of his delivery. His voice was pleasant, his enunciation distinct and deliberate. He seemed to shun every thing like flights of fancy; and still there was more than a little of true eloquence, and that of a high order, coming from clear views of the character of God, and the riches of his grace in the provisions of the Gospel. I have never heard more pungent appeals to the unconverted, nor the fulness of the consolations of the Gospel more clearly presented to the child of God, than by him.

Much beloved by his brethren in the ministry, there was a strong feeling of regret that they had to part with him, when he was elected Professor of Theology at South Hanover; but, at the same time, a full conviction that he was eminently qualified for the work. He deserved all the veneration and love which he received from both the Church and the world.

Dr. Matthews was a working man, as a pastor, and as a member of Presbytery. Punctual in his attendance on its meetings, he was always familiar with its business, and one of the very foremost in carrying on its Educational and Missionary operations. When the Winchester Presbytery endowed a scholarship in Union Seminary, he collected one third of the funds for that purpose. We all loved him. We loved to take counsel from him; we loved to work with him; and sadly did we miss him when he met with us no more.

Yours in the Gospel,

JAMES M. BROWN.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL B. WILSON, D. D.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, (Va.,)
February 20, 1857.

Dear Sir: My acquaintance with the late venerable Dr. Matthews commenced on his removal into this State, which was about the year 1807 or 1808. We belonged to the same Presbytery, and often met in the judicatories of the Church, and on other occasions, and corresponded on various subjects, until his removal to Indiana.

From his first connection with the Synod of Virginia, till his removal to the West, he was highly esteemed by his brethren and by the churches, as a sound divine, and a most zealous and acceptable preacher. To have been selected as successor to such a man as Dr. Hoge, was sufficient evidence of this. The members of that church were the descendants of that noble race of men who emigrated from Europe to escape from persecution, and sought, amidst the toils and perils of the wilderness, to secure their civil and religious rights. They had been carefully instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, and highly prized the faith, and the excellent customs, of their fathers. To be the dispenser of the word and ordinances to them, Dr. Matthews was chosen with great unanimity.

In person, Dr. Matthews was tall and spare, rather than fleshy. He was an example of temperance in eating and drinking. In his manner, he was grave and dignified, but not morose or assuming. His feelings and his uniform deportment were such as comported well with his sacred office and responsible duties. In his public acts, and in his private intercourse with men, few, it is believed, ever more closely obeyed the injunction of the Apostle,—"Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God." A charming spirit of brotherly love and charity seemed to be, in him, a ruling principle.

Dr. Matthews' efforts in the pulpit manifested careful preparation, a clear apprehension of Divine truth, and a heartfelt sense of its importance. On special occasions, his sermons were fully written, but he was not accustomed to read them. While every intelligent hearer could readily perceive the evidences of a strong mind and careful investigation, no indication could be detected of a desire to display either his talents or his learning. Of him, as truly as of any

man I ever knew, it could be said, he did not preach himself, but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

While the general character of his preaching might be denominated expository, or argumentative, yet, on some occasions, his discourses were pathetic and exciting in a high degree. But these emotions in his audience were not produced by any studied art of the speaker, but by truth presented clearly by one that felt deeply its infinite importance, and was anxious for the salvation of those he addressed.

In the judicatories of the Church, he was a wise counsellor. Great confidence was placed by all his brethren in his sound judgment. And his humility, modesty, fraternal affection, and love of peace, made him a universal favourite.

Dr. Matthews was a clear, vigorous and impressive writer, and some of his productions have been received with great favour by the religious public, and have passed through several editions. But his laborious pastoral duties, and the care of a numerous family, to be provided for and educated on a very limited salary, render it wonderful that he found time to write as much as he did.

Such was the character and reputation of this good man, and godly minister, while he resided in Virginia. In the large circle where he was well known, both in the churches and among his brethren in the ministry, it is believed there is not one who does not cherish his memory with high respect and sincere affection.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL B. WILSON.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM C. MATTHEWS, D. D.

SHELBYVILLE, Ky., January 14, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: I am quite aware how delicate a task it is that you have assigned to me, to speak of my own beloved and revered father; and yet I am unwilling to decline your request, especially as there are certain aspects of his character which I love most to contemplate, with which I had perhaps a better opportunity to become acquainted than those whose relations with him were less intimate and endearing. I will state a few of my recollections of him somewhat at random, and shall be glad if you find them in any degree to subserve your purpose.

I think I hazard nothing in saying that he was a perfect gentleman both in heart and in manner. Naturally of an excitable temperament, he had learned the art of complete control over both his feelings and his tongue. I never heard him speak an unkind word of any one—he always apologized for the faults of others, where they would admit of an apology, and never betrayed the semblance of bad feeling even towards the most bitter opponents. As a father, he was mild and affectionate but firm; though, in later years, he became so much engrossed with professional cares that he devolved the management of his family in a great degree upon his wife. His intercourse with his brethren was always marked with the utmost urbanity and kindness. Though he never indulged in light and frivolous conversation, but always maintained the dignity of his profession, he had a keen relish for the society of his friends, and scrupled not occasionally to enliven the intercourse with a little innocent hilarity. He always seemed to feel that his brethren were entitled to a higher place than himself; and he was more than willing to concede it.

He was not, especially in later years, much inclined to speak in Presbytery, or Synod, or any Public Body—indeed he scarcely ever spoke, unless in some case of great urgency, or where he was particularly requested to do so. While a member of the Presbytery of Madison, Ind., two ministers of that Body had become zealous abolitionists, and offered a series of resolutions, denouncing the slaveholder as of course unworthy of Church fellowship, &c. Some of the

younger members, knowing my father's views upon the whole subject, desired him to reply to a somewhat intemperate speech which one of these brethren had made; and he arose with apparent diffidence, and, after apologizing for interrupting the discussion, remarked—"As we have no slaveholders here to deal with, I think our time might be better spent, if we should attempt something practical and beneficial to the poor slave. I therefore propose that we constitute ourselves into a practical Emancipation Society, and each member pledge himself to give five dollars towards the purchase of some slave who desires to migrate to Liberia." This was met with a hearty response by a majority of the Presbytery; but it greatly shocked and offended the brethren who had originated the discussion. He was thoroughly opposed to slavery in his views and feelings. Out of his own scanty means he purchased all the slaves belonging to his wife's estate, sold at the death of her mother, and held them until he left for the West. Then he sent his son in Virginia the money to purchase the husband of his woman at a high price, and sent them all, except one superannuated female, to Liberia, where he frequently had the pleasure to hear from them as in a comfortable and prosperous state.

He had a most happy talent at administering reproof. While at Hanover, as he was passing by one of the students of the College who was cutting wood, the student, not knowing that he was near, and being vexed about something, uttered a profane oath. My father, as he approached him, said very kindly,—"That is good exercise that you are taking this cold morning." He asked him if his axe was dull; and taking hold as if to examine it, he commenced chopping the stick of wood, greatly to the amusement of the young man, and kept at it until it was cut in two. Then turning to the student, he said,—"See there now, I have cut that stick without fretting or swearing, and why could not you have done the same?" The young man apologized for his profaneness, saying, "I did not know that you were near, Sir—if I had known it, I should not have uttered that oath." "Yes, but God is always near, and hears every word you say,—you ought to remember that"—was the answer. The reproof took effect in the mind of the youth, and led to the most serious reflections.

As a preacher, I shall leave it chiefly to others to speak of him, though I cannot forbear to mention one anecdote illustrative of the prominence which he always gave to the great doctrine of a crucified Saviour. Many years ago, a young clergyman of another denomination was preaching in his pulpit in Shepherdstown, in a manner that evinced perhaps more zeal than knowledge, and setting forth the terrors of the law in a way better fitted to provoke than to impress or alarm his hearers. At length, after having thus harangued his audience for an hour, he concluded by saying,—"My hearers, if these things do not move you, nothing can—if the terrors of the Almighty will not arouse you, there is no hope for you;" and then sat down. My father, who had been sitting just beneath the pulpit, immediately arose, and remarked in his quiet and subdued tone,—"Yes, thank God, there is another consideration that ought deeply to affect our hearts—it is the love of Christ for guilty sinners;" and then dwelt upon this thought in the most simple and affectionate manner, until the whole congregation were melted to tears. The young minister felt himself reproved, and the change in the feelings of the congregation was very manifest. My father seldom preached much of what is commonly called *terror;* and when he did, the compassion and tenderness that breathed in his manner gave it the greater effect.

I might greatly extend these recollections, but I prefer that, in respect to his public character particularly, you should have the testimony or the judgment of others, who can speak with greater impartiality than myself.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

W. C. MATTHEWS.

HENRY ROWAN WILSON, D. D.*

1801—1849.

Henry Rowan Wilson, a son of David and Jane (Rowan) Wilson, was born in the neighbourhood of Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa., on the 7th of August, 1780. His father served as an officer in the army of the Revolution, and died in 1846, at the advanced age of ninety-eight. The son worked upon his father's farm until he was about fourteen years of age, and then commenced attending a classical school in the neighbourhood, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Dobbin, a somewhat celebrated teacher in that day. Having remained there about two years and a half, he entered Dickinson College, Carlisle, where he graduated with honour in 1798,—being then only eighteen years of age. Having prosecuted his theological studies under the direction of Dr. Nisbet, partly in connection with his college course, and partly after he had completed it, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Carlisle in 1801. He was married in the year 1799, before he was licensed to preach, to Elizabeth, daughter of David Brown, of Carlisle, Pa.

After labouring for some months in Virginia as a supply, he removed with his family to Bellefont, Centre County, Pa., where Presbyterians had no organized church, nor house of worship. He commenced preaching in the Court House, and his labours were attended with a manifest blessing, so that, after a short time, he succeeded in organizing a church there, and another at Lick Run, twelve miles distant. Of these congregations he was installed Pastor by the Presbytery of Huntingdon, in 1802. This ceremony, with his ordination at the same time, took place in the woods,—there being no church edifice of any kind in the region, nor any house in the village large enough for the purpose.

Mr. Wilson, that he might have easy access to both the churches of his united charge, took up his residence about midway between Bellefont and Lick Run, in a very wild and at that time uncultivated region. Here he laboured vigorously in felling forest trees, erecting buildings, clearing and cultivating fields, while at the same time he attended with great interest and fidelity to the duties of his appropriate vocation. But scarcely had he become settled amidst this forest, when he was called back to Bellefont, to become the Principal of an Academy, then recently established there. He did not, however, resign, his pastoral charge, but to the care of these two churches, one of which was twelve miles distant, he superadded the building up of an important literary institution. Here he continued his arduous labours until the year 1806, when he was called, at the early age of twenty-six, to the Professorship of languages in Dickinson College.

Mr. Wilson held this Professorship ten years; and, during part of this time, preached to the Presbyterian Church in Carlisle, as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Davidson. The College having become involved in serious difficulties, he resigned his place as Professor in 1813, and accepted a call from the Church at Silver Spring, over which he was installed as Pastor, by the Presbytery of Carlisle, in 1816. This Church, which had been in a

* Presbyterian, 1849.—Nevin's Churches of the Valley.—MS. from his son, Rev. Dr. H. R. Wilson.

languishing state, began now immediately to revive, and during the seven years which constituted the whole period of his ministry there, it was more than doubled.

In 1823, he received a call from the Church in Shippensburg; and, though he was not predisposed to a removal, he yielded to the judgment of the Presbytery on the subject, and accepted it. His installation took place in May, 1824. Here he was most untiring in his labours, and large numbers were hopefully converted through his instrumentality. He was accustomed regularly, on the Sabbath, to open the Sabbath School in the morning with reading, singing, prayer, and a short address; preach at ten o'clock, and again at twelve; then mount his horse and ride four or five miles into the country to preach in some school-house or dwelling-house; then return and preach at night in his church,—making four sermons in addition to the Sabbath school service, and riding on horse-back—often in hot suns or severe storms—from eight to ten miles. He had four preaching places in the four corners of his congregation, at one of which he preached every Friday. He never permitted bad roads, or unfavourable weather, or slight indisposition, to prevent him from fulfilling his appointments, and seldom was he ever a minute behind the appointed time.

In 1838, he resigned his charge at Shippensburg, to accept the General Agency of the Board of Publication in the Presbyterian Church. Having laboriously and faithfully discharged the duties of this office until 1842, he accepted a call from the Church at Neshaminy, Hartsville, Bucks County, Pa. Here he continued, labouring with his accustomed fidelity, till October, 1848, when, at his own request, the pastoral relation was dissolved.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Lafayette College in 1845.

For some months previous to his death, he was so infirm as to be unable to preach, except as he was carried from his bed to the church and placed in a chair. In this posture, with no small degree of bodily suffering, but with the perfect command of his intellect, and with great earnestness and solemnity, he continued to labour for his Master to the latest possible hour. On the 12th of October, he took a final leave of his home at Hartsville, and the scene of his last pastoral labours, and was carried on a bed to Philadelphia, to the house of his son, the Rev. H. R. Wilson, which he never left, until borne back again to his grave. For some time after his removal to Philadelphia, his symptoms seemed, in some degree, to yield; but about the close of January, 1849, his disease took on a more violent character, and threatened immediate dissolution. Though there was some slight improvement after this, it was but too manifest that his course was nearly run; but the inner man waxed strong as the outer man decayed, and he finally passed through the dark valley, sustained by a most vigorous and triumphant faith. He died, after a protracted scene of suffering, on the 22d of March, 1849, and his remains were taken to Hartsville for burial, where an appropriate Funeral Discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Steel of Abington.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT STEEL, D. D.

Abington, Pa., February 18, 1857.

Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure, in compliance with your request, to furnish you some brief recollections of my lamented friend, the late Rev. Dr. Henry R.

Wilson. When I first made his acquaintance, he was Pastor of the Church in Shippensburg, Pa. After the lapse of many years, he was called to take charge of the Church at Neshaminy, and this brought him into the same Presbytery with myself. The acquaintance which we had formed many years before, was now resumed, and gradually ripened into an intimate friendship.

Dr. Wilson was a man of prepossessing personal appearance. He was not far from six feet in height; of a strong, manly frame, of vigorous bodily health, and a noble head covered with a profusion of hair, which was early "silvered o'er," but which was retained as "a crown of glory" to the end of life. His manners were dignified and gentlemanly. He was honest and open-hearted, and had an utter abhorrence of every thing like cunning or duplicity. Indeed this was carried so far that when he perceived in the conduct of others any thing resembling it, he was very apt to deal with it in a manner that, to say the least, had the appearance of severity. He was endowed with a strong mind, which being well stored with knowledge, he became an able, energetic and popular preacher. A rich blessing attended his labours, and he was the honoured instrument of bringing many into the fold of Christ.

In the public assemblies of our Church he never spoke much; but when he did speak, it was always to the point. He was a man of *deeds* rather than of words. He was eminently devotional, and spiritually minded, and intent upon the promotion of his Master's cause. He evinced his devotedness to Christ by giving up an only son to the work of Foreign Missions. When, after many years of active duty in the field, that son, on account of the ill health of his beloved wife, was about to return to his native country, I carried the news to his aged parents. The tears of joy at the prospect of meeting him, after so long a separation, flowed freely; but grief was mingled with the joy. He said with emphasis,—"I am truly sorry—I devoted him to the Lord in this work, and I never desired to see his face again on earth,"—thus showing the true missionary spirit.

After an acquaintance with Dr. Wilson of nearly forty years,—reckoning from its beginning to the close of his life, I could say much more of his excellent characteristics—but I forbear. I will only add that the neat marble monument erected to his memory in the grave-yard at Neshaminy, bears this simple but impressive and significant inscription—"His record is on high."

Yours affectionately,

R. STEEL.

FROM THE REV. SILAS M. ANDREWS, D. D.

Doylestown, Pa., March 14, 1857.

Dear Sir: I first knew Dr. Wilson for several years as a member of the same Synod with myself; but our more particular acquaintance was not until after his installation, in 1841, as Pastor of the Church of Neshaminy, by which he became my nearest clerical neighbour, of our own denomination. The very considerable difference in our ages did not prevent a friendship and intimacy being early formed, which was never interrupted during his life.

Dr. Wilson was a compact, athletic looking person; erect in form; easy, though quiet in his movements; and with a step that always seemed to me to indicate a man, who would not hastily form his opinions, or easily surrender them after they were actually formed. An aquiline nose, full eyebrows, and an intellectual face,—sedate, though not sombre, gave him a venerable presence, that, not without reason, attracted the notice of strangers, and led to the inquiry who he was.

A fearless man,—he dared to be silent in our deliberative bodies, when he deemed it not proper to speak. But when he thought it his duty to express his

views, he did it often with an earnestness and firmness that his opponents sometimes thought bordered upon obstinacy. But with evidence laid before him, no man bowed in more profound submission to the authority of truth and justice.

In his own house I always found him exceedingly affable, entertaining and instructive. He had a very thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, and had much experience of Christian trial and progress. He abounded in illustrative anecdotes—not the same regularly repeated at every interview, but some incident or fact that always suited the exigency that called it up. And his anecdotes were generally not only pithy and striking but very short.

Prompt in meeting his engagements as a pastor and a member of church judicatories, he was a man not of servile, but of careful, accuracy in whatever he did. This trait of character is shown in the Records, now in my care, of the Synod of Philadelphia, of which he was Stated Clerk from 1826 to the time of his decease. The entries are all made in his own handwriting, presenting a uniformity and beauty of page, seldom seen in manuscript. Of the entire book we might adopt as almost literally true the language of the General Assembly's Committee to examine the Records of the preceding year—"Without omission, erasure, interlineation, or one defect in spelling."

As a preacher, Dr. Wilson was serious, earnest, but not boisterous, evangelical and instructive. His voice was unusually soft, yet full—the good voice of a large man. He spoke with ease to himself, and with pleasure to his hearers. His manner altogether was that of a man intent on doing good. A day or two after our first exchange, a lawyer of my congregation who was not a professor of religion, but a church-going man, and somewhat disposed to be critical, meeting me, remarked,—"A very good proxy you gave us last Sunday,—neither apology nor parade—a sensible discourse in a serious and acceptable manner—the preacher showed his good sense by stopping when he had done—would like to hear him again."

There was one thing in which it seemed to me that Dr. Wilson had the advantage of most other ministers whom I have ever known—I mean the uniformly earnest and cheerful hope that he evinced in preaching the Gospel. If the house were full, he preached as believing that each hearer needed salvation—if he were preaching to a sparse congregation on a stormy Sabbath, his manner seemed to say—each individual soul is too precious to be lost,—I will try to save that soul. Weather and empty pews appeared not to affect him. Rather he seemed to feel, whenever entering the pulpit,—here is an opportunity of lifting Christ up to view, and perhaps some one may be drawn to Him.

His straight forward manner was sometimes, even in serious things, a little amusing. I was with him in the pulpit, on a week-day, when the choir was not of usual strength. Satisfied that assistance would be acceptable, as soon as the tune was supposed to be identified by a note or two, we both struck bravely in, and added no small amount of vocal power. But there seemed to be a wavering of the voices in the gallery throughout the first verse. Apprehensive that the choir might become hopelessly bewildered, we commenced the second verse with still louder blast,—when, at the close of the first couplet, the old gentleman drawing his forefinger around his chin, called out so that the whole congregation could hear,—"We certainly have got hold of the wrong tune."

As a young man, I had much reason to prize the society of this venerable father. He was among the few men whom I both feared and loved. I learned from him many good lessons, though not all that his example and conversation ought to have taught me.

Yours sincerely,

S. M. ANDREWS.

WILLIAM McPHEETERS, D. D.

1802—1842.

FROM THE REV. DRURY LACY, D. D.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 10, 1849.

Rev. and dear Sir: In compliance with the request made in your letter of the 30th of April, I herewith furnish, as far as I can, a sketch of the life of the Rev. Dr. William McPheeters. The information communicated is gathered chiefly from the Family Records, now in the possession of his widow.

WILLIAM McPHEETERS was born September 28, 1778, in Augusta County, Va. His paternal grandfather (William) emigrated from the North of Ireland, and settled in the State of Pennsylvania. His father (William) was born in Pennsylvania, about the year 1729 or 1730. After the removal of the family to Virginia, he married Rachel Moore, of Rockbridge County. Both his parents were members of the Presbyterian Church. His father was also a ruling elder of the church and a civil magistrate. I find several stirring incidents recorded, illustrating the sufferings of his maternal ancestors, during their early residence in the Valley of Virginia, by reason of the deadly hostilities of the Indians; one of which is, that his grandfather, James Moore, was shot dead by them within three hundred yards of his own door, in defending himself and family from an attack.

At different country schools in the Counties of Augusta and Rockbridge, young William McPheeters was taught the elements of a common English education. In Staunton, the County town of Augusta, he began his classical course, and finished his education at Liberty Hall Academy, (now Washington College,) Lexington, at that time under the care of the Rev. William Graham, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman.

In 1797, he went to Kentucky, where, in the autumn of the same year, he began the study of medicine with his brother, Dr. James McPheeters, then a resident of Cynthiana, Harrison County. He continued his studies with him till the summer of 1799, when he returned to his home in Virginia. Before he left Kentucky, however, he had connected himself with a Presbyterian Church near Cynthiana.

Having abandoned the study of medicine, he placed himself under the care of the Presbytery of Lexington, as a candidate for the Gospel ministry. His theological studies were pursued chiefly under the Rev. Samuel Brown, an eminent Presbyterian minister of New Providence, Rockbridge County. He was licensed to preach at a meeting of the Presbytery held at that place, April 19, 1802. In October following, he visited the State of Kentucky, and preached in various places till about March, 1803. He then passed over to the State of Ohio, preached in Chilicothe and other places, and, after an absence of a few weeks, returned to Kentucky. In the month of June, he took charge of a Church in the town of Danville, Ky.; and there also taught a small school. Having continued one year in this double employment, he returned to Cynthiana, and afterwards made a second visit to Chilicothe, at that time the seat of Government of Ohio. On his return again to Kentucky, he was married, September 25, 1804, to Elizabeth,

daughter of Major John McDowell, who resided in the vicinity of Lexington. Shortly after this, he returned with his wife to Virginia. During the winter, he visited the Counties of Greenbriar and Monroe, and subsequently took charge, for six months, of two vacant Congregations, near the North Mountain,—namely, New Lebanon and Windy Cove. In December, 1805, he began to officiate as a stated supply at Bethel Church,—residing in Greenville, a small village a few miles from the church, and there also taught a classical school. On the 15th of April, 1806, he received, through the hands of the Presbytery, a formal call from that church, and two or three days after was ordained to the work of the ministry,—the Sermon on the occasion being preached by the Rev. George A. Baxter, D. D.

In December, 1806, his wife, after a lingering illness, died in the town of Greenville, of pulmonary consumption. She was buried at Bethel Church beside her infant son. In the course of the next year, he removed from Greenville to his farm, a short distance from the town.

On the 18th of March, 1809, he was married to Lavinia Moore, in Blount County, Tenn., whither her mother, then a widow, had removed from Virginia, a short time previous. By this marriage he had one daughter; but the mother died shortly after her birth, and was buried at Bethel Church beside the grave of his first wife.

About this time, he received an invitation from the Trustees of the Academy in Raleigh, N. C., to preside over that institution, while he was requested, at the same time, to preach to the town congregation, then without a pastor. At that time, no Presbyterian Church had been organized in the city of Raleigh; nor were there churches of other denominations; but the people worshipped together in the Hall of the House of Commons. Having visited the place, and being pleased with the prospect, he accepted the invitation, and in the month of June, 1810, took charge of the Academy and the Congregation.

On the 10th of March, 1812, he married his third wife,—Margaret A. C. McDaniel, of Washington, Beaufort County, N. C. By this marriage he had twelve children, four of whom died in different stages of infancy. The remaining eight are all members, or are likely soon to become members, of the Presbyterian Church. Two of them have been graduated at the University of North Carolina; one of whom is a practising physician at St. Louis, Mo., the other an acceptable and successful Presbyterian minister in Virginia.

He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of North Carolina in 1819.

Dr. McPheeters continued his connection with the Academy at Raleigh until 1826, and his connection with the Congregation, as a stated supply, several years longer.

In February, 1836, sometime after he had withdrawn from his ministerial labours at Raleigh, he was invited to return to them,—a Presbyterian Church having some years before been duly organized. This invitation he thought it his duty to decline. In October of the same year, he took charge of a female school in the town of Fayetteville, but, finding that his health was likely to suffer in consequence of a residence there, he withdrew from the school, and left the place in July, 1837.

In the autumn of this year, he undertook an agency under the direction of the Board of Domestic Missions of the General Assembly. This

agency he continued till the spring of 1839. Sometime in the year 1840, he was elected to the Presidency of Davidson College, Mecklenburg County, N. C.; but, owing to ill health, was obliged to decline the invitation to that rising and important institution. From that time till his death, his health continued to decline. His disease, which was a calculus affection, was attended with most intense suffering, which, however, he bore with the utmost fortitude and submission to the Divine will. He died amidst the affectionate attentions of his family, on the morning of the 7th of November, 1842, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

He received many testimonies of high public regard, and fulfilled with exemplary fidelity every public trust that was committed to him. He was several times a Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and never failed to command in that Body a high degree of respect. He was for many years a faithful and efficient Trustee of the University of North Carolina. He was an eminently practical, useful and respectable man.

I am, with great respect,
Very truly your friend and brother,
DRURY LACY.

FROM THE HON. D. L. SWAIN, LL. D.

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, AND PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

CHAPEL HILL, April 22, 1849.

Dear Sir: My acquaintance with Dr. McPheeters commenced in April, 1822, when I went to Raleigh to read Law in the office of the late Chief Justice Taylor. I was, at no period of our intercourse,—which, though always kind and familiar, was never very constant or intimate—a member of any Christian Church, and cannot of course be expected to speak, except in very general terms, of his religious character. Of his claims to consideration as a man of intellect, and of the manner in which he discharged the general duties of a member of society, as a pastor, friend, neighbour, and citizen, during a period of twenty years, I had full opportunity to form a judgment, and have more confidence in the correctness of my opinion.

In his personal appearance there was nothing very remarkable. He was of the average height, more than usually robust, and somewhat inclined to corpulency. The expression of his countenance indicated the union of firmness and benignity, and these were in reality his most striking characteristics. His courage, physical, intellectual and moral; his benevolence, heightened by a vein of humour, always delicate, never obtrusive, and never out of place, no one who knew him ever doubted. He was eminently a man of judgment, and his practical common sense, aided by these traits of character, gave him an influence over all classes of society, that more powerful intellects not unfrequently fail to obtain.

With the exception of sallies of wit and humour,—many pleasant instances of which must occur, at the mere mention of his name, to the memory of all who knew him, few will be able to recall any very striking statement, eloquent period, or brilliant expression, which he ever uttered. There was no intellectual feature so prominent, that to present it fully would serve to give a good general idea of the man. In his public addresses, if there was little to fascinate, there was less to offend either the judgment or the taste. No one was ever pained by a low remark or a trifling expression, or ever left him without the most favourable impression of the cheerfulness and fervour of his piety, the soundness of his judgment, the appropriateness of his instructions, and the benevolence of his

heart. This effect, however, was the result of a harmonious union of qualities. It was his character as a whole that affected his hearers, and any one might have found it difficult, by the most minute analysis, to detect the element to which the greatest degree of influence was to be attributed.

As an instructer, he was not one of those who "spare the rod and spoil the child;" and in his general intercourse with society, he never failed to administer reproof, where, in his judgment, it was necessary and proper. I have never known any one who seemed to me to possess the faculty of performing this delicate duty more affectionately or more inoffensively. I recollect, on one occasion, to have been engaged in conversation with him on the steps in front of one of our banks, when Mr. B——, one of the ablest men I have ever known,—a gentleman of great wealth, remarkable attainments, austere manners, and restricted social intercourse, addressed a common-place remark to me, in which the name of the Deity was unnecessarily introduced. Dr. M. observed, without any change of tone or manner,—"I have known our friend Mr. B. for many years, but have never been able to teach him to speak properly; he always addresses me as if he were just up from the regions below." Mr. B. was evidently disconcerted; replied awkwardly, but in a spirit and manner which he would have exhibited towards no one else, if indeed any other clergyman could have been found who would have ventured to treat him with so much freedom.

On another occasion, when standing in the street with a clerical brother, of marked ability and piety, but too much disposed to judge and speak in a censorious spirit of other denominations, some gay equipages passed on the way to church. His friend, looking at them a moment, remarked,—"They will hardly get to Heaven in coaches." "I don't know," replied the Doctor quietly, "we read that Elijah went up in a chariot."

A very respectable clerical friend to whom I have applied for his recollections of Dr. M., writes concerning him as follows:—

"I knew him as a public man, more in his ecclesiastical relations than any other department. As a member of our church judicatories, he had few equals, and so far as my knowledge extended, no superiors. His strong well balanced mind and unaffected dignity and simplicity of manners inspired his brethren with a respect and confidence towards him almost unbounded; and it rarely failed that his well considered opinion,—not expressed till the subject had been viewed in all its aspects, decided the question. This leads me to remark that, to a stranger, Dr. McPheeters might appear to have a mind rather slow in its operations; but an intimate acquaintance with him would, I think, satisfy any one that his perceptions were rather unusually quick; certainly there were few men so ready and pointed as he in repartee. I may mention an instance:—During Governor Dudley's administration, he had, as is common, a very large company at his house—a levee, if you will so call it. Dr. Morrison, who happened at the time to be in town, Dr. McPheeters, and myself, were invited; and so was every body else. The next morning, we three ministers were standing on Fayetteville street together, before my door, when the Governor came along. After the usual exchange of salutations, he expressed his disappointment and regret at not seeing us at his house the evening before. "And so were we disappointed too, Governor," said Dr. McPheeters; "we should certainly have paid our respects as good citizens to the Governor, and done honour to those in power, but we were at that time waiting on a *Higher* Power,"—referring to the fact that they had been engaged in a social religious service. He was a man of great observation, and studied human nature so thoroughly, and understood the workings of the heart so well, that it has sometimes seemed to me that he could anticipate one's thoughts before they were actually in the man's own mind.

"His attachments were firm rather than ardent, though I do not mean to imply that they were deficient in the latter quality. He was remarkable for candour

and sincerity, never professing what he did not feel. His manners were the natural expression of his open and generous temper. He was a very pattern of hospitality,—his house open for the accommodation of all, but especially those who were of the household of faith. He was quick and tender in his sympathies for the afflicted, and was always on the alert to dispense aid or administer consolation, as the exigencies of the case might require."

Yours very sincerely,
D. L. SWAIN.

JOSHUA LACY WILSON, D. D.*

1802—1846.

JOSHUA LACY WILSON, the son of Henry and Agnes (Lacy) Wilson, was born in Bedford County, Va., September 22, 1774. His father was an educated physician, and every way correct in his external deportment, but not a professor of religion. His mother, who was a sister of the Rev. Drury Lacy, a distinguished clergyman in Virginia, was an exemplary member of the Baptist Church. He was the youngest of three children. When he was about four years of age, his father died, leaving his family in very straitened circumstances. His mother taught her children the first rudiments of a common education,—the family library consisting only of an indifferent copy of the Scriptures, a copy of Watts' Hymns, and the Westminster Shorter Catechism. Sometime after his father's death, his mother formed a second matrimonial connection with John Templin, the father of Terah Templin, who, as a licentiate, was the first Presbyterian who ever preached the Gospel in Kentucky.

In the year 1779, his step-father went to seek a residence in Kentucky; and the family followed him in 1781. They lived for a time in a picketed fort on Salt River, called Wilson's Station, after a family with which they were in no way connected. Young Wilson, until he was twenty-two years of age, was occupied in subduing the forest, cultivating the soil, and hunting wild animals; but, at that period, his mind became permanently impressed with the subject of religion, and he soon resolved to devote himself to the work of the ministry. About the same time, he entered the Kentucky Academy, at Pisgah; having until now been unacquainted with the first elements of English Grammar. After remaining here about a year, he entered a private school taught by the Rev. William Mahont; but when, at the end of a year and a half, this school was discontinued, he engaged in teaching a school himself, in Frankfort, Ky. During his residence here, he was induced to commence the study of Law; which, however, he did not continue long, on account of the failure of his health. He subsequently turned his attention again to the ministry, and went to live in the

* MSS. from his son,—Rev. S. R. Wilson, and Rev. Thomas Cleland, D. D.

† WILLIAM MAHON was a native of Virginia, and was the first minister who had charge of the New Providence Church, Ky., which was organized by the Rev. David Rice in 1786, and over which the venerable Dr. Thomas Cleland has presided (1857) forty-two years. In connection with that church, he preached to another not far distant, and at the same time taught a small classical school. He became a subject of Presbyterial discipline, and died under a cloud.

family of the Rev. James Vance,* who was then engaged in conducting a classical school near Louisville. He assisted in the school, at the same time pursuing his theological studies under the direction of Mr. Vance. He was licensed to preach at Spring Hill, Tenn., in 1802; and was ordained at Union Meeting House in Mercer County, Ky., at the same time with Mr. (now Rev. Dr.) Thomas Cleland, in October, 1804,—when he took charge of the Churches of Bardstown and Big Spring. This was about eight years after he recited his first lesson in grammar. In 1805, he sat as a member of the Commission of Synod in the Cumberland difficulties. In 1808, he became Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, where he remained for thirty-eight years,—part of the time teaching a classical school.

He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Cincinnati College, where, for some time, he acted as Professor of Moral Philosophy.

In the great controversy which divided the Presbyterian Church in 1837, Dr. Wilson bore an active and prominent part,—not doubting that the interests of true Presbyterianism were deeply involved in the issue. Though he had been favourable to the placing of Dr. Lyman Beecher at the head of the Lane Seminary, he subsequently became so much dissatisfied with what he believed to be his theological views, that he prosecuted him for heresy, first before the Presbytery, and next, before the Synod of Cincinnati, in October, 1835. Regarding the doings of the Synod in the case as unduly lenient, he carried an appeal to the General Assembly of 1836; but was subsequently induced to withdraw it, on the ground that there was another case pending before the Assembly, involving the principle which he wished to have decided.

Though Dr. Wilson possessed originally a vigorous constitution, it was greatly impaired, while he was yet in early manhood, by a protracted illness occasioned by exposure in rescuing a lad from drowning. His ministry was exercised in the midst of much bodily suffering, and for a long period he was obliged to preach in a sitting posture, and sometimes with his eyes entirely closed, on account of an inflammation induced by studying before daylight; it being his custom for many years to rise at three o'clock in the morning. During the last six years of his life, he could scarcely ever be said to be free from pain; though he was enabled to continue his pastoral labours till within about three weeks of his death. He preached his last sermon on Sabbath afternoon, July 19, 1846, from the words—"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." On Tuesday following, he was taken ill; but it was not until Saturday, (the 25th,) that his disease assumed an alarming character. From that time his suffering was most intense; but, in the midst of it all, he evinced the most tranquil submission to his Heavenly Father's will. He died on Friday, the 14th of August, lacking less than a month and a half of being seventy-two years of age. The principal Address at his Funeral was delivered by the Rev. L. G. Gaines, whom Dr. Wilson had himself designated to perform that service. His remains were first interred in the Presbyterian burying-ground in Cincinnati; but have

* James Vance resided about eighteen miles East of Louisville, in Jefferson County, Ky., and had charge of two congregations. In the latter years of his life he was rendered nearly helpless by means of rheumatism. He had a younger brother, *William*, a young man of much more than ordinary promise, who was licensed to preach in the year 1803, and was to have been settled over the Church at Danville, and another in the same neighbourhood; but, after preaching a single sermon to each, was suddenly called from his earthly labours.

since, in compliance with the wishes of his widow, been removed to the Spring Grove Cemetery, where they now repose. The Church which he served so long and so faithfully has erected a handsome monument to his memory.

On the 22d of October, 1801, he was married to Sarah, daughter of George Mackey. She was a native of Baltimore, Md., was early left motherless, and while she was yet young, went with her father to Kentucky. They had eight children—four sons and four daughters. One son is a clergyman,—successor to his father in the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati; one is an educated physician, settled in Shelbyville, Ky.; and one daughter is married to the Rev. Samuel Lynn, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Newport, Ky.

The following is a list of Dr. Wilson's publications:—Episcopal Methodism or Dagonism exhibited: in five scenes, 1811. War the work of the Lord, and the Coward cursed: A Sermon delivered to the Cincinnati Light Infantry Companies at the request of Captains Mansfield and Sloan, shortly before they marched to Detroit, 1812. The character of an officer and duty of a soldier: A Sermon preached to the Regiment of Ohio Militia commanded by Colonel Samuel Borden, 1820. The Testimony of Three who bear witness in earth, on the Fact and Mode of Purification: A Sermon delivered in Lebanon, O., 1827. Four Propositions sustained against the claims of the American Home Missionary Society, 1831. Four Sermons entitled "Methods of Peace"—"The Character of man"—"The Sanctuary polluted"—"The Sanctuary cleansed"—(published in a volume of Original Sermons by Presbyterian ministers in the Valley of the Mississippi,) 1833. One Proposition sustained against the New School, 1835. A Letter addressed to R. H. Bishop, D. D., on the subject of his "Plea for united Christian action addressed particularly to Presbyterians," 1835. The Moderator and Ultra Partizans; or a Review of the Biblical Repertory for January, 1835, on "The present state of the Presbyterian Church" and "Act and Testimony, No. vii.," 1835. Imputation of Sin and Righteousness: A Sermon from Romans v. 18, 19, 1835. Plea in the case of Lyman Beecher, D. D., made before the Synod of Cincinnati, 1835. The Faith Kept; or Recollections of Rev. Daniel Hayden*: A Discourse delivered at Pleasant Ridge, 1835. Relations and duties of Servants and Masters: A Sermon from Ephesians vi. 5–9, 1839. A Sermon in memory of the death of William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, 1841. The Kingdom of God delineated: A Sermon, 1842. A Sermon on Witchcraft, 1845. A Second Sermon on the same subject, 1846.

* Daniel Hayden was born on the 9th of April, 1781, in Redstone County, Pa.; became sceptical in early life, but was hopefully converted during a revival of religion; entered Jefferson College in 1801, and graduated in 1805; after leaving College, took charge of the Greensburg Academy, and retained his connection with it until 1807 or 1808, when he was licensed as a probationer for the Gospel ministry by the Presbytery of Erie; became Pastor of the Pleasant Ridge Church, under the care of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, in 1809; and died August 27, 1835, aged fifty-four. Dr. Wilson represents him as having been an eminently faithful and zealous minister.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS CLELAND, D. D.

McAfee, Ky., July 10, 1857.

My dear Sir: I knew Dr. Wilson well, especially in the earlier part of his life, but so long a time has elapsed since my intimacy with him ceased, that I have little or nothing to say in respect to him that will be to your purpose. My acquaintance with him commenced at the Kentucky Academy, in Woodford County, in 1797, where we met as school-mates. He was then tall and full grown, and was considered a diligent student, and a young man of more than ordinary promise. It was at that time that he made the acquaintance of the young lady who afterwards became his wife. Some years after marriage, and after his settlement at Bardstown, I saw her baptized by the Rev. A. Cameron, on a Sacramental occasion, in the presence of a large congregation, assembled in a grove. I may add that she was a sensible, pious, prudent, industrious wife, an affectionate mother, and highly respected by all her acquaintances.

Dr. Wilson and myself were settled in contiguous places from the autumn of 1804 till 1808, when he removed to Cincinnati—during that period, we were frequently together, assisting each other at Communion seasons, and sometimes on other occasions also; but, after his removal, our meetings were very infrequent, and I can scarcely be said to have had any intercourse with him.

Dr. Wilson was highly acceptable as Pastor of the Churches over which he was first settled; but he was not a little embarrassed in his work by being obliged to teach a school, and even then not being able to make out for himself an adequate support. In this respect, indeed, he was not distinguished from most of his brethren in those days; though the evil was not the less from being shared with many others. In social intercourse he was always friendly and agreeable. In the pulpit he had much more than ordinary advantages. His person was commanding, his manner attractive, his voice melodious, distinct, and every way pleasant. His discourses were very respectable—sometimes rising above, and sometimes falling a little below, his own standard; but it would have been strange if it had been otherwise, considering how much he was harrassed by numerous distracting cares and avocations. He did not, by any means, reach the zenith of his fame as a preacher, until after his removal to Cincinnati, where he had the opportunity of prosecuting his studies with more vigour and less interruption.

I may allude to one trait in Dr. Wilson's character, which was somewhat marked at the period of my intimacy with him, though I believe it gradually lessened with advancing years, and finally disappeared almost altogether—I refer to a sort of impulsiveness,—I may say impetuosity, in his treatment of opponents, whether in public or in more private circles. He would become, for the moment, greatly excited; and then the effervescence of his feelings would subside, and he would appear as gentle as a lamb, and would not be slow to make any apology or atonement which he thought the case demanded. With great strength of character he combined much that could not fail to attract him strongly to his friends. Those who knew him in his latter years can tell you much more than I can of his more mature intellectual and moral developments.

Most affectionately and fraternally yours,

THOMAS CLELAND.

FROM THE HON. C. S. TODD.

Shelbyville, Ky., 8th August, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My associations with the Rev. Dr. Joshua L. Wilson reach back to an early period of my life. When I was quite in my boyhood, he taught

a school in Frankfort, and I was one of his pupils. I do not suppose that, at that time, considering what his previous advantages had been, he could have been a very accomplished scholar; but whatever he did teach, he taught well; and though I was then too young to form a just estimate of his character, the impressions which I received in respect to him were substantially the same with those which he made upon me in after life. As he was in the *school*, so he was in the church, in the deliberative assembly, in civil society, everywhere. He had a very strongly marked character, and wherever he was, he was sure to make himself felt.

After leaving his school at Frankfort, I had no intercourse with him until, during the war with Great Britain, of 1812, I was stationed for some time at Cincinnati, where I had the opportunity of hearing him preach and occasionally enjoying his society. In the year 1840, I went to reside at Cincinnati for a year, and, during that time, was a regular attendant on his ministry. I met him once also, I recollect, as a member of the General Assembly. My relations with him were not only very agreeable, but I may say, somewhat intimate; and there is hardly any man who has passed away of whom I can speak with more confidence of not misrepresenting him.

There was something in Dr. Wilson's personal appearance that was singularly impressive and commanding. You might see him in a crowd, and you would feel assured that whatever the rest might be, *he* was a man of unyielding resolution and great force of character. He had a fine, stately form, and a countenance on which the lines of intellect were too strongly drawn to escape the observation even of the passing stranger. And his face was a true exponent of his mind and heart—he had great native power and vigour of intellect and great strength of feeling; combined, however, with much natural kindness and susceptibility of tender emotion. He was not capable of going half way in any thing—in all his opinions, principles, maxims of conduct, views of religious truth, he was thoroughly decided, and was always able to give a reason which was at least satisfactory to himself. With such a constitution, you would naturally expect that he would not be likely to incur the wo threatened upon those of whom all men speak well. In the collisions incident to his course of life, he had to meet many a vigorous opponent, and encounter many a sharp blast; but while he was not the man to flinch under any possible circumstances, and would sometimes be complained of by his adversary for severity or obstinacy, I do not believe that any body ever ventured even a whisper against his integrity. In taking the strong ground that he often did, he was not influenced by any personal considerations, much less by the semblance of ill will, but by his own honest conviction of what was due to truth and right; and there he felt himself perfectly impregnable.

As a preacher, I reckon Dr. Wilson, at the period of his greatest strength, as decidedly among the ablest of his day. His appearance in the pulpit was greatly in his favour. There was a dignified, as well as solemn and reverential, air about him, that would bespeak your attention before he opened his lips. And then, when he did speak, his voice, though not very loud, was uncommonly melodious and distinct, and could be heard to the extremities of any church without the least effort. His manner was natural, simple, earnest, and accompanied by a good deal of gesture, which was evidently the prompting of his feelings at the moment, and not at all the result of previous study. His sermons, though not read, and I suppose generally not written beyond a mere outline, were clear and logical in their structure, and therefore easily remembered by an attentive hearer; while they were always rich in evangelical truth. No matter whether he exhibited doctrine or enforced duty, he did it with an air of strength and boldness, that showed you that he deeply realized the importance of what he was saying, and

that he was bent upon making you feel it too. His preaching was eminently fitted to minister to the edification and stability of the Church.

In an ecclesiastical judicatory, Dr. Wilson was perfectly at home, and was always felt to be a controlling spirit. Ever watchful against the approach of what he believed to be error, and on the alert to resist its inroads, it was no matter to him though he stood alone,—he was sure to speak out his honest convictions. He was perfectly familiar with the forms of ecclesiastical procedure, and in the most involved case, was never perplexed as to the course which ought to be pursued. In or out of a deliberative body, he would have followed his convictions of duty, if they had required him to break every earthly tie, or even led him to the martyr's stake.

In private life he was sociable, kind and obliging. Though he was habitually grave in his deportment, he often discovered a vein of pleasantry, and would relate a striking anecdote; and I have occasionally seen him enjoy a hearty laugh as much as any other man. But he was an eminently devout man, and I doubt not, much more than the mass of Christians, had his conversation in Heaven. He was greatly respected in the community in which he lived, and it will be many a day before the name of Joshua L. Wilson will cease to be reverently and gratefully pronounced in many a family in Cincinnati.

I am, as ever, yours truly and fraternally,

C. S. TODD.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT G. WILSON, D. D.

South Salem, Ross County, O., January 24, 1849.

Rev. Sir: Your letter requesting my recollections of the late Rev. Dr. Joshua L. Wilson of Cincinnati; has remained unanswered for several weeks, because the grasshopper has become a burden to me, and I am scarcely able, by reason of age and infirmity, to write a legible hand. I am unwilling altogether to deny your request, and yet I am unable to comply with it, except in a very general and imperfect manner.

I knew Dr. Wilson intimately through a long course of years. One of his most prominent traits was a sterling integrity, that never suffered him to relax from his convictions of truth or duty, a single iota,—no matter what might be the end to be gained by it. His theological views were strictly in harmony with the Confession of Faith in our Church, and no man was less disposed than he to tolerate any departures from it. He had a vigorous and discriminating mind, well adapted to theological research. He had great strength and ardour of feeling, which he carried into every enterprise in which he engaged. His discourses were clear, logical and able expositions of Divine truth. He maintained a shining Christian character to the last. His son worthily fills his place.

Regretting that my infirmity does not permit me to say more,

I am very respectfully yours,

R. G. WILSON.

JAMES LAURIE, D. D.*

1802—1853.

JAMES LAURIE, the son of James and Marion Laurie, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 11th of February, 1778. His parents were in only moderate circumstances, but the tastes of this son, as early developed, were decidedly intellectual, and they found means to indulge them. He received his entire education, literary, scientific and theological, at the University of Edinburgh. He was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1800,—it is believed by the Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh. After preaching for about two years as a probationer in his native country, he consented, at the urgent request of the Rev. Dr. John M. Mason, who was then in Scotland, to migrate to the United States, and enter the service of the Associate Reformed Church. He accordingly crossed the ocean with Dr. Mason, accompanied also by several other young clergymen from Scotland, who, like him, had been induced by Dr. M. to seek a home in this country. On the very day that he left Scotland,—August 25, 1802, he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. James Scott, of Musselburg.

At the time of his arrival in New York, the yellow fever was raging in Philadelphia, which rendered it expedient for him to remain in the former city some two months; after which, he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he spent a few weeks, and then visited Washington. The seat of government having been removed to Washington about two years before, it was deemed of great importance that some clergyman of high standing and character should be fixed there; and Mr. Laurie was the person whom Dr. Mason selected for that interesting field. In March, 1803, he visited Washington, by request of several gentlemen,—among whom was the late venerable Joseph Nourse, who were then endeavouring to gather an Associate Reformed Congregation. The city, at that time, existed only on paper, and in the landmarks of the surveyor; and he has been heard to say that, as he was on his way thither, he enquired of the stage-driver how far it was to the city, and received for answer—"Sir, we have been driving through it for the last two miles."

The new congregation being formed, extended to him an invitation to become their pastor, of which, after due consideration, he signified his acceptance. He was accordingly installed in June, 1803, having been ordained previous to his leaving Edinburgh. For several years he preached in the old Treasury building, which was burned by the British in 1814. Meanwhile he was exerting himself to the utmost to obtain the means requisite to the building of a new church edifice. For this purpose he travelled as far North as Boston, and as far South as Savannah, visiting all the more important intermediate places, and making collections as he could find opportunity. As the result of his persevering labours, in connection with those of his little flock, he had the pleasure, early in 1807, to see a substantial, and for that day elegant, brick edifice opened for Divine service. It was the second place of Protestant worship erected in the metro-

* Presbyterian, 1853.—MSS. from his family, Rev. R. R. Gurley, Rev. P. D. Gurley, D. D., and Rev. Elias Harrison, D. D.

polis. In that building he continued to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ during a period of forty-six years.

Mr. Laurie, from the commencement of his ministry in Washington, found it necessary to engage, to some extent, in secular pursuits, in order to support his family. He was employed as a clerk in the Register's office of the Treasury department in the government of the United States; and he held the place till his death. Though he performed its duties with great punctuality and exactness, it was always a sore trial to him that he was obliged to give to a mere secular employment so much time that he would gladly have devoted to the great objects of his sacred vocation.

In 1813, he was afflicted by the death of his wife. On the 4th of April, 1815, he was married a second time to Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hall, daughter of Andrew Shepherd, of Virginia; who, after having been not only in the best sense a help-meet to her husband, but an ornament to the social and Christian circles of Washington, for thirty-four years, died on the 6th of May, 1849.

In the autumn of 1815, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Middlebury College.

Dr. Laurie and his congregation united with the General Assembly, at the time when a portion of the Associate Reformed Church formed a union with that Body. In the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1837, his sympathies and acts were decidedly with the Old School.

Dr. Laurie had naturally a vigorous constitution, and he continued to discharge his duties as a minister, with little or no interruption from ill health, till he was far advanced in life. He was then seized with an inflammatory rheumatism, which, for many months, confined him to his room, and most of the time to his bed. This attack gave a shock to his constitution from which it never fully recovered. Though he lived and continued to preach for several years afterwards, his people found it necessary to procure for him an assistant; and on the 13th of May, 1845, they proceeded to the choice of a co-pastor. The person chosen was Mr. Ninian Bannatyne,—who was a native of the Island of Bute, Scotland; came to this country at the age of nineteen, and was an alumnus first of Lafayette College, and afterwards of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He accepted the call, and was installed shortly after. He was most acceptable to his venerable colleague, as well as to the congregation; and his ministry seemed to commence under the brightest auspices; but, while the high promise of usefulness which had been given, had only begun to be fulfilled, he was overtaken by an insidious malady, which neither cessation from labour, nor travelling, nor medical skill, was able to arrest. He died greatly honoured and lamented, on the 13th of August, 1848, in the thirty-fifth year of his age and the fourth of his ministry.

Dr. Laurie felt this bereavement as a most severe affliction. Though he was still able to move about, and to preach once on the Sabbath, he was utterly inadequate to the discharge of the full duties of a pastor. Under these circumstances, it became necessary that he should be provided with another colleague; and, accordingly, the Rev. Levi Christian was installed in place of the lamented Bannatyne, on the 11th of March, 1850. He was induced, however, to resign his charge in November following, and enter upon an agency for the erection of a new church in Washington. But *his* place was speedily supplied by the settlement of the Rev. David X.

Junkin, (now D. D.,) who was installed on the 17th of June, 1851, and continued his connection with the Church till the close of Dr. Laurie's life.

For several weeks Dr. Laurie had suffered from a severe cough, which, however, did not prevent him from performing his accustomed duties. On Sabbath morning, April the 10th,—one week before his death, he delivered an address at the Communion, and in the afternoon of the same day made another address of half an hour, in which he alluded with great solemnity and impressiveness to his own death, saying,—"The time cannot be far distant;" and then, leaning over the pulpit, added with a thrilling earnestness, yet almost in a whisper,—"I feel it." He, however, continued in about his usual state until the next Thursday morning, when his family were attracted to his room by his groans, and, on entering, found him suffering intensely from what proved to be pleura-pneumonia. It soon became evident that he was approaching his end. On Saturday morning he seemed himself fully aware of it, and was constantly repeating passages of Scripture, such as are fitted to sustain the dying Christian. On Sunday morning he inquired the hour, and being told that it was nine o'clock, said—"In two hours it will be time for worship, but I shall not be there;" after which he requested that the hymn—"Jerusalem my happy home"—might be sung that morning in the church. He had subsequently an interview with the Rev. Dr. Harrison of Alexandria, who remained at his bedside till his death. His last words were—"It is well." He died on Monday morning, the 18th of April, 1853, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and the fifty-third of his ministry.

Dr. Laurie published a Sermon on the death of the Rev. William Hawley, 1845.

Dr. Laurie had nine children,—six by the first marriage, and three by the second. Two of his sons entered the medical profession.

FROM THE REV. ELIAS HARRISON, D. D.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., May 12, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: You were right in supposing that my relations to Dr. Laurie were such as to enable me to speak of his character with great confidence; and I may add my estimate of his character was such that I can also do it with great freedom and pleasure. My first interview with him, which was in November, 1816, just after I had come to Alexandria, took place at his own house, whither I had gone by invitation to preach for him on the coming Sabbath. He had then recently been married, for the second time, to a lady of Alexandria,—of fine taste, elegant manners, and great moral worth. The pleasant smile with which I was greeted, as I crossed his threshold, and the frank and cordial manner and air of whole-souled hospitality, with which I was received by both himself and Mrs. Laurie, left upon my mind a truly delightful impression. One of the circumstances connected with that visit, which impressed me most deeply, was his peculiarly pertinent and solemn manner of conducting family worship. He commenced the service with a short but most impressive invocation for the Divine blessing—then followed reading a portion of Scripture, singing a hymn, and offering a fervent and devout prayer, embracing most felicitously the cases of all who were present. As I listened and joined in the exercise, I could not but think that if that were a specimen of family worship in Scotland, the service there must be much more impressively performed than it generally is on this side the water.

From that period I was, for thirty-five years, in a constant,—almost weekly, interchange of letters or visits with him; and though I, of course, became much more intimately acquainted with his character, I can truly say that the impression which I received of his intellectual, moral and social qualities, at that first interview, was never afterwards materially modified. That he was a man of not only genuine but deep Christian experience, I could never for a moment doubt—this was proved not only by his daily life, but more especially by the spirit with which he bore up under the most crushing afflictions. That he was sensitive and somewhat excitable in his temper, I knew very well; and perhaps I ought to add that he sometimes spoke of the character or conduct of others with undue freedom; but I think those who were intimately acquainted with him will generally agree with me that this apparent severity existed rather in manner than in feeling. In his friendships he never varied, unless the objects proved unworthy. He would receive a fraternal admonition, as I have good reason to know, not only without resentment, but with a meek and even a grateful spirit.

As a preacher, I place him quite above the ordinary standard. His voice was loud, distinct, and sometimes perhaps a little harsh. He was solemn and earnest, though deliberate, in his utterance, expressive in his countenance, manly and graceful in his gestures and attitudes, and peculiarly guarded against all eccentricities of manner. Though he had not much of the Scottish accent, an occasional word would betray his foreign origin, and I used to think also, his willingness to keep it out of view. His ordinary discourses were not written; though when he did write, it was always with great vigour, correctness, and point. I never saw him take a manuscript into the pulpit but once; and then he apologized to the congregation for it,—stating that, as they were aware of his infirm health, (he had been unwell for some time,) they would excuse him for appearing before them *on crutches*. But he bestowed great thought upon his discourses notwithstanding; and he always advised young ministers either to write their sermons and commit them to memory, or—which he considered still better—to form carefully a plan, and study the subject with great care, and then trust for the language to the prompting of the moment. His manner of delivery was always so unembarrassed, and his style so correct, that I never could tell whether the sermon to which I was listening had been previously written or not. His discourses might generally be termed *massive*—compactly arranged, rich in thought, copious in argument and illustration, and almost invariably exhausting his theme. He was a great stickler for Presbyterian Orthodoxy—indeed it was sometimes thought that his preaching was disproportionately doctrinal, and that the principal defect of his sermons was that they lacked pungent and searching application.

Dr. Laurie was of an eminently social disposition. He loved to mingle with his brethren in meetings of Presbytery, and on other public occasions; and they always—no matter from what part of the land they might come—met a cordial welcome at his house. Some of his friends thought that, in his generosity, he allowed himself to be overtaxed in this respect; and that, in making others the subjects of his hospitality, he sometimes suffered them to make him a subject of imposition.

In his pastoral duties, he was not a little embarrassed by being obliged to combine with them the duties of a clerkship in one of the departments of the United States Government; but in the circumstances in which he was placed *he did what he could*.

It was my lot to see Dr. Laurie in many situations of severe trial, but I never saw him in one where his character as a Christian was in the least degree dishonoured. Though several of his last years had been marked by decline and increasing infirmity, his death finally took us by surprise. Owing to my own

feeble health for some little time previous, I had not seen him as frequently as usual, but had had no reason to suppose that there was any thing in his case to forebode a speedy dissolution. On observing one of his sons to enter my church, as I was about concluding my discourse on the afternoon of a certain Sabbath, it occurred to me that he had not improbably come as the bearer of sad news in respect to his father. And so it turned out. He informed me that his father felt himself to be near the close of life, and wished to speak to me once more before his departure. The request was complied with. I hastened to his dwelling, and found him breathing with great difficulty, but able to speak with a clear voice and distinct articulation. He told me with the utmost composure that he had but a very short time to live; and that, as we had long lived together in the closest friendship, and I had preached on occasion of the death of his daughter, his wife, and his beloved young colleague, Bannatyne, it was his earnest desire that, seeing him die, I would attend his burial also, and would preach a Funeral Sermon, if it was thought proper that there should be one—to all which of course I unhesitatingly assented. When I inquired concerning his feelings in view of his approaching change, he answered me in the most satisfactory manner—not a doubt in regard to his personal interest in his Redeemer's sacrifice seemed to trouble him—not a cloud to intervene between him and the Sun of Righteousness. I had myself doubted whether he was as near death as he imagined, but the event proved the correctness of his opinion—he ceased to speak, and very soon after, without a struggle or a groan, ceased to breathe. I took part in the exercises of his Funeral, and preached, agreeably to his request, on the Sabbath following; and rarely have I ever witnessed in an audience more tender sensibility, or higher respect for the memory of a great and good man. It was to me a most solemn occasion; for I was oppressed by the reflection that, with the single exception of Dr. Carnahan, late President of the College of New Jersey, all who were members of the Presbytery when I entered it, had passed away. I have much reason to bless God that, having obtained help of Him, I am still able to stand in my lot, and I trust patiently wait my turn.

Very sincerely yours,

ELIAS HARRISON.

FROM THE REV. R. R. GURLEY,

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1853.

Rev. and dear Sir: I very cheerfully comply with your request in putting down some recollections of my tried and venerable friend, the Rev. James Laurie, D. D.,—a minister of Christ, who shared largely in the confidence and esteem of his friends, and with whose character and conduct I was for many years intimately acquainted.

In his person, Dr. Laurie was well-proportioned, something above middle height, with a full, expanded chest, a voice of great power, and a countenance and manner of eminent dignity and authority. He had all the natural warmth and force of the Scotch character; was open, candid and sincere; quick in resentment and ardent in attachment; and for generosity and magnanimity of character highly distinguished. Associated with him for many years, in the Executive Committee of the American Colonization Society, when this Committee were accustomed to frequent and often protracted sessions, I acquired a knowledge of his peculiarities, and of the many bright virtues which adorned his life. Few know the great amount of time and thought dedicated by the early Managers of the American Colonization Society, during several years, to the interests of that institution; and among these managers no one was more punctual, cheerfully disinterested, or faithful, than Dr. Laurie. Owing to his having been

compelled, for the support of his family, to accept of an office in the Treasury Department of the Government, in connection with his duties as a minister, he found it often inconvenient to devote hours of business, weekly, to the Colonization Society, and other Benevolent Associations; yet he never hesitated to make a sacrifice of ease and comfort to discharge his public and private responsibilities. He was given to hospitality, and remarkably agreeable, instructive and lively in conversation,—fond of anecdotes and humorous illustrations. Meeting him one day, as he approached, I did not at first recognise him, and said,—"I thought, Doctor, you must be some distinguished person." "I am," he replied,—"a Foreign Minister." If Dr. Laurie ever became impatient, if his countenance ever grew dark, and he spoke in language of severe censure, it was when he thought he perceived a departure from a fair, frank and manly course; for he was of a rigid integrity and immovable firmness in his purposes of duty. It is probable that the affairs of his office, by withdrawing a large portion of his time from his study, diminished in some measure the popularity and success of his ministry; yet he was a very instructive, earnest, and at times eloquent, preacher,—delivering his discourses without a manuscript, with a voice and manner strikingly solemn and impressive. Had he given all his time and ability to his profession, he would, no doubt, have been widely known as among the best preachers in the country. He early shared in the friendship of Dr. Mason, and reckoned him among his best friends till the close of Dr. M.'s life.

In his pastoral duties, Dr. Laurie was constant, faithful and affectionate, and his visitations to the sick and distressed were attended with deep sympathy and extraordinary gentleness and tenderness. He was greatly concerned for the welfare of his church,—his heart was with his people in all their afflictions, and his prayers and endeavours were never wanting for their growth in Divine knowledge, grace, and consolation. During several of his last years, he was a great sufferer from severe and protracted illness, from the loss of his excellent wife,—one eminently beloved and distinguished for good deeds, and from the sudden removal by death of two sons; yet, with a noble fortitude, a silent patience and submission, this venerable and aged father in the church endured "as seeing Him who is invisible." His memory will long be gratefully cherished among a wide circle of mourning friends, and in all the churches of Washington.

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,

Faithfully your friend,

R. R. GURLEY.

ROBERT HAMILTON BISHOP, D. D.*

1802—1855.

Robert Hamilton Bishop, son of William and Margaret (Hamilton) Bishop, was born in the parish of Whitburn, Linlithgowshire, North Britain, on the 26th of July, 1777. Having early evinced a fondness for books, as well as a mind of more than ordinary vigour, he entered on a course of classical study, and in November, 1794, became a member of the University of Edinburgh. After completing his course at the University, he entered the Divinity Hall at Selkirk, under the Rev. George Lawson, in August, 1798. Here he passed through the prescribed course of theological study, and on the 28th of June, 1802, was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Associate Burgher Presbytery of Perth.

In the spring and summer of 1801, the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) John M. Mason, of the city of New York, visited the Burgher Synod of Scotland, as the Commissioner from the Associate Reformed Synod of North America, partly with a view to obtain a supply of preachers for the American Synod. Mr. Bishop, being at that time a student under Professor Lawson, was casually introduced to Dr. Mason, and the brief interview which he had with him, led, some two months after, to a partial engagement to accompany Dr. M. to America, provided the Synod, at whose disposal he was, should so direct.

The Synod met in April, 1802; and, under their special order, he was licensed to preach with a view to his engaging in the contemplated mission. In September following, he, with five other ordained ministers, embarked with Dr. Mason at Greenock, and arrived at New York before the close of October. Having attended a meeting of the Associate Reformed Synod, which took place shortly after his arrival, he set out with two other clergymen for Kentucky; but, being left to supply two new congregations in Adams County, O., for two months, he did not arrive there until March, 1803. He had been appointed to labour in Kentucky by the casting vote of the Moderator of the Synod,—what was then called the Second Congregation of New York having made application for his services. Five years afterwards, the same congregation sent him a pressing invitation to return to them, which, however, he did not accept.

In the summer of 1803, he had three calls presented to him in due form; but that which he finally accepted, was from Ebenezer in Jessamine County, which was connected with New Providence in Mercer County. The two Congregations united contained about thirty families spread over a tract of country at least fifteen miles square; and, as the Kentucky River and the Kentucky Cliffs intervened between the two places of worship, the two Churches were not expected to worship together much oftener than twice in a year. About the same time a Professorship in Transylvania University was offered him; and, as he thought it practicable to combine the duties of that office with those which he owed to his pastoral charge, which was within a half-day's ride of Lexington, and as something of this kind seemed neces-

* Presbyterian of the West, 1853.—Blake's Biog. Dict.—MSS. from Dr. Bishop and his son Professor R. H. Bishop.

sary to secure to him an adequate support, he determined to accept, and did accept, the Professorship.

Having accepted the call from the above mentioned Churches in the autumn of 1804, subjects were given him for his trial discourses to be delivered in the spring; but, at the spring meeting, he was informed that he could not be admitted to trials for ordination, till he should dissolve his connection with the Transylvania University. The reasons assigned for this were that the Presbytery had the exclusive disposal of his time; and that his duties in connection with the University were of such a nature, as to interfere greatly with his usefulness to the Associate Reformed Church. This brought him into unpleasant relations with his Presbytery, and ulti mately he was regularly prosecuted upon a charge of disobedience, the result of which was that he received a Presbyterial rebuke, by which the matter was considered as judicially settled. The case, however, being subsequently referred to the Synod, it was decided that the resignation of his place in the University should not be an indispensable condition of his ordination, and that the Presbytery of Kentucky should proceed to ordain him as soon as circumstances would permit. This decision was given in June, 1807; but, owing to certain circumstances, his ordination did not take place till June, 1808. Thus, for nearly four years, he was virtually under ecclesiastical process; and, though only a probationer, had yet the charge of two congregations to which he preached alternately every Sabbath,—the one fifteen miles, the other twenty-seven miles, from the place of his residence.

For some time after his ordination, Mr. Bishop seems to have exercised his ministry with a good degree of comfort and success. In the year 1810, the Presbytery appointed him, in connection with the Rev. Adam Rankin, of polemic notoriety, to prepare an Address to the Churches in the form of a Pastoral Letter, designed to illustrate the obligation of sustaining Christian institutions, and especially the ministry of the Gospel. The document was written by Mr. Bishop, assented to by Mr. Rankin, and passed without opposition by the Presbytery; though it gave great offence in certain quarters, and especially in Mr. Bishop's own congregation. The Presbytery, with a view to prevent erroneous impressions, and to avert threatening evil, directed their Clerk to address an official Letter to the Ebenezer Congregation, distinctly stating that the offensive Circular was to be considered the act of the Presbytery, and not of an individual. This Letter Mr. Bishop caused to be printed, with some explanatory remarks of his own, in the close of which he made an allusion to the conduct of Mr. Rankin, which he afterwards pronounced "imprudent and unnecessary," and which occasioned him great embarrassment in his ecclesiastical relations. His original connection with the Pastoral Letter led to the dissolution of his relation to the Ebenezer Congregation, in October, 1814.

In the autumn of 1811, Mr. Bishop entered into an arrangement with two or three other clergymen for conducting a monthly religious publication, to be called the Evangelical Record and Western Review. This was the first thing of the kind ever attempted in Kentucky, and the second, West of the Mountains. The work, however, owing chiefly to a deficiency in the subscription, was discontinued at the close of the second year.

In the second volume of this work, Mr. Bishop published, as part of the history of the state of religion in Kentucky, an article entitled "the origin of the Rankinites,"—which gave great offence in various circles, and

which he himself subsequently regarded as extremely ill-judged and unfortunate. After considerable private and extra-judicial conference on the subject, a regular judicial inquiry was entered into by his Presbytery, and in October 1815, he was brought to trial on a charge of slander, the result of which was that he was regularly suspended from the ministry. An appeal to the General Synod from the sentence was immediately taken. The Synod met in Philadelphia in May, 1816, and, on an examination of the case presented by documents, they decided that Mr. Bishop should be publicly rebuked by the Presbytery for the offensive publications; that the Presbytery should use means to bring the parties immediately concerned into harmonious relations with each other, and that if this could not be effected, there should be a regular trial instituted, and that the Presbytery should make one of the parties the prosecutor and the other the defendant; and that, in the mean time, the sentence of suspension passed by the Presbytery was reversed. Nothing, however, was satisfactorily accomplished under this decision, and the case came again before the Synod, in 1817. At this meeting a committee was appointed to proceed to Kentucky to take whatever depositions might be considered necessary; but that committee, after some correspondence with the parties, and others concerned, concluded not to fulfil their appointment. A Synodical Commission was therefore appointed in 1818, to go to Kentucky and adjudicate the case, subject to the review of the next Synod. This Commission, consisting of John M. Mason, Ebenezer Dickey, and John Linn, ministers, and Silas E. Weir, an elder from Philadelphia, proceeded to Lexington in September following, and in the execution of their trust, made Bishop the prosecutor, and Rankin the defendant. The latter claimed his legal ten days to prepare for his defence; but when the time had expired, he declined the jurisdiction of the Court. The trial, however, went on in his absence, and the decision was "that the prosecutor should be publicly rebuked for the publications he had issued, and that the defendant, being convicted of lying and slander, be, as he hereby is, suspended from the Gospel ministry." It is honourable to Mr. Bishop, considering the relations into which he was brought with Mr. Rankin, that he has left the following testimony concerning him:—"Mr. Rankin, with all his bitterness on particular subjects, and on particular occasions, was also, in all other matters, and on all other occasions, a kind hearted, benevolent man."

Mr. Bishop's twenty-one years' connection with the Transylvania University was marked by no serious difficulties or disagreeable circumstances, so far as he was personally or officially concerned. Upwards of twenty young men, who were more or less under his special care during this period, afterwards entered the ministry, and several of them rose to eminence.

During one of the three years in which he considered himself as virtually suspended from the ministry, he devoted nearly all his Sabbaths to the instruction of the negroes, and organized the first Sabbath Schools ever opened in Lexington for their benefit. He has been heard to say that this was one of the most agreeable enterprises in which he ever engaged; and that in no other year of his residence in Kentucky had he so much evidence of the gracious presence of the Holy Spirit in connection with his labours.

In October, 1819, Mr. Bishop, having dissolved his connection with the Associate Reformed Church, joined the West Lexington Presbytery, in connection with the General Assembly. From 1820 to 1823, he officiated

as stated supply to the Church in Lexington, which had been gathered by the labours of the Rev. James M'Chord; and his connection with this Church he seems to have considered as highly favourable to both his comfort and usefulness. In the autumn of 1824, he accepted the Presidency of Miami University, Oxford, O., and was inaugurated on the 30th of March, 1825. Here he found a few Christian people who had been under the care of the Rev. James Hughes, for some years Principal of the grammar school in that place; and these he gathered and formed into a Presbyterian Church, and preached to them regularly on the Sabbath in the College Chapel, until the year 1831, when, as the result of a revival in which Dr. Blackburn was a principal instrument, the Church gathered so much strength that they undertook to build a place of worship and call a Pastor.

In 1825, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of New Jersey.

In the great controversy which divided the Presbyterian Church in 1838, Dr. Bishop's sympathy and action were with the New School.

In 1841, he resigned the Presidency of Miami University, but held the Professorship of History and Political Science, until the autumn of 1844, when his connection with the institution ceased. He then removed to Pleasant Hill,—a beautiful spot in the immediate neighbourhood of Cincinnati, where there was already an Academy, which, partly at least through his agency, was now enlarged into a College, under the name of the "Farmer's College." Here he remained actively and usefully employed till the close of life.

Dr. Bishop preached regularly in the chapel to the students as long as he retained the Presidency of the University, but after that, had no stated charge. He preached, however, very frequently, during his subsequent years; and his last sermon was preached on the 15th of April, 1855, but two weeks before his death. As he left his house to preach it, he distinctly told his wife that it would be his last. He heard his classes as usual on Thursday, and was just going to the College on Friday morning, when his strength failed, so that he was no longer capable of making any effort. He lingered till five o'clock, Sabbath morning, (April 29th,) his usual hour of rising, and then died, as he had often expressed a wish to die—"in the harness."

On the 25th of August, 1802, just as he was on the eve of embarking for America, he was married to Ann Ireland, by whom he had eight children,—five sons and three daughters. All his sons were graduates of Miami University. Two of them became clergymen, and one is a Professor in the University at which he was educated. Mrs. Bishop survived her husband but two weeks.

The following is a list of Dr. Bishop's publications:—Sermons on various subjects, 1808. [This was the first volume of Sermons printed West of the Mountains.] Memoirs of David Rice; with an Appendix, 1824. Elements of Logic; or a Summary of the general principles and different modes of reasoning, 1833. Sketches of the Philosophy of the Bible, 1833. Elements of the Science of government, 1839. The Western Peacemaker, 1839. He published also several Occasional Sermons and Addresses, among which was a Sermon on the death of the Rev. James M'Chord, 1820, and the Address at his Inauguration as President of Miami University, 1825. He contributed also liberally to several periodicals.

FROM THE REV. J. M. MATHEWS, D. D.,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK.

New York, July 6, 1857.

My dear Sir: I cannot refuse your request for my recollections of Dr. Bishop, though my limited acquaintance with him will not allow me to attempt any thing like a minute analysis of his character. The first time that I remember to have seen him was while I was a student in the Theological Seminary of the Associate Reformed Church in this city, when he was present, at an examination,—perhaps as one of the superintendents of the institution. I subsequently met him several times at Dr. Mason's, and occasionally heard him preach on his visits to the city, and in later years he corresponded with me in reference to some objects of historical interest. In addition to this, we had many common friends, with whose estimate of his character I was familiar; so that I have a pretty distinct, and I presume, tolerably correct, idea of his leading characteristics.

In his outward appearance there was nothing specially attractive. He was every way a large, strongly built man, with great muscular energy, and I should suppose great power of physical endurance. His manners were rather plain and direct than cultivated or graceful. He had a very strongly marked Scottish accent, and could not open his lips without revealing his national origin. He had the reputation of being somewhat reserved, but I always found him social and agreeable. And yet, on one account, I must have seen him at a disadvantage; for it was almost always at Dr. Mason's house; and wherever *he* was—no matter who else might be present—he not only gave the lead to the conversation, but generally threw into the shade—I might almost say—the most brilliant minds with which he came in contact. But even in his company, I think, Dr. Bishop's presence was always felt as a source of both pleasure and edification.

Judging of the character of Dr. Bishop's preaching from the few sermons I heard from him, I should say that he was an admirable specimen of a Scotch Secession preacher. Those sermons, I remember, took a very wide range of thought, scarcely stopping short of an epitome of the entire system of Theology; but they were marked by great perspicuity, discrimination, and logical correctness; and in each case the discussion was closed with a direct practical application, bringing the whole to bear upon the heart and conscience. His manner, though without any thing of oratorical grace, was bold and earnest, and well fitted to give effect to the truths which he uttered. Altogether, the character of his preaching must, I think, have been such as to quicken the intellects, as well as improve the hearts, of all who attentively listened to it.

Dr. Bishop, as I have been assured by those who had the best opportunity of knowing, was a man of an uncommonly devout and spiritual habit of mind. He possessed a naturally excitable temper, and would sometimes speak unadvisedly with his lips, and even indulge in a tone of undue severity; but a single moment's reflection would fill him with regret and penitence, and bring from him every acknowledgment and apology that could be desired. It was a principle to which he rigidly adhered never to let the sun go down upon his wrath. His life was a somewhat eventful one; and he passed through some scenes of severe ecclesiastical conflict; but I am not aware that his character is marred by the semblance of a stain.

Dr. Bishop has a special claim to be regarded as a public benefactor, on account of the important services which he rendered to the cause of education. He was not only a very accomplished and thorough scholar, but had an admirable tact at communicating what he knew to others; and his numerous pupils in the different institutions with which he was connected, are said to have regarded

im with the highest respect and admiration. I suppose it may safely be said at he had a more important agency in directing and advancing the educational nterests of the West, than any other man who lived during the same period.

I cannot forbear to add that, according to that standard which identifies genius ith an illegible handwriting, Dr. Bishop was undoubtedly one of the greatest eniuses of the age. In this respect he was, I think, more than a match for his lustrious countryman and contemporary, Dr. Chalmers. Even those most miliar with his chirography would be obliged to take more than a single session or the deciphering of one of his letters; and sometimes, after they had tasked heir faculties to the utmost, there would remain passages more hopelessly mysterious than if they had been written in Chinese or Arabic.

Most affectionately yours,

J. M. MATHEWS.

JOHN HOLT RICE, D. D.*

1803—1831.

JOHN HOLT RICE, a son of Benjamin and Catharine (Holt) Rice, was born near New London, Bedford County, Va., November 28, 1777. His father was a lawyer by profession, a shrewd, sensible man, and a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church. His mother was a lady of cultivated mind, gentle disposition, and exemplary piety. He was named John Holt, after his mother's brother, who was an intelligent and worthy clergyman of the Church of England. He was a weakly child from his birth; but when he was about two years old, he had a very severe illness, and at one time was supposed to be actually dying. He, however, revived, and, contrary to all expectation, began to recover; whereupon his good uncle, the clergyman, expressed his confident conviction that Providence had spared him for an important end, and earnestly charged his mother to educate him with reference to it, promising her such assistance as he might be able to render. As the faculties of the child began to unfold, it was found that he had a very decided passion for books; and before he was four years old, he had read a considerable part of the Bible, and all Watts' Psalms and Hymns. He used also, in imitation of his uncle, to read portions of the Church service to children around him, both white and black, telling them that, when he grew to be a man, he would be a preacher.

At the age of about eight, he went to live with his uncle, Parson Holt, who had opened a school for boys in the County of Bottetourt; and here he began to learn Latin; but his uncle, in consequence of the failure of his health, soon gave up his school, and, after about a year's absence, John returned to his father. He was then sent, for a while, to another teacher, the Rev. James Mitchel, and afterwards to two or three others, whose names are forgotten. About this time, his mind became deeply impressed with the subject of religion, and the change in his conversation and deportment evinced that he had become a true disciple of Christ.

* Maxwell's Memoir of Dr. Rice.—MS. from Mrs. Dr. Rice.

When he was a little more than twelve, he experienced an irreparable loss in the death of his excellent mother. By his father's second marriage, his situation was not rendered more desirable; and, though he was still bent on obtaining an education, his new mother was little disposed to second his wishes. His trials in the family are supposed to have been instrumental in quickening his religious sensibilities, and giving a more decisive Christian direction to his life. He made a public profession of religion at the age of about fifteen.

Shortly after this, his father sent him to Liberty Hall Academy, (now Washington College,) in Lexington. Here he enjoyed the instructions of the Rev. William Graham, a man of no small celebrity, who was then President of the Academy; though he does not seem, at this time, to have been remarkable for intense application. When he had continued at this school a year and a half, his father, for want of funds, was about to take him home; but Mr. (afterwards the Rev. Dr.) Baxter, who had been a member of the same Academy, and had then charge of a similar school in New London, invited young Rice to come and pursue his studies freely with him. He immediately accepted the invitation, and remained in this school about a year and a half.

Being now in his eighteenth year, he was applied to in behalf of a Mr. N., who lived on James River, to take charge of a small family school which he wished to open in his house. With his father's consent, and by advice of Mr. Baxter, he acceded to the proposal; and shortly after set out, with ten and sixpence in his pocket, which his father had given him as an outfit, to fulfil his engagement. He found himself in an amiable and accomplished family, but surrounded by influences little favourable to the growth of his Christian character. He became painfully conscious of spiritual decline; and the result was a sort of misanthropic state of mind, that not only embittered his own enjoyment, but imparted a sombre hue to all his social relations.

After having lived in this family eighteen months, he determined to pay a visit to his father's family; but, in consequence of exposure to intense heat on his journey, he reached home only to be attacked by a severe fever that brought him to the borders of the grave. On his recovery, there were some reasons why he thought best not to return to Mr. N.'s, and happening, just at that time, to read in a newspaper an advertisement of the Trustees of Hampden Sidney College, announcing that they were in want of a Tutor for that Seminary, he resolved at once to apply for the place. His application was successful; and he entered on his duties about the last of October, 1796, when he was hardly nineteen years of age. His relations here were favourable to his Christian improvement and enjoyment; and he gradually recovered the tranquillity of mind which had been sacrificed, in a great degree, to the associations of his residence on James River.

The College was now in a low state, and the number of students very small; but young Rice entered upon his duties with great zeal and spirit; though his official engagements left him with a good deal of leisure for studying and writing. After he had been there a few months, the Rev. Archibald Alexander (afterwards Dr. Alexander of Princeton) was elected President of the College, and, at his instance, the Rev. Conrad Speece (afterwards the Rev. Dr. Speece of Augusta) was appointed a Tutor. Both these gentlemen accepted their appointments, and between them and young

Rice an affectionate intimacy sprang up, which continued till it was terminated by death.

Mr. Rice continued his connection with the College till the spring of 1799, when he yielded to a request from Major Morton,—a highly respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood, with whose family he had been brought into very pleasant relations,—to take charge of a small school in his house. Owing to some peculiar circumstances, he did not remain long there, but accepted an invitation from his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Montrose, to reside with them, while he should pursue a course of medical study, under the direction of an eminent physician in that neighbourhood. Here he continued during the summer of 1800; and in the autumn following, just as he was setting off for Philadelphia to attend medical lectures, he received an urgent invitation from the Trustees of Hampden Sidney College, to return to his place as Tutor; and his acceptance of this invitation seems to have been a turning point in his life. Having now rejoined his friends, Messrs. Alexander and Speece, he began to deliberate whether it was not his duty to devote himself to the same profession which they were pursuing, and engage in the Christian ministry. The result of his reflection was a determination to make the change; and, accordingly, he commenced the study of Theology under the direction of his friend, Mr. Alexander.

On the 9th of July, 1802, Mr. Rice was married to Anne Smith, daughter of his intimate friend, Major Morton,—an interesting young lady to whom he had beeen attached for several years. They immediately went to housekeeping in a small dwelling near the College.

On the 12th of September, 1803, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Hanover to preach the Gospel; and at the same time was appointed to preach to several destitute congregations. One of these was the Congregation at Cub Creek; to whom he was so acceptable that, on the 5th of April, 1804, they presented him a call to minister to them three-fourths of the time. This call he accepted; and, on the 29th of September following, he was ordained and installed as their Pastor,—the Sermon on the occasion being preached by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Alexander. He, however, still continued his connection with the College, and his residence near it; visiting his flock on Saturdays, and preaching to them on Sundays. But this arrangement was found to be inconvenient; and, about the latter end of the year 1804, he resigned his office as Tutor, and removed with his family to a small farm, which, by his father-in-law's assistance, he had been able to purchase, in the County of Charlotte. As his salary was very limited, and his other means of living not abundant, he opened a small school for boys, with a view to make out an adequate support. His labours as a minister were now very arduous, as the people composing his congregation were scattered over the whole County of Charlotte, and worshipped at three different places.

In the beginning of the year 1805, the Synod of Virginia resolved to establish a periodical work, under the title of the Virginia Religious Magazine: to this Mr. Rice contributed various articles, marked by his characteristic ability and good taste.

Mr. Rice continued his labours in Charlotte for several years; but various circumstances conspired at length to induce him to meditate a removal. In the year 1811, a project began to be entertained by some individuals in

Richmond for establishing a Presbyterian Church in that city; for, previous to that time, the Presbyterians and Episcopalians had worshipped together, under the alternate ministrations of the Rev. J. D. Blair, a Presbyterian, and the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, an Episcopalian. Mr. Rice was thought of, and applied to, as a suitable person to be placed at the head of this new enterprise; and he was not, on the whole, disinclined to listen to the proposal. Accordingly, at a meeting of Presbytery, at Red Oak Church, on the 12th of March, 1812, "a call from a number of persons in Richmond and its vicinity attached to the Presbyterian Church," was presented to him, which, on the day after, he accepted; whereupon, the Presbytery declared his pastoral relation to the Congregation in Cub Creek, dissolved. On the last Sabbath in April, he preached his Farewell Sermon, and on the second Sabbath in May, preached to his new charge in Masons' Hall, Richmond. On the 17th of October following, he was installed Pastor of the Church he had collected,—the Sermon on the occasion being preached by the Rev. Conrad Speece. Not only was the enterprise a new one, but a new place for public worship was to be built; and this, attended as it was with serious embarrassments, devolved upon him much additional care and labour.

In July, 1815, he issued the first number of a weekly religious newspaper, entitled "The Christian Monitor,"—the first publication of the kind that ever appeared in Richmond. This he continued to conduct for several years.

In May, 1816, he went to New-York, (which he now visited for the first time,) to attend the meeting for the formation of the American Bible Society. He was there as a representative of the Bible Society of Virginia, and of several auxiliary Societies in the State. He afterwards attended the meeting of the General Assembly in Philadelphia, and at the close of its sessions returned home with invigorated health and spirits.

During the year 1817, he formed the plan of publishing a new periodical, to be entitled "The Virginia Evangelical and Literary Magazine." The first number of this work was issued in January, 1818; and it gave promise of what was actually realized—a work characterized by comprehensive views and uncommon ability. This work occupied much of his attention; and though it received contributions from several of the most eminent men in Virginia, it was sustained in a great measure by his personal efforts. It was continued till 1829.

In May, 1819, he again attended the General Assembly at Philadelphia, as a delegate from his Presbytery, and was chosen Moderator of that Body. He is said to have presided with great dignity, and to the entire satisfaction of all the members. The next year, (1820,) he attended the General Assembly again, and, as Moderator for the preceding year, preached the opening sermon, which was highly approved, and published.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of New Jersey, in 1819.

In May, 1822, he again represented his Presbytery in the General Assembly; and, at the close of its sessions, extended his journey into New England, having been appointed a delegate to the General Associations of Connecticut and Massachusetts, the former of which held its sessions at Tolland, and the latter at Springfield. Having fulfilled these appointments

to the great satisfaction of the respective Bodies, he passed on to Boston and Andover, in both which places he formed many agreeable acquaintances, and some enduring attachments. He published a very interesting account of this journey, in a series of articles in his Magazine.

On the 26th of September following, he was unanimously elected President of the College of New Jersey; and, on the 16th of November, was unanimously appointed Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, whose operations had been for some time suspended, on account of the death of Dr. Hoge, its late Professor. The former appointment he declined with little hesitation; the latter he accepted, from a full conviction of duty, and after taking considerable time to deliberate. Shortly after resigning his pastoral charge, in June, 1823, he made another journey to the North, partly for the benefit of his health, which was at that time greatly enfeebled, and partly with a view to increase the funds of the Seminary. He visited Albany and Saratoga Springs, and then passed into New England; and both himself and his object everywhere met with a cordial welcome. He was installed in his office as Professor, on the 1st of January, 1824.

In 1827, he was again a member of the General Assembly, and again visited New York and Albany, in behalf of the Seminary with which he was connected.

In 1830, Dr. Rice addressed a series of Letters to James Madison, Ex-President of the United States, in the Southern Religious Telegraph, the object of which was to show that our politicians and patriots should favour the progress of Christianity, on account of its influence on our various interests as a nation. These Letters excited great attention; but they were anonymous, and for some time he took pains to conceal his connection with them.

In May, 1830, he came to New York and delivered one of the series of the Murray Street Lectures, which were afterwards published in a volume. In September following, he returned to the North with a view to complete his collections for the Seminary; and this proved to be his last visit. He came as far North as Albany; and on his return to New York, took a severe cold which brought on the disease that terminated his life. He suffered severely on his way home; but, on reaching there, though considerably enfeebled, he seemed unwilling to intermit his labours. On the second Sabbath in December, he preached in the neighbouring Church a Sermon on the "Signs of the Times," which is supposed to have been the greatest effort of his whole life. Shortly after this, his disease assumed a more aggravated form, and, during much of the time, he experienced intense suffering; but he still continued to direct the studies of the young men under his care, and occasionally to dictate letters to his friends. He lingered till the 3d of September, 1831, when, after sufferings almost unequalled, endured with most exemplary patience and trust in his Redeemer, he gently and triumphantly passed the vail. The Rev. B. F. Stanton preached a Sermon with reference to his death in the neighbouring church, and another was addressed to his former congregation in Richmond, by the Rev. William J. Armstrong, at that time their Pastor. An Oration commemorative of Dr. Rice, was delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Hampden Sidney College in 1832, by William Maxwell, Esq., and was published.

The following is a list of Dr. Rice's publications:—A Sermon preached at the ordination of Thomas Lumpkin,* 1809. An Illustration of the character and conduct of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia, 1816. A Sermon on the importance of the Gospel ministry, preached at the opening of the Synod of Virginia, 1817. A Sermon to young women, 1819. The instrumentality of man employed in propagating the Gospel: A Missionary Sermon published for the benefit of the Young Men's Missionary Society of Richmond, 1819. The Pamphleteer, No. I: Essay on Baptism, 1819. The Pamphleteer, No. II.: Irenicum, or the Peacemaker, 1820. A Discourse delivered at the opening of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, 1820. An Inaugural Discourse, 1824. Charity begins at home: A Sermon preached for the benefit of the United Domestic Missionary Society in New York, 1824. Review of "the Doctrines of the Church, vindicated from the misrepresentations of Dr. John Rice, &c., originally published in the Literary and Evangelical Magazine," 1827. The Power of truth and love: A Sermon before the American Board of Foreign Missions, 1828. Memoir of the Rev. J. B. Taylor,† 1830. Historical and Philosophical Considerations on Religion, addressed to James Madison, Esq. [This was published originally in successive articles in a religious newspaper in 1830, but appeared in a small volume in 1832.]

Much the greater part of the productions of Dr. Rice's pen, that were given to the public through the press, are to be found in the Evangelical and Literary Magazine.

The first time I saw Dr. Rice was, I think, in June, 1816, at Alexandria, Va., where he passed a Sabbath, and preached once for Dr. Muir. I found that he had a high reputation as a preacher in that neighbourhood, and, if I mistake not, the congregation was considerably increased by its being known that he was to officiate. He gave us a sober, sensible sermon, but it was, by no means, characterised by either the power of thought, or the depth of feeling, which I knew him manifest on later occasions. I saw him but a few moments in private, but received the impression that he had a good deal of dignified reserve.

* THOMAS LUMPKIN was born in Bedford County, Va.; studied Theology under the Rev. Dr. Hoge; was licensed to preach by the Hanover Presbytery; spent some time as a missionary in Albermarle; was settled as Pastor of the Church at Charlottesville, Va., in October, 1809; and died of bilious fever, in great peace and triumph, about six months afterwards. He was a man of superior abilities, great courage, and unfeigned piety.

† JAMES B. TAYLOR was born in Middle Haddam, Conn., April 15, 1801. His parents were members of the Episcopal Church. His mother was of the same family with David Brainerd, and the line of his paternal ancestry is traced back to Jeremy Taylor. When a youth, he went to live in New York as a clerk to a hardware merchant; being under the special supervision of his brother, the late Knowles Taylor, well known in the walks of Christian philanthropy. He received his first permanent religious impressions from some remarks made by Dr. Scudder, as he was about leaving the country to engage in a foreign mission. In January, 1820, his brother sent him to an Academy at Lawrenceville, N. J., with a view to his being educated for the ministry. In November, 1823, he was admitted to the Sophomore class in the College of New Jersey, where he graduated, a highly respectable scholar, in 1826. On going home to pass a few weeks, he was attacked with a disease which, after having occasioned him intense and protracted suffering, finally terminated his life. He, however, was able to pursue his theological studies, and having a brother at New Haven, he went to reside there, and became a member of the Seminary in the latter part of the year 1827. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Middlesex Association, on the 8th of October, 1828. He then travelled South as far as Richmond, where he became an inmate of the family of the Rev. Dr. John H. Rice, and gradually declined under the power of his terrible malady, but sustained by the most affectionate attentions of friends, and the most gracious influences from above, until the 29th of March, 1829, when he gently passed to his eternal rest. His character was one of very rare attractions, and many bright hopes were sacrificed in his early death.

My next meeting with him was in 1822,—after I was settled in the ministry in New England, and when he came to the North as a delegate from the General Assembly to the General Associations of Connecticut and Massachusetts. I was present at both meetings, and saw and heard him both in private and in public. The General Association of Connecticut met at Tolland. Dr. Rice's high character was well known to most of the ministers assembled there, and every thing that he said and did, abundantly sustained it. His preaching was deeply serious and impressive, and was received with great favour. His address, tendering to the Association the assurance of the sympathy and kind feeling of the General Assembly, was in his usual simple and felicitous style, and was responded to with great apparent cordiality. The next week, I saw him at Springfield, at the meeting of the General Association of Massachusetts, when he appeared to still more advantage. On that occasion, he preached a sermon, in connection with the administration of the Lord's Supper, on the text—"The love of Christ constraineth us." He began by asking each person in the house who had an interest at the throne of grace, to lift up his heart at that moment, and silently implore a blessing upon the preacher and the message he was about to deliver; and though the request seemed to be heard with great attention and solemnity, it was so great a departure from what is commonly heard in a New England pulpit, where every thing is done according to rule, that I was not without some apprehension, at the moment, that the desired effect would not be realized. I perceived, however, almost immediately, that the Doctor was in such a frame for preaching as I had not seen him in before, and he continued constantly to rise from the beginning to the end of the sermon. Besides being exceedingly rich in the most precious truths of the Gospel, it was an admirable specimen of lucid reasoning, and every sentence of it was evidently spoken from a heart which was actually glowing and heaving with a sense of the love of Christ. Notwithstanding it was a kind of eloquence to which my Connecticut River friends were not used, they were still free to acknowledge its remarkable power, and I have rarely seen an audience more entirely melted and subdued than on that occasion. The impression which Dr. Rice made at that meeting was exceedingly favourable, and I doubt not had much to do with the rather uncommon success which subsequently attended his application in that region for aid in establishing the Union Theological Seminary.

The next year he visited New England again, and stopped for a few days in the neighbourhood where I resided. He came with his excellent lady, and passed an afternoon with me, but was exceedingly taciturn, as if some weighty concern was pressing upon his spirit. In the evening he preached for me, in a lecture room, on the text,—"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" It was a less argumentative and elaborate discourse than the one I heard at Springfield, but it was one of the most awfully impressive discourses I *ever* heard. I remember his using, in the way of illustration, a story of a man's going over Niagara Falls; and his gesture, his countenance, his whole manner, was such as to give the highest possible effect to the anecdote. The next day, I rode with him to visit Mount Holyoke,—a distance of some ten or twelve miles, and the air of apparent sadness had passed away, and he was quite the life of the company. I recollect his entertaining us with anecdotes about his friend, Dr. Speece, from which I

got the impression that his oddities were scarcely exceeded by either his abilities or his excellencies.

A few years later still, after I had changed my ecclesiastical relations, and come to live in Albany, Dr. Rice came and passed several days in my family. He found me confined to my chamber by a severe influenza, which many of my friends, and I think himself among others, feared might not be easily removed. I had seen enough of him before to admire and venerate his character; but had it not been for this visit, I should never have adequately appreciated him. There was no trace of the reserve which I had seen in him on some other occasions. His face was beaming with kindness, he was cheerful and highly amusing in his conversation, and he had an agreeable word for every body, while yet, in all his intercourse, he fully sustained the dignity of the Christian and ministerial character. I remember a little incident that showed that while his heart was well-nigh absorbed in the welfare of the Seminary which he had founded, his efforts, even for that, were marked by the most delicate consideration. A father could not have manifested more interest for my health, nor a physician watched its changes from day to day with more unceasing vigilance. I felt now that I had got down into his great and generous heart, and I marvelled to find a man so unlike what Dr. Rice at first appeared to me. When we parted, it was for the last time. I quickly recovered my health, but he, alas! went home to labour for a little while, and then decline, and then die. I have always been thankful that he made me that last visit, for I have ever since regarded him as having been not only one of the noblest, but one of the loveliest, of mankind.

FROM THE REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

New York, June 15, 1846.

My dear Sir: When you ask me to give you some recollections of my dear and honoured friend, the late Dr. John H. Rice, you awaken in me some of the most tender emotions of my life; for his name and person are connected with all that belongs to my beloved native State, my parents, and my early labours as a minister. You have kindly relieved me by saying that you do not look for a biography—indeed this is sufficiently afforded by the ample memoir of Mr. Maxwell. I shall, however, pen these lines under the disadvantage of constantly feeling how much better the work might have been done by others whose knowledge of Dr. Rice's best days was not so entirely juvenile as was mine.

From my earliest childhood, I was accustomed to think Dr. Rice almost as near to me as my own honoured father, with whom all my life long, he was on terms of the most cordial friendship. He took early methods of endearing himself to those of us who were in childhood, and perhaps there never lived a man who clung more closely to his friendships in after years. His person is distinctly before me. None of the portraits do him any thing like justice. There were mixtures of expression which no one painting could represent. The exceeding gravity of his countenance when in repose or musing, would occasionally break forth into a jocund radiance and benignity, altogether indescribable. His frame was tall, bony and ungraceful. His gesture was confined, but, under excitement, powerful. His voice, though strong, was unmusical. He, therefore, owed nothing to the mere graces of oratory—I believe he even despised them. Yet there were times when he was unquestionably eloquent, when he gradually kindled as he advanced, when his argument grew better and better, and his reluctant frame seemed informed by an unwonted inspiration, while his whole soul

glowed through his great speaking eye. At such times, large assemblies were held for more than the usual time in fixed attention. It always appeared to me that Dr. Rice resembled those birds which soar nobly, but which find it hard to rise on the wing.

No man better understood what eloquence is, or more admired it in others; and he had enjoyed opportunities of hearing the best orators in that part of the land where oratory, as the late Dr. Channing admits, has been most at home. He had heard Marshall, Madison, Patrick Henry, and John Randolph. The two great orators last named appeared on one memorable instance together, in the year 1799, in Charlotte County, Va.: I may be allowed to say that both Dr. Rice and my father were present on that occasion. With Mr. Wirt, Dr. Rice enjoyed familiar intercourse, deriving aid from him in literary enterprises. A beautiful letter of this great lawyer and orator came to Dr. Rice on his dying bed. While, however, he was familiar with some of the most noble and graceful specimens of oratory that America has ever known, he was, for that very reason, in the same proportion above putting himself into the *manege* of elocutionary masters, under whose care our young students, with all their practisings, are destroying their little natural capacity for good speaking.

The power of Dr. Rice resided in his thought and in his feeling: he was both argumentative and earnest. I never esteemed his delivery in itself considered at all worthy of his composition. Justice has never been done to him as a writer. If he had any clerical superior in his mastery of sound, free, vigorous English, it is not within my knowledge. In common with such preachers as Fenelon, Kirwan, Whitefield, Mason, and Hall, he never allowed himself to be enslaved to what he had written down in his study: his ablest sermons were, as to their form, the product of the hour—hence we must not look for the best samples of his composition to his preaching, but to what he wrote for the press, especially in the pages of the "Virginia Evangelical and Literary Magazine." As a favourable instance may be mentioned his Reply to Bishop Ravenscroft; and having alluded to this, I ought to add that, earnest as this controversy was, it engendered in him no gall: when he heard of the Bishop's death, he said,—"I never had a doubt of his sincerity." In a somewhat different strain, but equally characteristic of his great and generous way of thinking, are his Letters to James Madison, Esq., late President of the United States; the object of which was to show that American statesmen owe it to their country to promote Christianity among the people.

To his pulpit labours Dr. Rice brought all the stores of an unusually varied learning. From his childhood, when he used to rise from his bed to read Horace by the flame of pine wood on the hearth, until his latest day, he was a devourer of books, and in a variety of departments. Few men kept more fully abreast of contemporary literature, as is shown by his Magazine. "Now although this insatiable thirst for knowledge, and unconquerable avidity for books, would, in many minds, have produced very small, if any, good effect, and no doubt was in some respects injurious to him; yet, possessing as he did a mind of uncommon vigour, and a judgment remarkably sound and discriminating, that accumulation of ideas and facts which to most men would have been a useless unwieldy mass, was by him so digested and incorporated with his own thoughts, that it had, I doubt not, a mighty influence in raising his mind to that commanding eminence which it attained in his mature years."

In the meshes of theological metaphysics Dr. Rice never entangled himself—indeed he stood aloof from doctrinal controversy. His views were less polemic than comprehensive; and his mind was perpetually labouring with the problem of uniting all orthodox American Christians who were friendly to liberty. Some of his warmest admirers did not hesitate to avow their belief that his dread of

controversy was excessive. Remarkable success, however, attended his pacific measures, especially in his native State.

If I were called upon to point out any one production of Dr. Rice's which should give, in short compass, a view of his characteristics; I would name his letter to the Rev. Dr. Wisner, of November 22, 1828.* It is wise, and witty, and full of those sagacious prospects of things, civil and ecclesiastical, by which he will long be remembered. Writing in this *annus mirabilis*, as the year 1848 has just been felicitously called, I own myself impressed by the views taken by Dr. Rice just twenty years ago. You will perhaps find room for a quotation: it will show the spirit of the man: "This is the most wonderful year in which we have ever lived. Where will the overturnings end which we now see beginning? Heaven grant that they may result in the coming of Him 'whose right it is to reign.' I do believe the present is a crisis in the affairs of human nature. It is the age of Revolutions, succeeding the age of the Reformation. The Lord is pulling down old establishments, and overturning deep-laid foundations of spiritual tyranny. He is disenthralling the mind of man, and opening a way for the universal diffusion of the Bible, and sending the heralds of mercy to all lands. In a word, He is making opportunities, and waiting to see how the Church will improve them. The Reformation was a crisis. Men's minds were mightily stirred up, and a great opportunity was afforded them for setting the world at liberty from every yoke but the 'easy' one of the Redeemer. In some respects that opportunity was nobly improved. But the Reformers committed some capital mistakes. It seems to me that the two principal were: 1. Distrust in Providence, and dependance on kings and princes to protect the Church and sustain the truth. This brought religion into alliance with the world, and it was corrupted. 2. The spirit of controversy which rose up, and raged, and divided the Protestant world into fiercely contending factions. This flame burned up the spirit of piety, and these divisions frittered away the strength of the Church, and marred its glory in the presence of Papists, Mahometans, and Heathens. That golden opportunity was lost, and religion, on the whole, made very little progress for three centuries. Look at Germany, look at Switzerland, look at Protestant France, at England, at Scotland, and say whether there is as much religion now as there was in 1580.

"It has occurred to me most painfully that the present opportunity may pass without suitable improvement, and the Church sink into a torpor to continue for ages; while the spirit of Infidelity shall go through the world, breathing all its pestilence and inflicting its plagues, ten-fold more terrible than those of Egypt. But if so, no arithmetic can calculate the amount of guilt which will rest on the Church. I regard the human race as at this moment standing on the covered crater of a volcano, in which elemental fires are raging with the intensity of the 'Tophet ordained of old.' Heaven has provided conductors of wonderful power, by which this heat may be diffused as a genial warmth and a cheering light through the world. And the necessary process must be performed by the Church—otherwise, there will be an explosion which will shatter to pieces every fabric of human hope and comfort."

Entertaining such views of the times and of the Church, Dr. Rice carried into his whole ministry an unusual earnestness. His pulpit addresses bore a closer resemblance than is usual to great speeches in deliberative bodies, turning very much on the politico-ecclesiastical relations of truth, and avoiding academic starch, and the formation of homiletical technicalities. His detestation of all tyranny in Church and State burnt its way out, in vehement discourse. "He was," said a dear and early friend, Dr. Speece, "a powerful advocate of pure Protestant Christian liberty; strenuously resisting all usurpation upon the rights of private judgment in matters of religion." But that which more than all else

* Memoir, pp. 378–384.

gave fervour to his ministry, was his belief of the truth and his sincere piety. No one now surviving, except the widowed companion of his life, can know the anxieties with which he pursued his labours against great difficulties, first as Pastor, and then as Professor. He was a man of eminent sincerity and benignant affection. If, as has been said, he was very choleric in youth, then no man ever gained a greater victory, for he was a pattern of meekness. His whole life was one continued labour for Christ's cause, and he wore himself out in his endeavours to raise the standard of theological education in the South. His profound stirring interest in great public schemes divested his public performances of all that was either common-place or scholastic, and gave them the character of direct appeals, for immediate decision, like the arguments of a political orator before his constituents.

The reputation of Dr. Rice was widely extended by his writings and his travels. No man of the South was so well known in New England. And while, in the way of playful challenge, he used somewhat to vaunt his peculiarities as a Virginian, never for an instant allowing any one to consider the "Old Colony and Dominion," as less than the greatest of States, he accomplished more than any man in harmonizing the views of North and South. In 1819, he was honoured with the highest literary degree from the College of New Jersey; and in 1822, he was unanimously elected President of the same. But he was too much devoted to the interests of religion in his native State, to live or die elsewhere; and his last years were spent in founding and rearing the Union Theological Seminary at Prince Edward. This institution, it has been justly said, will remain a monument more honourable, and it is hoped more lasting, than marble or brass, of what can be accomplished by the toilsome labours of one man.

It is not improper to speak of Dr. Rice's influence in that large and then undivided branch of the Christian Church, of which he was a minister. While still young, he made an impression by a sermon before the General Assembly at Philadelphia, such as was never forgotten. From that moment until the day of his death, his reputation never decreased. Though punctual in his attendance on Church courts, he was not often upon his feet; but his companions testify that on great questions he was eloquent. Everywhere, in public and private, his voice was for peace. As a Theological Professor, he was a thorough Calvinist, opposed to all the innovations in Divinity which were then beginning to show themselves; yet ready to go all lengths in forbearance towards the persons of dissentients. This was not mere gentleness of temper, but deliberate Christian policy. His language was—"Our learned Doctors may wear out their pens, and put out their eyes, and they and their partisans will be of the same opinion still. The Church is not to be purified by controversy, but by holy love." His favourite adage was, LOVE IS POWER. As has been said above, there are those who love his memory, and yet think that Dr. Rice was disposed to extend this excision of controversy to more points than was consistent with a maintenance of the complete system of sound doctrine. But who can avoid loving the benevolence of the disposition? His public spirit in regard to the Church was great. One of the last acts of his life was to dictate from his dying bed the *projet* of an overture to the General Assembly on the subject of Foreign Missions, in which he asserts the great truth on which the present Board of Foreign Missions is founded; namely, "that the Presbyterian Church in the United States is a Missionary Society."

The nature of your work, my dear Sir, forbids me to lift the vail from the most lovely aspect of this great man; his character, I mean, as a husband, a brother, a friend, and a master. His beloved wife still remains among us, "a widow indeed;" and though he left no children, there are thousands who remember him as a father; among whom I affectionately claim my humble place.

Will you pardon me for relating a little incident connected with his position as a householder: it will be best understood by those who have lived at the South. Dr. Rice was a gentle but authoritative master of his own household. On a certain occasion, a servant woman had been refractory and insulting; and it became necessary for her to be solemnly reprimanded. The next day she declared that she had not been able to close her eyes in sleep for remembering her master's prayer. Ever afterwards, she was devoted to him in dutiful affection. On the very last day of her life, Dr. Rice entered her room and found her eldest daughter preparing something at the hearth under her direction. He remonstrated, reminding her that all she could need would be supplied—"Oh, Master," said the dying woman, "I want nothing; but nobody else can make the bread you like best, and I am showing Martha how to do it that she may bake it for you when I am gone." Allow me, Reverend Sir, to add, that this poor creature was the mother of the man who, through the generosity of some of Mrs. Rice's friends at the North, was sent last month, with his family, to freedom in Africa.

Lest, however, my communication should degenerate into details unsuited to your work, I will hasten to add a few statements respecting the last days of Dr. Rice. On returning in 1830 from one of his many toilsome journeys to the North, he was detained in Philadelphia by a sudden illness which seized him while at prayer with the family: it was the precursor of the violent and excruciating distresses which often visited him afterwards. Still he was enabled to pursue his journey; to meet with his friend Mr. Wirt; and to enjoy a Sabbath with his beloved people at Richmond. It was after this that he wrote the letter to Dr. Wisner, which has been cited. His days were now numbered, and his decline was rapid. Prayers were publicly offered for him in the Princeton Seminary,—a fact which deeply touched him. His thoughts were, however, more for the Church than for himself. A revival of religion was in progress as he lay on his bed. "Amazing—astonishing!" he would say, as news came to him. "Oh, that I could aid the triumph with my voice! But the Lord's will be done!" His suffering was extreme—"I feel," said he, "an iron hand upon me that is crushing me to death." On hearing of the death of his friend, Jeremiah Evarts of Boston, he said, "Alas! God is taking away the staff and stay from Israel. The few that are left will not be regarded, and the many will carry all before them. Numbers will overwhelm us at last." After many distresses of body, in which his mind painfully sympathized to a degree of morbid depression, he at length, when all were awaiting his departure, experienced a singular relief. Turning suddenly to Mrs. Rice, and throwing his arms around her neck, and looking in her face with a clear bright eye, beaming with heavenly joy, he exclaimed, "Mercy is triumphant!" As some doubted what the last word was, he made a fresh effort and said—"triumphant!" When instantly his head fell and he was gone.

The name of Dr. Rice is intimately connected with the system of public theological education in this country. After thorough survey, in every part of the Church, he rejected the old and partial method as worthy only of an inchoate condition, and lent his whole influence to the support of that larger and exacter method, which enjoys the testimony and sanction of every important ecclesiastical organization in America.

But I am detaining you beyond all that is my right, and

Am, with Christian respect,

Your friend and servant,

JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

FROM THE REV. BENJAMIN M. SMITH, D. D.

PROFESSOR IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, VIRGINIA.

UNION SEMINARY, March 11, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: I cheerfully undertake to comply with your request to communicate my personal recollections of Dr. Rice, though well convinced that they can add but few and indistinct touches to the portrait of that noble man, with which you propose to enrich the pages of your work.

The materials for such a contribution as you desire, supplied by my memory, are not only very scanty, but also deficient in striking incidents. For although my acquaintance with Dr. Rice commenced with my earliest boyhood, and I was for four years during my college course, a member of his family, I was too young to form adequate conceptions of his character, and too uninformed on the great subjects which engrossed his attention to receive or retain very vivid impressions of his conversation. Moreover, he was remarkably taciturn, was always a hard student, and during the later years of his life,—the period of my best opportunity for forming a proper acquaintance with his character, he was continually pressed with the multiplied cares and arduous duties of his office in this Seminary.

Still, as material objects are more thoroughly known by the result of views taken from various points, so such characters as his are sometimes better understood when viewed from different points of observation.

Of his various and extensive learning, his pastoral fidelity, his untiring energy, his soundness in the principles of a true Biblical Theology, his able and eloquent defences and expositions of Gospel truth, both by the pulpit and the press, his eminent public services, his laborious, faithful and popular career as a teacher of Theology, and his successful efforts in establishing this Seminary, I could furnish abundant illustrations. But on all these topics you are doubtless already fully informed.

Of Dr. Rice's personal appearance I retain a most distinct impression. That of some well-known acquaintance, very recently seen, is hardly more clearly defined in my mind. He was full six feet high, and very well proportioned. His face was somewhat oval, with a broad and high, as well as finely arched, forehead. His features were symmetrically combined, and he might have been justly termed a handsome man. His complexion inclined to be florid. His eyes were of dark blue and very expressive. The usual cast of his countenance was grave, but neither austere nor morose. On the contrary, it was inviting rather than repulsive. He never failed to be attractive to the young, and was easily approached by such. His forehead appeared yet higher, in the later years of his life, owing to a slight baldness. His hair was brown, disposed to curl, though gently, was worn moderately short, but long enough very much to conceal the appearance of baldness.* With the exception of the portrait, mentioned in the note, I have never seen one which gave a satisfactory representation of his features. And indeed, that is not unexceptionable. It is an accurate likeness of him, as he often appeared, reminding one, familiar with his pleasant moods, of his expression of countenance when about to say, or when he had just uttered, something humorous or gently satirical. It is very much such an expression, as we may conceive him to have presented, when, by way of pleasantly satirizing the close pulpit reading of a certain class of ministers, on meeting one of them in the streets of a Northern city, the morning after attend-

* It is not a little singular that owing to some defect in the paint or canvass of the portrait in the possession of his widow, the hair, originally represented as brown, now appears quite gray. The defect has occasioned no perceptible change in the appearance of the face. To his friends this circumstance is not displeasing, as he thus appears very much as we may suppose he would have done, if alive now. His age would have now been seventy-nine.

ing a service in which the minister had participated, and, by a servile adherence to his manuscript, subjected himself to the criticism, he took from his pocket a paper, and *read* the usual questions and answers of common civility. But this portrait does not represent him with the gravity and pleasing solemnity which he exhibited, when engaged in the services of the sanctuary, or in the earnest discussion of great and weighty subjects. On the other hand, those which have been designed to serve this purpose, have failed by portraying a class of features directly the reverse of those mentioned, and presenting to us a sad, morose, or stern expression, which he never had. It is probable that his features, in entire repose, were no correct indications of the class to which they belonged, when his mind was specially interested; and the artists who drew the portraits were incapable, from want of familiarity with their subject, of imparting to the canvass the requisite glow of feeling. Kindness, benevolence, tenderness, and solemnity, on a basis of deep thoughtfulness, may be said to have been the leading characteristics of his ordinary expression, as they were evinced by his early life to be the leading traits of his moral nature.

He was perhaps constitutionally slow in his physical motions. I never saw him walk or act in a hurried manner. His earlier friends have represented him as naturally of an irascible or impetuous temper. I never heard him use a harsh word, nor did I ever see him manifest signs of provocation or anger. Constantly pressed as he was by his public duties, he took little part in the management of his domestic affairs. His servants regarded him with sincere respect and affection, and perhaps their personal attachment secured as prompt and constant obedience as other influences could have produced.

From November, 1825, till September, 1829, I was a member of Dr. Rice's family. This was the period of his most intense, laborious and uninterrupted service in the Seminary. His time was constantly occupied. The variety of his duties afforded no relief from their pressure. The number of students increased from seven to upwards of fifty. He had but one assistant in instruction. He taught Theology, Church History and Government, and for a part of the time, the Interpretation of the New Testament Scriptures. His vacations of six weeks each, besides the whole of one and parts of other sessions, were spent in travelling to solicit funds. During the sessions, he supplied the vacant pulpit of the church in the vicinity, at least half the time, and on the alternate Sabbaths, was usually engaged in preaching at some of the churches in the surrounding country. Thus he had little time for his family or his company. Having entered the new Seminary building in November, 1825, while yet not entirely finished, and while the premises were but partially reclaimed from the forest, he combined utility with exercise, for recreation, in most vigorous labour, digging up stumps and removing dirt, accumulated by the excavations for the buildings. He set the example for his own precepts, and pleasantly urged on the students the benefit of varying their labours on Hebrew and Greek roots, by labours on those of the oak and hickory. He generally wrought in this way for half an hour or an hour before breakfast, and would often come into the house, with his forehead and cheeks bathed, and his clothes soaked, with perspiration. In the proper season, exercise in his garden, for whose ornamental and useful culture he had a great predilection, supplied an alternation for this severe toil. Then, from breakfast till twelve or one or even two o'clock at night, he was constantly occupied in his study, which was also his class-room, performing the appropriate duties of his office, or by correspondence and contributions to the press, rendering thus additional services to the Church at large, evinced in the establishment of the Seminary, and in publications defending and expounding the great principles of Theology and Church Government. His meals were properly his only seasons of relaxation. His plain but hospitable house was ever open to strangers; and his extensive acquaintance and increasing reputation brought visiters from

all parts of the country. For some months, Rev. Dr. Nettleton was his guest, and then, for another season, Rev. James B. Taylor, who died in his house. His own father was, at an earlier period, a member of his family, cherished with filial tenderness and respect. Rev. Rufus Nutting from New England, boarded with him during a winter spent in the South for his health, and with a generous desire to aid deserving young men, he had frequently one of the students,—a gratuitous boarder in his family. Rev. H. P. Goodrich, his assistant, and then a Professor in the Seminary, boarded with him three years. With such persons pleasant and useful conversation was held during meals, which were thus protracted often to a longer time than usual, and were seasons of truly delightful recreation. One of the gentlemen mentioned often said that, though absent from his family, he had laughed more during the five months spent with Dr. Rice, than he had ever done in any year of his life. With Dr. Nettleton, his conversation often assumed a graver cast, and the theological innovations of the day, and the new measures in connection with revivals, &c., were freely discussed; though it is needless to add that the discussions were rather a comparison of accordant views than the debates of opponents.

Dr. Rice never forgot a kindness, and was studiously diligent to give substantial expressions of his gratitude. Having been himself, when young, compelled to struggle for the attainment of education, he was ever ready to lend his aid to others in similar circumstances. The friends of his youth were never forgotten. With my parents a friendship had been formed, when he spent some six months under their roof, while pursuing the study of medicine. Their kindness, though intrinsically trifling, it was his delight through life to acknowledge, and his pleasure more than tenfold to repay. Having, by marrying my father's niece, become connected with the family, his visits were the more frequent, and always the occasions of mutual pleasure. The younger children were taught to address him as Uncle, and few real uncles ever manifested a more lively or more efficient interest in the welfare of nephews and nieces. From my mother's widowhood in 1819, he became yet more tender and actively solicitous for the comfort of the family. His visits, though necessarily short, were always hailed with delight; for he brought with him and conferred the blessings which those impart who, in the spirit of the Gospel, "visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction." It was to his generous gratitude and strong attachment to the family that I was indebted for the privilege of pursuing my college course under circumstances so well calculated to quicken my zeal, and excite my love for sound learning. No calls for aid or advice in my studies,—even if, in the heedlessness of youth, made when he was most pressed for time, were ever unkindly met or disregarded. He had the happy faculty of impressing on the mind the severest criticism, by some pleasant mode of administering it. Placing his thumb on the first word, and stretching, as with great effort, his finger to the last, in a very long sentence, the first of a composition, he taught me to be ever mindful, though I may not have been ever observant, of this capital error in composing. A kind word or look of encouragement, or a smile of approbation was always ready, when deserved, and a course of remark at his table, or an incidental hint in private, cautioned me of evil, and warned me of its results.

I give you these little incidents of personal and family history, with unfeigned hesitation, knowing that they may be regarded as rather passing the limit of a proper delicacy. But they furnish one of the best commentaries on the remark so characteristically true of Dr. Rice, that he never forgot a kindness, that I could not forego their introduction, and I am not unwilling to say that if your readers peruse them with a tithe of the pleasure it has given me to communicate them, they will not regret it. Indeed, for his young countrymen, whoever they might be, he had a heart yearning with the kindest emotions. One of the most eminent lawyers of the State spent a night with me recently, and most

feelingly expressed the grateful emotions he experienced in recollecting Dr. Rice's kind attentions to him while at College; and doubtless there are hundreds of others in all the professions, who would do the same.

He evinced this trait of character in frequenting the meetings of the Union Society in the College (Hampden Sidney) near the Seminary. Though constantly pressed by his urgent and important duties, he found time, once or twice every session, to attend those meetings, having been a member of the Society when at the College in early life. After the ordinary routine of business, and the discussion of the topic of debate by the students, he would rise, and, in a most felicitous and instructive manner, hold their attention for thirty minutes or an hour, in an able and often entertaining discussion of the question. Such occasions were always embraced as opportunities for the expression of sentiments calculated to foster noble purposes, and quicken zeal and inspire aspirations for increase in sound knowledge and true virtue.

On one occasion, the Society was disappointed of securing a representative from abroad to deliver an address at the College Commencement. Dr. Rice was applied to, and readily agreed to supply the vacancy, of whose existence the Society had not been made fully aware, till the day preceding that appointed for the Oration. I remember how gracefully and appropriately he opened his speech by rather apologizing to any who might have thought him out of place on such an occasion, using some such language as this,—"If any ask why I am here to day, I reply with the old Roman Poet, 'Homo sum et humani nihil a me alienum puto.'" Indeed, he omitted no opportunity of showing how truly he held the sentiment of another Latin writer,—"Maxima reverentia puero debetur." It was then the custom of the College to have a celebration of the Fourth of July by the students. They were permitted to select orators for the day from among themselves, and, the literary entertainment over, to have a dinner which was closed in the usual manner of the country, by drinking toasts. Dr. Rice, when at home, generally attended, and, though strictly abstemious, also honoured the dinner by his presence, and gave his toast when called on. Even then, he aimed to present a sentiment embodying that which was useful and valuable to his young friends.

As a Trustee of College, he was a regular attendant on the term examinations, and often enlivened occasions generally dull and prolix to all parties, by timely sallies of humour. He encouraged the young men to diligence in acquiring the art of public speaking, by often attending the exercises, both for declamation and the delivery of original speeches.

Dr. Rice was not only a student in order to teach, but his thirst for knowledge for its own sake was insatiable. He was a student of departments of learning, not immediately connected with his daily pursuits. His habits of study, and his excellent mental training, enabled him to acquire rapidly, and retain permanently, stores of useful knowledge, on a variety of subjects. The advance in many sciences, especially in the department of Physics, had been very great, during the thirty years of his professional life. Yet he kept himself well posted, and, without pretending to minute accuracy, was no mean scholar on subjects barely touched in his academical studies. His manner in the pulpit, or indeed as a public speaker, was not very striking, and occasional and superficial hearers often went away disappointed. But to attentive thinkers, his matter was always interesting, and soon they found themselves beguiled into a forgetfulness of his manner. He used but little gesture. Sometimes his hand would remain (as he had a habit of placing it when beginning to speak,) in his coat-bosom, almost through his discourse. But often, as he waxed warm in speaking, his whole chest would seem to partake of his emotion, and sometimes a kind of convulsive aking of his shoulders and breast would act with an almost electric power on e listener. His language was chaste and often elegant, but you would think

but little of language, while your mind was carried away by his *thought*. His voice was another mode of expressing his emotions, and the deep tones of solemn earnestness, indicative of pent up feeling, would awaken in his hearers emotions far more correspondent, than any amount of even the most appropriate gesticulation. He seldom resorted to any irregular modes of arresting attention. His was the farthest from the least appearance of an eccentric manner. Yet I well remember the solemnity produced by his closing a very impressive service with a benediction on *those only*, who had determined at once to enter on a Christian life.

His preaching was almost uniformly *extempore*. He used notes, (often very brief,) sometimes covering perhaps a sheet of *foolscap* paper. His letters will compare favourably with the best specimens of English composition, in the best days of English literature. He had no time to *write* sermons. His pen was never idle. But had he occupied it in writing sermons, he would not have had time for other writing. However, he no less, perhaps the more, studied his subjects for pulpit discussion. His prayers, both in public and in his family, and among his students, were fervent, humble and comprehensive. He was, on all occasions, deeply impressive and often affecting, praying with unaffected devoutness for "all kinds and conditions of men."

Next to his desire for the prosperity of Zion, was his ardent wish for the welfare of his country, and especially of his native State. Two great evils, threatening the future, were ever before his mind; and among my earliest recollections of his preaching, are my impressions of the warnings he uttered relative to the increase of Intemperance and the Papacy. He had, years before his death, with almost prophetic sagacity, warned his countrymen of the dangers of popular ignorance on religious subjects, especially among the slaves, and depicted, in most remarkably correct colours, the career of such a "crisp-haired prophet" coming as a messenger of Heaven, with blood-thirsty and demoniacal passions, as actually signalized the autumn of his death, by the memorable "Southampton Massacre."

I remain yours truly,

B. M. SMITH.

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER, D. D.*

1803—1847.

Benjamin Morgan Palmer was the grandson of the Rev. Samuel Palmer, who was a native of Barnstable, Mass., was graduated at Harvard College in 1727, was ordained at Falmouth, Mass., in 1730, and died April 13, 1775, aged sixty-eight. He was the eldest son of Job Palmer, originally of Falmouth, who emigrated from Massachusetts to Charleston, S. C., previous to the Revolutionary war, where he died January 30, 1845, in his ninety-seventh year. He was born at Philadelphia on the 25th of September, 1781, while his parents were sojourning there, having been driven from their own home by the storm of the Revolution. He was a pupil of the College of Charleston, while it was a grammar school under the charge of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Smith; but in 1797, he was removed to Princeton College, where he was honourably graduated in the year 1800.

* History of the Circular Church, Charleston.—Charleston newspapers, 1847.—MSS. from his family.

After leaving College, he studied Theology under the joint direction of the Rev. Doctors Keith and Hollingshead, the co-pastors of the two Congregational Churches in Charleston, known as the Circular and Archdale Street Churches, and united in the same Corporate Body. He was licensed to preach on the 7th of June, 1803, by "the Congregational Association of ministers in South Carolina," and by the same Body was ordained and installed Pastor of the Church at Beaufort, S. C., on the 28th of April, 1804. His connection with this Association continued until the year 1822, when the Association was merged in the Charleston Union Presbytery.

On the 4th of May, 1807, Mr. Palmer was married to Mary S., daughter of Capt. Jared Bunce, of Philadelphia, who was a native of Wethersfield, Conn. The marriage took place in Charleston.

With the congregation at Beaufort he laboured for several years with much fidelity, but not without serious embarrassment for want of an adequate support. His friend, Dr. Keith, had long urged him to leave the place, and come to Charleston, and open a school for his immediate support, until some favourable opportunity should occur for the regular exercise of his ministerial functions. On the 15th of November, 1813, Dr. K. wrote to him a very earnest letter on the subject, which found him just recovering from a severe illness; and, in consequence of this letter, Mr. Palmer immediately went to Charleston to confer with his venerable friend, in the hope of being able to satisfy himself in respect to the course of duty. After much consultation and some mental conflict, he resolved, in accordance with Dr. Keith's recommendation, to open a school; and, on the morning of the 14th of December, 1813, he sent off to his church in Beaufort a letter resigning his pastoral charge. In two hours after this was done, Dr. Keith was struck with apoplexy, and in seven hours more, breathed his last.

After Dr. Keith's death, at the close of 1813, the attention of the vacant church was turned towards Mr. Palmer as a suitable person to succeed him; and notwithstanding he had been brought up in the midst of them, and laboured under the disadvantage of being a prophet in his own country, yet so high was their estimate of his talents and character, that, after a short time (in 1814) they gave him a call to become their Pastor, as colleague with Dr. Hollingshead,—which he accepted. On the death of Dr. H. in January, 1817, Mr. Palmer remained co-pastor of the same Churches, in association with the Rev. Anthony Forster, until July following, when the separation of the two Churches took place. From that time, he continued sole Pastor of the Circular Church, until July, 1835, when his health had become so much reduced that he was compelled to resign his charge and place himself on the foundation for the support of disabled clergymen in its connection. The Society entrusted with the administration of this charity, conferred on him a pension of a thousand dollars per annum, which was continued without interruption or abatement to the close of his life. After his resignation, he still continued occasionally to preach, as his health would permit, sometimes supplying small and destitute congregations, sometimes taking a short mission, and frequently labouring in the Seamen's cause, or in aid of the Temperance Reformation. Many of his summers, especially after he resigned his charge, he spent at the North, where he became well known, and had many friends from whom he always received a warm greeting. For two years previous to his death he had resided in the village of Orangeburg, S. C., where he greatly endeared himself to the whole community.

His last sermon was preached in the Methodist Church at Orangeburg, a short time before he died. His death took his friends by surprise. He had been labouring under a severe attack of influenza for a few days, but was considered decidedly convalescent until the day of his death; when, in consequence, as was supposed, of an imprudent use of cold water after a powerful anodyne, he became suddenly very ill, and fell into a lethargic slumber from which he never awoke in this world. He died on the 9th of October, 1847, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Not only the Congregation to which he had formerly ministered, but the Charleston Union Presbytery, as well as some of the Benevolent Associations of which he had been an active member and patron, passed Resolutions expressive of their high sense of his extraordinary worth.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of South Carolina in 1815.

At the time of Dr. Palmer's death, his wife was suffering severely from an attack of neuralgia in the head, and was not able fully to realize his death until the day after it occurred. She then seemed composed and tranquil; but on the Saturday following, the 16th of October, she too fell into a profound sleep out of which she awoke, as was confidently believed, in a better world. Thus in their deaths the husband and the wife were scarcely divided.

They left behind them two daughters, Mrs. Lanneau and Mrs. Shindler, (formerly Mrs. Dana,) both of whom still (1857) survive. They had buried seven children.

The following is a list of Dr. Palmer's publications:—Believing Baptism, no argument against Infant Baptism: A Sermon preached in Beaufort, 1809. Gratitude and Penitence recommended from the united consideration of national judgments: A Sermon delivered on a day appointed for Humiliation, Thanksgiving, and Prayer, in Charleston, 1814. The signs of the times discerned and improved: Two Sermons delivered in the Independent Church, Charleston, 1816. The Dejected Christian encouraged: Two Discourses, preached in the Independent Church, Charleston, 1816. A Charge at the Ordination of Rev. Jonas King, and Rev. Alfred Wright,* the former of whom was ordained as City Missionary in Charleston, among the seamen and others; the latter as a missionary to the Choctaw Indians, 1819. A Sermon on the Anniversary of the Sabbath School Association in Charleston, 1819. Importance of the ministerial office: A Sermon preached in the Independent or Congregational Church in Charleston at the ordination of five young men as Evangelists, 1821. Religion profitable: A Sermon with a special reference to the case of Servants, delivered in the Circular Church, 1822. The three following were published in the Southern Preacher, 1824—The reasons which Christians have for mourning the sudden removal of men, who have been distinguished for the excellence of their characters, and the usefulness of their lives; A Sermon delivered on the death of Dr. David Ramsay. A Sermon on the consequence of unbelief. A Sermon on the admonition administered to Elijah. Good men the protection and ornament

* Alfred Wright was a native of Columbia, Conn.; was graduated at Williams College in 1812; entered the theological seminary at Andover, but was recalled to Williams College as Tutor in 1814; held the Tutorship for one year; and then entered the ministry, and became a missionary under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Choctaw Indians, among whom he spent his life in the most arduous and self-denying labours. He was a most amiable man, an excellent scholar, an earnest and consistent Christian, and a devoted and efficient missionary. He died in the year 1855.

of a community: A Sermon delivered in the Circular Church, Charleston, on the death of Josiah Smith, Esq., eldest Deacon of the Church, 1826. The children of professing believers, God's children; or the right of the children of God's people to the initiating seal of the covenant asserted and maintained: A Sermon delivered in the Circular Church, 1835. A Sermon published in the National Preacher, entitled "The Sinner arraigned and convicted," 1836. The Family Companion, with an Appendix containing a Sermon delivered on the Sacramental occasion that terminated his pastoral relation to his people, in July, 1835; and the last Sermon he ever delivered to them—only a few weeks before his death. This volume was posthumous.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM C. DANA.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 10, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My introduction to Dr. Palmer was not till the later period of his life,—some time after his connection with the Circular Church, as Pastor, had ceased. But there was no mistaking the broad outlines of his character, and I am happy to give you such an account of him as my recollections may furnish.

The great charm of his character was *transparent simplicity*. "Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" It was refreshing to meet with one whose vigorous and affluent intellect commanded the respect of the most intellectual, who was yet in character and manners unsophisticated as a child. He lived for God and Truth, apparently free from all thought or care as to what effect the free utterance of his honest opinions might have on his personal interests. Truth, moral and spiritual, was the element in which he lived and moved, singularly abstracted from worldly cares, and indifferent to worldly self and worldly opinions. He was thoroughly a minister of the Gospel, and could have been nothing else.

Out of his singleness of purpose grew his remarkable *moral courage*. To the same source might be traced another distinguishing and attractive feature of his character,—namely, his singular exemption from all feeling of jealousy in respect to those whose popularity might come in competition with his own. He rejoiced in every good blow that was struck for truth, no matter by whom, with as cordial and jubilant delight as if the whole reputation of it inured to himself. He was wholly uninitiated in those arts by which, in advancing public interests, a wide margin is left for personal notoriety and aggrandizement. He had a generous appreciation of all fellow-labourers in the good cause to which his life was devoted. If there was work to be done, he was always ready, when called upon; but he never put himself forward in the slightest degree; and if the just claims of his character and position were sometimes, in consequence of this facility and modesty, ignored by others, he never seemed to notice or to know it. He arrogated nothing to himself.

Another very attractive feature of his character was the absence of all tendency to *dictate* to others. Free and independent in his own judgments, he wished others to be equally so. Although, in the maintenance of great principles, he had the courage and the tenacity which in other days might have led to martyrdom, he was nevertheless, in all lighter matters of opinion, singularly facile. A proposition which he had advocated, he would withdraw at the suggestion of the youngest member of Presbytery, without the slightest hesitancy, when an objection which he had not thought of was intimated. He had an exuberant candour in estimating opinions opposite to his own. The impression which they made upon him at the moment, I think sometimes misled those who were not intimately conversant with his mental traits. They knew not how solidly his mind

settled down on its mature convictions,—the breath of an adverse opinion having but transiently ruffled its surface.

At the same time, it was quite useless for party leaders or majorities to undertake to *dictate to him*. Whilst others counted numbers, he busied himself in exploring truth and right. He was not at all reluctant to be in the minority. He had a most pertinacious and *uncomfortable* habit (as some found it) of thinking for himself, and acting according to his opinions. Hence, although naturally reserved, perhaps even diffident, he was, when inspired by his firm convictions of truth, elevated at once above all personal considerations, and more prone to be belligerent than, from mere policy, silent. He was the exact opposite of a wily politician.

His mind was saturated with the meaning, spirit, and language of the Bible. This gave distinctive character to his preaching and his prayers. In the pulpit he was always instructive and edifying. There was fresh thought in all his sermons; and, although the commonplace arts of rhetoric were entirely absent, there was that in the deep tones of his voice and the solemn earnestness of his delivery, which, though years have rolled by since that utterance was heard, is still vivid in memory. His preaching seemed not so much the result of any specific effort or aim at striking effect, as the natural outflow of a mind always full of Scripture truth. His prayers were most remarkable. All who heard them were constrained to feel that he was an eminently pure-minded, spiritually-minded man, favoured with most intimate intercourse with Heaven.

It is the testimony of one of his habitual hearers, surpassed by none in acuteness of discrimination, that it was at the sacramental table, and in the chamber of sickness, that he shone pre-eminent. None could doubt the genuineness and tenderness of his Christian sympathy.

Among the lighter traits of his character, one is pleasantly associated with his memory by those who knew him intimately. He was remarkable for *absence of mind*. In company he was often abstracted, evidently carrying on a process of thought, quite remote from things present and visible. At home, he would sometimes seem to be restlessly searching for something in the room. It turned out that he was seeking an *idea*. I have heard it said that he once rode horseback many miles in the rain, quite oblivious of the cloak and umbrella attached to his saddle. It is pleasant to me to recall his personal appearance, as I have often seen him in the streets of Charleston, erect in figure, with buoyant step, his eye, like his mind, directed rather to Heaven than earth, and too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice the salutation of some passing friend.

I regret that I can offer you nothing more worthy of the exalted subject; but I still feel pleasure in adding my humble tribute to the memory of one whose simplicity and originality of character, and exalted moral worth, are so eminently worthy of commemoration.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir, with true respect and esteem,

Yours very sincerely,

W. C. DANA.

FROM THE REV. B. M. PALMER, D. D.

New Orleans, April 16, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: When, some time ago, I consented to furnish you a sketch of my venerated uncle, the late Rev. Dr. Palmer of Charleston, S. C., it was with the intention of enlisting the aid of a distinguished co-presbyter, who was for many years his intimate associate and friend. Providential hindrances having disappointed this expectation, I must, at this late day, attempt to redeem my pledge, fearing, however, that this communication may arrive too late for your purpose. It is to be regretted that this portrait is not drawn from

the memory of some contemporary, whose reminiscences would cover the whole area of his life, instead of that small section of it embraced in my own; and whose description would be received by the Christian public with less suspicion than that of one, who, in the nearness of a double relationship, is only less than a son. Since this delicate duty must at last devolve upon a kinsman, I wish there was time to remit it to others of the family, who grew up and were shaped under his influence, and not like myself, thrown off by the chances of life, enjoying only occasional intercourse. So intensely individual, however, was his character that, even under these disadvantages, I have no fear of presenting a likeness whose accuracy will not be attested by his most superficial acquaintance.

In few men did the outward presence so perfectly harmonize with the intellectual and moral character, as in Dr. Palmer. He was of medium stature; though a spare habit and an erect figure added to his apparent height. Pre-eminently composed in manner; dignified, if not graceful in his carriage; with a deep sonorous voice; and a countenance singularly placid, yet strongly furrowed by thought:—an air of repose rested upon his whole person, indicating habitual self-communion and meditations that were not of earth. In the midst of society, he was often sunk in reverie, wrapt up in the seclusion of his own thoughts: and this abstracted air, supported by the acknowledged sanctity of his life, secured to him the homage of universal reverence. This characteristic trait, indeed, very naturally gave rise to many amusing *contretemps*, richly enjoyed by his intimate friends around the fireside, and the recital of which he would himself, with a genial humour, often relish. Wonder was sometimes expressed that a man, whose senses were apparently so locked up to the passing world, should yet evince in his discourses so practical a knowledge of mankind. But the secret would often transpire in quaint and humorous observations, which showed that beneath the arch of those heavy eye-brows, and behind that abstracted mein, searching and comprehensive, though unsuspected, glances of human life were taken by this quiet man of thought.

Dr. Palmer's mind was distinctly formed upon the stern and classic models of antiquity. I cannot say whether his acquaintance ranged over the entire circle of ancient literature; but I well remember the frequent surprise of his juvenile kindred at the ease and evident unction with which he would recite, not the usual excerpted phrases, but fresh and unfamiliar passages, from Roman authors; showing the depth of his sympathy with those old writers who had formed his taste. Hence was derived the Doric simplicity of his style, which continually extorted the praise even of critics. As a speaker he was proverbially calm and self-contained; never vehement and never swept away by currents of passion. This is not mentioned as a blemish, but rather as proof of the perfect symmetry of the man. His whole appearance and bearing reflected precisely his intellectual and moral constitution. The chaste simplicity of his style—only tinged a little with the quaintness of his favourite religious authors of the seventeenth century—was exactly suited to the easy and equable flow of his thoughts; while the grand monotone of his voice, swelling like a deep note of the organ through the spacious dome of his church—and his calm, impressive and measured action, the very impersonation of pulpit solemnity and awe,—exactly harmonized with that reflective and thoroughly meditative cast of mind which distinguished him as a Christian man and teacher.

I would not myself assign to my honoured kinsman the highest rank as a scientific theologian: perhaps the peculiar circumstances of his life induced him to undervalue the black-letter lore of his profession. His pulpit instructions were, however, always rich in evangelical truth, full of unction, and getting at the doctrines of grace in their concrete form, as imbedded in the hidden experience

of God's children, rather than as abstract dogmas, richly articulated in a stereotyped creed. The searching and experimental character of his preaching was rather adapted to aid the pious in examining their own hearts, and to build them up in the hopes and comforts of the Gospel, than to arouse the careless. He was eminently "a son of consolation." In the chamber of sickness, or in the house of mourning, the veil of his natural reserve seemed of itself to drop; and by distilling consolation into wounded hearts, he bound to himself the people of his charge, as it is the fortune of few pastors to do.

But if inferior to some of his compeers in the dialectics of Theology, he surpassed them all in his minute knowledge of the Bible itself. He was, beyond dispute, the greatest textuary of his age,—a living Concordance of the Scriptures. His Bible, and other most familiar books,—with every blank leaf and the margin of nearly every page filled with parallel texts, written like hieroglyphics, in a microscopic hand,—are treasured by his descendants as among the most precious of his relics. His memory, too, was literally saturated with the language of the Bible, even as his heart was steeped in its spirit. This sacred dialect became indeed so familiar to him that he never opened his lips in pious discourse, but it formed the readiest vehicle of his thoughts, imparting an almost Apostolic authority and richness to his utterances. To this cause, as well as to the variety and depth of his Christian experience, must be ascribed his astonishing gift in prayer. He always impressed you with the belief that he was consciously talking with God; and as petition and thanksgiving poured themselves forth in the very language of inspiration, you almost felt as though you stood behind the High Priest of old, when, with Urim and Thummim, he was receiving responses from the oracle within the veil.

Had not grace fitted him to receive the higher and purer honours of a preacher and a pastor, Dr. Palmer had many attributes which would have caused him to shine as a polemic. The earnestness of his convictions, united with great singleness of purpose; the concentrativeness of his mind, associated with a constitutional fearlessness of character; and the ready use of invective and a certain cool and taunting irony;—all these combined to render him a formidable antagonist in the field of debate. It was his lot indeed to pass through more than one bitter and protracted controversy, to the emergencies of which he always proved himself equal; and his friends are still fond of recalling instances of the almost reckless intrepidity with which, not pausing to measure consequences, he threw himself single-handed into the encounter with vice or error.

The trait which conspicuously adorned him as a man, was sterling honesty both of mind and heart. Since the day that Nathaniel sat under the fig-tree, there never lived on earth a more guileless Israelite than the subject of this sketch: and to the predominance of this single quality, I refer the few actions of his life that were open to criticism or censure. Indeed, I cannot more emphatically represent the transparent purity and more than Roman integrity of Dr. Palmer, than by saying that if I were called upon to pronounce his eulogy, I would as soon choose his faults as his virtues for my text. It would soon appear how the two eventually resolve into one. His errors always arose from the overlapping of some virtue, exercised disproportionately for the time, and disturbing the beautiful symmetry of the man. Incapable of finesse, immaculately truthful in word and deed, his whole life being but the incarnation of his principles, his virtuous indignation at whatever he construed as a dereliction from honour and truth would sometimes break over conventional restraints, and perhaps lead him to offend against the amenities of life. This is the worst that can be charged upon him by his bitterest enemy, if such he ever had; and it was this profound conviction of his honesty, which secured to him the confidence, esteem, and love even of those against whom he was controversially arrayed.

Dr. Palmer deserves to be reported to posterity as one of the great men of his times. Great, not in the reach and grasp of his intellect, in the depth or variety of his learning, in power of invention, or of philosophical analysis; but great, first of all, in his pre-eminent goodness; and great, next, in the rare combination of his intellectual and moral qualities. Great in the intense individuality of his character, by which he impressed himself upon all with whom he came in contact, and which made him like a tall cliff, or jutting promontory, observed and known of all men.

Deprived of health in his later years, he laboured, void of ambition, in small and remote churches, preaching with increasing unction and power to the last; when, suddenly, yet gently, he fell asleep on his Saviour's breast. Many throbbing hearts must lie beneath the sod, before he is forgotten on earth; yet even then will his memory be green in Heaven, where he will be hailed by many as a spiritual father, whom he has begotten through the Gospel.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

B. M. PALMER.

ELISHA YALE, D. D.*

1803—1853.

ELISHA YALE, a son of Justus and Margaret (Tracy) Yale, was born at Lee, Mass., June 15, 1780. His parents, however, shortly after his birth, removed to Lenox, where he was brought up under the ministry of the late Dr. Shepard. His father was a farmer, and he was himself accustomed to labour on a farm till he was nineteen years old. He became, as he believed, the subject of a renewing influence in 1799; and from that time, or shortly after, he meditated the purpose of becoming a minister of the Gospel. He taught a school in Richmond, Mass., in 1798 and 1799, and in Lenox in 1800.

In May, 1800, he commenced a course of study under his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Shepard, but, after a short time, went to West Hartford, Conn., where he pursued his studies, both classical and theological, under the Rev. Dr. Perkins. Here he continued till February, 1803, when he was licensed to preach by the North Association of Hartford County. In April following, he went to preach at Kingsborough, N. Y., the place of his ultimate and only settlement. Having remained there a few Sabbaths, he passed on to Oneida County, and spent a month at Augusta, and then returned to Kingsborough, and remained there during the summer. A revival of religion commenced immediately under his labours, and continued without any perceptible abatement a whole year. In the autumn of that year, and while the revival was still in progress, he went to Becket, Mass., and preached a short time; then returned to Kingsborough, and went back to Becket again in the early part of 1804, when he received a call to settle there in the ministry. He declined the call, and in April of the same year, received one from Kingsborough, which, in due time, he accepted. He was ordained

* Memoranda furnished by Dr. Yale.—Memoir by Rev. Jeremiah Wood.—MS. from Rev. ard Wall.

and installed, May 23, 1804, the council being composed of ministers of the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Reformed Dutch, denominations. The Sermon on the occasion was preached by his venerable instructer, Dr. Perkins.

He was married in September, 1804, to Tirzah, daughter of Samuel Northrup of Lenox, who survives him. They had no children.

In 1813, 1814, and 1822, from 1829 to 1832, in 1838 and 1839, religion was extensively revived, and large additions were made to the church, under his ministry.

He was chosen a corporate member of the American Board of Foreign Missions in 1838. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Union College in 1840.

Dr. Yale began to receive young men, with a view to superintend their education, at least in its earlier stages, almost immediately after his settlement; and he continued to do this until 1833, when the necessity of it was superseded by the establishment of an Academy at Kingsborough.

He continued his public labours with little interruption till March 16, 1851, when he was attacked with paralysis, which confined him five months. He then preached one sermon, and occasionally, though rarely, preached after that time. He resigned his pastoral charge on the 23d of June, 1852. In August following, the Rev. Edward Wall, who had been ordained as an evangelist by the Presbytery of Rochester, in 1851, commenced preaching to the then vacant church, as a candidate for settlement, and was installed as its pastor on the 30th of June, 1853.

During the early part of 1852, Dr. Yale was engaged in completing a work which had occupied his attention for years, and which was published about the time of his death, entitled "Select Verse System." Two other works also, which had not been published,—the one entitled "A Review of a Pastorate of forty-eight years," and the other "Helps to cultivate the conscience," he finished about the same time. On the first Sabbath in 1853, he preached in the morning at Gloversville, and in the afternoon administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which was the last public service he ever performed. The next Saturday evening, (January 8,) at eleven o'clock, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy. Remedies being promptly applied, his consciousness returned after about an hour, and he conversed with great freedom and the utmost serenity until about four o'clock the next day, when he had another fit which almost immediately brought his life to a close. His Funeral was attended on the succeeding Thursday, and an appropriate Discourse delivered by the Rev. Jeremiah Wood from Job v. 26. Mr. Wood's Sermon, in connection with a Memoir of Dr. Yale's Life, was published in 1854.

Dr. Yale published a Sermon on genuine and spurious religion, 1810; a Sermon at the installation of the Rev. Mr. Ambler, Greenfield, N. Y., 1821; a Sermon on occasion of the departure of Loring S. Williams and wife on a mission to the Southwest, 1816; The Christian's Home: A Sermon on the death of Deacon Samuel Giles; Missionary paper, 1845; a Sermon in the National Preacher on "the Duties of the Rich," 1846; a Sermon on the Eldership in the Church of God, 1852; Select Verse System, 1853. He also contributed occasionally to several religious newspapers and periodicals.

My acquaintance with Dr. Yale commenced at the time of my installation in Albany, in 1829, on which occasion he delivered to me the usual Charge. From that time till very near the close of his life, I was in habits of familiar intercourse with him.

In Dr. Yale's personal appearance there was nothing particularly marked or impressive. He was fully of the middle stature, and of a countenance rather grave than lively. His perceptions were far from being rapid, but they were clear, and his judgment was uncommonly sound; and when his mind was once maturely made up on any subject, he rarely had occasion to change it. If he was cautious in forming his opinions, he was still more so in expressing them; especially when they had respect to any real or supposed delinquencies in others. He had naturally a kindly and benevolent spirit, that disposed him not only to judge charitably, but to bestow positive favours, whenever it was in his power. He had great strength of purpose; and though he pursued his objects noiselessly, he pursued them with untiring zeal and perseverance. His piety was at once intelligent, calm and earnest. The Bible was always his standard of feeling and action; and no one who knew him, ever expected to hear of his pursuing any other than an even and straight forward course. His spirit was eminently guileless, and his manners, though far from being polished, were gentle and bland, making up for any lack of artificial culture, by the humility, meekness, and benignity which they indicated.

Dr. Yale, though he never had the advantages of a collegiate education, yet, by great application and perseverance, made himself an excellent classical and general scholar. In all that was necessary to prepare young men for admission to College, he is said to have had few superiors in his day. As a teacher, he was uncommonly attentive, exact and successful.

As a preacher, he never had any great popularity in the ordinary sense of that word; but still his preaching was characterized by much of substantial excellence. In respect to religious doctrine, he stood by the Assembly's Catechism with a constancy that never wavered, and a zeal that never grew weary; though it is probable that his expositions of the Catechism were nearly in accordance with those of the New England school, in which he was educated. In his preaching he was remarkable for dwelling upon different truths in due proportion; uniting the doctrinal, the practical, and the experimental, without making too much or too little of any of them. His discourses were always rich in substantial and well matured thought, skilfully arranged and presented with great clearness and simplicity. There was nothing ornate in his style, and nothing graceful or elegant in his delivery; and yet there was so much weight in what he said, blended with such evident sincerity in his manner of saying it, that no intelligent and sober minded person could hear him without deep interest. The fruits of his labours show that he must have been in the best sense a good preacher.

Dr. Yale had great influence among his brethren in the region in which he lived, and especially in Church Courts, and in cases of difficulty. His sound judgment and great caution gave to his opinions an acknowledged importance above those of most of his profession. Though he was Pastor of a Congregational Church, he was himself a Presbyterian; and during his ministry was an efficient member of the Presbytery of Albany. He was remarkably and conscientiously punctual in his attendance on all ecclesias-

tical meetings, and there was no one whose presence was more welcome, or whose influence was more desirable.

For nothing was Dr. Yale more remarkable than his devotion to the cause of missions. This was one of the main objects for which he lived; and he evinced his zeal for its promotion, not merely by contributing liberally of his own substance, or by promptly meeting every demand that was made upon his time or influence from abroad, but by training his church to be emphatically a missionary church; by keeping their sense of obligation on this subject so habitually alive that their contributions to the various charities of the day, connected with the renovation of the world, had come to form a distinct and important part of the economy of life.

In the management of revivals also, he was equally prudent and successful. Recognising no other standard of truth or duty than that which he found in the Bible, he endeavoured to conform to this, even amidst scenes of the greatest excitement; he carefully distinguished between the true and the false in Christian experience; and the result was that, though a very large number were admitted to the church under his ministry, there were few who did not subsequently exemplify the Christian life. Many of the young men whom he introduced into the church, have since entered the ministry, and most of them now honourably occupy important fields of usefulness.

FROM THE REV. EDWARD WALL.

KINGSBOROUGH, September 13 1854.

My dear Sir: My acquaintance with Dr. Yale was brief. I arrived in Kingsborough in midsummer of the year 1852—Dr. Yale died in the early part of the following January. Yet, from the peculiar relation I sustained to him as his successor in the pastorate of the church, over which he had so long presided, I enjoyed favourable opportunities for observing his many rare and beautiful traits of character. The impressions produced by that peculiar aspect which was presented to me, are what I would recall and record.

The relation in which we stood to each other was, as is well known, one of great delicacy. I was the youthful successor of an aged pastor, who still resided among the people of his former charge. He had a ministerial experience of half a century, and his character had been formed under other influences than those which mould the men of the present day. I was inexperienced and educated in a different generation. Yet, there never was the slightest grating of our distinct individualities, or, so far as I know, the slightest discordancy even in opinion between us. And this resulted, not from his still continuing to occupy in reality the position which I occupied in form, but from his accepting, in their full extent, all the consequences involved in his resignation of the pastoral office.

As to myself, I can truly say that I was an utter stranger to any fear of interference or intermeddling. My only feeling in regard to his presence was that of gratitude for the hallowed influence of his society, and for the opportunity of profiting by his experience. Yet it was natural for him to think that a young man might have some apprehensions that he would still attempt to perpetuate his authority. Accordingly, soon after my arrival, he declared to me that his sole desire was to work in subordination to myself, and to aid me in accomplishing my plans. And subsequently, he gave such prominence to this thought in various ways, that it became almost painful. On one occasion he asked my permission to distribute some religious tracts and papers among the families who did not attend church, adding that he wished to take no step without my hearty

concurrence. He refused to perform the marriage ceremony after my arrival. On the first occasion of this kind that occurred, I called upon him, and with no feigned earnestness remonstrated against his course. I remarked that it was the prerogative of the lady to choose the person who should perform this ceremony,—that it was natural that young people whom he had baptized, and whose parents, in some instances, he had baptized and married, should wish him to perform the ceremony; and that for my part, I should not feel pleasantly to officiate at weddings, when I knew that no choice in the matter had been left the parties, but they had been driven reluctantly to me. His answer was characterized by his accustomed good sense and knowledge of the human heart. The performance of such ceremonies, he said, belonged to the office of the pastor. Marriages and funerals contribute to form those ties which bind together pastor and people. "Besides," he added, "I may yet live for years, and by and by my faculties may begin to fail. And if I were not still called on, I might be wounded by the neglect. Now, therefore, while in the full possession of all my powers, when I can decline such calls altogether with honour, I choose to do it."

He carried the same delicacy and reserve into the communication of information and advice, even when it was solicited. I was naturally desirous of becoming acquainted with those methods by which he had so successfully cultivated religion and benevolence among his people. I wished to infuse the new life into the old forms, well knowing that many mistake a change of form for a change of substance. But I never could get him to enter upon a description of his methods, and whatever information I got, I was compelled to gather from other sources.

It was a marvel to me how completely he divested himself of those feelings which one would have thought long exercise would have matured into a second nature. I know not that he ever differed from me in regard to any statement of truth, or any opinion which I publicly expressed as a religious teacher. If he differed, it was unexpressed,—knowing, doubtless, that the error, if there was an error, would do less harm, than the discredit which would be thrown on all my instructions by his condemnation of a part. He would listen to my preaching with such attention and humility as often humbled me. This was owing, I soon discovered, not so much to what I uttered, as to what his own mind furnished. He always brought half the feast with him, and the thoughts which I uttered in weakness, he would so enrich and enlarge, that when he referred to them in our social meetings, I could scarcely recognise my own offspring.

He was one of the finest specimens of a happy old age that I have ever seen. In public he dressed with scrupulous neatness and propriety. His face was habitually serene, and sometimes even sad and solemn. Yet I have never seen a sweeter smile on human lips than that which he often wore. It seemed to be the overflowing of a holy and happy heart, and would light up his whole features, like sunlight on a ruined temple.

His whole demeanour to myself, as a minister, and as a man, was, as far as I could discern, perfect. I could detect no failure. I could suggest no improvement. No man bred in courts, could have treated me as a minister with a rarer and more exquisite politeness, with a finer and more delicate appreciation of what was becoming from a man in his situation towards one in mine. And eminent as he was as a pastor, he deserves equally to be held up as a model to those ministers who, after having resigned their pastoral office, still continue to reside among the people of their former charge. Of his treatment of me, as a man, it is unnecessary for me to speak. I will only say that he showed himself in every way as solicitous for my comfort and happiness as a father for a son.

The circumstances connected with his death were peculiar. He had preached and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on the previous Sabbath. On the following Saturday, about midnight, his last and fatal malady came upon him. Immediately after the conclusion of the second service on the Sabbath, I

visited him. He was evidently in great pain, but his countenance still wore its wonted aspect of joyful serenity. He talked in the most delightful manner of Heaven and Christ. He wept for sinners. And while we talked, suddenly death came, and we were separated. I was the only man present when he was struck with death, and the circumstances involuntarily reminded me of another parting, scarcely more triumphant, when Elisha exclaimed, as he beheld the vanishing form of Elijah charioted to Heaven in fire, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

With great respect and regard,

I remain truly yours,

EDWARD WALL.

JAMES PATRIOT WILSON, D. D.*

1804—1830.

James Patriot Wilson, a son of the Rev. Dr. Matthew Wilson and Elizabeth his wife, was born at Lewes, Sussex County, De., February 21, 1769. His father was eminent both as a physician and a clergyman, and his mother is represented as having been a model in all her domestic and social relations. He was graduated with high honour at the University of Pennsylvania, in August, 1788; and so much was he distinguished in the various branches included in his collegiate course, that, at the time of his graduation, it was the expressed opinion of the Faculty that he was competent to instruct his class mates. He was, at the same time, offered a place in the University, as Assistant Professor of Mathematics; but, as his health was somewhat impaired, and the air of his native place was more congenial with his constitution, he became an assistant in the Academy at Lewes, taking measures to regain his health, and occupying his leisure with reading History. Having devoted himself, for some time, to the study of the Law, he was admitted to the Bar in Sussex County, in 1790. Though he had acquired a reputation as a lawyer, unsurpassed perhaps in his native State, yet he ere long relinquished his profession, and entered the ministry. During the earlier part of his life, he had been sceptical in respect to Christianity; but, by a series of distressing afflictions, one of which was the assassination in the dark of an only brother, he was brought to serious reflection, and ultimately, not only to a full conviction of the truth, but to a practical and cordial acceptance of it. He was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1804, by the Presbytery of Lewes, and in the same year was ordained and installed as Pastor of the united Congregations of Lewes, Cool Spring, and Indian River;—the same which had for many years enjoyed the ministry of his father. In May, 1806, he was called, at the instance of the late Dr. Benjamin Rush, (his early and constant friend,) to the pastoral charge of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia: he accepted the call, by advice of the Presbytery of Lewes, and removed to Philadelphia the same year. In May, 1828, he retired to his farm about twenty miles from the city, on account of the infirm state of his

* MS. from his son, Rev. Dr. J. P. Wilson.

health; preaching nevertheless to his congregation, as often as his health permitted. His resignation of his pastoral charge was accepted in the spring of 1830. In the course of that season he visited the city, and preached for the last time to his people. He died at his farm in Bucks County, in the utmost peace, on the 9th of December, 1830, and was buried on the 13th, in a spot selected by himself in the grave yard of Neshaminy Church. His remains lie near the tomb of the celebrated William Tennent, the founder of the "Log College."

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania in 1807.

In June, 1792, he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of John and Hannah Woods, of Lewes, with whom he lived but little more than three years, as she died in December, 1795. She had two children, but neither of them survived her. His attachment to this lady is said to have been, even in his own estimation, quite idolatrous. He was absent from home at the time she became dangerously ill, and was immediately sent for, but did not arrive until she had become speechless, though her reason still continued. Her eyes followed him around the room, wherever he moved, in intense earnestness, but her lips could not do their office. He hung over her, as a mother over the cradle of her dying child, in hope of some parting word of affection; but it was in vain. A lady who sat up with her corpse during the night after her decease, remarked that she could hear him all night walking the room over that in which she had died, and occasionally prostrating himself heavily upon the floor and groaning aloud. In referring to this event at a subsequent period, in some written memoranda that still remain, he remarks,—"it was in the course of providence necessary to bring me to my senses." In May, 1798, he was married to Mary, daughter of David and Mary M. Hall, and sister of the late Governor Hall of Delaware. By this marriage he had nine children,—only two of whom survived him. Mrs. Wilson died on the 5th of January, 1839, after three months suffering from the puncture of a needle in the sole of her foot,—resulting finally in mortification.

Dr. Wilson was in person above the middle height, and had a countenance rather grave than animated, and expressive at once of strong benevolent feeling and high intelligence. In the ordinary intercourse of society, his manners were exceedingly bland, though he was as far as possible from any approach to the courtier. He was affable and communicative, and generally talked so sensibly, or so learnedly, or so profoundly, that he was listened to with earnest attention. He had some peculiarities that would sometimes excite a smile, but they would not diminish any body's respect for his character. I saw him a few times in private, and he struck me as a model of a Christian philosopher. He was uniformly gentle, urbane, and obliging, and rarely spoke without uttering something that I could wish to remember. I heard him preach one sermon, and it was throughout as consecutive and condensed as the demonstration of a problem of Euclid. I am confident that I never heard another preacher who tasked my powers of attention and reflection so much—the loss of a sentence or two would have greatly marred the impression of the entire discourse. He spoke without notes, and with great deliberation, but with as much correctness as if every word had been written. On a blank leaf of his copy of Henry Ware's Tract on "Extemporaneous Preaching," he has left the following

testimony over his signature:—"I have preached twenty years, and have never written a full sermon in my life, and never read one word of a sermon from the pulpit, nor opened a note, nor committed a sentence, and have rarely wandered five minutes at a time from my mental arrangement previously made."

Among the papers of the late Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green I found the following note addressed to him by Dr. Wilson, which is so characteristic of the writer as to be worthy of preservation. The work to which it refers seems to have been sent to Dr. G., with a view to its being noticed in the "Christian Advocate," of which he was then editor.

"3d March, 1826.

"Rev. Sir: Through undeserved mercy I still live, but am very feeble, and my lungs somewhat affected.

"Having received from a learned stranger his sublimation and corrections of Hopkinsianism, (perhaps because by some deemed to have partaken at the same fountain,) I take the liberty to send it to you, as a matter of curiosity, which, when you have glanced at it, may be returned.

"The first dissertation would require me to change my prayers. The second would invert the order of my conceptions. The third alter my Bible. The fourth make me abandon God's justice, and frustrate his grace in Jesus Christ.

"Please not to review till other copies come, lest I be blamed.

"Respectfully,

"J. P. Wilson.

"When I came to his rationale of the atonement, and found that he had exactly reached the hypothesis of Burnet, I made no more notes."

The following is a list of Dr. Wilson's publications:—Lectures upon some of the Parables and historical passages of the New Testament, 1810. An easy Introduction to the knowledge of the Hebrew language, 1812. Ridgley's Body of Divinity, with notes original and selected, 1814. An Essay on Grammar, 1817. A pamphlet entitled "Moral Agency or Natural Ability consistent with Moral Inability; being Remarks on an Essay on the Inability of sinners by a Presbyterian." By a Christian, 1819. A pamphlet entitled "Sin destitute of the apology of Inability; or Moral Inability no constituent of human nature. By a Christian, the author of 'Moral Agency.'" A Sermon on the death of the Rev. Andrew Flinn, D. D., of Charleston, S. C., 1820. An Essay on the Probation of fallen men, or the scheme of salvation founded in Sovereignty and demonstrative of justice, 1827. Common objections to Christianity proposed and answered in two dispassionate conversations, 1829. The Hope of Immortality imparted by Revelation, transmitted by tradition, countenanced by reason, betrayed by philosophy, and established by the Gospel, 1829. A Free Conversation on the unpardonable sin; wherein the Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, the final Apostacy, and the Sin unto death, are shown to have been originally distinct, 1830. The Primitive Government of Christian Churches; also Liturgical Considerations. [The first part of this work was published in Numbers in the Christian Spectator, and the second, (Liturgical Considerations,) in the Philadelphian, during Dr. Wilson's life but they were both republished in a volume, by his son, in 1833.]

FROM THE REV. THOMAS H. SKINNER, D. D.

PROFESSOR IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, December 26, 1843.

My dear Sir: I know not that I can more effectually meet your wish in respect to Dr. Wilson in any way than by sending you a slightly modified extract from a Sermon which I preached on the occasion of his death. You are at liberty to do with it as may best suit your purpose.

"While ministers of a certain class, possessing little intellectual furniture, besides a bare knowledge of the essential truths of the Gospel, are, with warm spirits, with a most exemplary zeal, and with much success, constantly employed in applying these truths to the hearts of their fellow men, they are sometimes disposed to hold in too little esteem the labours of brethren to which nevertheless they may be more indebted than they are aware of. There are ministers of Christ whose taste, learning, and sense of duty incline them to deep research into the principles of things, to careful analysis of complex subjects, to critical investigation and minute exegesis of the sacred text, to elaborate inquiry into ecclesiastical antiquities and the opinions and productions of early days, and to the solution of all the most subtile objections that have at any time been urged by heretics and unbelievers against the true Christian faith; and without such toilsome operations at the fountains of wisdom, less curious workmen it is certain could not be supplied with some of those sweet streams of which they are content to drink, without considering sometimes to whom, next to God, they are most under obligation for the privilege. When our friend fell asleep, in what pulpit of this land was a man to be found, so enriched as himself with the fruits of these patient and perhaps too unusual reaches of mind? Our ears never listened to a preacher whose common discourses discovered as rich treasures of recondite learning. And what more surprised us than the extent and variety of his acquisitions, was the ease, and simplicity, and nice exactness with which, on all occasions, he used them. In proportion to the depth and difficulty of his subjects, his tongue was ready and free as now in its favourite sphere,—expressing the most subtile distinctions; pursuing the most refined and complicate argumentations; collecting, criticising, paraphrasing, Scriptures hard to be understood; reciting out of ancient and uncommon books, historical testimonies and statements of doctrine; without the assistance of notes, and yet with a fluent precision and perspicuity of language, which no such assistance could have improved.

"Another recollection of him which deepens exceedingly our sense of the loss we sustain by his departure is that, with his great elevation in other respects, he united in a rare degree, what transcends all other excellence, and is the highest proof of true greatness,—a catholic and charitable spirit. We never knew one who scrutinized more severely the evidences of doctrine; and he was consequently, when convinced, not liable to be seen shaken in mind; nor did he lightly esteem the truth, which, with so much diligence and honesty, he had acquired; or think it unimportant that others should be ignorant of it, much less that they should falsify or pervert it. But his reading was too various, his observation too wide, his acquaintance with the history of theological strifes too ample, his persuasions too lively that the differences among religious parties are rather referable to a sectarian than a truth seeking spirit, and, while they anathematize one another, may be consistent with the existence in some degree of real piety in both, and their ultimate reconciliation in Heaven—he was, in a word, too sound minded and enlightened a man to be a fierce champion of an ecclesiastical shibboleth, or to cast those out of the Church whom he might suspect of having no readiness in framing to pronounce it right. He was among

the worthiest of those ministers of our own denomination, who, espousing no side in our debates about orthodoxy, are willing to let those debates proceed as long as they threaten no schism; but when that danger is seen, throw in their influence as a balance wheel in a vast machine, where movement without such a regulator would presently stop with a terrific crash and damage. Such was the spirit of this high souled man; and who of us can consider the present state,—might we not almost say *crisis* of affairs in our Church,—without sighing deeply in his spirit, that the voice which he could raise, were he here in the midst of us, is not to be heard again in our assemblies.

"Nor was it merely in his high place as a minister of Christ, that he singularly honoured his Master. He was distinguished by simplicity as his disciple, not less than by gifts as his representative, and it is when these two exist in union that they become worthy of admiration. What a charm is there in gifts, when simplicity exercises them; and how venerable is simplicity when it invests illustrious gifts. Never have we seen the person in whom simplicity dwelt in a higher degree. Whether in his public ministrations or in private life, this eminent man was unassuming as a little child, claiming no distinctions above the plainest individual, and appearing to be conscious of no superiority to him in any kind of excellence. Such exemplifications of the spirit of Christ are not so common amongst us that we shall suffer little by this privation. How often does the Church, not to say the world, concede reputation for greatness, when it is no sooner received than it becomes manifest there was a mistake by the immediate taking on of stateliness which it occasions. Such a transcendent instance of the reverse of this weakness was not to be lowly rated by true judges of excellence, and by them at least the loss of it will not be unlamented.

"With such rare simplicity in such a man, it was unavoidable that other great virtues should be united: in two of which especially he was almost excessive. How did justice, as beaming from his example, rebuke those inconsistent religionists, who, by their *pious*, would fain make atonement for their *dishonest*, actions; and how did his generosity, a kindred principle, put to shame those covetous professors, who uphoard treasure for themselves, as if orphans, and widows, and the children of want, had ceased from among men. Time fails me to speak of his other high excellencies; the strength and calmness of his feeling, his gravity and cheerfulness, his rare pleasantness, and exhaustless resources in conversation, and his most exemplary manner of life in his family. I shall leave his defects to be reported by those who would remind us that human nature is imperfect; only begging them, if they censure his excitability, and his too great confinement at home, to imitate his nobleness in retraction, and to remember what an invalid he was the last twenty years, how open his door ever stood to visitors, and what a good use he made of retirement. It being our purpose by these remarks to stir and strengthen in our minds a just sense of the dispensation, which has taken him from us, we choose rather to remember to what a height of excellence he attained, than that he did not rise beyond it.

"It does not alleviate the sadness of the event we deplore, that it occurred not unexpectedly, but by means of a very lingering illness, which slowly enfeebled his frame, until it could no longer perform the least function of life. On his own account we rejoice that the days of his patient suffering are ended; but he had not yet numbered threescore years and ten, and the force of his mind was never greater than at the moment he ceased to breathe.

"He departed prematurely, in the full strength of his intellectual powers; and that disease should have so long interfered with the use of those powers before his hour came, only gave cause in a less degree for the same grief which his death more loudly calls for. But let us now cease from recollections of what we have lost, whether by the infirmity of his years, or the too soon completion

of them, to secure in our breasts, if possible, an indelible stamp of the precious lesson of his dying conduct.

"He glorified God in his death. Having protracted his pastoral labours until his breath became too short for the purpose of continuous utterance, he reluctantly concluded, as he was wont to say to his friends, that his work for the Church and his God was done, and all that remained for him now was to prepare for his change. And how seriously did he set himself about that most momentous of all the undertakings that mortal men are concerned with; choosing, as the scene of it, a country retreat, and there amid the quiet for which he always pined, ordering his conversation and reading, his prayers and meditations, with constant reference to the great event—whereby, while he established his own heart in the faith of the Gospel, the hope of immortality, and confidence in the fullness of God's forgiving mercy, he became so instinct with these Divine themes, that with the pen of a ready writer, he indited for the edification of survivors a short treatise on each of them. His favourite books now were those of the most spiritual and heavenly strain, whereof the 'Saints Rest' of Baxter was almost always found with the Bible upon the stand beside him. Of Baxter's work especially he would speak in strong terms of commendation, at the same time remarking—'there is no book to be compared with the Bible, and if I might prefer one part of that blessed book before others, I would say I love the Psalms the best; I can always find in them something more expressive of my feelings than my own language.' At the last Communion service of the Church within whose bounds he resided, which was but a little while before his death, he took part in the distribution of the sacred symbols; and in a manner which revealed his assurance that he should never so officiate again. Solemn from a sense of a near eternity, and with a heart enlarged with the love of Christ, and the hope of very soon being with Him,—he addressed his fellow-worshippers on the great things of their common faith, far beyond his strength. His soul henceforth spread her wings for the world of rest. He said to a friend,—'I have a strange difficulty, and you will perhaps think strangely of it; I am at a loss what to pray for;'—and added, in a most solemn tone, and with his eyes lifted to Heaven,—'God knows I am willing that whatever He pleases shall be done.' His triumph over the fear of death was complete. 'I have,' said he, 'been looking the case between God and myself, over and over and over again, and though I see enough to justify God in casting me off, a thousand times and more, my conviction of my interest in Christ is so firm, that I cannot make myself afraid; the only thing I fear is, that I have not fears enough.' He remarked on the last Sabbath evening of his life, 'I am almost home, and I thank God that I am. I went astray from Him, but in his rich mercy He brought me back. I am unworthy of the least of his mercies, and if I may lie down beside his footstool, or if He will even put me under it, I will take the very lowest place in Heaven.' He needed some refreshment, and when the cup was handed to him, he took it and said, 'O God, bless this cup—I think I have a covenant right to it.' A few hours before he died, he asked a brother in the ministry to pray for him, and specified this petition—'pray that God will do with me just as He pleases.' 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'"

Hoping, my dear Sir, that you may have great assistance and success in the work that you are engaged in,

I am, with the highest respect, yours,

THOMAS H. SKINNER.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM PATTON, D. D.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1848.

My dear Brother: I knew the Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson; for my earliest recollections of the pulpit are associated with him. So far as known to me, his was the first church that I ever attended,—my parents being members of that congregation. He was a man of strong peculiarities arising from the strength of his mind and affections. His sense of right was not only clear and vigorous but powerfully influential. Before his conversion, when practising at the Bar, he secured to himself the enviable reputation of "the honest lawyer." He not only would not take advantage of any mistake on the part of an opponent, but would candidly admit the points of strength and justice which lay on that side. He would refuse to defend a client who obviously had the wrong side, and uniformly advised him to go and settle the business without delay.

Naturally Dr. Wilson was of a highly excitable temperament, but he was enabled by grace so to keep it in subjection that it seldom gained the mastery. Perhaps an exception should be made when engaged in a close argument—then he could not bear any interruption. I remember two incidents which will illustrate my meaning. Once, while he was preaching, a young child in the gallery began to fret and made some little noise. Immediately the Doctor turned round, and said with evident irritation—"Take that child out—Take that child out;" and then proceeded with his discourse. At another time, perceiving some mischievous tendencies in one of his sons, sitting in a pew near the pulpit, he stopped abruptly in his discourse, and said,—"Sammy, go home; go home,"—motioning at the same time with his hand towards the door. Any gesture with the Doctor was the certain sign of an unusual degree of emotion.

He was peculiar in the use of the first person plural; always saying,—"*we* think" or "*we* advise," &c. Once when lecturing on a difficult portion of Scripture, after giving the opinions of some half dozen or more of learned commentators, with his reasons for not adopting them, he said,—"Now you will ask, what is *our* opinion: *we* as an *individual* think," &c.

When speaking of Nicodemus, as referred to in the third chapter of John, he would uniformly say,—"There was a *gentleman* of the Pharisees called Nicodemus." And when commenting on the parable of the ten Virgins, he used to call them the "ten *young ladies*."

Perhaps he was the only clergyman in the United States, who had not only read all the Greek and Latin fathers, but who almost literally lived among them. He was perfectly familiar with them all, and knew the peculiar views of each. All who have read the articles, signed, "The Lay Elder," in the Christian Spectator, can form some idea of the extent of his Patristical learning. It is the current tradition that among the last efforts that he ever made from the pulpit, he recommended to his people, so far as they had opportunity, to make themselves familiar with the Greek and Latin Fathers. His fondness for this department of study had grown almost into a passion, and he was desirous that his people should reap the advantage from this kind of intercourse with the men of other ages, which he thought he had received himself.

He was careful to a fault not to give the least trouble to his friends; and his solicitude in this respect not unfrequently led him to decline their urgent invitations to pass some time with them in the summer at their country residences. And when, as a very rare thing, he accepted their invitations, he was sure to carry with him his own towel, and use it instead of the one placed in his room. There was not the semblance of pride or fastidiousness in this: it originated simply in his unwillingness to give trouble, where it could possibly be avoided.

He was eminently the friend of young ministers, and was always happy in furnishing them with the results of his experience and his investigations of the Word of God. He seemed particularly fond of communicating to them the conclusions at which he had arrived in respect to the meaning of difficult passages of Scripture; and there are not a few who have availed themselves of his profound researches.

Conceiving that his publisher had not acted fairly concerning a book that he had printed for him, he would not allow his next work,—I think it was his work on the Principles of Grammar,—to be published by any bookseller; but had it printed and then sold in the store of a personal friend, who was in the hardware business; nor could the book be procured except at that particular place.

Every body, who has any knowledge of Dr. Wilson, knows that he was an eminently great and good man. But he was also a man of strongly marked peculiarities, or if you please, eccentricities; and I have thought that I should better subserve your purpose by attempting to give some idea of these, than by dwelling upon those more general characteristics with which his usefulness was chiefly identified.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM PATTON.

FROM THE REV. EZRA STILES ELY, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, October 1, 1847.

My dear Brother: I cheerfully comply with your request, though I am not sure that I have any thing to communicate that will materially aid you in your contemplated sketch.

The Rev. James Patriot Wilson, D. D., I believe, never wrote his name in full,—not because he disliked it, but because he was even fastidiously modest. As his father was a noted Whig of the American Revolution, he intended his son should be, as he was, a decided republican *Patriot*. Both father and son were honest Presbyterians, and yet they adopted a somewhat modified form of Presbyterianism, verging a little nearer to Congregationalism than some of their co-presbyters.

When James A. Bayard, the distinguished Senator in Congress from Delaware, was a member of the Bar with Mr. Wilson, the former was wont to say that the latter gentleman was the only antagonist in any cause, who broke his rest; but that when he was to meet Wilson in the morning, it kept him studying all night.

Doctor Wilson was very kind and hospitable in his social intercourse; but he could not endure the thought of remaining under obligations for any favour conferred. As an instance of this peculiarity, the Rev. Mr. P——, a brother in the ministry, who was intimate with him, gave him a small root of rhubarb, when he had occasion for some; and Dr. Wilson immediately divided a small pocket memorandum, composed of four goat skin leaves, and insisted that his friend should receive half. When Mr. P. bantered him on the subject, he replied that he could not bear to receive the least gift without making some return.

He once refused to receive some oranges from an old lady of his congregation, saying in his usual style of regal plurality,—"We can buy oranges when we wish for them." Not long after, at his own house, he offered the same lady a fine large apple from his mantel-piece; but she, shrugging up her shoulders, declined receiving it, saying,—"We can purchase apples, when we wish for them."

In his private intercourse with men, Dr. Wilson was instructive, gentle, and amusing, but in public debate he was ardent and impatient of contradiction. On account of the regret which he often experienced in the review of his undue

excitement on these occasions, he frequently absented himself from meetings of the Presbytery, and sometimes expressed an unwillingness, "lest he should put his hand into the lion's mouth," to attend the meetings of the General Assembly. He was as confiding as a child in respect to persons against whom some prejudice had not been introduced into his mind; and when convinced of error, no one could be more prompt than he in acknowledging it.

I have heard Dr. Ashbel Green say of himself and Dr. Wilson that they were both proud men; but "I am proud," said Dr. Green, "and know it; he is proud and is ignorant of it." You may say in truth that Dr. Wilson was a great and good man, having a mixture of pride with his humility, and of severity with his mildness; that he had more learning than almost any of his contemporaries; that he was admired and beloved by his congregation; and fell asleep in Jesus with the simplicity of a babe in Christ, and yet with all the dignity and profound anticipations of a Christian Philosopher.

Yours very affectionately,

EZRA STILES ELY.

FROM THE REV. JOHN HALL, D. D.

TRENTON, June 12, 1857.

My dear Sir: Whoever recollects Dr. Wilson must be conscious of a revival of the reverential impression that was produced by his presence. His tall figure, slow gait, placid and benevolent, but fixed and thoughtful countenance, took the notice of every one who met him. In his company, or in the pulpit, the same quiet visible dignity, insured the highest deference from the spectator. For some prophylactic purpose, Dr. Wilson was in the habit of bleeding himself with a lancet, and whatever sanitary effect the depletion may have had, it maintained that paleness which, in connection with the prominence and regularity of the features, and the settled composure of the countenance, suggested the idea of a noble statue. Death did but little to increase the resemblance to the marble; and I am sure that those who saw that remarkable face, after the spirit had passed away, will never forget its more than artistic beauty.

Dr. Wilson's attractiveness as a preacher, was doubtless owing, in some measure, to these physical peculiarities. Whether his sermons were always understood or not by every one, his personal appearance, and the invariable solemnity of his manner, alike in praying and preaching, appeared to impart a grateful seriousness to the congregation. There was no animation, but that which was spiritual and intellectual. During all the years within my memory, (which were those only after the removal of the place of worship from Market Street to Washington Square,) he sat through the sermon on a high-seated chair: after reading the text he closed the Bible, and set it aside; he would then discourse for a full hour, without a gesture, and scarcely with any change of intonation—his whole manner indicative of the most complete self-possession and ease, without the slightest symptom of forgetfulness of respect to the audience. In warm weather, he sometimes wore a light gown, and had a fan convenient to his hand which he would use gently, for minutes together, as he proceeded in his sermon, without the least embarrassment to himself or his hearers. Indeed, the fanning came in quite congruously with the whole familiarity of the posture, and the conversational flow of the discourse.

The sermons themselves were highly appreciated and enjoyed by those who had a taste for critical exegesis, and who could and would give attention to a close, continuous series of reasoning. Dr. Wilson did not conceal the steps of grammatical and philosophical study by which he had come to his interpretation of the text, nor the adverse conclusions of other students, whether as to translation or doctrine. It is an extraordinary and suggestive fact, that with such a man-

ner, and with such matter, and at such length, Dr. Wilson kept the attention of large audiences, year after year, so long as his health permitted his voice to be heard over his spacious church. One reason, however, was, that, having his eye free to look upon the whole congregation, and having to draw his calm, logical discourse from the stores of his mind, without the least assistance from notes, he could not endure disturbances which most clergymen can, or have to, tolerate. Many anecdotes are related of the coolness with which he disposed of the causes of such embarrassment; at one time pausing for an instant to say, in the direction of his own pew, "Samuel, my son, go home;" at other times, with equal publicity directing a restless child, or wandering dog, to be removed.

I ought not to convey the impression that Dr. Wilson's sermons were wholly of the erudite description. Sometimes the entire discourse was upon the commonplace topics, and, after the conclusion of his closest arguments, was impressed in a few sentences of appeal to the emotions, which had the greater effect from its being unusual. The style of his published productions is stiff and obscure: he was always more given to reading than writing, and his experience at the Bar had helped his readiness of utterance; but his extemporaneous sermons were as plain in their language, as they were easy, natural and flowing, in their delivery. His public prayers were unimpassioned, but made deeply devout by their calm solemnity, and the manifest evidence that his words were indeed spoken under a sense of the Divine presence.

Dr. Wilson's private life was very reduse. His taste, perhaps, even more than his feeble constitution, kept him in his study, and made him willing to seclude himself from social intercourse with those he most esteemed, and whom he was happy to meet when circumstances brought it about. His heart was not cold: he was not indifferent to the condition of the people of his charge; but he thought he could accomplish most, according to his position, by devoting himself to the work of the pulpit. He was a very independent and liberal churchman; and would probably have liked to see some modification of the existing rules of our system. He had no relish for mere forms, or reverence for their authority. He did not, for instance, approve of the Presbyterial inquest of Sessional Records. I think he would have preferred throwing open the Communion table, like the other ordinances, to all worshippers upon their own responsibility, after proper instruction. But he was not the man to disturb the Church by urging his peculiar opinions.

The last days of this eminent man were marked by the humility, sincerity, quietness, which were so characteristic of his life. They were spent in the retirement of the country, and throughout, in the full possession of his faculties. He used to say, at that time, that if he had a partiality for any one part of the Scriptures, it was for the Psalms, as he could always find in them expressions for his own emotions. He was so peaceful in the view of death, that he tried in vain to find something to arouse his fears, and said that this absence of natural dread of the great change, was the only thing that gave him uneasiness. He called himself "the unworthiest of the unworthy," but found no limit to his confidence in the efficacy of the righteousness of the Divine Substitute, and looked, with ineffable hope, to the possession of a place, however humble, in his presence.

Regretting that my recollections of this venerable man are so circumscribed, and glad to make even the slightest contribution, in honour of his memory,

I remain very truly yours,

JOHN HALL.

FROM THE REV. ALBERT BARNES.

PHILADELPHIA, February 15, 1851.

Rev. and dear Sir: In your letter of January 27th, you request me to furnish you some notices of the late Rev. James P. Wilson, D. D., my predecessor in the pastoral office in the First Presbyterian Church in this city. You ask only for my personal recollections of him in connection with the general impression he made upon me.

My personal acquaintance with Dr. Wilson was very slight. I became Pastor of the Church in June, 1830. Dr. Wilson had resigned his pastoral charge about a year before, and had retired to a farm which he had purchased in Bucks County in this State. I had, on one occasion, about the year 1827, heard him preach, but had no acquaintance with him, and my intercourse with him was limited to the few visits which I made to him in Hartsville, after I became Pastor of the Church. He never visited the city after I succeeded him in the pastoral office.

His general character as a preacher is too well known, and will be too fully described by others, to make it proper that I should attempt any description of it. On the only occasion on which I ever heard him preach, several circumstances, however, struck me as remarkable. His personal appearance was very impressive and solemn. He was very pale and apparently feeble. He sat in the pulpit, and as he was accustomed to do, used a large fan. He had a very dignified air, and his whole manner was calm, collected and solemn. What first arrested my attention particularly in his pulpit performances, was the manner in which he read the Scriptures. It was a chapter in the Gospel by John. His reading was accompanied by brief explanatory remarks, — I thought the most clear and interesting exposition of the Bible that I had ever witnessed. It was so simple, so plain, so striking, that at the time it occurred to me that he could better prepare a Commentary for the use of Sunday schools, than any man I had ever met with. His sermon was equally clear, impressive and solemn, and what was most remarkable about it, was a very clear and beautiful exposition of the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which he quoted from memory, and commented on as accurately as if he had had the passage before him. He used no notes of any kind. His preaching at first seemed to be merely conversational. He sat and *talked* to the people before him, as a gentleman might be expected to do in his own parlour. Soon, however, I forgot entirely the man—his fan, his sitting, and his somewhat singular habit of lifting up and down his watch chain; when, for a moment, he laid down his fan, and I became wholly absorbed in what he was *saying*, and to me it was then of no importance what he was *doing*, or whether he made many gestures or none. I have never in my life found myself more absorbed in the *subject* on which a public speaker was discoursing, than I was on that occasion. And what was true of myself seemed to be true of the entire congregation.

My personal acquaintance with him, which I have said was all subsequent to that, was while he resided at Hartsville. He was in feeble health, and had removed there, as he informed me, that, among other reasons, he might have the advantage of retirement and leisure to reflect on the great change which he did not regard as remote. He had withdrawn from all the duties of a pastor, and at the same time from all active participation in ecclesiastical affairs. Those he regarded as appropriately belonging to the pastors of the churches. As I knew him personally, he was as perfect a model as I have ever seen of a Christian gentleman. He was kind and courteous in an eminent degree; he was dignified and urbane in his manner; he was affable and instructive in his conversation; he took a deep interest in the affairs of his farm, and took a pleasure in showing

me his improvements, and stating his plans; he kept himself, and, I think, intended to, from the turmoils of the Church and the world; he employed much of his time in his favourite studies, yet gradually more and more limiting his reading to books of practical religion. To me personally he rendered essential service. He endorsed and defended the sentiments which I preached, and his entire influence was exerted to secure my being happily settled among the people of his former charge. I regard it as among the most cherished recollections of the past that I was permitted to form this acquaintance with him, and I owe much of the peace and comfort of my ministry here to the fact that, for a period of six months, in his intercourse with his people who visited him, and in every way in which he had occasion to exert any influence, he commended me to his people, and helped me, when young, by his counsel, as I was entering on a most arduous field of labour.

I am very respectfully and truly yours,

ALBERT BARNES.

UZAL OGDEN, D. D.*

1805—1822.

Uzal Ogden was a descendant of David Ogden, one of the early settlers of Newark, and a son of Uzal Ogden, who was a highly respectable member, and a Warden, of the Episcopal Church. He was born in Newark, (one authority has it Newton, Sussex County,) N. J., about the year 1744. His education, immediately preparatory to entering the ministry, was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Chandler, a distinguished Episcopal clergyman, of Elizabethtown. He went to England and received both Deacon's and Priest's orders, in the Chapel of the Episcopal Palace at Fulham, Middlesex, from the then Bishop of London, on the 21st of September, 1773. At the same time, he received from the same Prelate a commission to "preach in Sussex County, or elsewhere, within the Province of New Jersey, in North America."

After his return to this country, he married Mary, daughter of Samuel Gouverneur, of New Jersey. They had seven children,—four sons and three daughters. His wife's death preceded his own by many years. Two of his children,—a son and a daughter, still (1857) survive.

For several years after he commenced his ministry, he laboured as a missionary chiefly in Sussex County, N. J.; but in April 1779, Trinity Parish in Newark being without a Rector,—his father, then a Warden, was requested to write to him to desire him to come and visit them. Whether any further negotiation took place at that time does not appear; but in November, 1785, a definite invitation to the Rectorship was extended to him, which he finally accepted in 1788,—the parish having been vacant nine or ten years. During a part of this time, Mr. Ogden had officiated in New York, and had occasionally supplied the Church of which he subsequently became Rector. After he assumed the Rectorship, he preached

* MSS. from his granddaughter,—Miss H. M. Rood; Hon. Chief Justice Hornblower; Archer Gifford, Esq.; and Samuel H. Congar, Esq.

for some years, once every Sunday, in a chapel connected with Trinity Parish, at a place called at that time "Second Rivers," but now known as Belleville, on the West side of the Passaic River, about four miles North of Newark.

In 1798, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of New Jersey.

From 1799 to 1805, Dr. Ogden's relations to the Episcopal Church were of a somewhat equivocal character, and a controversy ensued, which finally resulted in his joining the Presbyterian Body. As this controversy seems to have been of a complicated nature, and to have formed the subject of very contradictory statements, rather than attempt to exhibit it in its details, or hazard an opinion of its merits, I have thought best simply to present the extracts relating to it, from the Records of the Diocese of New Jersey, and of the Presbytery of New York; for the former of which I am obliged to the politeness of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doane, the present Bishop of the Diocese; for the latter to that of the Rev. Dr. Krebs, the present Stated Clerk of the Presbytery.

FROM THE RECORDS OF THE DIOCESE.

"Rev. Uzal Ogden, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, Newark, elected Bishop of New Jersey, August 16, 1798.

"Consecration refused by General Convention in June, 1799, on the ground that doubts existed in the minds of some members of the Convention whether all the Priests, who voted in this Convention, were qualified according to the meaning of the Canon.

"Whereupon a special Convention of New Jersey in October, 1799, declared the constitutionality of the election, and asked, according to the Canons, (a majority of the Standing Committee consenting,) that he be consecrated without delay by three Bishops.

"Nothing further" (Bishop Doane goes on to state) "is recorded till 1804, when, at the New Jersey Convention in June, on a memorial from the Congregation of Trinity Church, Newark, stating difficulties between themselves and their Rector,—the Rev. Dr. Ogden, he was, by the Convention, requested to resign on a pension from Trinity Church of $250 per annum. This he refused. At a special Convention in December, 1804, the Standing Committee, with the advice and consent of a Bishop, were authorized to suspend Dr. Ogden from ministerial duty in New Jersey, if he persisted in refusing to resign. Just before this, Dr. Ogden withdrew from the American Church, and declared his intention to officiate in Trinity, Newark, as Priest of the Church of England.

"On the 9th of May, 1805, the Standing Committee, with the aid and consent of Bishop Moore, of New York, suspended Dr. Ogden from ministerial duty in New Jersey."

FROM THE RECORDS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF NEW YORK.

"October 2, 1805. The Rev. Dr. Uzal Ogden, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, applied to the Presbytery of New York to be received. The letter was referred to Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Richards, &c., for consideration of it, and of the accompanying documents.

"Same day. The Committee reported, and was discharged, and leave given to withdraw the application.

"Dr. McWhorter, Mr. Hillyer, and Mr. Griffin, were appointed to converse with Dr. Ogden, and obtain further information.

"October 15, 1805. The Committee in the case of Dr. Ogden presented certain letters and other papers, which were read. From these documents it appeared that, although Dr. Ogden had been suspended for several months from the exercise of his ministerial functions, by the authority of the Protestant Episcopal Church, on account of his refusal to resign the Rectorship of Trinity Church in Newark, yet, by his recent resignation of said Rectorship, the ground of his suspension was removed. It also appeared that, in the judgment of a respectable minister of the Episcopal Church,—a member of the Committee of Convention, by which the sentence of suspension was issued, the suspension had virtually ceased.

"The Presbytery, having considered the whole case, agreed to receive Dr. Ogden as a member of their body, on his adopting the Confession of Faith and Form of Government of our Church, and satisfactorily answering the questions usually put to ministers connecting themselves with us.

"October 16, 1805. Dr. Ogden appeared in Presbytery, and having adopted the Confession of Faith and Form of Government in the Presbyterian Church, and come under the engagements usually required of ministers connecting themselves with us, was received as a member of Presbytery, and took his seat accordingly."

After the change in his ecclesiastical relations, Dr. Ogden never had a stated charge, but preached occasionally in different places, as he found opportunity. He died on the 4th of November, 1822, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Dr. Ogden seems to have been very earnest and devout in his religious feelings, and to have carried into and through his ministry a burning zeal for the salvation of souls. There is no doubt that he allowed himself the largest liberty in the exercise of his clerical function, without much regard to the judgment of most of his brethren. He was in the habit of frequently offering extemporaneous prayers, instead of using the regular service, especially when he held meetings, as he often did, at private houses. His sermons were sometimes of an extraordinary length,—extending to an hour and three quarters or more. There is a journal still extant, kept by a friend of Dr. Ogden, who accompanied him, about the year 1787, on a missionary tour in West Jersey, which illustrates his remarkable zeal, as well as his great gift at preaching long sermons. This journal was published in one of the Newark papers, in 1819.

The following is a list of Dr. Ogden's publications:—Letter to the unconverted, 1768. The Theological Preceptor, or Youth's Religious Instructer; containing a Summary of the principles, rise and progress of Religion, from the creation of the world to the consummation thereof; together with moral reflections, &c., and a Sketch of the argument in favour of Christianity; in a series of Dialogues, 1772. An Address to the youth of America, 1772. A Letter to a master of a family; wherein the duty, reasonableness, and advantage of Family Worship are considered. To which are annexed Family Prayers, 1772. The Christian's Mirror. Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith, 1772. A Sermon on Practical Religion, (without date). A Sermon on Practical Religion, delivered at Newark, No. II., 1779. A Sermon delivered at Roxbury, in Morris County, at the Funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Hackett, relict of Colonel John Hackett, 1781. A Sermon on

Practical Religion, No. III., 1782. A Sermon delivered at Morristown before the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of Lodge No. 10, in the State of New Jersey, 1784. An Address to those persons in Elizabethtown, and Newark, and in their vicinity, in the State of New Jersey, who have lately been seriously impressed with a desire to obtain salvation. To which is annexed a Prayer adapted to a person in a state of penitence, 1785. A Sermon delivered in St. Peter's Church in the city of Perth Amboy, before a Convention of Clerical and Lay Delegates of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New Jersey, 1786. Five Sermons on important subjects, delivered in St. George's and St. Paul's Chapels in the city of New York, 1788. Antidote to Deism: the Deist unmasked; or an ample refutation of all the objections of Thomas Paine against the Christian Religion, as contained in a pamphlet entitled "The Age of Reason;" addressed to the citizens of these States. 2 vols. 12mo., 1795.

FROM ARCHER GIFFORD ESQ.

NEWARK, March 2, 1857.

My dear Sir: I have a distinct recollection of Dr. Ogden, who was at one time Rector of Trinity Church, which I have attended from my youth. His life was a variable one, and notwithstanding many severe conflicts, was, as I have learned, irreproachable. My earliest recollection of any Law proceedings, on entering the office where I served my term in this city, is of sundry papers under a proceeding of *mandamus* against the Corporation of Trinity Church, to compel them to surrender the keys, and give him the temporalities. This was about the year 1804–05—before my time, but immediately preceding my entrance at school.

Dr. Ogden was in person quite portly, of large features, of slow gait, and dressed in rather an antique style. He was very courteous and kind in his manner, and was more than willing always to bestow a word of praise where he could do it with a good conscience. After a sermon by a young minister in Trinity Church one night, a year or two before the Doctor's decease, (where he frequently attended in the evening,) I saw him take the clergyman's hand very affectionately, and heard him say—"Thank you, Sir,—thank you for your evangelical discourse."

I am informed that Dr. Ogden was rather a popular speaker in the early stage of his ministry, but later in life his voice was much affected and broken. In his general appearance and manner I always thought he bore a strong resemblance to Dr. McWhorter, with whom he was in very friendly relations. Though the dispute between him and his congregation, as to their respective rights, resulted in his becoming a Presbyterian, he never would acknowledge that he had become alienated from the Episcopal Church; and when spoken to on the subject by a person who communicated the circumstance to me, he promptly replied,—"No, Sir, I have not sacrificed my former principles; I still hold to the thirty-nine Articles, which are the product of minds not varying in their views from most of those I now associate with."

I am told that Dr. Ogden, after leaving our Church, performed much useful service as a missionary in the destitute parts of New Jersey; but several of his last years, I think, were passed here chiefly in retirement.

Very truly and respectfully, dear Sir,

Your friend and servant,

ARCHER GIFFORD.

FROM THE REV. JOHN McDOWELL, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, February 12, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My recollections of Dr. Ogden are rather general than particular, and yet they are very distinct. I knew him well for many years; have seen him under various circumstances; have often heard him preach; was present when he was examined and admitted a member of the New York Presbytery; and delivered an Address at his Funeral, in his own house. I regarded him as a truly excellent man, and am glad to co-operate in any effort to honor his memory.

His personal appearance was at once imposing and venerable. He was about six feet in height, and every way well proportioned. He wore the large grey wig of that day, which of itself was enough to bring an awe upon the spirit. He was very strongly evangelical in his religious views, and his sermons always left an impression that he was sincerely and earnestly engaged in his Master's work; but he was apt to be prolix and diffuse in his treatment of a subject, and was famous for multiplying divisions and subdivisions almost indefinitely. He was a zealous friend of revivals of religion, during his whole ministry. In 1784, a powerful revival commenced in the Presbyterian Church at Elizabethtown, which lasted two years. The Congregation was then without a pastor,—Mr. Caldwell having been killed; and without a place of worship,—their church edifice having been burned. Many of the subjects of that revival were living, after I settled in Elizabethtown, and were among the most devoted Christians whom I remember to have met with. I have heard them say that Dr. Ogden, at that time, often preached in the Episcopal Church, and that great numbers of Presbyterians went to hear him, and considered themselves much benefitted by his ministrations. He was highly esteemed throughout the whole region as a man of integrity and piety, and as a fine specimen of venerable old age. Towards the close of his ministry in the Episcopal Church, he was brought into unpleasant relations with a portion of his parish; but I do not now distinctly remember the merits of the controversy, though I am quite sure that there was nothing in connection with it that left the semblance of a stain upon Dr. Ogden's character.

Yours fraternally,

JOHN McDOWELL.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL H. COX, D. D.

LE ROY, N. Y., March 15, 1857.

My dear Sir: The late Rev. Uzal Ogden, D. D., of Newark, N. J., was well known to me,—increasingly from 1811 to his decease. He was a venerable co-presbyter with me in the earlier stages of my ministry, and was consistently esteemed by all who knew him.

Dr. Ogden was a man of learning. He had an extensive library, and was addicted to habits of study, observation, and reflection, the fruits of which were obvious in all his public demonstrations. Both the pulpit and the press attested the respectability of his contributions. He published sermons, essays, pamphlets, on various subjects and occasions. The work which, so far as I know, most illustrates his reputation, is his Antidote to Deism, in two volumes, published in reply to Paine's "Age of Reason." If that work is much a compilation, quoting from numerous authors of excellence and fame, ancient and modern, I am sure also that it is no less valuable on that account; that it evinces research and erudition, seldom equalled; that it shows thought, method, and mastery of the subject, in which few could surpass him; and that among the many answers to that blasphemous production, there was none better adapted to instruct and

edify the people, or to live and last wherever it was known. It has kept its place in my own library for scores of years; and I never read it, even passingly, without a renewed impression of its worth; nor would I except or postpone that of Bishop Watson in comparison. I should be glad to see another edition of it, in these days, with some notes, and a fitting introduction, by a competent hand.

Dr. Ogden was well read in History, especially Ecclesiastical. In the dogmas of ages, in the antiquities of the Church, in the writings of the fathers, he greatly excelled. His patristic lore would have adorned any station, even at the top of the pyramid of the hierarchy of England. In this he had scarce a peer in the country. His theological views were both evangelical and practical. In manners, he was calm, dignified, consistent; and a real gentleman of the school of Washington. He was, withal, a man of exemplary humility, meeting the trials of life with the equanimity of enlightened faith and humble hope in our Lord Jesus Christ.

After his accession to our Presbyterian Church, he was never settled in the ministry; but preached for his brethren as occasion offered, and often performed a voluntary mission through the rural districts of New Jersey. All this, I believe, was done at his own charges, and because he loved the work, the cause, the brethren, and the Master.

On one occasion, as I well recollect, the Presbytery met in Newark, when myself was officiating as its Clerk; and the question was, in reference to a remarkable candidate, *ordain*—or *not*? For one I resolved against his hopes, on the score of—too much ignorance; after trying to be kind and complying as possible. His piety was pleaded, his natural gifts, the call unanimous of a small church in the country, and withal his general popularity. On several accounts, I felt deeply perplexed; but could not vote for him, and did not. It was our rule to call the roll, for a vote, with any remarks preceding. When I called the name of Dr. Ogden, the old gentleman rose. We all listened with special interest, and well were we paid for it. He gave his reasons for a negative—and they were eloquent, weighty and influential, as the banner speech of the occasion. Oh! how scathing was his animadversion on an ignorant ministry—as incongruous, as preposterous, as destructive, and as utterly precluded by the very terms of the commission. He showed from history, from experience, from the nature of things, what weak and erring policy it was, like that of Jeroboam of old, to patronize incompetency, and sanction ignorance in office, ministering at the altars of God: evincing too, that often those who would favour the immorality, as he characterized it, would show their better wisdom afterward, in avoiding and degrading the ordained ignoramus, and at all events would be found never with those who would call him to become their own pastor.

It was nobly and well done—yet the vote carried, as I well remember; mine the duty to count and report; eleven, *aye*, ten *no*, and five *non-liquet*. Supported by such authority and such argumentation, I was only deeper in my conviction of the right—and the subsequent history has awfully accused the affirmative, and vindicated the wisdom of Dr. Ogden, with too much evidence of its rectitude.

> "From such Apostles, oh! ye Presbyters
> "Preserve the Church; and lay not careless hands
> "On skulls that cannot teach and will not learn."

I am sorry that I could not do more justice to the memory of such an honoured person, but trust that I have written the substantial truth. Dr. Ogden lived to a good old age, and died, honoured by Christians, and greatly respected by the whole community.

Your brother in the Gospel of Christ,

S. H. COX.

SAMUEL PORTER WILLIAMS.*

1805—1826.

Samuel Porter Williams, a son of Ezekiel and Prudence Williams, was born at Wethersfield, Conn., February 22, 1779. His family was greatly distinguished, especially in the clerical line,—Solomon Stoddard of Northampton having been his great-grandfather on the mother's side, and William Williams of Hatfield,—another of the great lights of his time, sustaining the same relation to him on the father's side. Several others also of the Williams family, who were less remote from him in point of time, were among the prominent clergymen of their day in New England.

Having been early destined to a literary life, he entered Yale College, in 1792, at the age of thirteen, and graduated in 1796. Though it does not appear that he fell into any vicious habit during this period, his extreme youth prevented him from realizing the full benefit of a collegiate course, and he seems to have subsequently reproached himself, at least with criminal inattention and neglect. He says, "My collegiate life is past, and with it four years of ———. I have forever to mourn the neglect of their precious advantages, Time, reputation, money, all squandered. I resolve to redeem that which is lost."

For some years after he left College, he was engaged in mercantile business,—in which, however, he was not successful. At this period, he made no pretensions to religion, nor is it known through what instrumentality his mind first received a serious direction; but it appears from his papers that he became a communicant in March, 1803; and that he made a profession of his faith with the belief that he had felt the sanctifying power of Divine truth.

His attention was now directed to the study of Theology, with a view to his entering the ministry. He pursued his studies, first, at New Haven, under the direction of President Dwight, and afterwards at Springfield, with his brother-in-law, the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) Bezaleel Howard. He was licensed to preach at West Springfield, April 10, 1805, and preached his first sermon at Amherst, the next month; and such was his popularity that he soon received an invitation from Springfield, the place where he had in part prepared for the ministry, to settle as a colleague with his instructor. The settlement, however, owing to some peculiar circumstances, never took place.

He had already received two other invitations to settle—one from Deerfield, Mass.,—the other from Mansfield, Conn. He chose the latter place, and was ordained there, January 1, 1807. The Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Parsons of Amherst.

The church and parish with which he now became connected, were experiencing the effects of a violent controversy. The Rev. John Sherman, their late Pastor, had avowed himself a Unitarian, and had published a book in defence of his peculiar views; in consequence of which he was dismissed from his charge, though a portion of his congregation adopted his opinions. This minority consented to the settlement of Mr. Williams, with

* Memoir prefixed to his Sermons.—MS. from Hon. Chief Justice Williams.

an understanding that they should be allowed, without molestation, to retain their connection with the church. This mixed character of his audience seems, for the first two years, to have considerably modified the style of his preaching; but at length he began to preach more explicitly on the points in dispute,—the consequence of which was that he incurred the displeasure of those whose opinions he was understood to assail. In addition to this, his salary proved inadequate to the support of his family, and his repeated appeals to the people in relation to it were unsuccessful. In this state of things, which seemed to promise but little of either comfort or usefulness, he was dismissed from his pastoral charge, September 7, 1817.

Previous to his removal from Mansfield, he had received invitations from several of the most respectable churches in our large cities to preach to them, with a view to settlement. He, however, accepted an invitation from the Church in Northampton, to labour as a temporary supply, in connection with his venerable relative, the Pastor of that Church,—the Rev. Solomon Williams. Here he continued two years.

In December, 1820, he was invited to preach to the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, then vacant by the removal of the Rev. Dr. Dana to the Presidency of Dartmouth College. Here he produced at once a powerful impression; and they unanimously invited him to become their Pastor. He accepted the call, and was installed on the 8th of February, 1821.

During the few years of his ministry at Newburyport, he laboured with much acceptance and success. But disease, in the form of dyspepsia, had, for some time, been making its inroads upon his naturally vigorous constitution; and, during the last year of his life, he was so much enfeebled, as to be fit for little active effort. His last public service was a Thanksgiving Sermon, in November, 1826, on "the Value of Life." He died on the 23d of December following, in the joyful confidence of entering on a better life. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Leonard Withington, of Newbury, from II. Cor. v. 7.

The following is a list of Mr. Williams' publications:—A Sermon at the installation of the Rev. William Andrews, Danbury, 1813. An Inquiry into the state of the Churches, &c.: A Sermon preached in several congregations by appointment of the Consociation of Windham County, 1816. The Good Minister: A Discourse in three parts, preached in the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, in consequence of the installation of the author, 1821. A Sermon at the ordination of the Rev. William Williams, Salem, 1821. A Sermon at Exeter on the Annual Thanksgiving, 1821. Plea for the orphan; A Sermon delivered on the anniversary of the Female Charitable Society of Newburyport, 1822. An Address before the Young Men's Auxiliary Education Society of Newburyport, 1822. Walking with God: A Sermon before the Education Society of the young men of Boston, on their fifth anniversary, 1824. Messiah's Question: A Sermon preparatory to the Communion, 1824. The Faithful Minister's Monument: A Sermon preached at the Funeral of the Rev. John Giles, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Newburyport, 1824. Duties of Congregations to their Pastors: A Sermon preached at Newburyport at the installation of the Rev. Daniel Dana, D. D., 1826. Historical account of the First Presbyterian Church and Society in Newburyport, addressed to the Congregation worshipping in Federal Street, 1826.

The year after Mr. Williams' death, twenty of his Sermons were published in an octavo volume, together with a brief Memoir of his life.

In 1801, Mr. Williams was married to Mary Hanford Wells, who died in 1815,—the mother of six children. In 1817, he was married to Sarah Pierpont Tyler, and by this marriage had other six children. The second Mrs. Williams survived her husband.

FROM THE REV. LEONARD WITHINGTON, D. D.

NEWBURY, October 19, 1854.

Rev. and dear Sir: The sad disaster of which we have recently read in the papers, reminds me of my promise to you. It seems that two of the children of my old friend, Samuel P. Williams, have sunk with the "Arctic Steamer" into the bosom of the sea. Such is the probability; though it is barely possible that one of them at least may have been picked up in a boat. But I have very little hope; and the incident fills my mind with interesting and mournful recollections.

I drew up myself the biographical sketch which is prefixed to a volume of his sermons, published in 1827; and there is in that volume an extract from the Funeral Sermon. On reviewing these pieces, I find they conform to my present impressions, and contain the substance of all I can say of his talents and character.

He came into this region at the close of 1820, and I heard him preach in the evening of the Sabbath of his first performances. The sermon made the exact impression that was ever after made by his preaching. He wandered in a wilderness of flowers; he heaped figure on figure; there was a redundance of fancy; his voice was melodious and his action graceful; and yet there was less precision in the thought than splendour in the clothing. I remember he illustrated an illustration by an illustration—thus he said "that the Christian's crown in glory was like the sun, self balanced, a full orbed circle, replete with radiance and seen by its own light." Now this was exactly the man—he ran so swiftly among the bowers of his ornamental garden, that you sometimes (at least I did) lost sight of the direction of the path in which his argument was moving. And yet I should make a very false impression, if I should lead you to suppose that his whole discourse was a vague bundle of figures. He always made the intended impression; he always stung the sinner's conscience; and this he did by those intervals of light and piercing truth, with which he interspersed his metaphorical roses. He seldom preached a sermon that was all logic, and never one that was all rhetoric. If he presented a cloud, flashes of light were continually coming out of the cloud. He might be compared to one of those revolving lights off our coast—(for example the one now at the Isle of Shoals)—you lost him for a moment, but he was sure to peer out again, and the same red gleam met the waiting eye. However, his sermons lost immensely by the printer's ink—his voice, so melodious, was a constant stimulant, and his emphasis a perpetual comment.

As a man, though decided and sometimes hitting you a little, he was the most transparent man I ever knew. He was my neighbour for about six years; and our intercourse was never interrupted for a moment—it was always cordial and sincere. As I have said before,—*Secretum et silentium ejus non timens.* He always wore his purposes written on his forehead—there were no dark hints, no malignant insinuations, no doubtful allusions, no backhanded compliments, implying censure; but all was bold, open and sincere. The impression his character left on the people out of his immediate Society, was very favourable—he was universally respected as a man of decision, talents, and piety.

The more I reflect, the more I am convinced that the art of preaching depends less on following an abstract pattern, than on each individual's bringing out his own peculiar qualities to a personal perfection. Every preacher has his own *idiosyncracies*, which he is to consider, to correct, as far as he can, and to cultivate according to the line of their tendency. In a word, he is to do *his best*. This is the secret of almost all the excellence we see in the world. Preachers are like trees—the elm has its beauty; the oak, the pine, the cedar, and the maple; and of productive trees each bears its appropriate fruit. Cultivation should always lead nature in its own direction; and this is a part at least of what Paul meant when he said to Timothy—"Neglect not the gift that is in thee." The success of Mr. Williams as a preacher was principally owing to this—having never passed through any of our Theological Schools, he had never been hammered into a generic model. He had the sagacity to see that he had some budding powers of his own; and self-culture cherished them, until they blossomed into beauty, and ripened into fruit.

Of a man so successful in the *viva voce* exhibitions of religion, you may wish to know the personal appearance. He was not a demure, meek, and sombre looking man—such a form, for instance, as we attribute to the Quakers: indeed the broad brim would not have suited his head—he would himself have smiled at such an incongruous combination. He was tall in person, quick and firm in his step, manly in his motions, giving you the air of a military man, rather than a preacher of the Gospel. Our Saviour has said—"When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces." The gait and person of Mr. Williams was a living exemplification of this precautionary direction—cheerful without levity, and careless of shadowy solemnities, to secure the object most solemn of all.

Very truly yours,

LEONARD WITHINGTON.

EPHRAIM PUTNAM BRADFORD.*

1805—1845.

Ephraim Putnam Bradford was born in Milford, N. H., December 27, 1776. He was the third of eight children of Captain John Bradford and Sarah his wife, once of Milford, and afterwards of Hancock. His father commanded a company of militia during a part of the Revolutionary struggle, and was attached to the command of General Stark. He was the officer, who, after the defeat of Colonel Baum, in the first part of the battle of Bennington, discovered the approach of a large reinforcement of Hessians, under Colonel Breyman, and gave to the American General the timely intelligence which led to the arrangements that completed the victory.

Young Bradford spent his early years in labouring upon a farm. He was the subject of deep religious impressions from childhood; and he referred his hopeful conversion to an early period of his life. His boyhood and youth were marked by a serious and thoughtful habit, and a disrelish for the usual sports of the young. With a mind uncommonly inquisitive,

* Dr. Whiton's Fun. Serm.—Congregational Journal, 1845.—MS. from his family.

and an ardent love of books, he early resolved on the attainment of a collegiate education, and as soon as he came of age, he bent all his energies to the accomplishment of this object. In due time he was prepared for College, entered at Cambridge, and graduated in 1803—having for a class mate the late Dr. Payson. Having spent a short time after his graduation in teaching a school, he entered on a course of theological study under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Lathrop of West Springfield. Here he continued during the greater part of a year, and made a highly favourable impression upon the inhabitants of the place, and especially upon his venerable instructor.

In May, 1805,—shortly after he received license to preach, he was invited to preach as a candidate in New Boston, N. H.; and though the parish, previous to his going among them, had been unhappily divided, they quickly became united under his ministrations, and he was ordained and installed as their Pastor by the Presbytery of Londonderry on the 26th of February, 1806, as successor to the Rev. Solomon Moor.*

Mr. Bradford soon rose to distinction among the ministers of New Hampshire, and, during a pastorate of forty years, exercised great influence not only in his own parish but throughout the whole region in which he lived. In the controversy relative to Dartmouth College, from 1815 to 1819, he was one of a committee of three appointed by the Legislature to investigate its condition. A vacancy occurring in the Presidency of the College, he was spoken of extensively as a suitable person to succeed to the office.

Mr. Bradford's ministry may be regarded as having been a more than ordinarily successful one. While a healthful tone of religious feeling generally pervaded his church, there were several seasons of much more than common religious interest among them, as the result of which considerable accessions were made to the number of communicants. A revival in the winter of 1814–15 added about forty; one in 1831, about sixty; and one in 1835, nearly the same number. None of the revivals that occurred under his ministry took on the form of fanatical excitements, owing no doubt in a great measure to the caution and firmness with which he watched and resisted every tendency to excess. During his whole ministry, the peace of his parish scarcely sustained the least interruption.

Mr. Bradford was married September 1, 1806, to Mary Manning, daughter of Deacon Ephraim and Mrs. Mary Barker of Amherst, N. H. They had twelve children, ten of whom, with their mother, survived their father.

He generally enjoyed vigorous health, and during a period of thirty-nine years was not prevented from performing the public services of the sanctuary for more than five or six Sabbaths. In January, 1845, in consequence of exposure to cold and fatigue, he became seriously ill, and was taken off from his labours for several months. He returned to them in June following, and continued them, though not without much infirmity, till near the close of life. He preached on the Sabbath immediately preceding that on which he died, with great interest—his subject was "the unpardonable sin." In the course of that week, he was prostrated by a violent cold, which terminated in croup. On the last day of his life, awaking from sleep, he remarked to his wife that he had never preached to his people with more

* Solomon Moor was born in Newtown, Ireland, in 1736; was graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1758; was installed Pastor of the Church in New Boston, September 6, 1768; and died May 28, 1803, aged sixty-seven.

clearness than on that day. "Are you not aware," replied she, "that you are sick, and have not been out of your room to-day?" Recalled by her question to a consciousness of the reality, he replied,—"Oh, I suppose it must be so." He told her that the text from which he had supposed himself preaching, was Mark ix. 1—"There be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the Kingdom of God come with power." He died on Sabbath evening, December 14, 1845, and his Funeral was attended on Thursday following, when an appropriate Sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Whiton of Antrim.

Mr. Bradford's publications are an Address before the Handellian Musical Society, New Boston, 1807; a Sermon before the Legislature of New Hampshire at the General Election, 1821; a Discourse commemorative of the character of the Rev. Moses Bradford,* Francestown, N. H., 1838; and a Sermon at the Funeral of the Rev. Dr. Harris of Dunbarton.

FROM THE REV. JAMES J. McCOLLUM.

BRADFORD, Mass., January 8, 1857.

My dear Sir: It is with pleasure that I endeavour to comply with your request to furnish a few personal recollections of the late Rev. Mr. Bradford of New Boston. To recall and embody in language my impressions of this excellent man is truly a labour of love. I knew him for about twenty years. From early boyhood I had the greatest reverence for him, and when I came afterward to know him intimately, and to look upon him as a friend and adviser, and a father in the ministry, the deeper feeling of affection by no means diminished, but increased rather, my reverence for him. The time I spent in his pleasant and hospitable home I have always regarded as among the most profitable as well as delightful portions of my life.

Mr. Bradford was a most genial man. It was always sunshine when he was present. He had a large warm heart, and you could not come near him without finding it out. There was a constant overflow of goodness and kindness that won the hearts of all that had much to do with him. He was of course a universal favourite. Clergy and laity, learned and unlearned, the refined and the uncultivated, persons of all ages and both sexes, "young men and maidens, old men and children,"—all were almost alike interested in him. Hence he was always welcome, whenever he went among the neighbouring towns. Every body knew him about as well as they did their own minister. Men would leave their work in the fields, as they saw him riding by, and women would run out of their houses to see him a moment, and speak a word with him, if they could do no more. But if they could persuade him to go into the house, and tarry all night, they made a perfect jubilee over it. So numerous were his acquaintances among laymen, especially within the bounds of the Londonderry Presbytery, to which he belonged, that he was rarely allowed to spend much time at the homes of his clerical brethren. The people waylaid him in his journeys, and would have him tarry with them, if by any means they could compass it. It was, however, with literary men, particularly with his ministerial brethren, that the genial nature of Mr. Bradford shone forth most conspicuously. Here his conversational talents appeared to the greatest advantage; and I think he was the best talker I ever met with, when he felt perfectly at his ease. The first time I was ever at his house, I spent several days with him; and the variety and richness of his conversation, and his inexhaustible resources, that seemed continually to overflow,

* MOSES BRADFORD was born in Canterbury, Conn., in 1765; was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1785; was ordained Pastor of the Church in Francestown, September 8, 1790; was dismissed January 5, 1827; and died in 1838.

perfectly amazed me. It was a cold and dreary journey I had taken to visit him. I climbed over bleak hills, and plunged through deep valleys, and ploughed through immense snow drifts in the face of the fiercest winds, to reach his dwelling; but one hour's conversation, if I could have had no more, would have amply repaid me for all my toil and trouble. I had hardly reached his house before he launched forth in a stream of talk, that scarcely ceased its flow for all the waking hours of five days; and all the time he was interesting, instructive, witty and fresh as at the beginning. The conversation of course took a wide range. Politics, religion, theology, literature, ancient and modern, science and social life, all came in for a share. I was particularly struck with his classical taste and acquisitions. His allusions to the classics, his quotations from them, his anecdotes respecting them, and his keen relish of their beauties, would lead one to suppose he had made classical literature the one absorbing study of his life. But when the conversation turned upon modern literature, he seemed equally at home. What is commonly called the English Classics were his especial delight; and with the great men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, he seemed as well acquainted as he was with his own neighbours. Anecdotes of Johnson, Burke, Pitt, and Fox, constantly enlivened his conversation.

But even a slight acquaintance with Mr. Bradford gave one an impression of something in him better than wit, and learning, and good nature—you could not be with him long without feeling that he was a man of deep, earnest, but unpretending, childlike piety. From every subject of conversation, and at all times, the transition to a religious theme seemed perfectly easy and natural. From the midst of a hearty laugh at some odd anecdote or quaint conceit, he frequently fell into a vein of spiritual conversation that was truly refreshing to the soul. There was no cant about him, no effort to *seem* good, no airs put on for the occasion, but his religion seemed to underlie his whole character; and wander in his talk where he might, he was never free from this, to him most interesting of all subjects; and at the proper time, and in the best and easiest manner, he fell into a train of remark that showed the depth and richness of his Christian experience. "Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spake."

As a preacher, Mr. Bradford was deservedly very popular. It was always thought a great treat in the whole region round about to hear him preach. And any where, whether among acquaintances or strangers, he made a very strong impression. It could not well be otherwise. His noble commanding person, his rich musical voice, his natural, graceful and earnest manner, his distinct articulation, and his great simplicity of style and delivery, could not fail to attract attention. Of his excellencies as a preacher I must speak only in general terms, for I never had the privilege of hearing him except as a mere youth. While a boy, I remember being very much impressed with a sermon of his before the Communion, at a meeting of the Londonderry Presbytery in the old church of the West Parish of Londonderry; and the whole scene is as distinctly before my mind as if it occurred but yesterday. The old high pulpit with its curious sounding board, and the square pews, the Communion table extending down the broad aisle, the large congregation, the venerable forms of the older ministers, now for the most part in their graves, the tall portly form of the preacher, the clear bell-like tones of his voice, his deep solemnity, and his simple natural earnestness, all are stamped indelibly on my memory. The sermon, I presume, was a great one,—for the clergy drank it in most eagerly, and the congregation were solemn and attentive, and some of them at least in the neighbourhood where I was were almost constantly in tears. What strikes me now as most remarkable in that sermon, is the fact that it was so plain and simple that I, a mere child, was able to understand most of it, and to retain not a little of it. The exposition of the text, though learned, was yet brought down to my childish comprehension, and this day I have never gained a clearer, or it seems to me more correct, idea of

the difficult passage of Scripture on which the sermon was founded. I suspect this was the general character of his preaching—a plain, simple, earnest presentation of the truth to the hearts and consciences of his hearers.

In personal appearance Mr. Bradford was striking. He was a tall, full, well proportioned man, with a tendency to corpulency, which, toward the last of his life, very much increased upon him. In his younger days, he must have been a very handsome man: as I remember him at forty, he was one of the noblest looking men I ever saw. It was manifest also that he owed nothing to dress—he was very careless and even slovenly in regard to it—in fact he rarely seemed to think any thing about it. If he ever paid any particular attention to the subject, or apologized for his carelessness, as I have known him do, it was always out of regard to the feelings of other people.

His manners were easy, graceful and winning. He put you at your ease as soon as you entered his presence. The youngest, most bashful and uncultivated of his people found no difficulty in saying to him whatever they had to say. He was too polite a man to insist upon the mere forms of politeness, and make one feel, all the time he was with him, as if he was in danger of committing some mortal breach of etiquette. With those, however, who were formal and precise, he could be formal and precise too. I once knew quite a contention in bowing, and scraping, and waving of the hand between him and the very urbane President John Wheelock of Dartmouth College; and the country pastor fairly got the better of the polite President.

As a pastor, my impression is that Mr. Bradford, at least after I knew him, was not very systematic and regular. He had a great many demands made upon his time; a great many things to do, aside from his regular vocation, and it would not be strange if he sometimes deferred certain parochial duties longer than was desirable. What he actually did, however, I am inclined to think was well and thoroughly done. A short time before his death, he told me he went through his parish, calling at every house,—reading the Scriptures, conversing religiously with the family, and offering prayer with them. Such a visitation as this once in five years would be likely to do more good than half a dozen fashionable ministerial calls. Of Mr. Bradford's Theology it is perhaps needless to say much. He was a Presbyterian of the Old School. He was strongly attached to the Presbyterian Church, both as to its doctrine, and its discipline. But he was by no means bigoted or illiberal. He loved all who gave evidence that they loved "our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

I have extended these remarks so far that I have space but for one anecdote of him; and this goes to show what an impression he sometimes made upon strangers.

During the last sickness of Mr. Bradford, and while, in fact, he was dying, a package was sent to the house. Mrs. Bradford directed it to be carried up stairs, and put out of the way somewhere; and, amid the trying scenes through which she and her family were called to pass, thought no more of it. Some days after the sad event that had made her a widow, and her children fatherless, she happened to think of that package again. She found it, and opened it. It contained a valuable present with a letter. The substance of the letter was that the writer had not seen Mr. Bradford for more than forty years, but he had a most vivid recollection of him, and wished at that late day to testify his respect for him and gratitude to him. "When you were a young man, a member of Harvard College," continues the letter writer, "you came to Groton to visit a fellow-student of yours, then keeping school in our town. I slept in the same room with yourself and friend. I listened to your conversation. It gave me new and nobler views of life—it had a great effect on my character and subsequent life, and if I have done any good in the world, much of it must be credited to the conversa-

tion of that night." The writer of that letter was the well known Amos Lawrence of Boston.

I am afraid I have already written more than you will care to read, and I will now subscribe myself

Yours with great respect,

JAMES J. McCOLLUM.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS SAVAGE.

BEDFORD, N. H., February 18, 1857.

My dear Sir: I became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Bradford more than thirty years ago; and, as we were settled in contiguous parishes, my acquaintance with him continued to the close of his useful life. My recollections of him are exceedingly pleasant, and the service you have asked of me is any thing else than a burden.

As a preacher, Mr. Bradford never failed to inspire interest in his audience. Indeed there are few who surpassed him in the qualifications of a public speaker, whether we consider the impressiveness of his elocution, the classical elegance of his style, or his fine appearance in the pulpit. His dignified mien, his voice which was melody itself, and his countenance beaming with kindness, are impressed, and long will be, on all who heard him. Nothing was wanting but more systematic habits of study, to have placed him among the very brightest lights of the pulpit. He did not generally write out his sermons, and during the latter part of his life preached often without any written preparation. His prayers, always comprehensive and fervent, were specially appropriate on public occasions, so that sometimes nothing could exceed them in adaptedness to the circumstances,—whether at a funeral, ordination, or other occasion of public interest.

As a pastor, it may be said the case is rare in which, for so long a time, a minister holds so strong a personal influence among his people. His parish extended over a rough, uneven territory of hills and vallies, and consisted chiefly of families descended from the Scotch Irish,—families inheriting all the warmth of affectionate regard for ministers, that marked their ancestry. For forty years he laboured among them. At their hospitable homes he was a frequent and welcome guest,—imparting pleasure wherever he went; uniting in himself the affectionate father, the faithful reprover, and the sympathising friend. He was beloved by all, and to him might be applied the description—

"The service past, around the pious man,
"With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
"E'en children followed with endearing wile,
"And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile."

Mr. Bradford was greatly esteemed by his brethren in the ministry. Seldom have I known one who had naturally more of generous and kindly feeling, or who exhibited more of that feeling in his various relations. In the very last conversation I had with him, I remember his remarking with regret upon the comparative reserve which neighbouring ministers sometimes practise towards each other—"they are polite and courteous," said he, "but I wish they were more cordial and affectionate."

More perhaps than most ministers, his influence extended beyond the immediate sphere of his labours. In all the neighbouring towns,—indeed I may say, throughout the State,—he was greatly respected, and his presence was always cordially welcomed by persons of all classes. In ecclesiastical councils he displayed rare wisdom and tact, and as a presiding officer nothing could exceed the felicity of his manner, uniting, as it did remarkably, the "suaviter in modo" with the "fortiter in re."

He had a vein of pleasantry which occasionally showed itself, and sometimes with a little sharpness. He was a decided Federalist of the old school; but among his people the complexion of politics was *Jeffersonian*. Passing one day through a neighbouring town, he met on the road a strong politician of the latter school. It was a time of party excitement, and Mr. Bradford had probably taken some occasion to show his colours. The individual who had been among his admirers, accosted him—"Mr. Bradford, I do not like you as well as I used to"—"Well, really, Mr. ——," was the reply,—"I like you as well as I *ever* did."

It is interesting to notice that, amid the multifarious duties of a rural pastor, he retained his love for some of the branches of College study—particularly, to the close of life he read the Latin and Greek classics with the relish and ardour of youth.

Mr. Bradford had reached a good old age before he was called away from earthly scenes. His death, which occurred on Sabbath evening, was peaceful and beautiful. And as we assembled at his Funeral, all felt that they had lost a father—all could heartily respond to the words of the text selected for the occasion—"Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." And all recognised the portrait, as the preacher thus spoke of him in the sermon—"Kind in disposition, courteous in manners, dignified beyond most men in personal appearance; possessing a voice capable of filling the largest edifice, yet melodious and finely modulated; free from bigotry and rancour, imbued with candour, exemplary as a man and a Christian, devoted to his work as a minister, he conciliated in a degree unusual the affection and confidence of the community."

Allow me to close this communication with a brief extract from a letter which I lately received from my kinsman, the Hon. James Savage of Boston, who was a member of the same class with Mr. Bradford in Harvard College:—

"A single pleasant recollection of Bradford remains fifty-six or eight years with me. He interposed to prevent a censure falling on me for some petty disquiet to a Tutor from another hand than mine, but of which I had been suspected... How it was done is unknown to me, whether himself or some other class mate was shown to be the momentary mischief-maker; but he came to give me the caution that I was suspected, and must not furnish any ground for encouragement of such suspicion, as he had turned the officer's aspect in a different direction. He might naturally enough suppose that I was liable, of my own mere motion, to exhibit any overflow of mercurial boyishness; but probably hoped that I would be on my guard for time to come, lest *his* reputation might suffer in being surety for my conduct.

"No doubt we should have been better acquainted, but he was nearly nine years older, I guess, than myself; and his chum, with whom he went through the four years curriculum, if my memory serves, was of a less attractive temperament. For *that* is the quality by which I would characterize him, and to which my solitary anecdote above told furnishes proof."

I am yours truly,

THOMAS SAVAGE.

SAMUEL WHELPLEY.*

1806—1817.

SAMUEL WHELPLEY was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in the year 1766. His parents, Samuel and Hannah Whelpley, removed from Wilton, Fairfield County, Conn., and settled on a farm in the Northeast part of Stockbridge, where the grounds were still covered with the primeval forests. Their condition was that of new settlers, procuring their means of subsistence by subduing and cultivating wild lands. They secured a comfortable living, though they were by no means in other than moderate circumstances.

Both the parents were Baptists, belonging to a small Church which worshipped in two private houses, one of which was a little South of the dividing line between Stockbridge and Lenox, and the other North of it. In this Church the father was a deacon.. He died November 29, 1809, aged eighty. The inscription on his monument is—"Dignified in manners, and rich in the resources of his own mind, he lived usefully and died in peace."

The family were uncommonly fond of reading, particularly of reading history. This was remarkably true of Samuel, and from very early life. In his boyhood and youth he was large for one of his age; was fond of sport, and averse to labour; was rash and reckless from the strength of his feelings, but chargeable with no vice; was awkward and ungainly in his appearance; but when he got hold of a book, he devoured it with the utmost avidity. He gave decisive evidence then of possessing a vigorous and discriminating mind. What he read he understood and remembered. His advantages for acquiring knowledge were small, except what arose from the intelligence of his father's family, and he became intelligent himself, mainly by the force of his mental powers,—by reading and reflection.

He embraced the denominational sentiments of his parents, and though he studied Theology under Dr. Stephen West, and greatly valued his instructions, and venerated his character, (as is evident from a sketch of Dr. West given in the celebrated work of which Mr. Whelpley was the author, styled the "Triangle,") he nevertheless became a Baptist preacher. He was ordained Pastor of the Church of which his father was deacon, or with a view of preaching to it, June 21, 1792. Elder John Leland preached the ordination Sermon, and the service was performed in the open air. After preaching for some time to this church, he went to West Stockbridge, where a Baptist Church was formed in 1792, and a church edifice erected in 1794. He laboured there several years, and at the same time was engaged in instructing youth. While he was at West Stockbridge, the people at Green River, N. Y., erected a church edifice without particular reference to any denomination; and having learned that Mr. Whelpley was more than ordinarily free from a spirit of sectarism. and having heard much of his reputation as a popular preacher, they determined to make an effort to engage his services. The effort was successful, and he supplied this singularly constituted congregation for some time, with great acceptance.

* MSS. from Rev. David D. Field, D. D., Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, D. D., and Hon. Lewis Condict.

About 1798, he removed from Green River to Morristown, N. J., where he took charge of an Academy. This removal was understood to have been effected through the influence of the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) James Richards, who was at that time Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Morristown. During his residence here, he often supplied Dr. Richards' pulpit, as well as other pulpits in the neighbourhood, and was regarded as a preacher of very decided talent. As an instructer, also, he gained a high reputation.

In 1806, Mr. Whelpley, having changed his views on the subject of Baptism resolved to transfer his ecclesiastical relations to the Presbyterian Church. Accordingly, on the 24th of April, of that year, he made application by letter to be received as a member of the Presbytery of New York. The Presbytery agreed to receive him on condition of his adopting the Confession of Faith and Form of Government of the Presbyterian Church, and answering satisfactorily the usual questions put to ministers under similar circumstances. On the 8th of October following, Mr. Whelpley appeared, and having complied with the several requisitions, was recognised as a member of the Presbytery. In October, 1809, the Synod of New York and New Jersey divided the Presbytery of New York, and by that act, Mr. Whelpley was set off to the Presbytery of Jersey. In July, 1814, having been dismissed by his own request from the Presbytery of Jersey, with a view to being received by the Presbytery of New York, he was thus received, and continued in this connection till his death.

In the early part of 1809, he removed from Morristown to Newark, and opened a school there,—about the same time that his friend Dr. Richards took charge of the First Presbyterian Church. Here, too, he had a high standing as a teacher, and his occasional services in the pulpit also were greatly prized.

In the latter part of 1809, a hemorrhage at the lungs, with some other alarming symptoms, suggested to Mr. Whelpley the importance of betaking himself for a time to a more Southern climate. Accordingly, having provided a suitable person to take charge of his school, he went to Savannah, taking with him his son,—Philip Melancthon, and leaving the rest of his family at Newark. His health improved so far that he was enabled to take charge of a small school, by means of which the expenses of his residence and those of his son at Savannah, were nearly met. He received great kindness from Dr. Kollock, and other distinguished residents of the place, but his feeble health, his embarrassed circumstances, and a protracted separation from his family, rendered his sojourn there more like a period of exile than an agreeable visit. He returned to his family and his school at Newark, sometime in the year 1811, with his disease still preying upon him, though its force had seemed to be somewhat abated.

In 1814, Mr. Whelpley left Newark and went to live in New York, where, for a short time, he taught a very popular boys' school. His son, Melancthon, having in due time been licensed to preach, and become the Pastor of the Wall Street Church,—the father relinquished his school, and resided, during the short period of his life that remained, in his son's family. It was at this period (1816 and 1817) that he wrote the "Triangle"—a work that appeared in a series of numbers, designed to prove the superiority of what was commonly called the New England Theology to the stricter form of Calvinism. All acknowledged that it was a work of no inconsider-

able power; but it met the severest condemnation on the one hand, while it was received with the highest praise on the other.

Mr. Whelpley's health, which had long been extremely frail, at length sunk so low that he was no longer capable of any active exertion. He languished for some time in a state of great debility, and died while the Presbytery to which he belonged was in session, July 14, 1817, in the fifty-first year of his age. Dr. Spring visited him on his death-bed, but found him unable to hold conversation. To a question which the Doctor put to him, he replied in a way that indicated that his mind was at peace, and then added—"My dear brother, let that be the last question,"—owing, as was supposed, to a difficulty of speaking.

Mr. Whelpley's publications are a Compend of Ancient and Modern History; a Sermon on the Immortality of the Soul, delivered at Newark, 1804; Thoughts on the state of departed Souls: a Sermon delivered at Morristown, 1807; a Sermon entitled "The destruction of wicked nations;" Letters on Capital Punishment and War, addressed to Governor Strong; an Oration delivered at Morristown on the Fourth of July, 1809; [he was too unwell at the time to deliver it, and it was pronounced in a most graceful and attractive manner by his son, Philip Melancthon, who was then but sixteen years of age;] the Triangle in five Numbers, 1817.

Mr. Whelpley was married sometime before he left Stockbridge to Nancy Race of West Stockbridge. They had at least three children, two of whom entered the ministry. The elder, *Philip Melancthon*, is the subject of a distinct notice in this work. The younger, *Samuel W.*, was settled at Plattsburg, N. Y., and afterwards at East Windsor, Conn., and at a still later period, taught a school in Providence, R. I. He died not far from the year 1850. He published an Address before the Peace Society of Hartford County, 1830.

FROM THE HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, LL. D.

New Brunswick, March 22, 1851.

My dear Sir: I have duly received your letter of inquiry concerning the elder Mr. Whelpley, and I regret that my materials for a reply are so scanty as to promise little aid to your proposed sketch of him. I knew him first, from hearing him preach occasionally at Basking Ridge, when I was there as a boy at school, from 1800 to 1802. Then I had a general acquaintance with him after he came to live at Newark,—the place of my own residence, though I saw less of him from the fact that my professional labours at that time called me much away from home. My impressions concerning him are rather general; but such as they are, I cheerfully communicate them to you.

I know in general that Mr. Whelpley was highly respected in our community, as a teacher, a minister of the Gospel, and a Christian gentleman. His school, while he was at Newark, was in high repute, and I believe there were few more competent or thorough teachers in his day. I occasionally heard him preach in Dr. Richards' pulpit, and was always gratified and edified by his public services. His sermons showed a mind trained to close and consecutive thought, while the most prominent characteristic of his manner was a deep and all-pervading solemnity. Sometimes a train of thought would be heard from him, that would bring every hearer to a pause, and make the most light-hearted think of eternity and its awful disclosures. In consequence of his health being delicate, he was subject to a nervous affection, that reached to his general temperament, and often cast a cloud over his natural cheerfulness. Had his health been firm, his popu-

larity and usefulness, both in the pulpit and out of it, would probably have been much increased. As it was, he enjoyed a high reputation, and accomplished much good.

Very truly and repectfully yours,

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

FROM THE HON. LEWIS CONDICT,

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., September 11, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: It would be exceedingly gratifying to me, if it were in my power, to contribute any thing that would help materially to illustrate the character of the Rev. Samuel Whelpley. He was indeed my neighbour and intimate friend for many years; but the leading features of his character come out so strikingly in his writings, with which you are of course well acquainted, that I can hardly hope to communicate any thing that will even strengthen the impression you have received from them. It was through the influence of Dr. Richards, our Pastor, that he came to this place, and when the Doctor went to Newark, he quickly rejoined him there. I believe they always continued in the most close and intimate relations.

In person, Mr. Whelpley was tall and slender,—considerably more than six feet, and remarkably erect. His countenance was highly intelligent,—grave and thoughtful, but not repulsive; his features were strong and well defined; his visage thin; his face and head remarkably long; his forehead high, though not unusually broad; and his whole exterior gave you the impression of a man of commanding intellect. His manners were not copied from the dancing master or the dandy; but were those of a New England gentleman of the Old School; though, owing to the circumstances of his education, without any extraordinary degree of refinement.

Mr. Whelpley was unquestionably a man of marked genius. He had an uncommonly inventive mind, and a highly prolific imagination. His imagination, however, was under a rigid control, and he had always a purpose to answer when he suffered it to come into exercise. His preaching was rich in well digested evangelical thought, arranged with logical precision and skill, but it was as far as possible from possessing, or aiming at, any of the more showy qualities. His manner was deeply impressive, and seemed to show the workings of a spirit that was at home amidst the great realities which formed the themes of his discourses. His published Sermons,—one especially on the "state of departed souls," show with what simplicity and beauty as well as awful solemnity, he was capable of presenting Divine truth. The publication by which he is best known,—the Triangle, evinces greater power probably than had generally been ascribed to him, before it appeared. As it was of a strongly controversial character, it was not to be expected that it should meet with universal favour. It is valuable at this day, not merely as a rare specimen of vigorous, glowing composition, but as marking a particular stage in the controversy between the Old and New School in the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Whelpley was a most diligent student—few men studied and read as much, and slept as little, as he. I often visited him, but I rarely found him without a book in hand, and if at the tea-table, his book was sure to be at his elbow. He was particularly fond of History, and a great proficient in it, as is shown by his volume on Ancient History,—a work which enjoyed much popularity, and was extensively used in its day. He occasionally amused himself by writing poetry; and among his poetical effusions is an ode occasioned by the death of General Washington, which was sung in our church, after a commemorative Discourse by Dr. Richards.

He had deservedly a very high reputation as a teacher; though his health was always delicate, and his habits of severe application, both in his school and in his study, doubtless contributed to increase his infirmities. His school was, in a pecuniary sense, highly productive; and a man fond of money, would have accumulated something from the profits of it. But money seemed to have no attraction for him, any further than as a means of supplying the *immediate* necessities of his family.

Mr. Whelpley, during his residence here, was known more as a teacher than a preacher; though he often preached for Dr. Richards, and also supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Congregation. But it was after his removal to Newark that he acquired his greatest popularity as a preacher. Then his high intellectual powers, as exhibited in the pulpit, seem to have been fully estimated, and while he was always listened to by large and attentive audiences, the most cultivated and respectable class were his greatest admirers.

With sincere respect and esteem,

I am your friend and obedient servant,

LEWIS CONDICT.

WILLIAM H. BARR, D. D.*

1806—1843.

WILLIAM H. BARR was born in Rowan (now Iredell) County, N. C., about the year 1779. His parents were in the respectable walks of life, and though not wealthy, were able to defray the expenses of his college education, and all his other expenses, previous to his entering on public life. His father, James Barr, was an elder in Fourth Creek Church, and was killed when the son was at an early age, by the falling of a tree. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth McCorkle. Both branches of his parentage were eminently pious. After going through his preparatory course, under the Rev. Dr. James Hall, he entered Hampden Sidney College, and was graduated in 1801, during the Presidency of the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) Archibald Alexander.

He was the subject of religious impressions in early life, and, while in College, exhibited a decided Christian character. Soon after his graduation, having resolved upon the study of Theology, he placed himself under the care of the Concord Presbytery, as a candidate for the ministry, and his theological studies were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hall.

He was licensed to preach in 1806; and, almost immediately after, was appointed by the Synod of the Carolinas, to itinerate as a missionary in the lower parts of South Carolina. His preaching, wherever he went, was received with marked approbation, and he was solicited, in several places, to accept a pastoral charge; but his health, at that time, was not sufficiently firm to justify it. In February, 1809, he visited Upper Long Cane Church, Abbeville District, S. C., on an invitation, and in the autumn of that year, received a unanimous call from the Congregation to become their Pastor. He accepted the call, was shortly after ordained and installed, and remained in that relation till his death, which occurred January 9, 1843.

* MS. from David Lesly, Esq.

On the 18th of August, 1812, he was married to Rebecca, daughter of Hugh Reid, one of the elders of his Church. They had four sons and three daughters. Two of his sons became lawyers.

He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Franklin College, Georgia, in 1824.

FROM THE HON. ALEXANDER BOWIE.

CHANCELLOR OF THE NORTHERN DIVISION IN THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

TALLADEGA, Ala., March 21, 1849.

Dear Sir: Your favour of the 25th of December last has just reached me. I comply with pleasure with your request for my recollections of the late Dr. Barr, and my impressions of his character.

My acquaintance with him commenced near the close of the year 1809. About that time, on my return from College, I found him in charge of the Upper Long Cane Presbyterian Church, near the village of Abbeville in South Carolina. I shall never forget the impressions made upon me by the first sermon I heard him preach. I do not recollect whether I had any personal acquaintance with him, before I heard him from the pulpit. Whether I had or not, his general appearance, the tones of his voice, and his antiquated pronunciation of words, were little calculated to awaken in me any lofty expectations of his rhetorical powers. In person, and voice, and manner, he was peculiar. If you never saw him, imagine a tall and exceedingly lean man, of a sallow (almost cadaverous) complexion; with as little of the Chesterfield in his gait or manners as you can well conceive; speaking with a harsh grating voice, and, notwithstanding his excellent education and powerful intellect, retaining many of the inaccuracies of pronunciation of his earlier years, and you will have a tolerably correct conception of the man. Although I had heard him spoken of as an eloquent preacher, I had made up my mind that it was a *vulgar error*. When he began the services, my attention was soon powerfully arrested. In his prayer before the sermon there was a fervour, a deep toned piety, a lofty eloquence, a something in the voice and manner, that seemed almost unearthly. I began to feel that I was in the presence of an intellectual man. He began his sermon—there was no halting or stumbling—no straining for words or ideas; but an uninterrupted and unhesitating flow of pure classical language. His subject, if I recollect right, led him to portray the awful doom of the finally impenitent. His personal appearance, and the sepulchral tones of his voice, doubtless added much to the effect of his fervid eloquence; but when, in addition to his own powerful language, he called to his aid copious quotations from some of the most thrilling passages of Milton and Young, the effect was electrical, and my hair almost stood on end! When he closed the discourse, I no longer doubted the correctness of the opinion I had heard expressed of his eloquence as a preacher. His style of preaching, however, was so unique, so unlike that of the highly educated ministers of the present day, that it is impossible justly to compare him with them. His sermons were the very opposite of diffuse. His power of condensation,—that rarest talent of public speakers, was eminently great; and although his sermons were very short, (never, or rarely, exceeding thirty-five minutes in length,) it was a common remark of his intelligent hearers that he always seemed to have exhausted his subject. And he so rivetted the attention of his audience, that I generally found my mind sufficiently fatigued when he closed. He possessed a rare talent for eviscerating his text. Perceiving almost intuitively the strong points of his subject, he addressed himself to them, and never wasted the powers of his body or the energies of his mind on unimportant topics. His definitions were remarkably precise and intelligible; and his illustrations of

obscure passages of Scripture by facts from ancient history, were peculiarly pertinent and satisfactory. He was not in the habit of writing out his sermons, but they were well and carefully studied; and his powers as an extemporaneous speaker were seldom equalled. I listened with pleasure to him almost every Sabbath for twenty-five years; and in all that time I do not think I ever heard him utter an ungrammatical or unfinished sentence, or hesitate an instant for a word or expression. But his pronunciation, as I have intimated before, was sometimes almost horrible. For instance he invariably pronounced the word "*satiety*" as if it was spelt *sashity!* Although he always used the most appropriate and expressive language, he cared much less for words and their pronunciation, than for ideas.

In respect to his faith and his practice, he was a thorough-going, old-fashioned Presbyterian. Some, at the present day, would call him *ultra*. Time and experience will attest whether his rigid adherence to the time-honoured usages of his denomination was an error or not. "Non nostrum, inter vos, tantas componere lites." He has been censured by some because he did not encourage the establishment of a Sunday School in his church. This censure would perhaps be withdrawn, if his reasons were more generally known. His was a very large country congregation, covering more than ten miles square, in which it would have been exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to assemble any considerable portion of the children for instruction. The population, too, within his bounds, was almost entirely Presbyterian, and the youth very generally received faithful parental instruction at home. In addition to these facts, the Doctor, during the warm season,—from May to October,—instructed Bible classes, embracing all the young, and many of the aged, of his congregation, every Sabbath, before the morning service. The State, moreover, had provided a liberal system of free school instruction for the children of the poor, which rendered it unnecessary to use the Sabbath for mere literary instruction. These, I know, were some of his reasons for not establishing a Sunday School in his church.

He has been blamed too for his supposed opposition to what are, in common parlance, termed "revivals" and "revival preaching." To some extent this objection is unjust, because founded on a misconception of his real views. The intimate and cordial friendship with which the Doctor honoured me throughout our long acquaintance to the close of his life, enables me, I think, to present his opinions on this subject, as they were entertained by himself. He believed that the faithful preaching of the sublime truths of the Gospel, with the forcible presentation of its motives and sanctions, was the only instrumentality that was either requisite or proper for the conversion of sinners;—that urging upon the impenitent any considerations or motives, not expressly set forth in the Word of God, or fairly deducible from it, was (to use a legal phrase) "travelling out of the record," and therefore improper. He was, therefore, most decidedly opposed to what he was in the habit of calling "mechanical means" to get up an excitement at religious meetings; and he probably distrusted the genuineness of conversions, where such means were used, and followed by what he deemed their natural result,—mere animal excitement. But it is not true that he was opposed to revivals. He only preferred a solemn, deep and silent work of grace, resulting from the plain, but warm and heart-searching, exhibition of Gospel truth, under the blessing of God, to that other work called a revival, where those objectionable means are used, and where there is often more *apparent* feeling, and supposed conversions are more numerous. To illustrate, in some degree, his views and feelings on this point, I will relate an incident which occurred in my familiar intercourse with him. We were riding together one day, when our conversation turned upon this subject. After giving me his views very fully and freely of revivals, (so called,) I remarked to him that though he had never had any great external exhibition of religious excitement in his church, I did not

think he had great cause for discouragement; that I had been a pretty close and somewhat interested observer, and it seemed to me that he had had a steady and encouraging increase of his church-membership ever since he had been the Pastor of that people. "Yes," replied he, with much warmth and animation, "since I have preached to this congregation, about twenty-five years, there have been added to the church an average of about fourteen new members, every year—we have had a continued revival." And I will add that I do not recollect a single instance in which any one who joined his Church, on a profession of his faith, during that time, was ever subjected to church discipline, or, in the eyes of his brethren or the world, dishonoured his profession by an unchristian walk.

In his intercourse with the people of his charge he was kind and affectionate; but, being under the necessity of attending to a farm, (his salary being insufficient for the support of his family,) he visited but little. He was constitutionally incapable of being a *half-way* man in any thing; and consequently at a period of great political excitement in South Carolina, his feelings became strongly enlisted with the dominant party in that State. In this, however,—whether right or wrong, he did but follow the example of most of his brethren of every denomination. They very generally took sides, and many of them became quite warm partisans. Yet I do not think his political feelings ever caused him to relax in his Christian ministrations. Towards the close of life, he suffered much from general bad health, in connection with chronic rheumatism; yet when able to ride to the church, he was never absent from his post.

I have thus, my dear Sir, given you a very imperfect sketch of the late Dr. Barr. I hope you will excuse the remarks on the subject of his *opinions*, which do not probably come within the scope of what you expected from me. I found it impossible to avoid those matters in giving you my "impressions of his character,"—particularly as many of his friends in the South think that those opinions justly *derogate* from his character. I confess freely that I am not one of those who so think. In my estimation, he was a great and good man,—not without defects,—for who is without them?—but in all that constitutes the character of a Christian preacher, excelled by few. I parted with him on my removal to Alabama in 1835, with much regret; and except once, never saw him again. He lingered and suffered a few more years, and then died, as it was believed, "the death of the righteous." His wife is my near relative, and my partialities may have caused me to appreciate his talents and worth too highly. I believe, however, that the concurrent opinions of all his intelligent acquaintances will substantially sustain mine.

With sincere wishes for the success and usefulness of your praise-worthy enterprise,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly and faithfully,

A. BOWIE.

WILLIAM SHIELDS REID, D. D.

1806—1853.

FROM THE REV. C. R. VAUGHAN.

LYNCHBURG, Va., June 17, 1857.

My dear Sir: I am happy to render any service in my power in aid of an effort to commemorate my venerable and excellent friend,—the late Rev. Dr. William S. Reid. I succeeded him immediately in his pastoral charge, and, during the last four years of his life, was in such relations with him as gave me the best opportunity for becoming acquainted with his character. In addition to that, I have mingled with all classes in this community who knew him for many years, and thus have gathered, without any liability to mistake, the prevailing sentiment in respect to him. The leading facts of his history have been furnished me from the most authentic sources.

WILLIAM SHIELDS REID, the second son of his parents, was born in West Nottingham township, Chester County, Pa. on the 21st of April, 1778. Both his paternal and maternal grandparents emigrated from Ireland about the year 1740. His father, Adam Reid, was a farmer of moderate means and honourable character, and his mother, whose maiden name was Martha Shields, was a woman of marked and decided piety. Becoming in early life a subject of grace, and professing religion at the age of fifteen, he determined on devoting himself to the ministry, and at once set himself to acquire the necessary education. His father was not able to give him material assistance in his scheme, and he determined with characteristic energy to do without assistance. During the interrals of his labour on the farm, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the Latin Grammar,—preparing himself to teach a small school until he got means to take him to College; entered in due time at Princeton; and, after encountering a variety of vicissitudes, graduated with honour in the year 1802. On leaving Princeton, he went to Georgetown, D. C., and was engaged for two years as an assistant teacher in an Academy,—at the same time prosecuting his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Balch. He afterwards removed to Sheperdstown, Va., where he continued his studies with Dr. Moses Hoge, under the superintendence of the Winchester Presbytery. After remaining here for some time, he visited the town of Winchester during the sessions of the Synod of Virginia, and there met the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) Archibald Alexander, who was at that time President of Hampden Sidney College, and was seeking some one to succeed to the Professorship, which had been rendered vacant by the removal of Mr. (afterwards the Rev. Dr.) John H. Rice to the pastorship of a church in that vicinity. He proposed to Mr. Reid to take the place, and he consented to do so,—fully expecting, however, to return and spend his life in his native State. When Dr. Alexander, about two years after, accepted a call to Philadelphia, Mr. Reid succeeded him as President of the College. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Winchester in the spring of 1806, and retained his connection with the College some eighteen months afterwards,—making in all about five years.

During his residence at Hampden Sidney College, he became attached to ementina F., a daughter of Colonel Samuel W. Venable,—one of the

wealthiest and most prominent citizens of that county; and, the offer of marriage being accepted, the design of returning to Pennsylvania was abandoned. He was married on the 12th of December, 1807; and, selecting Lynchburg, in the County of Campbell, as a favourable location, he removed thither with his wife in 1808, and spent the remainder of his long and useful life in the service of that community. He at once opened a school for males, as a means of support, and at the same time commenced a regular and systematic effort to build up a Presbyterian Church in the village. After preaching the Gospel here a number of years, he succeeded, in 1815, in organising a church, though he was not installed as its Pastor till 1822. The church which was thus established, grew under his able and judicious culture, and I may add his generous pecuniary sacrifices, into one of the most harmonious and well disciplined bodies of Christians in the State. It was the marked Church of the day, and so continued until the time of the schism, which unfortunately occurred, to mar its peace, about the year 1830.

But the efforts of this excellent man were by no means confined to his pastoral charge. His school was in fact his principal field of labour, and the main channel of his influence. The salary which he received from his congregation was never adequate to the support of his large family, and thus he was compelled by necessity to continue in the business of teaching. His school which, after a while, became a boarding school for young ladies, stood first among similar institutions in Virginia. Its average attendance for many years was upwards of sixty, and the influence which he exerted in forming the characters of wives and mothers, is beyond all estimate. Many entered it ignorant, and left it accomplished; and many entered it impenitent, and left it the children of grace. This school continued to flourish without abatement until his health began seriously to decline, when he finally abandoned it, and continued to labour, as far as his health would permit, in the pulpit alone. He became utterly incapacitated for public labour in the year 1848, resigned his charge, and afterwards lived in retirement in the bosom of a devoted and affectionate family,—serving the church by his prayers, and illustrating the Gospel by the serene and elevated character of his piety, until at length he was called to his reward.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Mr. Reid by the Trustees of the College at which he was graduated, in 1834.

Dr. Reid was a man of vigorous talents and uncommon energy of character. As a preacher, he was distinguished for the clearness of his views, for a rapid and animated elocution, and for a decided and uncompromising adherence to the doctrines of his own Church. The amount of labour he performed at some periods of his life is almost incredible—teaching a large school, providing for a family, preaching twice in the week and twice on the Sabbath, together with all the incidental and occasional work of a Pastor. For a period of seven years, he scarcely ever slept an entire night; and, during three of those years, he never slept in a bed when at home, but slept in a chair with the head of an invalid daughter resting on his shoulder. He was tried by many labours and many sorrows, and came out of all, bearing that sculptured beauty that never fails to spring from beneath the chisel of the Lord. He was remarkable for the grace and dignity of his manners. Perhaps scarcely any man of his time was able to give an equal charm to the ceremony of marriage. His feelings were strong, but under admirable control; and his natural benevolence was moulded by the grace

of the Gospel into the most tender and sympathetic disposition. I am not aware that any man has ever lived in this community for whom a veneration so profound was mingled with an affection so strong. His Christian character was uncommonly elevated,—distinguished for humility, for serene and equable trust in Christ, for tenderness of affection, and for a hope that never seemed to suffer even a momentary eclipse. This was pre-eminently exemplified in his death. It is seldom that there is witnessed so much of sustained and elevated joy and peace in death, as in the case of this venerable saint. The expressions that fell from his lips were full of the consolations of the Gospel. Christ was all his hope; and this was constantly the theme of his addresses to those who visited him. *He is all-sufficient—all-sufficient both for life and for death*, broke repeatedly from his lips. He was asked, on one occasion, whether, if he had his whole life to live over again, he would spend it in preaching the Gospel. He replied—"Oh yes; had I my whole life to live again, I should only preach with the more earnestness Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He is the only Saviour, and He is all-sufficient." He was asked one evening by the Rector of the Episcopal Church in this place, if he now found the atonement of Christ a sufficient ground for his hopes; and his reply deserves to be remembered—"Nothing less would do—nothing more could be conceived." He requested that nothing should be said of him but that he had departed in peace; but when it was suggested to him that perhaps his dying testimony to the value of the Gospel might be of service to the cause of Christ, he consented that such notice of his dying exercises as his elders might approve, should be given to the world. About a fortnight before his death, he was thought to be dying, and his room was filled with weeping, yet comforted, friends. The scene that ensued will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The old minister, raised on pillows to facilitate his breathing, addressed the sorrowing friends around him, with a countenance radiant with the mysterious joys of Gospel grace, and poured out his testimony to the fulness of Christ in life and death, with a vividness of thought and a tenderness of feeling, that could leave no doubt of the reality and value of the hope that sustained him. One by one, his children and his servants advanced to his side, received his admonitions, and left him to mourn for themselves, and almost envy his situation. He left messages for his brethren of the Presbytery of West Hanover, and the Synod of Virginia; and, sighing out, with an inexpressible sense of repose in his face, — "There is peace in death as well as in life,"—he closed the most impressive testimony I have ever witnessed to the reality and the preciousness of the Gospel hope of salvation. So he continued to testify to the end. His disease suffered him to linger long on the verge of the grave—long enough to test thoroughly his spirit of submission; and though eager to depart, "Not my will but thine be done" was often on his lips. At last, on the afternoon of the 23d of June, 1853, while the sinking sun shone upon his face, he gently passed away. His body was committed to the grave, two days after his decease, by an immense concourse of citizens, all of whom realized that the Church and the world shared together in a loss too great not to be felt,—too peculiar to be easily repaired. I may mention that, on the day of the Funeral,—though it occurred at a busy season of the year,—the stores were closed, and business generally suspended, and every suitable public demon-

stration made that could be, in honour of the memory of that venerable man.

Dr. Reid was the father of thirteen children, — three sons, and ten daughters. Mrs. Reid died in the assured hope of entering into rest, on the 11th of August, 1841, in the fifty-fourth year of her age.

Yours very truly,

C. R. VAUGHAN.

FROM THE REV. JOHN EARLY, D. D.,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

LYNCHBURG, July 2, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: I was first introduced to the Rev. William S. Reid about the year 1810, and became intimately acquainted with him when I came to this place to reside in 1821. I was frequently associated with him in the benevolent institutions of the Church and of the country; often heard him preach, and communed with him at the Lord's table in his church, and sometimes found him in the Methodist Congregation communing with them; and such was his kindness to my family that, in making his pastoral visits, especially when I was long absent from home, he would see and pray with them, and speak to them words of Christian encouragement and comfort; and this he continued as long as his health would allow.

As a gentleman, Dr. Reid was bland in his manners, and kind and respectful in his intercourse. As a teacher, he was extensively known, and educated more young ladies than any other man ever did in this community; and often, by his seasonable and faithful counsels and admonitions, left the most salutary and enduring impressions on their minds. As a minister of the Gospel, he never compromitted himself nor his cause. He mingled cheerfulness and gravity in due proportions. While he would never be suspected of a want of fidelity to the principles or institutions of his own Church, he showed that his Christian sympathies reached far beyond it, and that he could cordially fraternize and co-operate with all—no matter by what name they might be called—who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. The effect of this was, that he was held in high esteem by other denominations, and I may say, was a general favourite in the Christian community. His devotion to the best interests of society and of the Church was manifested in his considerate and earnest regard for great principles of truth and duty, in all the relations of life and in every field of labour. In his preaching, he was evangelical and instructive, rightly dividing the word of truth; in prayer he was devout, fervent and highly gifted; and, in his pastoral labours, eminently faithful and exemplary. By his meek, humble and kindly spirit, and by his active and well directed efforts in different departments of society, he has left an enduring mark upon the community in which he lived.

His departure from the world was worthy of the purity and elevation of his Christian life. After having served God and his generation faithfully, through a long course of years, he finally lay down to die. And there, surrounded by his dear children, and many devoted friends, he blessed them and spoke to them of his unwavering confidence in the Saviour, and the joyful hope he had of being soon at rest in his bosom. Every thing that he said,—nay the very expression of his countenance, showed that his peace was as a river. In this frame of serene triumph, bordering upon ecstacy, he continued several days, until at length the silver cord yielded, and the spirit winged its way to its glorious home.

Very truly yours,

JOHN EARLY.

FROM THE REV. W. H. KINCKLE,

RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH, LYNCHBURG.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 29, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for some estimate of the character of the late Dr. Reid of this place; but I believe I can better serve your purpose by sending you an extract from a Sermon that I preached immediately after his death, when my impressions in respect to him were more vivid, than by any thing that I could write now, after the lapse of several years. I am only sorry that want of time prevented a fuller exhibition of one of the loveliest characters which it has ever been my privilege to know; and I feel bound to add that, high as is the estimate I expressed of the worth of that devoted man of God, it falls below, rather than exceeds, the truth. You will have in your collection, I doubt not, the names of many who have been more conspicuous before the Christian public, but none, I am sure, that walked more humbly with God, or laboured more disinterestedly for the Kingdom of Christ. The conclusion of the Discourse above referred to is as follows:—

"I must now crave your indulgence, while I add a few words in reference to the devoted servant of God, to whom I alluded in my opening remarks. I wish I had time to portray at length the multiplied excellencies of his character. For ten years I have been on terms of the most friendly and fraternal nature with him, and I stand here to-day to say, to the glory of God's grace, what was said of the eminently pious Archbishop Leighton,—'I never once saw him in any other temper than that which I wished to be in the last moment of my life.' My honoured predecessor,* in the charge of this congregation, commended him to me, at my coming to this place, as a clerical acquaintance, of enlarged and liberal feelings, with whom I would find it pleasant to hold intercourse. I have found his testimony abundantly verified by my own observation. I number the hours spent in his society among, not the most pleasant only, but the most profitable, of my life. He was to me 'Paul the aged,' and often have I been by turns humbled, instructed, and refreshed, by the lessons of a ripe Christian experience, which fell from his lips.

"He had, in various ways, been afflicted, during a large portion of his life,—and not in vain. Trials had done their appointed work on him, and carried his personal piety to a point of excellence, far beyond the ordinary standard. There was a strength of faith in God, and a thoroughness of childlike submission to the Divine will, and a degree of gentleness, peace, and meek self-possession in the habitual frame of his mind, which I contemplated with feelings amounting to veneration. Besides these direct fruits of affliction, there were other traits of character, which shone in him with conspicuous lustre. His *humility* was remarkable. He had been a useful man. In the pulpit and school-room, he had served this community for nearly half a century. In season and out of season, in face of reproach as well as when all was smiling, had he gone in and out among his fellow-men, doing his duty in the fear of God. By scores and hundreds are persons to be found, both in town and country, who are either the seals of his ministry in the Lord, or the creditable specimens of his scholastic training. He was also, in the latter years of his life particularly, a man whom all delighted to honour. Good and bad, they of his own household of faith, and those of other creeds, all united to do him reverence. But he was as humble, unobtrusive and self-renouncing, as if he had been the least and obscurest of all saints. His conversations, prayers, and favourite hymns, breathed a spirit which gave all its honours to his Master, and asked for himself no higher boon than to lie at his feet, a debtor to sovereign grace for mercy. Then there was

* Bishop Atkinson of North Carolina.

his benevolence of heart—I never heard him, during my ten years intercourse with him, utter an unkind sentiment or allusion. Past wrongs seemed to have utterly faded away from his memory, and the sunshine of love and goodwill beamed out from his heart towards every human being. Over and over have I had occasion to admire his sympathy with the afflicted, his deep gratitude for attentions and favours which loving hands would show him, his affectionate interest in the welfare of others, and his expanded charity toward all "that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." But to me the crowning glory of his character was his *love for Christ*. Like St. Paul in the text, he could in deed and truth say, "To me to live is Christ." "Christ and Him crucified" was with him more than a bare doctrine, which his sacred office required him to preach. It was a truth graven on the tablets of his inmost soul, and endeared to him by a life-experience of its preciousness. No theme was sweet to his ear as that. No unwilling assent was his to the Gospel—no accepting it as the way of safety for him, because he could do no better. It was his choice, his boast, his joy, his all in all. It was a plan that fully met his wants as a sinner—a plan that had saved him, and sent so many of his own family and flock on before to Heaven. He wanted nothing more—he could do with nothing less. He preached it in public; he taught it from house to house; he bore blessed testimony to it in the closing weeks of his life. When such was his devotion to the Gospel, you will not be surprised to hear that the Master, whom he so greatly honoured, also honoured him by granting him a departure radiant with fulness of peace and hope. His dying chamber, so long as he was able to speak, was a privileged spot beyond the common walk of men. There was no display, no excitement, no tumultuous raptures, no effort at making memorable dying remarks. All was quiet, simple, unaffected, self-forgetting, in perfect harmony with the calm, dignified loveliness of his life. When I told him, on one occasion, how encouraged I felt to go and preach the Gospel of my Saviour with increased earnestness, and a stronger conviction of its truth, from seeing how calmly it was enabling him to die, it seemed to be a thought that had not occurred to him that the manner of his departure was of interest to any one, and with sweet humility he replied, 'I am thankful if it has that effect.'

"But I must close my hasty sketch. Pardon me, if I have detained you too long. I have lost a valued friend. We were of different Communions, but of one heart. He was more than twice my age; but that only made me revere, love, and look up to him the more. I have lost a friend, whose character, beautiful with the reflected graces of his Lord, was a model I delighted to study. This humble tribute to departed worth is but a poor expression of what I feel in view of this dispensation of Providence. Such as it is, I lay it on his grave with filial affection, and pray God that that mantle of Elijah may fall on Elisha, and that after as pure and useful a life as his, I may die as tranquil a death, and meet him again to exchange our suspended intercourse below for the eternal fellowship of Heaven."

I am, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

W. H. KINCKLE.

JOHN JOHNSTON, D. D.*

1806—1855.

JOHN JOHNSTON was born in the township of Montgomery and County of Ulster, but now township of Crawford and County of Orange, State of New York, on the 28th of January, 1778. His parents were both from the North of Ireland; but they met for the first time on this side the ocean. His father was brought up in connection with the Episcopal Church, his mother with the Presbyterian Church, in Ireland: she, after her arrival in this country, became a member in full communion, while he became an attendant on Presbyterian worship, and was actively engaged in promoting the interests of a church of that denomination.

In his early youth, he was put to work upon his father's farm, and by that means greatly invigorated his naturally feeble constitution. In the autumn of 1794, when he was in his seventeenth year, he became temporarily a clerk in a store a few miles from his father's residence. The next spring, being at home to pass the Sabbath, his father inquired of him how he wished to be employed in life; and referred it to his choice whether to be a farmer, or a merchant, or to be educated for a profession. He instantly chose the latter; and having remained at home a few months to assist his father in gathering in the harvests of the year, he entered upon a course of study under the direction of the Rev. Jonathan Freeman,† Pastor of the Congregation of Hopewell. Here he continued till the spring of 1797, when, in consequence of the removal of Mr. Freeman to take charge of the Congregation of Bethlehem, fifteen or twenty miles distant, it became necessary for him to seek another instructer. He accordingly became a member of an Academy, about a mile from the village of Montgomery, under the direction of a Mr. Neely. After remaining here two years, Mr. Neely relinquished the charge of the Academy, and young Johnston was removed to an Academy at Kingston, of which Mr. Timothy T. Smith,

* Memoirs by the Rev. Dr. Carnahan.—MS. from the Rev. Dr. Forsyth.

† JONATHAN FREEMAN was born at Woodbridge, N. J., April 4, 1765. His paternal ancestors, were from England; his maternal from France. He was licensed to preach on the 3d of May, 1793, by the Presbytery of New York, and was ordained and installed Pastor of the Church in Hopewell, on the 28th of May, 1794. After remaining here about four years, he resigned his charge, and in 1797, removed to Newburgh, where he laboured till October, 1805. He then became Pastor of the Church at Bridgeton, N. J., where he died on the 17th of November, 1822. He was married to a daughter of the Rev. Nathan Ker of Goshen. He received the degree of Master of Arts from Columbia College in 1800, and from the College of New Jersey in 1809. He published a Sermon on the day appointed by the General Assembly as a day of Solemn Humiliation, Fasting, and Prayer, 1798; a Discourse on Psalmody, delivered before the Presbytery of Hudson, 1801; a Baptismal Catechism, 1811; a Baptismal Dialogue between a group of Anabaptist writers and myself, 1812. He also contributed largely to several religious periodicals. He possessed a vigorous mind, was a highly respectable scholar, faithful pastor, and acceptable preacher.

The Rev. NATHAN KER, mentioned above, was a son of William and Katharine Ker, and was born in Freehold, N. J., on the 7th of September, (O. S.) 1736. Having been hopefully converted in early life under the preaching of the Rev. William Tennent, he became in due time a student at Princeton College, where he graduated in 1761. The next year he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and on the 17th of August, 1763, was ordained by the same Presbytery to the work of the Gospel ministry. Shortly after, he was settled as Pastor of the Church in Goshen, N. Y., where he remained till his death, which took place on the 14th of December, 1804, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was a zealous Whig in the Revolution, and served for some time as a voluntary Chaplain in the American army. He was a man of a well balanced and well cultivated mind, enlarged and liberal views, earnest piety, and extensive influence. He published a Sermon in the American Preacher (Vol. IV,) entitled "God's Sovereignty in conferring means and grace," 1793.

afterwards Professor of languages in Union College, was Principal. Here he remained until the close of September, when he was called home on account of the sudden death of his father.

One consequence of this event he supposed would be that he should be obliged to change his plans for life, and instead of prosecuting a collegiate course, return and assist in the support of the family,—he being the eldest of five children. His excellent mother, however, was unwilling that he should thus be disappointed; and she proposed to endeavour to keep the family together, and provide means to enable him to carry out his cherished purpose of obtaining a collegiate education. In order to secure the requisite funds, it was resolved that a portion of the stock on the farm should be disposed of; and in the urgency of the case, the young scholar did not scruple to become a drover. In company with a neighbour, who was in the habit of driving cattle into the Counties of Dutchess and Westchester, he addressed himself with great alacrity to this new employment, and by this means obtained all the money necessary for his immediate wants.

Having parted with his company, he stopped at Yorktown on his return, and took lodgings for the night. Here a painful feeling of solitude came over him, as he reflected that he was in the midst of strangers, and there was no person who cared for him within his reach. In this state of mind he retired to rest, and in the morning, about daylight, was waked by two little boys lying in a trundle-bed near him, talking about God—asking whether God could see them,—whether he could see them in the dark,—whether he could see them if they covered their heads with a blanket; and other similar questions. Their conversation arrested his attention, and left a deep and enduring impression upon his mind. Some forty years after the occurrence, Mr. Johnston happened, during a meeting of Synod in New York, to be dining at the house of the Rev. Dr. Potts, with some twenty others,—ministers and ruling elders, and he related this circumstance as illustrative of the important influence which apparently trivial events often have in deciding character and destiny. One of the gentlemen at the table inquired when and where the circumstance occurred; and on being told, he said, with quivering lips, and eyes filled with tears—"I was one of those two little boys, and am here as a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church."

In October, 1799, he was admitted a member of the Junior class in the College of New Jersey. As he approached the close of his collegiate course, his mind became deeply and painfully exercised in regard to a profession. His predilections were all for the ministry, but his fear was that he had not the requisite spiritual qualifications. From the time he heard the two little boys talk about God seeing them in the dark, and covered with a blanket, he had had serious impressions; and those impressions were now revived and deepened. After much meditation, and prayer, and receiving the advice of a judicious minister, he resolved on devoting himself to the ministry. He became a member of the Church of Goodwill, in the autumn of 1801, a few weeks after he was graduated.

He now returned to Princeton, and commenced his theological studies under Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith; but, in consequence of the burning of the college edifice and library in March following, the theological students dispersed, and he, after making a short visit to his mother, crossed the Alleghany Mountains, and went to study under the Rev. Dr. McMillan, the

Apostle of Western Pennsylvania. Here he remained about a year and eight months, during which time he had abundant opportunities of witnessing those strange physical phenomena that characterized the memorable revival of that period. He seems to have had no doubt of the genuineness of the work, though there was much connected with it that he could neither understand nor approve.

In the summer of 1803, he was taken under the care of the Presbytery of Ohio, as a candidate for the Gospel ministry. He was now strongly urged to take license to preach at once, and to engage in the work of a missionary; but to this he could not consent. As his means of support were nearly exhausted, he determined to suspend his studies for a season, and return to the East side of the Mountains and engage in teaching. Accordingly, on the 1st of December, 1803, he took leave of that part of the country, where he felt that he had been greatly benefitted both intellectually and spiritually, and directed his course towards the Eastern shore of Maryland,—having previously made arrangements for teaching in the family of a gentleman who resided there. On arriving at the place, however, he found, to his great disappointment, that, in consequence of his having been delayed beyond the appointed time, another person,—a young man from New England, had been engaged, and that, therefore, he had lost the opportunity. He was directed to another gentleman, who, it was understood, wanted a teacher; but he too, it proved, was already supplied. He then returned in a state of great depression to the house of Mr. Nichols, by whom he had first expected to be employed, and the result of the conference between them was that Mr. Johnston was retained, agreeably to the original arrangement,—Mr. N. resolving to pay the other young man whom he had engaged, for whatever trouble or inconvenience might be occasioned to him. He accordingly remained in this family till May, 1805, and, during the time, made the acquaintance of many of the distinguished families in Maryland, and was an attendant at the Episcopal Church.

After having thus spent a very pleasant year and a half as a private tutor, he returned to Princeton, placed himself under the care of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and resumed his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Henry Kollock, then Professor of Theology in the College of New Jersey. In the autumn succeeding, he was appointed Tutor in the College. He accepted the office, and held it for one year, in connection also with that of Assistant Librarian,—at the same time vigorously prosecuting his theological studies. On the 8th of October, 1806, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and immediately after returned to visit his friends in Orange County, N. Y.

From the Presbytery of Hudson he received appointments to preach in Newburgh, New Windsor, Florida, and Pleasant Valley,—all of which congregations were then vacant. He was invited to settle in each of these places, but ultimately determined to accept the call from the united Churches of New Windsor and Newburgh, as successor to the Rev. Eleazar Burnet.* He commenced his regular service in connection with these churches in April, 1807, and his ordination and installation took place at New Windsor,

* Eleazar Burnet was graduated at Princeton in 1799; was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York in 1804; was ordained and installed at Newburgh on the 20th of November, 1805; and died at New Brunswick, N. J., on the 22d of November, 1806. He was labouring under a pulmonary disease at the time of his ordination. He was distinguished for a quiet, amiable and devout spirit.

on the 5th of August following,—on which occasion the Rev. Andrew King† presided.

On the 27th of January, 1807, he was married to Mary, daughter of Daniel Ball, of Orange County. They had been brought up in the same neighbourhood, and had been mutually attached and pledged to the marriage relation for several years. They were eminently suited to each other, and were fellow-helpers in all that was good during a period of forty-eight years. They had nine children,—four sons and five daughters.

Mr. Johnston began his labours at Newburgh and New Windsor by preaching one sermon in each place on the Sabbath; but, as this arrangement was found inconvenient, he afterwards preached a whole Sabbath alternately in the two places. In April, 1810, he was released from the charge of New Windsor,—the Congregation of Newburgh having presented through the Presbytery a call for the whole of his services, promising him a larger salary than he had previously received from both congregations. Here he continued till the close of his life.

From the commencement of his ministry to its close, he was a model of diligence and fidelity, and his labours may be said to have been eminently successful. Revivals of religion took place among his people in the years 1812–13, 1815–16, 1819–20, 1824–25, 1831, and 1843. As the result of these revivals, with the blessing of God upon his ordinary ministrations, his church became large and prosperous, embodying no small amount of Christian energy and efficiency, and enlisting vigorously in the great benevolent movements of the day.

At the time of his settlement, and for some years after, he was accustomed, as his predecessors had done before him, to baptize all children who were presented, irrespective of the question whether their parents were in communion with the Church. He came at length to have scruples on the subject, and those scruples were increased by reflection, until he was finally brought to a full conviction that the practice of indiscriminate baptism was unscriptural and of evil tendency. He accordingly announced to his people his change of opinion, and his intended change of practice, on the subject, but he did it in so discreet and conciliatory a manner, that he was enabled to carry out his purpose without serious opposition.

In the division of the Presbyterian Church which took place in 1837, Mr. Johnston was found heartily with the Old School, though he greatly deplored

† Andrew King was born in North Carolina in 1748, and was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1773. He studied Theology under Dr. Witherspoon, and was probably licensed by the Presbytery of New York in 1775. He began his labours in Goodwill or Wallkill, as a stated supply in October, 1776, and on the 11th of June, 1777, was ordained and installed Pastor of the Congregation, in which relation he continued until his death, which occurred on the 16th of November, 1815. He was, in a great measure, the father of the Presbytery of Hudson, and during his ministry the Congregation of Goodwill was greatly prospered, being one of the largest in that part of the State. Though he was not a learned theologian, nor in the common acceptation of the phrase a popular preacher, few of his contemporaries were more successful in the work of the ministry. He was emphatically a *peace-maker*. The Records of the Presbytery to which he belonged, contain numerous letters and resolutions drawn up by him with a view to remove difficulties in which congregations had been involved. The same Records show that the Presbytery was especially requested, in various instances, "to have Father King sent as one of the Committee to endeavour to make peace." by churches which were then in a disturbed state. The peace of his own church was unbroken during the whole of his long pastorate. Mr. King was twice married. His first wife was Jane Trimble of Wallkill, by whom he had several children, most of whom died in infancy. His son *James* graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1807, studied Law, and practised his profession in Albany till his death, which occurred in 1841. Mr. King's second wife was the widow of the Rev. Gilbert Snowden of Cranberry, N. J., by whom he had two sons.

the manifold contentions and alienations by which it was preceded and attended.

Mr. Johnston was a punctual and diligent attendant on the judicatories of the Church. He was fourteen times a Commissioner to the General Assembly, and was a delegate, at different periods, from the General Assembly to the General Association of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, and the General Convention of Vermont.

In 1817, he was elected a Director of the Theological Seminary at Princeton; and in 1840, a Trustee of the College of New Jersey. In 1848, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Lafayette College.

In the summer of 1854, Dr. Johnston commenced a series of lectures which he called a review of his ministry. He had delivered seven, and intended to deliver two more, when he was interrupted by an illness which confined him for six weeks, and prevented him from ever resuming the course. As soon as it was found that he was likely to be incapable of any further public service, a committee of his congregation waited upon him, requesting him to give himself no trouble in regard to the supply of the pulpit,—assuring him that they would themselves attend to it, and that his usual salary should be paid to him till the close of his life. He immediately wrote to Princeton to secure the services of a young man from the Seminary—and, having accomplished his wish, his mind was at rest on that subject. He was now for some time shut up in his chamber, suffering severely from an attack of rheumatism. As he had expressed a strong desire to meet once more with the Trustees of the College of New Jersey, he was invited to come to Princeton a week before Commencement, (June, 1855,) in the hope that a brief visit among his old friends might serve to recruit his health. He went accordingly, attended the meeting of the Board, and participated in their deliberations; but it was the last public duty he ever performed. He reached home two days after Commencement, but, instead of being benefitted, had evidently been injured, by the journey. He suffered severely through the month of July; and about the first of August, another most painful malady set in, which brought his life to a close on the 23d of that month. His Funeral was very numerously attended on the 26th,—clergymen of the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist Churches, taking part in the service. The Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Potts of New York.

FROM THE REV. JOHN FORSYTH, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE ASSOCIATE REFORMED CHURCH AT NEWBURGH.

NEWBURGH, 26th January, 1857.

Rev. and dear friend: It gives me much pleasure to send you my recollections of my venerable friend, the late Rev. Dr. Johnston, who, for so many years, exercised his ministry in my native town. I owe it as a debt to his memory, and yet I cannot promise to send you much of a personal kind that will possess very special interest.

Dr. Johnston was settled in Newburgh long before I was born, and my earliest remembrance of him is that of a man well up in years, and in fact bearing decided marks of old age; though he was not, of course, so far past the meridian of life as to my childish imagination he seemed to be. This outward seem-

ing was, as I may say, completely reversed by the wig he wore during the last twenty or twenty-five years of his life, which rejuvenated him in a remarkable degree. Until within a few months of his decease, his step was unusually quick and elastic, his general health was good, so that, when past threescore and ten, most persons would have taken him for a much younger man than he was in fact. Indeed, I remember to have been greatly surprised myself when he told me his age. His physical constitution was, apparently, by no means one of the iron kind, yet few men who have lived so long as he did, have suffered less from disease. Your vegetarian reader will be delighted, I am sure, to learn that Dr. Johnston never tasted animal food, unless upon a few rare occasions, as a matter of curiosity, just to see *how* it tasted. But I should add that his abstinence was in no way connected with conscientious scruples about the lawfulness of using such food.

At the period of Dr. Johnston's settlement in Newburgh, the town was a perfect hot-bed of infidelity. With a few noble exceptions, the leading politicians of the place, the most eminent lawyers and physicians, were all more or less imbued with the principles and the spirit of Tom Paine. That wretched apostate, and apostle of infidelity, Blind Palmer,* who figures pretty largely in Grant Thorburn's reminiscences, often visited the village, and was cordially welcomed by a club bearing the name of "The Society of Ancient Druids." There were at that time only two churches in existence,—namely, the Presbyterian, and the Associate Reformed, or Scottish Presbyterian, and in both of them religion was at a low ebb. Indeed, I can hardly conceive of a harder and more forbidding field than that which Dr. Johnston undertook to cultivate, when ordained Pastor of the Church at Newburgh. Yet he lived to see the barren waste (in measure at least) bloom like a garden of the Lord, and he was permitted to gather from it a large harvest of precious fruit. Long before he finished his course and entered into his rest, the once formidable ranks of infidelity had so completely disappeared, that it would not have been easy to find an avowed unbeliever, and few towns could be named in which the proportion of church going and Sabbath observing population is greater than that of Newburgh. And while this pleasing result is not to be traced exclusively to Dr. Johnston's labours, yet they had much to do with it.

This statement might have surprised you somewhat, if you had had only a limited acquaintance with Dr. Johnston. He had not a particle of the polemic in his nature, and I very much doubt whether he ever preached a single sermon aimed directly at infidelity. He was not an eloquent man; he would not be called a learned man; neither was he remarkable for intellectual force. From the outset of his ministry,—as I have learned from himself,—he became convinced that the most effectual weapon with which to meet and beat down scepticism was not the Christian evidences, but the Gospel itself. This he thoroughly understood, and he preached it in a plain, simple, earnest way. His sermons were

* Elihu Palmer was a native of Canterbury, Conn.; was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1787; studied Theology and was licensed to preach, but very soon discarded the Calvinistic system, and by one or two steps landed in Deism. The change in his views must have commenced at a very early period; for I have in my possession a letter addressed to Dr. Morse, dated September 25, 1791, in which he avows his departure from the common orthodox creed, and says—"I presume, if I ever change, it will be to a greater degree of heresy." In the autumn of 1790, he removed to Augusta, Ga., where he seems to have been engaged in some literary pursuits between one and two years, and among other things, collected material for Dr. Morse's Geography. After this, he lived for several years in Philadelphia, then removed to New York, and afterwards returned to Philadelphia, where he died in 1806, aged forty-two. He never ceased to be a preacher, but much the greater part of his ministry was a bold and earnest advocacy of Deism. He was at the head of the Columbian Illuminati, a Deistical Club at New York, established about 1801, whose professed aim was to promote moral science, against religious and political imposture. He was blind from his youth. He published an Oration delivered on the Fourth of July, 1797; and a volume entitled "The Principles of Nature," 1802.

solid and serious, in no sense elaborate, equally remote from metaphysical refinement, the show of logic, and flights of rhetoric, but abounding in pungent appeals, and delivered with a manifest tenderness of feeling, which was sometimes perhaps excessive and a little out of place. However, this last peculiarity was less observable in his latter years.

But his labours out of the pulpit had as much, possibly more, to do with the success of his ministry than his sermons in it. He was an exemplary and indefatigable pastor. He "dwelt among his own people." He was a man of very warm heart, genial temper, quick in his sympathies, lively in conversation, fond of getting and giving news, especially such as related to the Church. He loved to mingle in the social gatherings of good people who were intelligent and not over fashionable, and no one could be more ready than he to minister to the innocent merriment and enjoyment of the evening by playful anecdote and pious remark. Such a pastor, circulating as he did perpetually among his flock, visiting and consoling the sick, the sorrowing, the poor, the aged, could not fail to win for himself a warm place in their affections.

From an early period of his ministry, Dr. Johnston was led to take so much interest in the numerous sceptics of the village and its vicinity, as to keep his eye upon them, and to ascertain, so far as he could, how they lived and how they died. The habit of gathering biographical and historical facts grew upon him, as he advanced in years, and he ultimately collected a large store of information respecting men and families belonging to the town of Newburgh, and the County of Orange. He was in this respect a good deal like the late excellent Dr. Pierce of Brookline, Mass.; and I am sure that if the two venerable worthies had chanced to meet in the evening at the house of a common friend, they would have made "a night of it," to use an Irish phrase, in reciprocal queries about the men and events of past times. Dr. Johnston could have given you a pretty full account of the life and death of all in this county who had taken a prominent part in the propagation and defence of infidelity. And if he could have been induced to put his copious memoranda into a shape fit for the press, the volume would have furnished some illustrious instances of the triumph of Grace, and some scarcely less remarkable examples of Divine judgment.

Dr. Johnston was a most devoted Presbyterian. He was born and bred, he lived and died, in the communion of the Presbyterian Church; and he seemed to regard the General Assembly (Old School) as the most august convention of men in the wide world. In a historical sermon preached some years before his death, he described his feelings, when first informed that he was to be chosen by the Assembly—of which he was a member—a Director of the Seminary at Princeton. The account was exceedingly amusing. The good man could hardly have been thrown into a more perturbing flutter, if told that he had been elected to one of the chairs of Theology. He held the office of Director for many years, and I do not believe that he was ever absent from a meeting of the Board, unless prevented by serious illness. Princeton, and all her interests, were, indeed, dear to him as the apple of his eye. He never missed a meeting of Presbytery or of Synod, if it was in his power to attend. His social nature found free scope in these assemblies of the brotherhood. He dearly loved the places and the seasons which afforded him opportunity of enlarging his acquaintance with good people; and I fancy that he rarely went abroad without bringing back some new Christian friendship, the bond of which he took care to keep bright by occasional kindly epistles.

I will close this letter with a curious coincidence. The three oldest churches in Newburgh are the Presbyterian (American), the Episcopal (or English as it is often styled), and the Associate Reformed (Scottish Presbyterian). Of the first named Dr. Johnston was pastor fifty years lacking a few months, and this was his first and only charge. Of the second the Rev. Dr. Brown has been

rector for forty years, and this is his first and only charge. Of the third the Rev. Dr. McCarroll has been pastor a little more than thirty years, and this too is *his* first and only charge. I question if any town can give a more striking example of pastoral permanence. During this long period, these excellent ministers of Christ, though belonging to different branches of the Church, laboured side by side, without a quarrel, without a jar, or I should rather say, in most cordial and unbroken friendship.

Believe me to remain

Very affectionately yours,

JOHN FORSYTH.

JOHN CHESTER, D. D.*

1807—1829.

JOHN CHESTER was born at Wethersfield, Conn., in August, 1785. His father was Col. John Chester, an officer in the Revolutionary army, and a gentleman of great respectability and influence. His mother, who was a Miss Huntington of Norwich, was a lady of fine talents and accomplishments, and of eminent piety. The son, in his earlier years, seems to have been distinguished rather for uncommon buoyancy of spirits, and an exuberance of good-nature, than for any strongly marked intellectual developments. At an early period, he was placed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Backus of Bethlem, (afterwards President of Hamilton College,) with a view to his preparation for a collegiate course; and, though he became greatly endeared to his instructer by his amiable and social qualities, he had a fondness for sport, that was hardly compatible with any high degree of literary improvement. In the year 1800, he was admitted a member of Yale College; and up to the period of his graduation in 1804,—though he was greatly beloved by all who knew him, he had given no indications of the vigour of mind, or the amount of usefulness, which he was destined to attain.

At one period of his college life, he betrayed some erratic tendencies, which occasioned considerable solicitude to some of his friends, and especially to his Tutor, the late President Davis of Hamilton College. Mr. D. called him to his room, and addressed him substantially as follows:—"College is a place of trial and danger, where some rise and others sink. The Faculty have noticed the course of a member of your class with no little concern and grief. He is a young gentleman of highly respectable connections, and good talents, and at the beginning of his college course promised well; but they fear that a sad change is coming over him,—they observe particularly that he seems to be forming some new associations, which they regard as ominous of evil. I have resolved upon reclaiming that young man, if I can. But unless I can have some one to second my endeavours, I have no hope of success. And now, Chester, you and I together can save him; and will you help me in the matter?" Chester, by this time,

*Obituary Notices of Dr. Chester.—MSS. from his family, Rev. Dr. T. M. Cooley, and Hon. B. F. Butler.

perceived the drift of the Tutor's remarks, and, bursting into tears, said,—"I will try." Many years after this, the Tutor and his pupil met in a pulpit in Philadelphia, where the latter preached. At the close of the service, Dr. Chester took President Davis by the hand, and, referring to their former relations, thanked him most affectionately for the influence he had exerted in College to save him from ruin.

Soon after his graduation, he seems to have been deeply impressed with the idea that his college life had been passed to little purpose, and to have formed resolutions that gave quite a different complexion to his future course. His mind came gradually under the influence of religious truth, until he believed that he had felt its renovating power; and the result was that he determined to give himself to the Christian ministry. Having engaged temporarily as teacher of a school in Hatfield, Mass., he prosecuted his theological studies, at the same time, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Lyman; and in 1807, was licensed to preach by the Association of Hartford County, Conn. After preaching for a short time successively at Marblehead and Springfield, Mass., and receiving calls to settle in Middletown, Conn., and in Cooperstown, N. Y., he was ordained and installed on the 21st of November, 1810, as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Hudson, N. Y.

The field to which he was now introduced, was, in some respects, a difficult one. Besides the ordinary disadvantages growing out of the division of a comparatively small population into several denominations, with their several places of worship to sustain, the Presbyterian Church had been for some time before Dr. Chester's accession, without a Pastor; and the congregation, never large, had very much dwindled away. He had, therefore, in fact, to gather a congregation, as well as to stir up the feeble church; and he was eminently successful in each of these duties. He remained at Hudson, labouring with great acceptance, till his removal to Albany in the autumn of 1815.

The Presbyterian church edifice in Albany having become too strait for the congregation, it was resolved to erect a new one, and form a new religious Society; and some of the most influential individuals connected with the enterprise, had their eye upon Mr. Chester, from the beginning, as a suitable person to become its Pastor. In due time a call was actually made out for him, of which he signified his acceptance; and his installation by the Presbytery of Albany took place on the 3d of November. From this period till 1828, he devoted himself with untiring assiduity to the best interests of his flock, and indeed to all the temporal and spiritual interests of humanity within his reach.

On the 1st of June, 1818, Mr. Chester was married to Rebecca, daughter of that eminent philanthropist, Robert Ralston, of Philadelphia.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Union College in 1821. He was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1823.

Toward the close of the year 1827, Dr. Chester began to develop symptoms of disease, which awakened serious apprehensions in his friends that his usefulness, and even his life, might be drawing to a close. For some time, he resisted their earnest requests that he should temporarily suspend his labours, and give himself to relaxation, if not use more positive measures for his relief; but in the spring of 1828, he found his health so

much impaired that he reluctantly yielded to their wishes, and journeyed South as far as the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia. He remained there three weeks, during which time he was not a little encouraged to hope that the waters might be instrumental of his complete restoration; and this hope he expressed in a touching letter addressed to the Trustees of his congregation, coupled, however, with a sentiment of entire resignation to the will of an overruling Providence.

But the hope which this letter expressed, as well as that which it awakened among his anxious charge, was destined to be but the harbinger of disappointment. He returned indeed; but it was only to stand for the last time before his beloved flock, and bid his friends what proved a final farewell. His last meeting with them in public was a scene of the deepest interest. Before the close of the morning service, he requested the congregation to join him in the singing of that inimitable hymn,—"Jesus, lover of my soul;" and his rich and melodious voice, mingling with the voices of many of his charge, in the utterance of sentiments which, in the uncertainty of his earthly prospects, had become more dear to him than ever, produced an effect from which the most insensible could not escape. After the singing, he addressed the congregation for a few moments with deep emotion, and on his pronouncing the benediction, requested the male members to remain after the rest had retired. He then read to them a brief but most touching communication, which fortunately is still preserved, in which he expressed his apprehensions that the interests of his congregation might suffer by reason of his protracted separation from them consequent upon his illness, and begged permission to resign his pastoral charge. No sooner had he retired to give them opportunity to act on the subject of his resignation, than they declined the acceptance of it in the most grateful spirit, at the same time conveying to him, with their affectionate wishes, leave of absence for one year.

After this, Dr. Chester contemplated a voyage across the ocean, and was actually making his arrangements for it, when his disease took on a more alarming type, and seemed to betoken the near approach of death. At this time he was in Philadelphia, at the residence of his venerable father-in-law, and here he remained till the 12th of January, 1829, when death released him from his sufferings. In his last days and hours, Christianity breathed continually from his lips, in expressions of submission and thanksgiving; of good-will to his friends and of confidence in his Redeemer. Though the people of his charge were not unprepared for the sad intelligence, yet they were deeply affected by it, and it drew from them the warmest demonstrations of gratitude for his services, and of respect for his memory. The Trustees of his Church immediately sent a request to his nearest relatives, that, if it should be consistent with their feelings, they would allow his remains to find their final resting place in the midst of his devoted people. An answer, however, was at once returned, evincing indeed the most tender and delicate respect for the request, but intimating that it would be more grateful to his bereaved family that the body should not be removed from Philadelphia. Of course the Trustees readily yielded to their prior claim, though they did not fail to testify their regard for his memory by erecting, shortly after, a suitable monument in their own burying place.

On the morning of the Sabbath immediately succeeding his death, an affecting and eloquent Discourse was delivered with reference to the event, by the Rev. A. T. Hopkins, (the late Dr. Hopkins of Buffalo,) who was then engaged as a temporary supply; and, on the second Sabbath morning, the Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College, administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and at the close of his discourse, pronounced a eulogy on Dr. Chester, and incidentally on that immortal statesman, Dewitt Clinton also, who had been a member of the congregation, and had died but a few months before,—in a strain of the most pathetic and lofty eloquence. In the evening of the same day, the Rev. Dr. Tucker, then of Troy, delivered a Funeral Sermon, in which he presented a just and faithful sketch of his lamented friend, the materials for which had been supplied to him by a long and familiar acquaintance. These several tributes, with the exception of that by Mr. Hopkins, are included in a small volume of obituary notices of Dr. Chester, published shortly after his death.

Dr. Chester's publications consisted of a Sermon before the Columbia Missionary Society, 1813; a Sermon in commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims, 1820; a Sermon before the Albany Moral Society, 1821; and a Biographical Sketch of the Rev. Axel Backus, D. D., prefixed to a volume of his Sermons, 1824. He was also a liberal contributor to the Columbian Magazine, a periodical published in Hudson during his residence there.

Dr. Chester was the father of seven children,—two of whom died in infancy. Mrs. Chester died at the house of her son-in-law, Martin B. Inches, in Dedham, Mass, October 28, 1856, aged sixty-six years.

Dr. Chester and myself were natives of the same State, and passed our early years at no great distance from each other. He was, however, so much my senior as to be in the ministry before I had passed my boyhood; and though I had long heard of him as a popular preacher, I never happened to see him till a short time before I entered the ministry myself. The interest which I felt in him had been not a little increased, from the fact that a near relative of mine, a young man, had sat under his ministry for some time at Hudson, and used to speak not only of his popularity as a preacher, but of his generosity as a man, in terms of no measured praise. While I was in Yale College, he delivered one year the address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which, owing to some circumstances that I could not control, I failed of hearing. The subject of it, however, I remember, was the connection between science and religion; and the critics about old Yale pronounced it an excellent performance.

The first time that I remember to have seen Dr. Chester was while I was a student at Princeton, when he preached the Annual Sermon before the Board of Directors of the Seminary. He had by that time become very corpulent, insomuch that, when he entered the church, I thought I had rarely seen a larger man. He moved, however, with an elastic, graceful step, and passed into the pulpit in a way that betokened any thing but infirmity. When he opened his lips, I was struck with the remarkable shrillness of his voice, as contrasted with his imposing personal appearance; but his voice was uncommonly distinct, as well as sweet—far more penetrating than many voices that I have heard, of much larger compass. His sermon did not seem to have been written specially for the occasion, and if my memory serves me, he officiated in the place of some one who had unex-

pectedly failed; nevertheless, the whole service was highly edifying and acceptable. The discourse was strongly evangelical in its tone, and somewhat ornate in its style; and the manner was simple and graceful, earnest and impressive. I remember one or two of his figures to this day, which I then thought, and still think, exceedingly beautiful.

My first introduction to the Doctor was in the autumn of 1820, when I met him at Norwalk, Conn., at the ordination of Mr. Sylvester Eaton.* He had long been intimate with Mr. Eaton, and had looked upon him, I believe, during his education, as a sort of protege, and hence had consented to make the journey from Albany to preach his ordination sermon. The two men were in some respects alike, both in appearance and character—both were of a fine portly habit—both had countenances beaming with good-nature—both had warm and generous hearts; and both, by their great frankness and uncommon social qualities, kept every body around them in bright sunshine. Dr. Chester, though a Presbyterian by adoption, was a Congregationalist by birth and education; and he was evidently quite at home in meeting his Congregational brethren, as they were delighted with the opportunity of welcoming *him*. His sermon on the occasion was less imaginative, and apparently more elaborate, than the one I heard at Princeton; it was full of evangelical thought, well digested and felicitously expressed—in short, it was well fitted to the taste of a cultivated New England audience, and was received with many expressions of favour. But the most remarkable thing about it was the address to the pastor elect; for, in conformity with the New England style, it included such an address; and I doubt not, also, that it was prompted by the peculiar relations which the preacher and pastor elect sustained to each other. He introduced his address with "My dear Eaton;" and as he proceeded, his emotions became so strong as almost to impede his utterance. It seemed as if the fountains of feeling in his great heart were about to be broken up; and it is hardly necessary to say to any body who ever knew Sylvester Eaton, that *his* kind spirit too was stirred to its lowest depths. It awakened the sympathy of the audience in a high degree, and every body felt that even if there had been less of instruction and solid thought in the body of the discourse than there really was, the deficiency would have been made up by the extraordinary pathos and power of the close. Though I had never spoken with Dr. Chester before, and my acquaintance with him then was limited to a few hours, I felt, on taking leave of him, that I could never think of him but as a friend, and that I would never needlessly forego any opportunity of renewing my intercourse with him.

My next meeting with him, I think, was in the summer of 1821. I had just experienced a heavy domestic affliction, and reached Albany on Saturday, on a journey to Niagara Falls, which I had taken to recruit my health and spirits. I met him in the street, soon after my arrival, and he greeted

* Sylvester Eaton, a son of Abel Eaton, was born in Chatham, Columbia County, N. Y., August 12, 1790; was fitted for College partly under his brother, Professor Amos Eaton, and partly under the Rev. Dr. Porter of Catskill; was graduated at Williams College in 1816; studied Theology at the Princeton Theological Seminary; was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Albany in 1818; was ordained Pastor of the Congregational Church in Norwalk, Conn., in the autumn of 1820, and was dismissed in 1827; was settled as Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Buffalo in April, 1829, and was dismissed in September, 1834; was settled as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Patterson, N. J., in 1834, and was dismissed about 1837; was settled shortly after in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he remained about four years. He spent the last year of his life mostly at Patterson, but died at Troy, where two of his brothers resided, May 14, 1844, aged fifty-three years.

me in his usually cheerful and animated tone, which led me to suppose, for the moment, that perhaps he was not aware of the affliction which had overtaken me; and I thought it no more than proper that I should advert to it. "Yes," said he, "I know all about it; the paper has been sent to me; but I shall talk with you more about it by and by." He subsequently referred to it with great tenderness. I had, during the Sabbath, much delightful conversation with him, that showed that his heart was full of tender Christian feeling. I did not hear him preach, but he offered a prayer at the close of the afternoon service that was remarkable for its appropriateness, fervour, and pathos. I recollect the interest which he expressed to me in behalf of some poor, suffering woman in his congregation; and he apologized for not waiting to see me off in the morning, on the ground that her case was an urgent one, and must immediately be looked after.

In the spring of 1827, I passed a few hours in Albany, and had another interview with Dr. Chester. It was just at the time when the new measure dispensation was opening upon the Churches, with all its thunderings and lightnings, and other appalling demonstrations. Many churches in Western New York were already convulsed, others were beginning to tremble, and no church might feel too confident of its own stability. Many excellent people stood aghast at what was doing,—fearing, on the one hand, to help forward the work lest they should lend an influence in aid of delusion; and fearing, on the other, to oppose it, lest they should be found fighting against God. Dr. Chester seemed to me to feel little embarrassment on the subject. He doubted not that some good was accomplished; but, on the whole, he regarded the excitement, especially in its remoter bearings, as adverse to the interests of genuine religion. He was not without serious apprehension that the influence might reach his own congregation; and though he seemed to have made up his mind to admit and cherish whatever of good might come, he was firmly determined to set his face as a flint against the peculiarities of the new system. His conduct subsequently was in full accordance with this determination. He never could be otherwise than gentle and kind, even in opposing what he considered error and delusion; but though the current set in against him with tremendous power, he always remained steadfast to his own convictions.

My only remaining interview with Dr. Chester, to which I think proper to advert, was the last that I ever had with him. I had heard of his declining health through the summer of 1829, and was surprised one day to receive a message from him that he had arrived at the house of one of his friends, who lived in my parish, (my residence was then in Massachusetts,) with a request that I would not wait for him to call upon me, as he wished, on account of his feeble health, to avoid all unnecessary exertion. I immediately called, agreeably to his suggestion, and was not a little shocked to observe the change that had come over him from the time of my seeing him before. I doubt not that my countenance revealed my surprise; and I could not help telling him that he looked very ill. But he answered me with his usual cheerfulness and buoyancy, assuring me that he was much better than he had been, and pleasantly intimating that I had a sharp eye for seeing the dark side. He was then making his arrangements to go to Europe, whence I had just returned; and he promised to let me know more specifically when he should sail, that I might send him letters of introduction to some of my friends. But notwithstanding his spirits were so good,

I could not but feel sad misgivings in regard to his prospects; nor was I at all disappointed that it turned out that I never saw him again. I heard from time to time that his disease seemed to be rapidly gaining upon him, until at length the intelligence met my eye, in the New York Observer, that both his labours and sufferings were closed by death.

As I succeeded Dr. Chester in the pastorate a few months after his decease, I had of course the best opportunity of judging of the estimate in which he was held by his own people, and by the community generally in which he lived; and I found everything as my personal knowledge of him would have led me to expect. His congregation all seem to have looked up to him, not merely as a pastor, but as an affectionate friend, to whom it was their privilege to confide everything. Perhaps I should be justified in saying that, while he never intentionally neglected any body belonging to his pastoral charge, he was more frequently to be heard of at the extremes of society than among the middle class; for while his early associations, as well as cultivated taste, naturally attracted him to the higher circles, his humane and sympathizing spirit rendered him at home in the habitations of the poor and wretched. It was no uncommon thing for him, as I have often heard, to be seen going, with his basket of provisions on his arm, to minister to the wants of some needy family. Some who used to be the sharers of his bounty, I have heard pour blessings upon his memory, with floods of tears, declaring with the same breath, that whatever their attachment to me might be, I could never fill the place in their hearts which had been allotted to *him*. Though more than a quarter of a century has passed since he was taken to his rest, his memory is still cherished in the congregation with undiminished gratitude and reverence; and though comparatively few remain who were actually embraced in his charge, or have intelligent recollections of his ministry, yet the parents have taught their children to reverence him, and more than one generation must pass away before his name will cease to be among them as a household word.

I cannot forbear to record an incident which occurred a few years ago, as illustrative of the affectionate remembrance in which Dr. Chester is still held by his former flock. A married daughter of his, passing the winter in Albany, expressed a wish that her child should be baptized in the church which is so intimately associated with the memory of her father. Her wish was, of course, cordially responded to, and, on a Sabbath afternoon, the baptism took place. I have not often witnessed a scene more tender and interesting in its associations. The name of her child was John Chester. The service was performed on the spot where she had herself been baptized, some twenty-five years before. The young mother maintained a dignified composure while the ordinance was administered, though she was evidently struggling with strong emotions. And I believe the whole congregation sympathized with her. The name of her venerable father, pronounced over one of his grandchildren, where he had himself baptized not a small number who were then present, I doubt not, quickened the pulsations of many a heart. Almost every eye seemed to wander after the child as it was carried from the church, as if it had been some bright little creature dropped down from the skies. The whole scene was a beautiful but involuntary tribute to the memory of one who had long since passed away, but whose exalted virtues gratitude still keeps in fresh remembrance.

FROM THE HON. MARTIN VAN BUREN.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

LINDENWALD, April 13, 1848.

My dear Sir: I am much gratified that your kind letter has afforded me an opportunity to express my opinion of the late Dr. Chester.

I was well acquainted with him at Hudson, and subsequently at Albany. My deceased wife joined his church at Hudson, and continued a member until her death. It is now many years since his decease; but his many and sterling virtues are yet fresh in my recollection; and I can truly say that it has not been my fortune to make the acquaintance of any minister of the Gospel, with whose sincerity as a Christian, or goodness as a man, I was more strongly impressed.

Accept, Rev. Sir, assurances of my great respect and sincere regard.

M. VAN BUREN.

FROM THE HON. B. F. BUTLER,

ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1856.

My dear Sir: My knowledge of Dr. John Chester began, while I was a law-student in the city of Hudson. I attended on his ministry in that place for two or three years; but I was then a mere youth, and had very little personal intercourse with him.

Early in 1815, I became a resident of Albany, and on his settlement there in the latter part of the same year, I again became a member of his congregation, and so remained (except for a short period, while residing in another place,) until his death in 1829. I was for about a twelvemonth, in the early part of his residence in Albany, and while we were both unmarried, a member of the same family with him, as a fellow-boarder. I had thus, as you perceive, good opportunity for becoming acquainted with his personal and public character, and in compliance with your request I will proceed to sketch its prominent traits.

Speaking first of his natural endowments, I should say that, in addition to a large stock of common sense, he was blessed with a kindly and genial disposition; with quick perceptions; with much facility in acquiring knowledge—more especially by his own observation of men and things; and with more than common aptness in communicating to others whatever he himself knew. These qualities, enlarged and hallowed by an earnest and elevated piety, and united to a sincere love of souls, made him a judicious, acceptable and useful minister of the Gospel. In regard to his professional learning and attainments, I am ill-qualified to judge; but I do not suppose that they were remarkable. The provisions for extended theological study in his youth were, as is doubtless well known to you, very scanty, and I believe that the advantages enjoyed by him, in this respect, were not peculiar. But he was a diligent student and true lover of the Bible; was fond of reading; was familiar with the standard literature of our language, and kept pace with the general advance in theological and other science.

Without being a great pulpit orator, he was a popular and successful preacher. His sermons for the Sabbath were carefully composed and written out, and were read from his manuscript, but freely and with a good deal of action. His voice was clear and musical; his elocution, naturally animated and pleasing, was rendered the more impressive by a noble presence; and he always commanded the attention of his audience during his entire discourse. In his weekly lectures he used only brief notes, trusting chiefly to the inspiration of the moment, always

speaking with fluency, and often with great earnestness and power. His extemporaneous addresses were usually felicitous; and at Funerals especially, were touchingly appropriate. His heart was full of sympathy with the joys and the sorrows of others; and in this fact lay much of his influence for good with his own people and in the community.

While his teaching distinctly and always conformed to the leading doctrines of the Church to which he belonged, he did not often preach purely doctrinal sermons. In the selection of topics for the pulpit, he preferred those which set forth the grace and love of God in the gift of the Saviour, the fulness and freeness of the Gospel offer, the duty and blessedness of receiving it with gratitude and love, and of honouring it by a holy and beneficent life. He was fond of preaching what Blair calls "characteristical sermons," and succeeded in making them interesting and instructive. He also frequently discoursed on the precepts of the Decalogue, and on the moral duties inculcated in the New Testament, though he was very far from being, in any sense of the word, a legalist. He held, with all his heart, to the great Protestant doctrine of justification by faith; but he thought the Epistle of James, and the preceptive parts of Paul's Epistles, not less a part of the Sacred Canon than the dogmatic portions of the writings of the great Apostle, and their inculcation, from the desk, equally important.

His style of composition, more especially in the early part of his ministry, was often too florid to bear the test of a severe criticism. But it was always pleasing to a general audience, and, as he advanced in age and experience, it improved in simplicity and good taste.

He was exceedingly fond of music, and possessed, I suppose, a good knowledge of the science. He paid, as I know, great attention to its culture in the congregation, and his clear and melodious voice was always blended with theirs in this part of Divine worship. Soon after his settlement in Albany, he prevailed on his people to introduce into their service the use of the organ,—a thing not then common in the churches of our denomination.

Dr. Chester was truly a Christian gentleman. He possessed a native dignity and elegance of manners; was perfectly at ease himself on all occasions; and had the happy faculty of putting others, of whatever condition, at ease in his presence. In entering the pulpit, and in his behaviour there, he was entirely free from anything like awkwardness or embarrassment. He studied so to adapt to each other the various parts of the service, as to render them throughout harmonious and interesting. Each part would be performed by him with readiness and freedom—and this on special occasions as well as in matters of ordinary routine. In administering the Lord's Supper, the warm sensibilities of his nature were particularly displayed; and when the time came for presenting the elements to the members of the Church Session, he always addressed to them a few words of tender and respectful exhortation and encouragement, and without any affectation of humility, so deported himself as to make it evident that he esteemed them co-workers with him in the service of the Great Master. In the baptism of children, the way in which he took them in his arms, sprinkled on them the pure element, and returned them to their parents, will never be forgotten by those whose offspring were by him initiated into the Church of God.

He manifested his discretion and tact in readily availing himself of any public event or extraordinary circumstance, in the religious exercises of the day, and in accommodating them to the exigencies of the occasion. On very warm days in summer, or very cold ones in winter, he would so abridge each of the exercises as to dismiss the congregation at the earliest appropriate hour.

He was remarkable for his attention to the smallest courtesies of life, and for the kindliness and grace with which he performed them. Not only his personal manners, but his official duties, were distinguished by this characteristic. He treated all persons with a frank civility—aged persons and women with marked

deference. After his marriage, it was his habit, whenever Mrs. Chester attended public worship, to accompany her to the church; to conduct her to the pew; to open the pew door; and to see her duly seated; before taking his own place in the pulpit. I mention this, because it illustrates the point to which I refer, and may help those who did not know him, to understand the character of the man.

He was a large-hearted and public-spirited man. He was an early and efficient promoter of all the great schemes of Christian philanthropy set on foot during his time. Nor were his efforts in this way confined to objects of a religious nature. Every measure intended to encourage the diffusion of useful knowledge, received his ready support.

He was a man of active habits; had a natural talent for business; and was capable of influencing, and of combining in united effort, other minds. In every enterprise with which he was associated, he was, therefore, a leader—and this, rather from the qualities of his mind and his genial temper, than from any ambition of leadership.

He was fond of society; and being every where a welcome guest, must have found it difficult, especially after he came to reside in Albany, to command the time needful for pulpit preparations and pastoral duties. Yet these were never neglected by him.

In logical power and in effective oratory, Dr. Chester was doubtless surpassed by many of his contemporaries. But in the happy combination of the several qualities, which, in our country, are best adapted to make a competent and useful minister of the Gospel, he had, I apprehend, few superiors in his day and generation.

I cannot close these slight notices of his character, without adding to them for myself, my heartfelt thanks to Him who "holds the Stars in his right hand," that He was pleased to raise up and send forth John Chester, and to make me one of those to whom he ministered.

I am, dear Sir,
With sincere respect and affection,
Very truly yours,
B. F. BUTLER.

EDWARD LUTWYCHE PARKER.*

1807—1850.

Edward Lutwyche Parker was born in Litchfield, N. H., July 28, 1785. He was named for Edward Goldstone Lutwyche, an English gentleman of education and fortune, and a particular friend of his father. He was a grandson of the Rev. Thomas Parker, who was born at Cambridge, December 7, 1700; was graduated at Harvard College in 1718; was ordained Pastor of the Church at Dracut, Mass., probably in 1721; and died March 18, 1765, aged sixty-five. He was the son of Dr. Jonathan Parker an eminent physician, who was graduated at Harvard in 1762, and died in September, 1791, leaving a family of ten children, of whom Edward, then six years old, was the youngest but one. His mother was a lady of much more than ordinary culture, and possessed great firmness of purpose, besides being a consistent and devout Christian.

* Memoir prefixed to the History of Londonderry.

Edward, the youngest son, was an uncommonly attractive and promising boy, and a great favourite both in and out of the family. Before he was five years old, he had three very narrow escapes from death; twice from drowning, and once from an attack of a domestic animal, the marks of which always remained. His early advantages of education were extremely limited, being confined to two or three of the elementary branches. At the age of about twelve, he went to live with his brother,—a store-keeper, in Bedford, N. H., in the capacity of clerk. Here he was surrounded with influences unfavourable to the formation of a virtuous character; but he resolutely and successfully resisted them. When he had reached the age of fifteen, the failure of his brother in business threw him out of employment; in consequence of which he went to reside with another brother, who was a physician in Topsham, Maine, with a view to act as clerk in his druggist's shop. But here the moral atmosphere was still more deeply contaminated; and, after about a year, he formed a purpose to escape from it by returning to his native place. He did so, performing the journey of a hundred and fifty miles on foot, in the month of March.

We next find him engaging himself as an apprentice to a shoe-maker in Billerica, Mass.; but when his friends became apprized of it, they objected so strongly to his continuing in that business, that he was finally induced to abandon it. On returning home, and finding himself without employment, he, in connection with his brother, purchased a wood lot, and engaged in cutting, drawing, and rafting lumber. In the winter following,—being now seventeen years of age,—he engaged as teacher of a district school in Derryfield, (now Manchester,) N. H.; and though his qualifications were by no means as ample as could have been desired, he satisfied his employers so well that they invited him to return in the same capacity the next year.

After this varied and somewhat trying experience, he determined, by the advice of his friends, to prepare himself for the study of medicine. He accordingly entered the Academy at Londonderry, then under the charge of Mr. Samuel Burnham, and became a boarder in the family of the Rev. Jonathan Brown,* then minister of the East parish, whom he was destined to succeed in the pastoral office in a little more than six years. It was during his connection with this school, and in consequence of listening to an impressive sermon, that he was put upon a course of reflection that marked the beginning of a new life. He now relinquished his purpose of studying medicine, and resolved to become a minister of the Gospel.

About this time, Mr. Parker, on account of some peculiar circumstances connected with the parish, which he deemed unfavourable to his progress in both knowledge and piety, left the Academy, and placed himself under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Wood of Boscawen, N. H. Here he remained, with the exception of some time spent in teaching, until he entered College. During his residence at Boscawen, at the age of nineteen, he united with the church of which Dr. Wood was pastor. Of the diligence and success with which he pursued his studies, some idea may be formed from the fact that in two years and three months after he entered the Academy at Londonderry, he joined the Junior class in Dartmouth College, having been

* Jonathan Brown was born in Pittsfield, N. H. in 1757; was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1789; was ordained and installed as minister of the East parish in Londonderry in 1795; was dismissed at his own request in September, 1804; and died in the place where he had exercised his ministry, in February, 1838, in the eighty-first year of his age.

engaged for more than nine months of this period in teaching a school. He went to Hanover on foot, carrying all his effects with him.

During his collegiate course, he was in great pecuniary straits, and was obliged to support himself by devoting no small portion of his time to teaching; but he still maintained a high rank as a scholar, and besides acquitting himself honourably in every part of the prescribed course, found some time to devote to the study of Theology. This study he continued after his graduation, under Professor Shurtleff, for several months. On the 20th of October, 1807, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by a committee of the Grafton Presbytery. During part of the succeeding winter, he availed himself of the theological instruction of the Rev. Dr. Burton of Thetford, Vt.

In the spring of 1808, Mr. Parker took charge of the Academy in Salisbury, N. H., for six months, residing in the family of the Rev. Thomas Worcester, Pastor of the Church in that place. From Salisbury he went to Columbia, Conn., where he preached to great acceptance for a number of Sabbaths, and received a call to settle, which, however, from his unwillingness to enter the ministry without more mature preparation, he thought proper to decline. He now placed himself under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Worcester of Salem, resided in his family, occasionally assisted him in his pastoral duties, and taught a school connected with his Society. He always looked back upon this period of his life, as having had a most important bearing upon his subsequent usefulness.

During his residence at Salem, as he passed through the East parish of Londonderry, now Derry, on his way to visit his friends in his native place, he was invited to supply the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church for two Sabbaths. This led to further engagements, and ultimately to his receiving a call to become the Pastor of the Church. He accepted the call, and was ordained on the 12th of September, 1810,—the Rev. Dr. Worcester, his friend and recent instructer, preaching the sermon.

In 1811, he was married to Mehetabel, daughter of Deacon Stephen Kimball of Hanover, N. H., who survived him, after having been a most devoted helper in his responsible duties for thirty-nine years. They had four children,—two sons and two daughters.

Mr. Parker's ministry was distinguished less by striking incidents than by a uniform course of diligence, fidelity, and usefulness. It was obvious to all that he was a close imitator of his great Master, who went about doing good. His parish stretched over a large territory, and for about thirty years of his ministry, contained nearly four hundred families. And what added to the difficulty and the weight of his charge was, that, previous to his settlement, there had existed a bitter controversy between the two Societies which had finally united under him, and it required the utmost vigilance and discretion to keep the embers of strife from rekindling into a flame. But he held on the even tenor of his way, year after year, strengthening the tie that bound him to his people, and multiplying the monuments of his usefulness around him, until, after a somewhat protracted ministry, he was called suddenly from his labours to his reward.

He had naturally a vigorous constitution, and, for the first thirty-six years of his ministry, was absent from his pulpit only seven Sabbaths on account of ill health. Between three and four years before his death, he experienced the first symptom of the disease (angina pectoris) which finally

terminated his life. From this time, he felt that his hold on life was extremely precarious, and was habitually looking for a sudden death; but he was still able to attend to his duties without interruption, and without much embarrassment; and during the last few months of his life particularly, he exhibited more than his ordinary cheerfulness. On the first Sabbath in July, 1850, he exchanged pulpits with the Rev. Mr. Day, Pastor of a Church in a neighbouring village, and in the afternoon preached what proved to be his last sermon from the text—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." It was a discourse marked by extraordinary solemnity and power, and suggested to some of his hearers the probability that his work was nearly accomplished. At a late hour in the afternoon, he attended a third service at a school-house,—which he conducted with his usual animation and interest. He set out to return home, and when he had gone about half the distance, and was within a mile and a half of his dwelling, his horse stumbled and fell. He ran back a few rods to a Mr. Clark's—the nearest house, to call assistance; but he remarked to Mr. C.—no doubt from a consciousness of the danger attending excessive exertion—that he must return slowly, and would then assist him in attending to the horse. On returning to his carriage, he stooped over the horse, either to prevent him from rising suddenly, or to loosen some part of the harness,—when his friend heard him groan, and saw him in the act of falling forward. He immediately caught him, and the next moment found himself in contact with a corpse. It was at so late an hour that the tidings of his death were not circulated much that evening; but when, early the next morning, the long protracted tolling of the bell announced some extraordinary calamity, and the explanation quickly followed that it was nothing less than the death of the Pastor, the whole parish seemed literally a scene of deep mourning. His Funeral was attended on the Wednesday following, when several of the neighbouring clergymen shared in the solemn service; and on the Sabbath following, an appropriate Funeral Discourse was addressed to the bereaved congregation by the Rev. Dr. Whiton* of Antrim,—Mr. Parker's early and intimate friend.

The following is a list of Mr. Parker's publications:—A Sermon on the death of Deacon John Crocker, 1814. A Sermon on the death of John Pinkerton, 1816. A Sermon on the death of James Parker, of Bedford, N. H., 1822. A Sermon at the ordination of the Rev. Abijah Cross, at Salisbury, N. H., 1824. A Sermon on the Supreme Divinity of Jesus

* John Milton Whiton, the eldest son of Dr. Israel Whiton, was born at Winchendon, Mass., August 1, 1785; entered the Freshman class in Dartmouth College in 1801, and after remaining there nearly three years, transferred his relation to Yale College, where he graduated in 1805; taught an academic school in Litchfield, South Farms, Conn., for one year after his graduation; studied Theology, chiefly under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Austin of Worcester; was ordained and installed Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Antrim, N. H., September 28, 1808; resigned his charge January 1, 1853; shortly after became *acting* Pastor of a Congregational Church in Bennington, N. H.,—four miles from his former residence, and continued in that relation till his death, which occurred on the 27th of September, 1856. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of New Jersey in 1848. He published a Sermon at the ordination of Samuel H. Tolman, at Shirley, Mass., 1814; a Sermon at the ordination of Otis C. Whiton; [who was born at Winchendon, Mass.; was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1815; was ordained Pastor of the Second Congregational Church in North Yarmouth, Me., February 18, 1818; was dismissed July 17, 1822; and died in 1845;] Sketches of the History of New Hampshire, 1834; a Sermon on Temperance, 1845; a Sermon at the Funeral of the Rev. Ephraim P. Bradford, 1845; History of the town of Antrim, N. H., 1852; Farewell Sermon at Antrim, 1852.

Christ, 1827. A Sermon on the death of the Rev. Amasa A. Hayes,* at Londonderry, 1830. A Sermon on the death of Elder Samuel Burnham, 1834. A Sermon on the death of Nancy M. Clarke, 1839. A Sermon on the death of the Rev. Calvin Cutler,† 1844. History of Londonderry, (posthumous,) 1851.

FROM THE REV. DANIEL DANA.

NEWBURYPORT, November 6, 1856.

Dear Sir: I cheerfully comply with your request for my recollections of the late Rev. Mr. Parker of Londonderry, as I have a high estimate of his character, and had every opportunity I could desire for knowing him. My acquaintance with him commenced when he was settled at Londonderry in 1810, and continued till the close of his life. During the whole of this interval, I was in the most fraternal relations with him, often met him in social life as well as on public occasions, and for several years our residences were only four miles distant from each other. I was providentially prevented from attending his Funeral, though I felt his death to be a painful bereavement.

Mr. Parker was, in person, rather below the middle height, and of a slender frame, though his motions were quick and easy, and indicated what he really possessed,—excellent health. His countenance was indicative of great kindliness and benignity, and was by no means wanting in marks of intellectual vigour. His mind was symmetrical, well balanced, and well developed, rather than brilliant—he had excellent judgment, strong common sense, and a quick discernment of human character, but was not, in the common acceptation of the word, a genius. His countenance was a faithful index to his moral qualities—he possessed an amiable and gentle spirit, while yet he was by no means wanting in strength of purpose. His manners were agreeable and conciliatory, well fitted to disarm prejudice, and to make and keep friends. He was highly esteemed, and I believe deservedly so, wherever he was known.

As a preacher, Mr. Parker had a high rank in the region in which he lived. His sermons were generally carefully elaborated, and were rich in evangelical instruction. His style, though without much ornament, was perspicuous and chaste, and well fitted to impress the truths he delivered. His voice, though not very loud, was clear and pleasant, and his enunciation so distinct that he could easily be heard through a large house. He did not abound in gesture, and had no excess of animation; but his manner in preaching as well as in prayer was marked by unusual solemnity, and one could hardly listen to him without perceiving that his mind was deeply impressed with eternal realities. His sermons were, I believe, generally written, though he was ready in extemporaneous speaking, when occasion required. In Church Courts and on other public occasions, he always bore a respectable part, though I am not aware that he was in this regard particularly distinguished. He was a model of professional industry, and never allowed any of his moments needlessly to go to waste. On the whole, I regard him as having been a man of more than ordinary ability, of fine moral and Christian qualities, of extensive usefulness as a minister of Christ, and well worthy of a place among the wise and excellent whom your work is designed to commemorate.

I am, my dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

DANIEL DANA.

* AMASA AUSTIN HAYES was born in Granby, Conn., in 1798; was graduated at Yale College in 1824; was ordained and installed Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Londonderry, N. H., June 25, 1828; and died October 23, 1830, aged thirty-two.

† CALVIN CUTLER was born at Guildhall, Vt., in 1791; was graduated at Dartmouth College 1819; became Pastor of the Church in Windham, N. H., in April, 1828; and died in 1844.

SAMUEL KELSEY NELSON.*

1807—1827

SAMUEL KELSEY NELSON, the eldest child of Henry and Anna (Kelsey) Nelson, was born near Jonesborough, in Washington County, East Tennessee, on the 9th of October, 1787. At an early age he had some inclination for mercantile life, but subsequently determined to study a profession. At the age of sixteen, he was graduated at Washington College, then under the care of the venerable Dr. Doak. Immediately after his graduation, he went to Kentucky, and, after teaching a school, for a short time, in the neighbourhood of Danville, commenced the study of Law under the direction of his relative, Colonel John Allen, then one of the most eminent lawyers in the Southwest. But, before he had been long thus engaged, his mind was awakened to a deep sense of the importance of eternal things, and he resolved, in better strength than his own, that the remainder of his life should be given to the service of his Redeemer. He began at once to meditate the purpose of entering the ministry, and, contrary to the wishes, and even the expostulations, of many of his friends, he abandoned all thoughts of the Law, returned to Tennessee, and entered on a course of theological study under his former preceptor, Dr. Doak. Having been licensed, in 1807, by the Holston Presbytery, he entered upon the duties of the ministry, and was engaged for some time in preaching in South Carolina, and also at different places in Tennessee. He then directed his course again to Kentucky, resolved that his best energies should be enlisted in the conflict with infidelity and irreligion, which were then especially rife, in the larger towns and among the higher classes, in that State. The Church at Danville, being then vacant, were glad to avail themselves of his services, and so acceptable was he that they soon presented him a unanimous call, which resulted in his being installed as their Pastor in 1809.

Though Mr. Nelson, in various ways, exerted a powerful influence for good, from the commencement of his labours in Kentucky, it cannot be said that his ministry, on the whole, was eminently blest to the conversion of men; though, in this respect, it was not singular—for, during much the greater part of the period of its continuance, a general spiritual dearth prevailed among the Presbyterian Churches throughout that region. He was not, however, suffered to go to his grave, without witnessing the long wished for change in the state of his congregation. In 1826, during his absence from home, a revival of great power commenced among them; and, on his return, he entered into it with a zeal that was truly apostolic. As a part of the result, he was privileged to see, at the next Communion, fifty or more persons added to the Church. This season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord served at once greatly to encourage him in his labours, and prepare him for the sudden termination of them, which he was then unconsciously approaching.

To Mr. Nelson, it is understood, belongs the honour of having been the principal founder of Centre College, Danville. For this he laboured with

*Calvinistic Magazine, 1827.—MSS. from Mrs. Dr. David Nelson, Rev. Dr. Cleland, J. T. Leadrick, Esq., Hon. C. S. Todd, and J. A. Jacobs, Esq.

consummate skill and untiring assiduity. It was through his efforts,—seconded indeed by those of several other able men, that an Act was obtained from the Legislature of Kentucky, placing the institution under the control of a Board of Trustees appointed by the Synod, upon the payment into its treasury of twenty thousand dollars. This sum was raised by the ministers of the Synod giving their individual bonds for the amount; and Mr. Nelson headed the subscription with a note of eight hundred dollars.

Mr. Nelson's public spirit was strikingly evinced in the interest he took in founding and fostering the Kentucky Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, which also was situated within the bounds of his congregation; and it was with his zeal to promote the interests of this institution that his lamented death was associated. He went, in the spring of 1827, by appointment of its Board of Trustees, to Tallahasse, Fa., to negotiate some matters in which the institution was specially interested. He had been there, engaged in his mission, for several weeks; when, on the evening of the 7th of May, as he was pouring out a tumbler of water, he was attacked with a sudden illness which terminated his life in twenty minutes. He only remarked that there was an excessive palpitation of his heart. A physician, being at hand, bled him, but to no purpose. When he became sensible that he was dying, he seemed anxious to spend his last breath in saying something for the spiritual benefit of those around him; and, while he affectionately exhorted them to prepare to die, he calmly expressed the hope that they might find as little to terrify or agitate them in the last hour as he did. The news of his death overwhelmed his congregation with surprise and distress, and the general impression throughout the State was that a public benefactor had fallen.

Mr. Nelson was married, shortly after his settlement at Danville, to Nancy, daughter of the Hon. Isaac Shelby, a hero of the Revolution, and afterwards Governor of Kentucky. She died at Danville in August, 1815, in her twenty-third year,—rendering, in her death, as she had done in her life, the highest testimony to the value of the Gospel. On the 25th of February, 1817, Mr. Nelson was married, a second time, to Maria, daughter of John Reid, of Springfield, Clerk of Washington County, Ky.,—a lady of great beauty, loveliness, and intelligence. He had two children by each marriage. He left a widow and two children, but the whole family is now (1857) extinct.

FROM THE HON. C. S. TODD.

SHELBYVILLE, Ky., 7th July, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My acquaintance with the Rev. Samuel K. Nelson dates back to the summer of 1815. I first met him at the house of Governor Shelby, one of whose daughters he had married, and another of whom shortly after became my own wife. The relations into which we were thus brought by marriage were the occasion of no inconsiderable intercourse between us, and I had not only the opportunity of making personal observation upon his more prominent characteristics, but also the means of knowing the estimation in which he was held in circles in which he was best known. Though I never sat statedly under his preaching, I heard him often enough to form a correct idea of its character, and I think I shall be in little danger of mistaking in my representation of it.

Mr. Nelson was a stoutly built man, with a frame of admirable proportions, and of more than ordinary muscular strength. He had a fine large head, and a countenance expressive at once of mildness and decision, though his features were not remarkable for a symmetrical development. He had one of the most intensely blue eyes that I ever saw; and it was to this especially that he was indebted for the general benignity of his aspect. His hair inclined to be of a sandy complexion. He was uncommonly easy and graceful in his movements, and would pass in any society as a well-bred and accomplished gentleman. He was of a social and genial turn, and a very agreeable companion. I do not remember to have known a man who could adapt himself better than he to all orders of intellect and all classes of society. To say nothing of his professional qualifications, he was eminently fitted to be a popular man.

The most prominent feature in the intellectual character of Mr. Nelson seems to me to have been an almost intuitive discernment of human character—an ability to detect at a glance the motives and principles which govern men's conduct—a strong common sense that saw intuitively what was fitting and proper to every occasion. This rendered him at once a wise counsellor, and a skilful manager; and he turned it to good account in things secular as well as religious. I remember to have heard Governor Shelby once say of him,—and I have no doubt of the truth of the remark,—that he would have made a capital lawyer; and, indeed, when he abandoned his original purpose of studying Law, and determined to enter the ministry, there were those who spoke of it with regret as a loss to the legal profession. He had, I think, little of the imaginative, and in that respect was the exact opposite of his brother David; but for all that qualifies for practical life, and for taking an efficient and successful direction of affairs, it would not be easy to find his superior.

The peculiar mental characteristic to which I have referred, more than any other, impressed itself upon his preaching. I cannot say that he was distinguished for any striking, much less dazzling, qualities, or for what would commonly be called *power* in the pulpit; nor did he make any great display of learning—and indeed he could not be considered as, in any high sense, a learned man; but he had great skill in exploring the recesses of the human heart; he drew his illustrations chiefly from within the range of ordinary observation; and he never uttered a sentence that was not level to the comprehension of the humblest of his hearers. His manner was earnest and affectionate, but was accompanied with very little action. He preached either without any manuscript or from short notes; but he was always fluent and spoke apparently without effort, and frequently in a soft undertone that won greatly upon his audience. On the whole, he was an interesting and edifying, though not a powerfully impressive, preacher.

I never met Mr. Nelson in a deliberative body, but I should hazard little in saying that he must have shone there with no common lustre. His great knowledge of human nature, his bland and gentlemanly manner, his ready utterance, his calm and dignified self-possession, must have given him an important influence in the different judicatories of the Church.

Mr. Nelson was naturally a benevolent and public spirited man, and it was in the execution of an important public trust that he went away to die. The tidings of his death were mournfully responded to in every circle in which he had been known. He has left behind him a highly honoured name.

I am, as ever, yours truly and affectionately,

C. S. TODD.

JOHN McINTYRE.*

1807—1852.

JOHN McINTYRE, a son of Daniel and Anne (Stuart) McIntyre, was born in August, 1750, in the parish of Lismore and Appin, Argyleshire, Scotland. His parents were both exemplary members of the Church of Scotland. His mother was brought up a Roman Catholic; and, in consequence of her conversion to the Protestant faith, her father disinherited her and banished her from his house; but her marriage, taking place not long after this, secured to her another home. When he was seven years old he lost his father; and his mother subsequently married a man of intelligence and piety, who faithfully discharged the duties of a Christian parent toward his step-son. His first decisive religious impressions he received at the age of fourteen. Referring to this early experience, he says,—"While other boys and myself were playing,—in the midst of the play, I fell suddenly to the ground, under a deep and overwhelming conviction that I was a great sinner, and in danger of perishing forever. Lying on the ground, and looking up to Heaven, the impression seemed to be fixed in my mind that if I withdrew my eyes from thence, I should be sent to hell." How long he remained in this state, or when his troubled spirit was composed to rest, does not appear; but from that time the fear of God evidently began to govern his actions; for he speaks of having been "nicknamed by the boys 'preacher McIntyre,'" and of some one having said to him,—"John, poor boy; your father was a good man, but did not make a fool of himself about religion, as you do." About this time, he seems to have been much troubled in respect to the worldly prospects of himself, and a younger sister, whom he would fain have prevented from encountering the dangers and trials incident to service; and he entered into a solemn covenant with God, that if He would grant him the necessary guidance and support, he would be devoted to Him as long as he lived.

That he might be near his sister, he bound himself to a shoe-maker in the city of Glasgow; but, finding the employment little to his taste, he bought his indentures, and returned to the Highlands, where he became a shepherd in the employ of a wealthy land-owner. At the age of twenty, he here publicly professed his faith in Christ; and was soon after placed in circumstances that were well fitted to test the strength of his principles. Having acted as shepherd for several years, he entered into an engagement with a gentleman who was not only irreligious himself, but unwilling to tolerate religion in those who were in his employ. Learning that this pious man was in the habit of taking his Bible with him to the hillside, and of reading as he had opportunity, he told him that he might take his choice,—to quit his Bible or his place; to which the young man promptly replied,—"My Bible is my companion by day and by night, and I will never consent to part from it." The gentleman, however, in whose service he seems still to have continued, afterwards came to have different views of religion, and upon repeating the inquiry whether he continued to read his Bible, and being again answered in the affirmative, mildly replied,—"Well if you serve

*MSS. from his family and Rev. Robert Tate.

your God faithfully, you will serve *me* faithfully." While in the employment of this gentleman, he formed a matrimonial connection with a young lady by the name of Catharine McCalum, whom he represents as having been "very pious." This took place on the 15th of December, 1789.

About eighteen months after his marriage, he embarked for the United States of America, and landed at Fort Johnson, Brunswick County, N. C., November 11, 1791,—having, during the voyage, buried his first-born child. His first place of settlement, after his arrival in the country, was the upper part of the County of Cumberland, N. C., where he lost his first wife, about the close of the year 1793. By this marriage he had two children. In 1795, he formed a second matrimonial connection with Mary Wright of Chesterfield District, S. C., who became the mother of two children, both of whom died in infancy; and she did not long survive them. In 1801, he married his third wife, Sarah, daughter of John McColman, who resided near Cheraw, S. C.; and by this marriage also he had two children,—both daughters,—at the birth of the second of which the mother died suddenly. On the 10th of December, 1812, he was married, for the fourth time, to Mary, the widow of Archibald Graham, of Cumberland County, N. C.; and by this marriage had three children. She died in April, 1835. The whole number of his children by the several marriages was nine,—only five of whom survived to mature age.

From Cumberland County Mr. McIntyre removed to Chesterfield District in South Carolina, about the year 1801. In December, 1804, he attended a camp-meeting, during the great revival which prevailed at the South and West, where his mind became much agitated in respect to his own spiritual state, and he was even led strongly to doubt the genuineness of his previous religious experience; but, after the most careful scrutiny of his feelings, he was brought back to the persuasion that he had really felt the power of renewing grace. This, however, seems to have constituted an epoch in his religious life; for, from about this period, he felt a strong desire to preach the Gospel; though his advanced age, his limited education, and especially the convictions of his friends, were all against it. The result was that, after much reflection and prayer, he commenced his Latin Grammar, when in his fifty-third year, under the instruction of a Mr. Smylie,* in Richmond County, N. C. Having laboriously pursued his studies until the autumn of 1807, he was licensed to preach on the 25th of September of that year, by the Orange Presbytery, and sent on a missionary tour to the Marlborough District, S. C. After labouring for two years as a licentiate, he was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry, July 1, 1809.

The field of Mr. McIntyre's labours was, mostly, in the county of Robeson, N. C. For nearly thirty years, he supplied the four Churches of Philadelphia, Bethel, Lumberbridge, and St. Paul's; but in 1832, he relinquished his charge of the church of Philadelphia, and confined himself to the remaining three. He laboured with untiring assiduity, and very considerable success, until 1838, when, by reason of the infirmities of advancing age, he resigned his charge. In the course of that year, he visited a daughter, who lived in Georgia, near the Alabama line, where, finding a few scattered Presbyterians without the regular ministration of the Gospel, he, with his characteristic zeal, gathered them, and undertook their pastoral

* Dr. Foote says, a Mr. McMillan.

oversight for two years. At the expiration of that time, he returned to North Carolina; and, though he found himself unable to officiate any longer in the pulpit, his zeal was still unabated, and he spent much of his time in visiting the families of his former friends, with a view to the promotion of their spiritual interests. This course he pursued until near the close of life. He died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Alexander Percula, on the 17th of November, 1852, in the one hundred and third year of his age. He wondered why his blessed Saviour delayed so long to call him home. The powers of speech and recognition failed him in his last moments; but a placid expression of countenance bore witness that all was peace within, and taken in connection with his previous life, that all would be peace and joy forever. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. John R. McIntosh, recently Principal of Floral College—now (1855) in Eufaula, Ala.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT TATE.

SILL'S CREEK, New Hanover County, N. C.,
March 18, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: I am quite willing to render you any aid in my power in endeavouring to perpetuate the memory of my lamented and venerable friend, the Rev. Mr. McIntyre; but when I tell you that I am eighty-three years of age, and am labouring under the ordinary infirmities of that period, you will not expect from me any thing like a formal analysis of Mr. M.'s character. All I shall attempt will be to state to you my general impressions concerning him, and perhaps give you a few facts or incidents to justify them. He and I were well known to each other for many years, though I was about eleven years older in the ministry than he, having been licensed to preach in 1796.

I may say in general that all the constituents of an honest and just citizen, of a faithful husband, of a tender father, of a sympathizing master, and above all of a laborious, zealous, and successful minister, were concentrated in this humble disciple of Jesus Christ; and there is no doubt that his name will long remain embalmed in the grateful remembrance, not only of his immediate relatives, but of many who enjoyed the benefit of his acquaintance and ministrations.

One of his most striking characteristics as a minister was his zeal for the purity of the Church. He was disposed to guard its avenues with great care. Especially in seasons of revival,—and such seasons were not unfrequent in connection with his labours,—he was strongly opposed to hasty admissions to Communion, considering that the excitement attendant on such scenes creates special danger of self-deception. Persons whose experience, upon an examination, seemed of a more doubtful character, he would kindly suggest had better wait for further light and progress; while those who gave more satisfactory evidence of a renewed heart, he would admit,—still warning them against false hope, and reminding them that they were acting upon their own solemn responsibility.

Mr. McIntyre was pre-eminently a man of a devout spirit; and he manifested it under all circumstances, and in some ways that were unusual. For instance, it was, I believe, his invariable custom, if any person, especially any young man, came to his house to pass the night, to ask him to take a walk with him in the evening; and having walked two or three hundred yards on the great road, till he reached a certain spot that was marked by an old log, lying on the ground, he would fall upon his knees, and engage for fifteen or twenty minutes in most fervent prayer. I have myself been a witness to this, I think, on three different occasions.

Mr. McIntyre never shrunk from any duty, however unexpectedly he may have been called to it. He never lost sight of Paul's injunction to Timothy—"Be instant in season and out of season." Whilst attending a meeting of Presbytery at one of my Churches,—a good many Scotch people being there,—he was requested to preach to them a sermon in Gaelic; and he did it at once, and greatly to their satisfaction. I have always understood that he excelled in preaching in that language. At another meeting of Presbytery at another of my Churches,—the last Moderator being absent, it was found somewhat difficult to get a minister to preach the opening sermon. Brother McIntyre rose and said—"If none of you will preach, I will, though I am an old man;" and he actually did preach, much to the gratification of the Presbytery, as well as of a large assembly. To that Presbytery a call was sent up for the ministerial services of Mr. Neil McRoy, and a motion or application made for his immediate ordination. As it became a question whether he should be ordained then, or at an adjourned meeting of Presbytery, Mr. McIntyre rose and spoke earnestly in favour of ordaining him at once, on the ground that the case not only justified but required it; and well do I remember how the tears, large and warm, were chasing each other down his furrowed cheeks, as he concluded his remarks by saying,—"Brethren, I wish we had a hundred such men to ordain as Mr. McRoy." The Rev. Malcolm McNair,* who was a distinguished preacher and an excellent man in his day, was often a co-adjutor with Mr. McIntyre in ministerial services. At one of his friend's churches, Mr. McNair attended on a Communion occasion, and having preached four or five sermons, observed to Mr. McIntyre that it was necessary that he should go home. "Why go home?"—was the reply. "Because my stock of sermons has run out," said Mr. McNair. "Oh, mon," answered the veteran minister, "that will never do—do you not see that a good and great work is begun, and is going on prosperously—you must not, you cannot, leave this great and interesting assembly of people." Mr. McNair again said—"If you want me to preach more, I must go home and get a new supply of sermons." "But," rejoined Mr. McIntyre, "can't you take a new text, mon, and get along in that way, without going after more sermons?" I think the result of the conference was that Mr. McNair remained—certainly an extensive and powerful revival followed, as the fruits of which large numbers were added to the Church. Never was this excellent man more in his element than on Communion occasions. He seemed always to be refreshed and strengthened by partaking of these Heavenly privileges. Of the palms of victory, the crowns of glory, the white robes of righteousness and salvation, the joyful and eternal rest,—all that pertains to the idea of Heaven, he would speak in strains of love and sweetness, well becoming these immortal themes.

Mr. McIntyre was an earnest believer in the doctrines set forth in our Confession of Faith, and was jealous of any departure from them. Though he came into the ministry at so late a period in life, and under many disadvantages, it cannot be doubted that he rendered very important service to the Church, and that he will be found among those who have turned many to righteousness.

I am very respectfully yours,

ROBERT TATE.

*MALCOLM MCNAIR was born in Robeson County, N. C., August 24, 1776; was for a while a member of Dr. McCorkle's school in Rowan, but finished his course, classical and theological, under Dr. Caldwell of Guilford, at whose school he became hopefully pious. On the 25th of October, 1799, he was taken under the care of the Presbytery of Orange, and on the 27th of March, 1801, was licensed to preach the Gospel. On the 2d of June, 1803, he was ordained and installed Pastor of Centre and Ashpole Churches in Robeson County, and Laurel Hill in Richmond County, and in preaching to these congregations and others in the neighbourhood, he passed his life, which was brought to a close on the 4th of August, 1822. He is represented as having been a man of a most gentle and kindly spirit, and an eloquent preacher.

FROM THE REV. ADAM GILCHRIST.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., October 4, 1855.

My dear Sir: I regret that I am able to furnish from my own personal recollections but a very meagre account of the venerable father concerning whom you inquire; but I am happy to be able to avail myself of the more extended recollections of a brother in the ministry, and thus to meet your wish much more fully than I could otherwise have done.

My acquaintance with Mr. McIntyre commenced at a meeting of the Presbytery of Fayetteville, in the winter of 1841, and was restricted to a very few occasions, when the meetings of our Church Courts and our Sacramental seasons, brought us together. I beheld a man striking in his appearance, strong and fervent in his expressions, to whom his brethren seemed involuntarily to defer, not merely from his age, but from his long established reputation for piety. But the old gentleman, at that time even, began to exhibit evidence of infirmity, so that when I next met him at the meeting of the Synod of North Carolina in 1844,—being on the committee of religious exercises, I was afraid to give him any prominent part, having understood that, through failure of memory, he would sometimes begin in Gaelic and end in English, and the reverse; and that he frequently mingled exhortation and prayer in the same exercise. It was, therefore, with much solicitude that I requested him to close the Synodical service with prayer and the benediction. To the delight of the numerous congregation, he performed the part assigned him with great propriety and fervour. His language was forcible, his voice clear and strong, and there was an unction and impressiveness in all that he said, which made its way to every heart, and I believe, brought tears from many in the Assembly. This, if I mistake not, was the last meeting of a public body which he attended, though he was subsequently sometimes present at Sacramental meetings, and assisted at the table.

Allow me here to relate an anecdote concerning him, which I had from one of his intimate friends. There were several ministers seated beside one of our country churches, before the commencement of the services, one of whom was Father McIntyre. The conversation that took place, regarded past times, when some of the elder brethren, then departed, used to attend; and while one after another had something to say concerning their excellencies, the good Father was heard to burst into a broad laugh. The rest turned their faces towards him with surprise, supposing that what they witnessed was to be referred to the imbecility of age. "But," said he, "Brethren, you must excuse me; I was thinking how happy those dear departed friends now are in the presence of God—I felt a longing to be with them; and I thought how blessed a thing it would be if the Master should call *me* up from the midst of the services to-day—the thought was so delightful that I could not refrain from laughing." This longing to depart and be with Christ was pre-eminently the characteristic of his later years; insomuch that, when accosted by his family in the morning with the usual inquiry concerning his health, he would sometimes answer—"Too well; I feel disappointed; I had hoped to be with my Saviour before morning."

Among the most prominent traits of his character were simplicity, honesty, and humility. He had never taken the first lesson in dissimulation—you might always be sure that his words and actions were a faithful representation of what was in his heart, While he had no affectation of humility, it was impossible to be in his company even a short time, without being convinced that he was of a meek and lowly spirit. He was introduced on one occasion to an aged gentleman, who inquired if he was the preacher McIntyre, who used to be called "Wrestling Jacob." His reply was "I know not what other people may have called me; but this I know,—that I *deserve* no such honourable name."

The old gentleman used to dwell with much interest on the great advantage he had, while a shepherd, wandering over the hills of his native land, for reading and meditating upon the Scriptures. There he stored his mind with precious texts; and there he treasured thoughts which he found of great use to him, when he came, after many years, to engage in the work of the ministry. His immediate intellectual training for his profession was somewhat limited; but, being naturally of a strong mind, retentive memory, and discriminating judgment, few of his ministerial associates surpassed him in substantial usefulness.

Having made himself familiar with some of the best writers on Divinity and practical religion, he was always prepared to defend his own views of truth against the objections of gainsayers. His deep acquaintance with the operations of the Spirit made him a valuable counsellor to the convicted and the tempted. Though he was thoroughly Calvinistic in his creed, no man in the region in which he laboured was probably more beloved by those whose theological views differed materially from his own. His preaching, if not always connected, was always sensible, and sometimes marked by very considerable power. In Gaelic I believe he was rather more at home than in English, although he preached readily in both languages. Sometimes, when the word he sought did not readily spring to his recollection, he used, in the richest of Scotch tones, after pausing a second, to burst out—"Oh for a *dure* (door) of *utterance*, as well as a *dure* of entrance."

In stature Father McIntyre was of the medium height, with a firm and compact frame, indicating strength and endurance. He was noted for his vigorous health. His temperament was naturally ardent, but was sweetly restrained by grace, and always under control. His countenance beamed with benevolence, and betokened a mind at peace within. He was social in his disposition and habits. He was peculiarly happy in winning the hearts of children; and none could with more ease give conversation a religious turn in the mixed circle. He was a faithful reprover of sin, and, whether in the Church or the Presbytery, he hesitated not to bring the discipline of Christ's house to bear on flagrant offenders.

I am very sincerely and fraternally

Yours in Gospel bonds,

A. GILCHRIST.

JAMES PATTERSON.*

1808—1837.

JAMES PATTERSON was born on the 17th of March, 1779, at Ervina, Bucks County, Pa.,—a beautiful tract of country on the Western shore of the Delaware. His maternal ancestors, who were distinguished for their piety, emigrated from the North of Ireland, some time before the American Revolution, and settled in Basking Ridge, N. J. When he was in his third year, his parents removed from Ervina to Strasburg, Franklin County, Pa., where they cultivated a small farm,—the son assisting his father in his agricultural pursuits. From his earliest years he evinced great natural kindness and gentleness of spirit, which rendered him a favourite with his friends and associates.

* Memoir by Rev. Robert Adair.—MS. from R. K. Rodgers, D. D.

When he was in his sixteenth year, an incident occurred, which had a most important bearing on his subsequent history. As he was crossing the Potomac River, he fell in, and contracted a violent cold, in consequence of which, he was, for a long time, disabled for labouring on the farm. This seems to have first suggested to him the idea of obtaining a classical education as a means of support. And another still more important effect was that it gave a new and ultimately a better direction to his thoughts on the subject of religion;—for, though he had had the benefit of a pious mother's instructions and prayers, he does not appear, up to this time, to have had any special concern for his immortal interests. With very inadequate views of the gracious provisions of Christianity, he struggled on for nearly two years, a stranger, as he believed, to the power of renewing grace; but, at length, the clouds which had hung around him so long, broke away, and his heart was cheered with the tokens of God's forgiving mercy. He always supposed that that protracted season of deep mental suffering, amounting frequently to anguish, might have been avoided, by his being suitably enlightened in regard to the peculiar nature of the evangelical constitution; though he considered this experience as having been eminently important as qualifying him for one of the most difficult and delicate parts of pastoral duty.

As soon as he had resolved, in the strength of Divine grace, that he would devote himself to the service of God, he began to meditate the idea of preparing himself for the ministry; but while his excellent mother encouraged him in this from the beginning, the suggestion met with little favour from his father, who thought that he could ill be spared from his place on the farm. He, however, felt constrained by both duty and inclination, to go forward, and, if possible, become a minister of the Gospel; and, accordingly, with a little bundle in his hand, and just four dollars in his pocket, he left home to become a member of a classical school in Shippensburg. Through his whole academical and collegiate course, he was greatly straitened for pecuniary means, being dependant chiefly on occasional loans from a brother-in-law, and the avails of his mother's industry and frugality.

In due time he entered Jefferson College, where he maintained an excellent standing, both as a Christian and a scholar, and graduated in 1804. Immediately on leaving College, he went to Trenton, N. J., where he was employed for some time as a classical teacher. Thence he removed to Princeton, with a view to prosecute his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Smith, then President of the College of New Jersey, and of Dr. Kollock, the Professor of Divinity. In 1806, he was appointed Tutor in the same institution, and held the office two years. Having gone through his theological course, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of New Brunswick on the 5th of October, 1808. In June of the following year, he was called to the Church of Bound Brook, N. J., and, having accepted the call, was ordained and installed on the 9th of August following. His early sermons were written with great care, and in a somewhat rhetorical style; but he subsequently became convinced that greater simplicity and directness better become the pulpit, and, under this impression, he discarded every thing like ornament, and vibrated to what some might consider the opposite extreme.

Mr. Patterson's ministry at Bound Brook, though on the whole a happy and successful one, was not of long continuance. It had been common in

hat church to baptize the children of those who were not communicants; nd Mr. P., having become satisfied that this practice was not sustained by cripture and was adverse to the purity of the Church, and having laboured nsuccessfully to effect a change, finally came to the resolution to resign his astoral charge. He accordingly did resign it in June, 1813; and in reviewng this part of his ministry, he makes this record—"It pleased the Great Head of the Church to bless my poor labours, while there."

On the 13th of February, 1813, Mr. Patterson was married to Sarah, laughter of Halsted Coe, of Newark, N. J., a lady of highly respectable onnections,—in whom he found in every respect a most congenial spirit, nd an efficient helper in his work. They had ten children,—six sons and our daughters. Two of the sons were educated at Amherst College, and one at the University of Pennsylvania. Two of them entered the medical profession.

On the 27th of September, 1813, Mr. Patterson was unanimously chosen Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of the Northern Liberties in Philadelphia; and, having signified his acceptance of the call, was dismissed on the 20th of October to join the Presbytery of Philadelphia, and was installed on the 11th of January, 1814. Prior to this, the First Church of the Northern Liberties was connected with the Second Church of the city, and, in common with that, was under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. Janeway and the Rev. (now Dr.) Thomas H. Skinner. This connection had been amicably dissolved under the impression that the field in the Northern Liberties might be more advantageously occupied by one individual, who should give to it his whole time and energies. It was in many respects a difficult and unpromising field; but, under the faithful and persevering labours of Mr. Patterson, there was gathered from it a rich spiritual harvest.

Mr. Patterson's ministry, especially from the time of his settlement in Philadelphia, was characterized by glowing zeal, and intense and incessant activity. He seems to have acted habitually under the influence of a deep concern for the salvation of souls. Several instrumentalities for bringing the Gospel in contact with the minds of the young, or of the multitude, are believed to have originated with him. No matter in what circumstances he might be placed, his mind seems to have been always teeming with plans for doing good; and, though some of those plans might not commend themselves to the judgment of his more conservative brethren, he never faltered in his efforts to carry them out, so long as he could persuade himself of their beneficent tendency. There were many revivals of religion, and some of them of great power, in connection with his labours; and to produce and maintain such a state of things his efforts, both in and out of the pulpit, seem to have been specially designed. It is hardly necessary to say that, in the difficulties which issued in the division of the Presbyterian Church, he sympathized fully with the New School; and regarded that branch of the Church as treated by their brethren with great and unmerited severity.

It was only for a short time, however, after the division, that he lived, to deplore it. In October following, he spent several days in the country, labouring in two protracted meetings; at the latter of which he took a severe cold. The Sabbath after his return from this meeting, though complaining of indisposition, he went to the house of God, expecting to per-

form the usual service; but when he arose to announce his text, he found himself so ill as to be unable to proceed. The next day he felt so much better that he went to Baltimore to attend the meeting of the Synod of Philadelphia. He preached on the two succeeding Sabbaths, though in great feebleness; and on Monday, the 6th of November, he called a physician who pronounced his disease to be a slight inflammation of the lungs. His case, however, was not considered alarming during the week, and he was able to walk about his chamber, and spoke of being able to preach on the following Sabbath. The next Monday, however, an unfavourable change took place, and from that time he gradually sunk, until the next Friday morning, (November 17, 1837,) when he died,—in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-eighth of his ministry. A Sermon commemorative of his life and character was preached in the church in which he had ministered, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, on the second Sabbath after his death, and was published. In 1840, there was published a Memoir of his life by the Rev. Robert Adair.

During the twenty-three years that he exercised his ministry in Philadelphia, he received into the Church 1790 members—an average of 74 a year.

Mr. Patterson's publications consisted of a Missionary Sermon and several tracts.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, August 6, 1857.

My dear Sir: My acquaintance with the Rev. James Patterson began in 1827, and extended to the time of his death. For nearly one year I sat under his ministry, and was often a guest at his house. I always regarded him as a very extraordinary man.

His person was strikingly impressive. At least six feet in height, and so lank that he seemed still taller; eyes black, and set deep in his head; coal black, straight hair; skin dark, and complexion so pale as often to seem cadaverous; high cheek bones and large mouth;—all wrought by labour, responsibility, nervous sympathy and feeble health, into an expression grave—almost sad;—his eyes often streaming with tears, and his voice in its higher tones, shrill, piercing, lugubrious or severe, he seemed like an old prophet of Israel risen from the dead,—a messenger from another world, come to warn the wicked to flee the wrath to come. And this impression might be deepened by the style of his preaching. It was sometimes tender, gentle, affectionate. His smile in the pulpit was like the sun breaking through clouds,—pensive but fascinating. His gentleness in public addresses was rare, but beautiful from its pathos and sincerity.

But his general aspect in the pulpit was stern and severe. His mission was to sinners. His great office rebuke and warning. His main motive the terrors of the Almighty. The thunders of the law he wielded with terrific power. His denunciations of guilt were scathing; his predictions of coming wrath graphic and overwhelming.

In his family or social circles, in general intercourse with the world, he was most courteous, benevolent, gentlemanly. He loved an anecdote, relished wit, and enjoyed a hearty laugh; but when he entered on a religious service, he seemed to be imbued with the most awful apprehension of human guilt and danger, and to be wrought to the most desperate efforts to save souls from death.

His style of preaching and modes of influence were no doubt modified by his arly position. He was located in the suburbs of the city, among the poor, the lliterate, the animalized, the stupid, the heathenish. He must gain their attenion. He must draw them to church. Hence he circulated advertisements; asted pious placards on the walls; announced novel subjects; took wonderful exts, and wrought out queer illustrations. And when, by the help of God, he ad roused and attracted the multitude, he felt that the case was urgent; that e must, at all hazards, and by any means lawful, however novel, bring them to ubmit to God. Revival excitements first filled his church; and he had a tendncy perhaps to suppose that these alone were periods of blessing; and for the ecurrence of these he mainly laboured and prayed.

His particular antipathy was a Christianity that would not *work* for God. Caring nothing for money himself, he was impatient with the rich, because they sed their wealth for themselves, rather than for the salvation of men. Imagining that many preachers were ambitious of popularity by humouring the taste nd refinement of their more wealthy and fashionable congregations, he used to ensure them severely. And perhaps sometimes fell himself into the opposite xtreme of raw denunciation and semi-rudeness, if not recklessness, in the ulpit. So prominent was this trait, that he always believed his brethren in ome of the wealthier churches were afraid to ask him to preach in their ulpits.

Such impressions, tinging his public services, had a tendency rather to lienate from him the more wealthy, tasteful, refined classes; and at the ame time made him the more popular with the masses,—especially with the oor.

His sermons were seldom written out. He delighted to get some novel, starting thought, that "came right home," as he was wont to say; and then carry t out by illustrations drawn from every day life. His efforts were very unequal; ometimes marked by crudeness and bad taste; but in listening to him nearly a hole year, I remember no discourse that had not some original touches; nor ne that did not seem to make a good moral impression on his congregation. His holy, sympathetic, benevolent, prayerful and humble life, gave him authority; nd among the masses, in spite of his occasional severity and personality, he ad great popularity. In direct and personal efforts to convert sinners to God, erhaps he has had no superior in this land since the days of Whitefield.

He was always burdened with this responsibility,—to save sinners. He orked himself; he made his elders, his church-members, work. "Work, work, ork!" was the burden of his appeals through the press, of his exhortations o his ministerial brethren, and of his sermons and lectures. His reproofs of is brethren for indolence or apathy were frequent and earnest; but as they ere kind, were always cheerfully borne. He kept the fire burning at home. He travelled often and far to labour in revivals. He started scores of little meetngs, where his church-members might exhort and pray. For years he gathered rowds to hear the Gospel, on Kensington Common, Sabbath afternoons; and ot unfrequently he issued little printed bulletins, to be circulated gratuitously, o stir up somebody "to abound in the work of the Lord."

As a result, all over this section of country,—I might say all over the West,—ere and there will be found persons who refer their first serious impressions to he labours of "Father Patterson." And such, reflecting his spirit, are almost lways *burning*, and sometimes *shining* lights.

He was a good Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar. He had read much; but is taste lay in the writings of the Fathers, and old Divines, from which he mported many a stirring thought and quaint illustration. His mental accumuations seemed to be in lumps rather than links. His whole mental structure as marked by impulsive genius rather than symmetrical judgment. His spirit

was noble—his power wonderful—but he followed a track that it would be unsafe for others to enter, unless they were like him in his peculiar structure.

As illustrations of the man, I will state facts, which I believe can all be verified.

At a little prayer-meeting in the house of an unconverted man, Mr. Patterson called upon him to *pray*. He declined; said he never prayed. "Then you ought to begin," said Mr. Patterson; "you ought to pray." The man trembled, yielded—and attempted prayer. It resulted in his hopeful conversion.

Mr. Patterson once set a prominent church-member, and myself, then a very young man, to visit some of his members who did not come up to his help in one of his revivals. We made but one or two calls—of course were coldly received; and then turned to visit some of the more devoted members of the church. We dreaded to make our report to Mr. Patterson, expecting a reproof for shunning the cross. But he only laughed heartily. "Just right," said he;—"whip the *free* horses—you will never bring up the drones!"

On a certain occasion he said, in a circle of his brethren, that he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, like their Master. "I have often prayed," said he, "that I might be kept humble. I never prayed that I might be poor. I could *trust Buttonwood Street Church for that!!*"

In one of the principal churches, at a Union Monthly Concert, Mr. Patterson rose to exhort. "I have thought," said he, "that one of these great rich men died, and went up to Heaven. Paul, grown to be a tall Archangel, ran to meet him, and bent down to inquire what was doing for Christ in Philadelphia. How are Sunday Schools prospering? 'I don't know—I never enter one.' How are Religious Tracts succeeding? 'I never inquired.' How is the great work of Missions advancing in China? 'I learned the price of *tea*, but never asked or read about Missions.' *Get out!* says Paul, this is no place for you! All here sympathize with the cause of Christ on the Earth."

I might multiply these illustrations of his peculiarities. But they are enough as a specimen of the man. He had foibles, prejudices, and great imprudences. Half the world around him professed to despise or hate him, living; but when it was announced that he was dead, there was one unanimous lament throughout the city. His praise was on all lips, and at least ten thousand people, of all characters and classes, came to drop a tear on the dust of one who had faithfully served God in spending his life to sanctify and save the lost.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS BRAINERD.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL, D. D.*

1808—1840.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL was born in Omagh, County of Tyrone, Ireland, in the year 1776,—his ancestors having been driven thither from Scotland by persecution. He came with his parents to America in 1797; and, having enjoyed excellent advantages for a common education previous to his leaving Ireland, he engaged, shortly after his arrival here, in the business of teaching, as a means of gaining a support. For the first two or three years he had charge of a school at Cranberry, N. J.; and at the same time was pursuing a course of classical study under the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, then Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that place. So rapid was his progress that, during his residence there, he not only became a good classical scholar himself, but assisted several young men in their preparation for College. In 1801, he opened an English and classical school at Princeton, where he still pursued his literary and scientific studies, and also, it is believed, commenced the study of Theology under the Rev. Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, then President of the College of New Jersey. He subsequently continued his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Woodhull of Freehold, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, on the 5th of October, 1808. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by the College of New Jersey, in 1806.

In 1809, Mr. Campbell received a call to become the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Hackettstown, Warren County, N. J. This call he accepted, and was ordained and installed shortly after. Here he continued labouring with great acceptance and success for nearly thirty years. Though the Congregation, when he took charge of it, was small and feeble, it gradually increased in numbers and influence, under his ministry, until it became one of the most respectable congregations in the whole region. In 1838, he was invited to take the pastoral charge of the Churches in Milford and Kingwood, N. J.; and under circumstances so urgent and peculiar as led him to think that it was his duty to accept the invitation. He accordingly did accept it; though at a great expense of personal feeling, as well as to the deep regret of the people with whom he had been so long and so happily connected. He declined calls, at different periods, to several prominent churches, among which were one or two in Philadelphia.

In 1831, he was chosen a Trustee of the College of New Jersey, and in 1838, a Director of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. In 1837, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Lafayette College.

In the controversy which agitated, and finally, in 1838, divided, the Presbyterian Church, he thought, felt, and acted, uniformly and strongly with the Old School.

It was but for a short period that Dr. Campbell was spared to exercise his ministry at Milford and Kingwood. In the autumn of 1840, he was seized with a bilious fever, which changed to a typhoid, and very soon terminated in death. His closing scene was eminently peaceful, and while he expressed the most joyful confidence that a crown of glory awaited him, he

* Memoir prefixed to his Sermons.—MSS. from his family and Rev. Dr. James Scott.

rendered a decisive and earnest testimony to the truths which he had preached, as constituting the only foundation of his hope. He died on the 6th of September, 1840, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the thirty-second of his ministry. His remains were removed for burial to Hackettstown, and the people of both his charges met at his Funeral, and mingled in a common lamentation.

In 1801, he was married to Abigail Denton, then a resident of Princeton. By this marriage he had two children,—a son who became a physician, and a daughter who was married to the Rev. James Wyckoff. Mrs. Campbell died, greatly lamented, in 1827, and, a few years after, he was married to a Mrs. Chamberlain of Flemington, N. J., who still (1857) survives as his widow. There were no children by the last marriage.

In 1842, there was a volume of Dr. Campbell's Sermons published, in connection with a brief Memoir of his life, by the Rev. Dr. Gray of Easton, Pa.

FROM THE REV. JAMES SCOTT, D. D.

NEWARK, N. J., April 9, 1857.

Dear Brother: My knowledge of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Campbell is limited to the last six years of his life. In 1834, immediately after my licensure by the Presbytery of New York, I was called to take charge of the united Churches of German Valley and Fox Hill, made vacant by the removal of the Rev. M. S. Hutton to New York, to be the colleague of the Rev. Dr. Mathews in the pastorate of the Reformed Dutch Church in Garden Street. Dr. Campbell moderated the call made on me by these Churches. He wrote to me announcing the fact. Thus began an intimacy which closed only with his life.

After my settlement in March, 1835, our families became intimate. Mrs. Campbell, who still survives him, was the model of a minister's wife. He treated me as a son in the Gospel,—encouraging and advising me in every thing appertaining to my great work. We exchanged pulpits often; and, as our charges were contiguous, assisted each other in numerous ministerial duties. We made several excursions together,—one to the Water-gap and Wind-gap on the Delaware, which arises before me like a green spot in memory. On matters which troubled him, he condescended to consult me, uniformly acting towards me like both a father and a brother. When he accepted the call to the Churches of Milford and Kingwood,—though some twenty-five miles distant, our fraternal and social intercourse continued. I visited him several times during his last illness, and received from his dying lips his wishes in relation to his manuscripts, and some other matters.

The Rev. Dr. Gray, who wrote the sketch of Dr. Campbell accompanying the posthumous volume of his Sermons, refers to my interview with Dr. C. on his death bed in these words:—

"A beloved clerical brother and co-presbyter, who possessed Dr. Campbell's confidence, while visiting him on his death-bed, asked him how he then felt as a man and a minister, as it regarded his safety and acceptance in that world of spirits, on the threshold of which he was standing. To this very trying and solemn question he replied, with all the emphasis which his wasted energies would admit, that, on this subject, he had not a single doubt. Encouraged by this, his friend asked him what his views were, reflecting as they did, the light of eternity, concerning the doctrines of grace which he had preached, and especially that of God's sovereignty and electing love. To which he promptly replied that he fully and heartily believed them to be God's truth, and felt willing to appear before God in their belief."

The portrait of Dr. Campbell, engraved by Sartain, which is inserted in the volume of Sermons, is a faithful and striking likeness of him. He is represented as sitting in his study in a state of profound reflection. His very expression in his thoughtful moods is given with great exactness. He was a man of small stature, perhaps not over five feet and a half high. He was firmly built, and capable of enduring great fatigue. He possessed much energy of character. His countenance was fair and ruddy, beaming with benevolence and intelligence. It was a face, which, being once seen, haunts the memory ever afterwards. To complete this portrait of him, I have only to add that there was much amenity and dignity in his manners.

It was impossible to hear him speak without being impressed with his scholarly manner. His language in private conversation was concise, strong, and always appropriate. His written style was forcible, but not highly finished. His sermons were delivered from a short syllabus. He began to preach in a low tone of voice, and in a calm, deliberate manner. As the subject opened before his mind, he grew animated, raising the tone of his voice, speaking more rapidly, throwing his whole energies into the subject, and rising often to a very lofty and commanding style of pulpit oratory. If Dr. Campbell had paid attention to eloquence as an art, and had been placed in circumstances more favourable to the development of his fine powers, I doubt not that he would have taken rank among the most eloquent of our American divines.

He was well acquainted with the history, doctrines, and usages, of the Presbyterian Church, and was therefore a leading spirit in the questions which, in his latter days agitated the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He was punctual in his attendance on all the meetings of the Church Courts; and had a controlling influence in his Presbytery, notwithstanding he was associated with several men of great and deserved prominence.

Dr. Campbell was a most faithful pastor, and greatly beloved by all the Churches of the large Presbytery of Newton, and respected and honoured by the whole Synod of New Jersey. He was a popular preacher, and a favourite with the intelligent and refined families, who, in his day, spent their summers at Schooley's Mountain. He was a most successful minister of the Gospel. He was always found among the friends of order and law. He promoted all philanthropic movements. He sustained the Boards of the Church, and was the untiring friend of schools and Colleges. He sought out and educated promising young men for the ministry. He was a great peace-maker. Those who knew him well in private can testify that he was a devout man. Few of his contemporaries in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, were more prompt, judicious, or efficient than he. It may justly be said of him that he was "a master in Israel."

I subjoin the following extract of a letter from my friend, Archer Gifford, Esq., as helping to illustrate a part of Dr. Campbell's earlier history:—

"It is chiefly as a teacher of the little grammar school at Princeton that I remember Dr. Campbell. That maxim of Juvenal—'Maxima debetur puero reverentia'—was truly illustrated in his supervision of his pupils; while he was greatly respected and beloved by them in return. There was that in the expression of his countenance, in the tone of his voice, and in his slow and distinct utterance, (in Scottish dialect,) which was at once characteristic and exceedingly winning.

"A few years ago, in passing over Schooley's Mountain, (Morris County,) I met him in his vehicle, in company with a friend; and as I knew that he was settled somewhere in that vicinity, I felt so confident of his identity with my former instructer, that I ventured to stop him and speak to him. I found no difficulty in bringing myself to his remembrance; and as he spoke, the soft and subdued tones of his voice carried me with the rapidity of thought over the gap

of half a century to the period when he occupied the Broad Chair at the head of the school room, and when he bent over me with that endearing manner which the heart, once sensible of, never forgets."

In this brief sketch of my early ministerial friend, I feel that I have done little more than indicate a few of the leading features of his character. I am certain that there is not one of his contemporaries who is alive, that would not readily endorse every thing I have said concerning his learning, talents, usefulness, and piety.

I am, my dear Sir,
Sincerely and fraternally yours,
JAMES SCOTT.

CORNELIUS C. CUYLER, D. D.*

1808—1850.

CORNELIUS C. CUYLER was born at Albany, N. Y., on the 15th of February, 1783. His father, Cornelius Cuyler, was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Albany until within eight years of his death, when he removed to Fort Johnson, on the Mohawk River. His mother who was a lady of the finest intellectual and moral qualities,—was a daughter of Joseph Yates of Schenectady, and sister of the Hon. Robert Yates of Albany, Chief Justice of the State of New York. He was one of a family of four children,—two of whom were sons. The letter C. was inserted in his name to distinguish him from six contemporaries of the same surname, all of whom were called *Cornelius*. His father dying when the son was but twelve years old, the forming of his character devolved solely on his mother; and such was his sense of obligation for the benign and powerful influence which she exerted upon him, that he was accustomed, even in his later years, frequently and feelingly to advert to it.

He early discovered a strong thirst for knowledge, and at the age of fourteen had gone through the usual course preparatory to entering College; but circumstances occurred to occasion the postponement of this event for several years. At length, however, he was admitted a member of Union College and was graduated in 1806; after which, for a time, he superintended a Female school at Schenectady. It had been his intention to engage in the profession of Law; but, in consequence of some sad reverses to which his family had been subjected, his thoughts were turned into a serious channel, the result of which was that, within a short time, he made a public profession of his faith, and resolved on becoming a minister of the Gospel. Under the theological instructions of Doctors Livingston and Bassett, he pursued his studies till the year 1808, when he was licensed to preach by the Classis of Schenectady.

On the 2d of January, 1809, he was installed Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Poughkeepsie. That Church had previously been in a divided and unhappy condition. But the very commencement of his minis-

* Dr. Jones's Fun. Serm.—MSS. from Dr. Cuyler's family and from Rev. Thomas Dewitt, D. D.

try there was marked by a most auspicious change—a revival of religion almost immediately commenced, which continued for two years, increasing the number of communicants from less than forty to more than two hundred. Another revival occurred in 1815, a third in 1819 and 1820, and a fourth in 1831 and 1832. His labours were not more successful than they were abundant. Four stations in the vicinity that he selected for occasional services, were nurtured, through his instrumentality, into vigorous and self-sustaining Churches. As he had an eminently catholic spirit, he found great favour among other denominations as well as his own; and it may safely be said that no minister in the region in which he lived, exerted, at that time, a wider or more powerful influence than he. In 1814, he was called to the Collegiate charge of the Reformed Dutch Church in the city of New York; and though the call was earnestly pressed, he felt constrained to decline it, especially as it was contemporaneous with the commencement of a revival of religion in his own congregation. Several other calls also, which might have been considered highly attractive, he declined in subsequent years.

In 1828, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College.

In 1833, Dr. Cuyler was invited to become the Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia; and, though it cost him a severe sacrifice to sunder the tie which bound him to his flock, after an undisturbed and successful pastorate of so many years, he could not resist the conviction that this was a call of Providence, and therefore he determined to obey it. Accordingly, he resigned his charge amidst the deep regrets of an affectionate people, and was installed Pastor of the Church in Philadelphia on the 14th of January, 1834.

Though Dr. Cuyler laboured with unremitting assiduity in Philadelphia, and his ministry was by no means without visible tokens of success, it seemed to be accompanied by less of Divine influence in the direct conversion of sinners than had attended his labours in his former charge. He had naturally a fine constitution, and was never disposed to spare it in the service of his Master. It was only for a short time previous to his death that he was taken off from his public labours; and even during the greater part of his brief illness, he was enabled to enjoy his food, and rest, and conversation with his friends. His disease was dry gangrene making its first appearance in the heel. As the disease advanced, and his prospect of recovery grew dubious, his mind seemed to take on a more elevated spiritual tone, and he evinced the most mature preparation for going to render an account of his stewardship. He died on the 31st of August, 1850, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. An Address was delivered at his Funeral by the Rev. Dr. Plumer of Baltimore, and a Sermon, commemorative of his life and character, was preached by the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Jones, both of which were published.

The following is a list of Dr. Cuyler's publications:—A Sermon preached at Poughkeepsie on the death of Andrew M. Young, one of the teachers in the Dutchess County Academy, 1814. Narrative of a Revival of Religion in the Reformed Dutch Church in Poughkeepsie, 1815. The Question answered—Whose children are entitled to Baptism? A Sermon preached before the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church, 1816. God's presence and blessing in his House: A Sermon preached at the Dedication

of the new Reformed Dutch Church at Poughkeepsie to which is added the Address delivered on laying the corner stone, 1822. A Sermon occasioned by the death of the late Rev. John H. Livingston, D. D., LL. D., preached at Poughkeepsie, and afterwards before the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church at Albany, 1825. A Sermon on the Nature of the Atonement, 1835. The Beauty and Excellency of the Church, the foundation of her influence on the world: A Sermon preached before the Synod of Philadelphia at the opening of its annual meeting in York, 1835. Believers sojourners on earth, and expectants of Heaven: A Sermon occasioned by the death of Robert Ralston, Esq., 1836. A Sermon on the death of Robert Smith. The Believer's views of Life, Death and Eternity: A Discourse occasioned by the death of Dr. John White, 1838. The Law of God with respect to Murder: A Sermon preached in the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, 1842. Three Tracts published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, entitled—"The Parity of the Ministry"—"Evidences of a gracious state"—"Who shall dwell in Heaven?" He contributed also to some of the religious newspapers; and among the most important of his contributions was a series of essays on the doctrine of Atonement, which appeared in the Journal and Telegraph, published in Albany.

He was married on the 16th of February, 1809, to Eleanor, daughter of Isaac De Graff, of Schenectady. They had ten children, seven of whom survived their father. One son, *Theodore*, was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1838, and is a distinguished lawyer in Philadelphia.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS DEWITT, D. D.

NEW YORK, February 8, 1853.

My dear Sir: While pursuing my literary course in Union College, from 1806 to 1808, I had some acquaintance with the late Dr. Cuyler, who had then recently graduated, and was residing at Schenectady as a student of Theology. I renewed my acquaintance with him at the time of his settlement as Pastor of the Church in Poughkeepsie, in the beginning of the year 1809. After finishing my theological course at New Brunswick, and being licensed to preach, I was called to the pastoral charge of the Reformed Dutch Churches in New Hackensack and Hopewell, in Dutchess County, in the neighbourhood of Poughkeepsie, in the autumn of 1812. I remained there till the fall of 1827, and was thus brought into constant intercourse with Dr. Cuyler both in ecclesiastical relations, and in those of personal friendship, for the space of fifteen years. Some few years after my removal to this city, Dr. Cuyler was called to Philadelphia. Our intercourse, after that, though less frequent, was renewed, as opportunity offered, and always with great cordiality, till his removal to his rest.

I have always viewed Dr. Cuyler as an excellent model of diligence, fidelity, and wisdom, in the discharge of the various duties pertaining to the ministry. His mind, though not of a brilliant or imposing character, was well balanced, well disciplined, and characterized by that sterling quality—sound common-sense. This gave a wise practical direction to his whole course. His piety, which was deep rooted and carefully cultivated, expressed itself strongly and uniformly in his public ministrations, his private intercourse, and his domestic relations. He was careful and diligent in his preparations for the pulpit. His views of Christian truth, which were in conformity to the standards of his Church, he exhibited with great clearness, and always in their bearing on the heart and the life. His sermons were framed with a good degree of logical accu-

racy, his style was simple and perspicuous, and his application direct and not unfrequently pungent. His delivery was simple, without much gesture, and without any remarkable animation,—better fitted perhaps to the didactic than the hortatory. He was remarkably assiduous in his pastoral labours, and was especially felicitous in his ministrations at the bed of sickness and death, and in the house of mourning. He was most exemplary in his attention to the young, causing them to regard him as a personal friend, and availing himself of every opportunity to communicate to them religious instruction. It might reasonably be expected that much good fruit should have come from such a ministry; and accordingly, in Poughkeepsie especially, a very rich blessing attended his labours. Several revivals occurred while he was there; and one of them I particularly remember as having been characterized by great interest and power.

Dr. Cuyler was remarkably punctual in his attendance on the various judicatories of the Church. He had a fine talent for business, and was never more in his element than while engaged in the management of ecclesiastical affairs. He was at once conciliatory, cautious and energetic. He kept a watchful eye upon whatever was passing in the Church, and felt that he had important duties to perform towards the Body at large, as well as towards his own immediate congregation.

Dr. Cuyler, in his general intercourse with society, never lost sight of the dignity that belongs to his profession, while yet he never took on any stiff or artificial airs. He was an agreeable and instructive companion. He had a kind word for every body, and his benignant smile diffused a kindly feeling in every circle.

Yours with fraternal regard,

THOMAS DEWITT.

FROM THE HON. JOHN KINTZING KANE,

JUDGE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

IRON ROCK, near Philadelphia, May 14, 1857

My dear Sir: I became acquainted with Dr. Cuyler within a few weeks after I reached manhood. It was in the interior of Dutchess County, N. Y. I was trying to reach some wild lands that had come to me by inheritance, and found myself a storm-stayed visiter for some forty-eight hours among the hills. Dr. Cuyler was my companion from the same cause.

He was then a noble looking person, with all that courtesy of manner that used to distinguish gentlemen. His conversation I remember fascinated me; for he was an elegant scholar, and he had the happy art of choosing topics on which I thought myself informed;—so that he flattered while instructing me. I was fresh from College, and my ideas of the clerical character had been moulded under the auspices of Dr. Dwight; but Dr. Cuyler struck me, by his quiet cheerful tone, his frank and genial, yet dignified, bearing, and the graceful facility with which he adapted his teachings to the somewhat mixed group that made up our company at the inn, as the very best representative I had seen of the Christian gentleman.

I knew him more intimately afterwards, and owed him much more, when he had become our Pastor at the Second Presbyterian Church; but my estimate of him underwent no change. You do not require me to speak of him as a sound theologian, according to the standards of his own Church, or an able sermoniser, or a most faithful and affectionate pastor—all this he was; but he combined with it all the beautiful traits of personal character, that won my affections in earlier life.

I am very truly, dear and Rev. Sir,

Your faithful servant,

J. K. KANE.

FROM THE REV. JOSEPH H. JONES, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, January 14, 1856.

My dear friend: My recollections of the late Dr. Cuyler of this city are still fresh and very pleasant. For more than twelve years we were co-presbyters, and at the same time accustomed to meet very often as members of several Boards of the Church, with which we were officially connected. Such prolonged as well as familiar intercourse gave me many opportunities of knowing the qualities of his mind and heart, as they were developed by the varied circumstances in which we were called to act.

In person, Dr. Cuyler was tall, measuring six feet and nearly two inches in height. His limbs and body were well formed, and indicated great physical vigour. When walking abroad with his cane which he usually carried, he was remarkably erect until the latter part of his life, when his head inclined a little to his left shoulder,—the result perhaps of his long habit of bending over his desk in study. His complexion was light, and in his youth he must have been, like David, of "a ruddy and fair countenance." In conversation with friends, his manner was cordial and affectionate. At such times, his fine blue eye would occasionally beam with an incipient smile, which evinced the sincerity and kindness of his heart. In all his life, he was most exemplary in his habits of living, keeping his body under by a proper control over every appetite. When, after having passed his sixtieth year, he discovered the noxious effect of tobacco on his nervous system, to the use of which he had been accustomed from his youth, he immediately gave it up. The conflict for a time was severe, but his triumph was complete.

Dr. Cuyler had a manly, vigorous, and well cultivated intellect. His mind was cast in a mould of great sobriety and evenness, and was always safe and healthful in its operations. No matter what might be the subject that engaged his attention, or what the object he was endeavouring to compass, you always felt sure that there would be nothing in the movements of his mind that would savour either of eccentricity or extravagance. He was not remarkable for a rapid flow of thought, but when his thoughts came, they were generally marked by so much correctness and transparency that you would be willing to receive them almost implicitly.

Dr. Cuyler was a man of great kindliness of spirit, and delighted to do what he could to render every body around him happy. Though he could not be said to be a great talker, and never manifested a disposition to arrogate to himself more than his share of the conversation, he was always affable and communicative, and always showed that he spoke out of a benevolent heart and a well furnished mind. He was zealous for what he believed to be the truth, while yet he had Christian sympathies large enough to embrace all the real followers of Christ. He had never learned to make a man an offender for a word.

As a preacher, he was unaffected, earnest and persuasive. His discourses were written with care, and characterized rather by purity and correctness of diction than by imagination and ornament. His grand aim evidently was to present Divine truth in the most simple and lucid manner, leaving it to God's Spirit to give it its legitimate effect upon the heart and conscience. In his preaching there was a felicitous blending of the doctrinal, the practical, and the experimental; and thus both the intellectual and moral nature were duly cared for. His manner was sedate and dignified without any extraordinary degree of animation. It was his custom to use his manuscript in the morning, but in the afternoon, either to preach from a carefully prepared skeleton, or to have no notes at all. It may safely be said, in view of his labours, both in the pulpit and out of it, that he was an able, faithful, useful and acceptable minister of

Jesus Christ. I love to call up his venerable image, and to recount the substantial and manifold services which he rendered to the cause of Christ, as a fellow-labourer with some who are still clad in their armour, and some who have entered into their rest.

Believe me ever fraternally yours,

J. H. JONES.

JAMES M'CHORD.*

1809—1820.

JAMES M'CHORD, a son of John and Isabella M'Chord, was born in Baltimore, Md. March 29, 1785. His parents, it is believed, were both of Scotch Irish descent. His father was a mechanic in very moderate circumstances. In the year 1790, he removed with his family to Kentucky, and settled in Lexington.

His son James, at a very early period, discovered a decided taste, and an uncommon capacity, for acquiring knowledge. He had a great fancy for drawing and painting; and to the gratification of this taste many of his leisure hours were devoted. Some of the portraits which he sketched at this early period, still remain among his relatives, and they evince very considerable native talent for the arts. At the age of twelve, he was quite a proficient in Geography, Arithmetic and History, had considerable knowledge of the politics of the day, and had read Shakespeare and a number of the most eminent poets.

He commenced the Latin language when he was thirteen, in the Lexington Academy, where he gave decisive evidences of superior genius. One of his class mates writes thus concerning him:—"From his thirteenth year, every thing about the Academy, except the instruction and discipline, was managed by him. All our sports, all our preparations for exhibition, the selection of the plays and speeches, and the persons by whom they were to be spoken and acted, were all directed by him. Nobody assigned to him that business, and nobody charged him with assuming it, but he was always consulted, and his judgment was generally decisive."

In 1801, he completed his course in the Academy, and entered the Transylvania University. Here he continued from eighteen months to two years, when he commenced the study of the Law under Henry Clay. The numerous engagements of the teacher allowed him no other time for the recitations of his pupil than the Sabbath. Against this his conscience, which had been enlightened by a religious education, earnestly remonstrated; and, after a few months, his mind took a decidedly serious turn, and all the powers of his mind were roused into vigorous action to secure the salvation of his soul. This was in the spring and summer of 1803, when he was in his eighteenth year. The result was that he made a profession of religion, abandoned the study of the Law, and resolved to devote himself to the Gospel ministry.

* Sketch of his Life, by Rev. John McFarland.—Preface to his Sermons.—MSS. from Rev. R. H. Bishop, D. D., and Rev. R. J. Breckenridge, D. D.

In September 1803, he put himself under the care of the Kentucky Presbytery of the Associate Reformed Church,—after which, he continued his literary course for about two years. In the autumn of 1805, he became a student in the Theological Seminary established by the Associate Reformed Church in the city of New York. Here he pursued his theological studies under Dr. Mason, for nearly four years. At the close of this period, he returned to Kentucky, and, on the 3d of November 1809, at a meeting of the Presbytery in Lexington, was licensed to preach the Gospel. His preaching, from the first, was highly acceptable, especially to the more intelligent classes; but he was soon brought into collision with the Presbytery, and he rendered himself to some extent unpopular, by taking strong ground against preachers having double and triple charges, and against the prevailing disposition to turn them off with a very inadequate support. For about a year, he was employed in visiting vacant and feeble churches of his denomination, in Kentucky, for which he received, as a compensation, much less than was necessary to meet his current expenses.

In the year 1809, he was married to Mary, daughter of David Logan, of Fayette County, Ky. They had three children, one of whom, *John Mason*, is a minister of the Presbyterian Church.

Sometime after his licensure, he was invited to visit a Congregation in Baltimore, whose minister had professed an intention to resign his charge; but the minister having subsequently changed his mind, the Congregation were obliged to withdraw the invitation.

In April, 1811, he was ordained, and sent as a delegate to the General Synod. He had intended also to preach a short time to a Congregation in New York, that had intimated a wish to give him a call; but, on account of some untoward circumstances, the contemplated arrangement did not take effect. Mr. M'Chord returned to Kentucky; and, as the subject of intercommunion with other churches was now agitated in the Associate Reformed Synod and Presbyteries, and as his views on this subject and some others differed from those of most of his brethren, there grew up a state of things between him and them, adverse alike to his comfort and usefulness. He was prosecuted for his alleged errors in 1813, but escaped without censure, owing, as it was said, chiefly, to the influence of Governor Morrow.

In 1814, he published a book entitled "The Body of Christ," which involved him in fresh difficulties, and, in consequence of which, he was called to answer anew for errors, before the Presbytery. The result was that, in October, 1815, he was suspended from the exercise of his ministerial functions. He appealed to the General Synod; but, being unable, on account of ill health, to prosecute the appeal at the next meeting, the case was referred to a committee, who reported unfavourably to Mr. M'Chord, and recommended to the Synod that he should not be allowed to exercise his ministry, until he appeared to prosecute his appeal. He did appear before the Synod at Philadelphia, and defended himself in a Speech of acknowledged ability, and of a degree of plainness that bordered upon severity; but the Synod confirmed the sentence of the Presbytery. Indeed, he anticipated this result; and, in consideration of proceedings on their part, which he claimed were unjust as well as illegal, he refused to recognise their authority, and appealed to churches that he thought would view his case with a different eye. He, accordingly, applied to the Presbytery

f West Lexington, the ensuing fall, for admission to their body; and they, egarding his views as *substantially* correct, granted his request, by receiving him as one of their members.

In 1813–14, a number of young persons in Lexington, not professors of eligion,—from the very high estimate which they had of Mr. M'Chord's alents, undertook to build a place for public worship, on the supposition hat a congregation might easily be gathered to attend upon his ministry. Their plan, though encumbered with many difficulties, was finally carried out; and, on the 30th of July, 1815, the new edifice was formally opened, and the next day a public sale of pews was held, by which the few friends who had thus far been bound for the whole expense, were secured against any serious loss. With this enterprise, M'Chord, of course, became identified; and, though the movement was not, in all respects, in accordance with ecclesiastical rule, the Presbytery did not notice the irregularity,—owing, perhaps, to the circumstance that his religious opinions were, about the same time, made a matter of discipline. When he was received by the West Lexington Presbytery, connected with the General Assembly, the Church, which he had collected and organized, was received also. Here he laboured with some success, though not without various difficulties and discouragements, until the autumn of 1819, when he removed to Paris, Ky., on an invitation to take charge of the Bourbon Academy.

From the year 1815, Mr. M'Chord had been afflicted with a fistula, which now seriously affected his general health. This, together with severe application and excessive confinement, brought on a complication of diseases, under which he sunk, May 26, 1820. In his last illness, he was overtaken with mental derangement, in which, however, he exhibited very strikingly some of his peculiar characteristics. The following account of the closing scene is from his intimate friend, the Rev. John McFarland:—

"He supposed he was in Heaven, and he talked almost incessantly. During the first twenty-four hours, he scarcely ever finished a sentence, but appeared to be engaged in important conversation with three or four individuals, who had been his particular friends in Lexington, and whose names were constantly repeated. In one of his silent intervals, a friend stepped up to his bedside, and, having looked him full in the face, was recognised. He raised his arm, held out his hand, grasped the hand of his friend, gave it a hearty shake, uttering these words,—'Brother B—— when did you die? I died yesterday at eleven o'clock,'—the hour of the preceding day at which he had become deranged.

"A few hours after, he recovered the full use of his mind, and talked with his friends for a short time as usual, and then sank back into his former state of derangement, but with this remarkable difference—his discourses were now generally not only coherent, but lucid and argumentative. He discussed, for instance, at considerable length, the theological points on which he had been accused of heresy, and maintained their agreement with the word of God. He pronounced also, while in this state, a long and animated discourse on the national advantages of the United States, closing every paragraph with these words:—'And men call this fine land their land, but it is God's land, yea, it is God's land.' Towards the close of the dissertation, after a pause of a few minutes, he called the name of his wife three times, who was also then on her death-bed, and said—'Come here—look down yonder towards Lexington. See what a glory is all round Lexington.'' Some two or three hours before his death, he again recovered the full use of his mind, and continued in possession of it, till he joined the general assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect."

His remains were deposited under the front of the Church in Lexington, which had been built specially for his use.

His publications were a Sermon on the Divine Forgiveness, 1812; a Sermon on the Signs of the Times, 1813; the Body of Christ, being a series of Essays on Federal Representation, 1814; a Sermon before the

Legislature of Kentucky, entitled "National Safety," 1815; a Plea for the Hope of Israel, being the substance of his Defence before the General Synod of the Associate Reformed Church, 1817; a Last Appeal to the Church and Congregation of Market Street: a Volume of Sermons, 1818; a Volume of Posthumous Discourses, 1822.

FROM THE REV. JOHN M. DUNCAN, D. D.

BALTIMORE, March 9, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: It would afford me pleasure to comply with the request contained in your letter, but unfortunately my information is too limited to do justice to the subject. When I entered the Theological Seminary, I was little more than seventeen years of age. Mr. M'Chord was much older, and had preceded me two years. Of course my association was chiefly with those who were near to me in years and standing. But I can say he was considered among the first, if not the first, in the institution, in my time. He was so regarded by his Preceptor, Dr. J. M. Mason, and by all his fellow students. He seemed to be an object of almost unlimited confidence by those of the students who came from the same part of the country,—Kentucky.

After he left the Seminary I personally knew little of him; but have understood that, in his native State, he was highly admired by all classes, and principally by the intelligent, as a man of very superior talent, and of thrilling pulpit eloquence. I never heard him preach but once or twice; and the discourses he then delivered were "trial pieces," called for by the Superintendents of the institution. On these occasions, I was charmed; but, as I said before, I was then young. I know, however, that he commanded the applause of a large audience, as well as the decided approbation of his official superiors.

He certainly was a man of uncommon talents, and in some respects pre-eminently fitted for the calling he had chosen. It was unfortunate for him that he was exceedingly sensitive. His morbid feelings impaired or hampered his judgment, and were, I apprehend, the great cause of the premature and unhappy close of his career. He had, by his habit of close thought, and quick observation, perceived some objects peeping over the horizon, which have since filled the world with their magnitude, and whose corruscations have since entered almost every mind, great and small. Perhaps the vision was indistinct to himself, and he premature in his discovery. Others did not see, or would not, or could not, see what he saw. They thought they saw what he did not see. He consequently became the object of remark and cutting criticism. Whether his scholarship was called in question or not, I do not know. He, however, thought himself injuriously treated by his ministerial brethren and intellectual companions, and his overly sensitive mind sank under the oppression. He fell an early martyr in consequence of the two causes I have stated: his fellow students sympathized with him, his Preceptor wept for him; and, like the prophet of old, I could have written on his grave, 'Alas, my brother!'

In this I find no fault with him, nor would I put a stain on his memory. In my own career, I have seen cause most sincerely and tenderly to sympathize with him.

Yours most respectfully,

JOHN M. DUNCAN.

FROM THE REV. JAMES M. MATHEWS, D. D.

NEW YORK, December 27, 1852.

My dear Sir: Your request for my recollections of James M'Chord carries me back into the scenes of my early days; but he was my intimate friend, and

hough so many years have passed since my last meeting with him, he is still resh in my remembrance, and I have no fear of mistaking in respect to any of he prominent features of his character. I first knew him at the opening of Dr. Mason's Seminary in 1805, where we met as students, and prosecuted together ur theological course. I was in habits of daily intimacy with him for two ears, and, during several months of the time, we were boarders at the same ouse.

Mr. M'Chord's personal appearance had little that was attractive. He was of spare habit, and somewhat under the ordinary stature. His limbs were wiry nd flexible in a remarkable degree; and, I remember, on one occasion, in a layful exercise that we had, his winding himself around me like a serpent. His eatures were not marked by any thing like refinement. He had a large mouth nd uncommonly thick lips, but a piercing black eye that lighted up his whole ace with intelligence. The engraved portrait prefixed to a volume of his Sermons published in 1822, does very good justice to his face, except that it makes it too long. His motions were very rapid, and he always looked and spoke and cted like a man in earnest. His manners, though characterized by nothing like rudeness, were yet far from being graceful or polished; but there was nevertheless an air of honesty and straightforwardness about him, which more than made up for any lack of artificial refinement.

Both his intellectual and moral constitution were strongly marked. In respect to the former, perhaps the most distinctive feature was the power of analysis. Dr. Mason would sometimes give us a whole chapter in one of Paul's Epistles to analyze at once; and it was wonderful with what facility and rapidity M'Chord would develop the Apostle's meaning. His mental vision was at once remarkably clear and remarkably acute, and perhaps he was never more at home than in endeavouring to draw the line between the true and the false in metaphysical speculation. Indeed, so prominent was this characteristic, that I remember his stating in a letter to me, after he had entered on his ministry, that he found it necessary to exercise great vigilance and some self-denial, in order to avoid giving his sermons too much of a metaphysical complexion. But with this uncommon power of discrimination, he united also a bold and vigorous imagination, and many of his conceptions were marked by uncommon originality and splendour. I ought, perhaps, to add that his gorgeous creations were sometimes at the expense of good taste.

His voice was naturally full, clear and loud—indeed he never spoke in a low tone, even in common conversation. As a public speaker, he was not graceful, but he was earnest, rapid, ready and effective: he evidently spoke, as he did every thing, out of the depths of a thoroughly convinced mind and honest heart. He was a vigorous, diligent student, and his acquisitions, at the time of his entering the ministry, were greatly above the ordinary standard. I never heard him preach after he left the Seminary, but he gave promise there, which I believe was subsequently fulfilled, during his brief course, of being one of the most eloquent men of the day.

He had a large and generous heart, though he had some infirmities of disposition, which were troublesome alike to himself and his friends. He was a thoroughly devout man, and yet he was cheerful, and enjoyed a hearty laugh as well as any of his fellow students. He was subject to alternate elevation and depression of spirits,—an infirmity which was undoubtedly aggravated, during his residence at the Seminary, by a diseased state of body. Dr. Mason, in hearing our theological recitations, was accustomed, in order effectually to drill us in polemics, to take the attitude of an opponent, and meet us with objections to the doctrine we wished to maintain; and sometimes he would run us into difficulties, which were extremely embarrassing. I remember, on one occasion, when M'Chord had, for some reason, neglected to make the due preparation for

one of these theological encounters, the Doctor pushed him into a place in which he did not care to be found; and, after we left the recitation room, he said to me, with an impatient air,—"I really believe that Dr. Mason has a spite against me." It was, however, only a momentary impression, and he had scarcely said it before he venerated and loved the Doctor as much as ever.

I have adverted to the fact that M'Chord was afflicted, while at the Seminary, with ill health. The nature of his disease was such as to incline him much to drowsiness; and he would sometimes fall asleep, where he would most wish to avoid it. At the house where several of the students boarded, we were accustomed to take our turns in officiating at the family devotions. One of our number was specially given to making long prayers; and, in the course of a prayer, he would have several long pauses. M'Chord, under the influence of his malady, would sometimes fall asleep during the prayer, and would have the mortification to find himself on his knees, when all the rest had risen. On one occasion, one of these long pauses occurred, after my friend had begun to drowse, and the silence awoke him—he sprang up while all the rest of us were upon our knees, and said, with an air of exultation,—"Well, I was not caught sleeping this time." As I was next to him, I gave him a gentle hint, admonishing him of his mistake, and he immediately fell upon his knees again. This movement so embarrassed the officiating brother that he almost instantly brought his prayer to a close, so that M'Chord had but just returned to *his* kneeling posture, when we were getting out of ours. You can easily understand that it was an incident not very favourable to the devotions of any of us. His mortification in the case was extreme; and for the moment only, he blamed me, as if I had had some part in bringing it about.

On the whole, though he certainly was not without infirmities, I consider him as having been a fine specimen of intellectual, moral and Christian character. He died before he had reached his full maturity, as a minister, but not before he had attained to high distinction.

I am, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

J. M. MATHEWS.

THOMAS BARR.*

1809—1835.

THOMAS BARR, a son of Colonel Alexander Barr, was born in Derry, Westmoreland County, Pa., April 2, 1775. While he was yet in early childhood, his father was called to serve in the Revolutionary war, and took his family to his wife's father's, near Fort Loudon, Franklin County. Here Thomas enjoyed the advantages of a common school, in connection with which he seems to have received a good deal of religious instruction, the effect of which was felt by him in after life. The absence of his father in the war, the fact of his being subsequently murdered by the Indians, and the many barbarous outrages constituting a part of the history of the times, which were detailed in his hearing, awakened in his youthful bosom an abhorrence of tyranny and a love of his country, that were as enduring as his life.

* Autobiography.—Kennedy's History of the Plan of Union.—MS. from his son, John Barr, Esq.

At the close of the war, his father returned to Westmoreland; but in 1785, in going on an expedition down the Ohio, to negotiate, if possible, with some hostile Indians, he was lost. Of the circumstances and manner of his death little was ever known; though there was no doubt of his having fallen a victim to Indian barbarity. He seems to have been aware that the expedition would be attended with much danger, and, therefore, before leaving home, expressed a wish that, if he should never return, his son Thomas might receive a liberal education. This intimation was agreeable to the son; for he was fond of books, and property enough fell to him to defray the expense of a collegiate course.

His guardian, in consideration, it would seem, of the temptations incident to a college life in those days, was not disposed to carry out the expressed wish of his father; and hence, instead of sending him to College, he apprenticed him for five and a half years to a Mr. Pollock, to learn the trade of a carpenter and joiner. He went through his course here in a manner creditable to himself, and satisfactory to his employer; but, unfortunately, during this period, contracted a thirst for ardent spirits, which had well nigh proved his ruin.

In the spring of 1797, he was married to Susannah, daughter of Joseph Welch of Westmoreland County, Pa., who, within a year after their marriage became the subject of a hopeful conversion, in consequence of reading Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the soul. In process of time, Mr. Barr became pecuniarily embarrassed, disposed of his property in Westmoreland, and in the spring of 1800, removed to Youngstown on the Western Reserve. His love of ardent spirits was by this time matured into a habit of intemperance, while his excellent wife ceased not to make the most vigorous efforts to reclaim and save him.

In 1800, the Rev. William Wick* commenced his labours at Youngstown,—a circumstance which gave great satisfaction to Mrs. Barr, and the more, as she evidently expected to find in him an efficient co-adjutor in the effort to reclaim her husband. After nearly three years, during which her faithful endeavours were unintermitted, though apparently unsuccessful, a revival of religion occurred in the place, in which Mr. Barr ultimately became a sharer. For a time, his efforts were evidently put forth in the spirit of the law rather than of the Gospel; and he imagined that he had become a true Christian in consequence of his having commenced family prayer, and perhaps taken up some other neglected external duties. But in the midst of the self-complacency induced by this change, he was suddenly betrayed, by a revival of his old appetite, into a fit of intoxication. This seems to have revealed to him his weakness and depravity, and to have convinced him that he had not yet begun to seek salvation in the right way. The result was that he was brought thankfully to avail himself of the gra-

*William Wick was born at Southampton, L. I., in the year 1768. He spent his early years in the city of New York, and subsequently removed with his father's family to Pennsylvania. He received his classical and scientific education at Cannonsburg Academy, Pa., which afterwards became Jefferson College, and studied Theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. John McMillan. He was licensed to preach on the 28th of August, 1799, and was ordained and installed as Pastor of the two Churches of Youngstown and Hopewell, on the 3d of September, 1800. To these churches his labours were mainly devoted, though he spent considerable time as a missionary in the destitute settlements. He is supposed to have received at first pecuniary aid from the Presbytery; but he afterwards served under the Connecticut Missionary Society. He preached his last sermon on the 13th of February, 1815, and died on the 29th of March following, aged forty-eight years. He had the reputation of being an excellent man, and a faithful missionary.

cious offer of the Gospel; and, henceforward through life he was an example not only of entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, but of all the positive virtues and graces that form the Christian character.

After Mr. Barr had become the subject of this great change, he felt an earnest desire to be instrumental in promoting the spiritual interests of his fellow-men; and, as there was a great lack of ministers in the region in which he lived, the idea of preparing for the Gospel ministry quickly suggested itself to him. The fact that he was now nearly thirty years of age, and that he had a wife and five children who were dependant upon his exertions for support, seemed at first to render this impracticable; but he resolved to encounter the obstacles as well as he could. After selling his little farm at considerable disadvantage, he removed with his family to Greensburg, Pa., and commenced his studies at an Academy taught then by the Rev. T. E. Hughes,* designed especially for those having the ministry in view. Here, amidst manifold difficulties and trials in supporting his family and educating his children, and at the same time pursuing his own studies, he finally accomplished the requisite course of preparation for the ministry, and was licensed to preach by the Hartford Presbytery, at Brookfield, Trumbull County, in September, 1809.

After visiting Westmoreland, and receiving from some of his old friends a present of a horse, he spent some months in missionary labour on the Reserve. He had intended to go to the Sciota and Miami Vallies; but he was induced to accept a call to settle in Euclid, Ohio,—though he was to preach there only half of the time, while the other half he was to spend as a missionary under the patronage of the Connecticut Missionary Society.

By the assistance of the people at Euclid, a cabin was built for Mr. Barr's family upon a piece of land which he bought, near the spot where it was designed, at some time, to erect a church. He removed them to this place in June, 1810, and was ordained and installed in August of the same year. His family now consisted of nine persons; and the whole amount of his salary from both the Congregation in Euclid, and the Connecticut Missionary Society, in whose service partly he was employed, was less than four hundred dollars. In such circumstances he laboured at home and abroad, in all parts of the Reserve, for seven successive years; then for about two years and a half he performed but little missionary labour,—being employed half of one year at Newburgh, half of another year at Cleveland, and half of the remaining six months, near Painesville. In his missionary excursions, he generally averaged five or six sermons a week, besides visiting families and schools. He was not unfrequently called twenty or thirty miles from home to preach Funeral Sermons; for such was the feeling on that subject that families who never thought of calling a minister to converse or pray with their sick friends, could not, upon any consideration, after they were dead, dispense with the Funeral Sermon.

* Thomas Edgar Hughes was born in York County, Pa., April 7, 1769. He was brother to the Rev. James Hughes. He was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1797; studied Theology under the Rev. Dr. McMillan; and was licensed to preach the Gospel, by the Presbytery of Ohio, on the 17th of October, 1798. On the 27th of August, 1799, he was ordained and installed Pastor of the Congregation of Mount Pleasant in Beaver County, Pa., where he laboured successfully for upwards of thirty years. He afterwards removed to Wellsville, O., and was the Pastor of the Church in that place for three years. He died on the 2d of May, 1838. He was the first minister of the Gospel, who settled North of the Ohio River. He performed at least two missionary tours to the Indians on the Sandusky River, and in the neighbourhood of Detroit, and was the active friend of missions. Four of his sons became ministers of the Gospel.

On the breaking out of the war of 1812 with Great Britain the prosperity of Mr. Barr's little congregation received a serious check. At one time, under the influence of a false alarm that the enemy were landing at Cleveland, the whole community, Pastor and all, hastily packed up their goods, and betook themselves to flight; but before they had advanced many miles, they were apprised of their mistake, and gladly returned home. Mr. Barr proposed subsequently to remove his family to a place of greater safety, while he should remain with the portion of his flock that were left behind; but they preferred to share his fortunes, and it turned out that they were not molested by the enemy.

On the 9th of October, 1812, his beloved and devoted wife, to whom, under God, he owed much of his usefulness, and probably his salvation also, was taken from him by death, leaving an infant but seven days old. He felt her death to be a crushing affliction, though it was marked by a serene and heavenly triumph. She was the mother of nine children. In 1816, he formed another matrimonial connection with Mrs. Ann Emmett Baldwin, in whom also he found an excellent companion and an efficient helper. By the second marriage he had ten children. His widow died at Fairfield, Ia., on the 9th of October, 1854.

At the close of the war, and shortly after the organization of the Grand River Presbytery, of which Mr. Barr was in a sense the father, he went as a delegate to the General Assembly, and afterwards spent a few weeks in soliciting funds for the erection of a church in Euclid. This object he happily succeeded in accomplishing.

In February, 1820, Mr. Barr, owing chiefly to his dissatisfaction with Congregationalism, and his want of sympathy with the Plan of Union, resigned his pastoral charge, removed to Wooster, Wayne County, and was installed over the two Churches in Wooster and Apple Creek. Here he laboured efficiently and successfully for several years, though much embarrassed by the failure of the people to meet their engagements as to salary. His ultimate separation from these churches was owing partly to the influence of an itinerant evangelist, who adopted measures which neither his judgment nor feelings would sanction, and partly to the failure of his health, and the desirableness of travelling with a view to restore it. A journey to Philadelphia, as Commissioner to the General Assembly, in 1828, and subsequently an agency for the General Assembly's Board of Missions, were the means of greatly improving his health. After his agency closed, he preached for a year and eight months in Rushville, Ind., where he ended his labours and his life. He died of congestive fever, after an illness of ten days, on the 28th of August, 1835, in the sixtieth year of his age. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. John S. Weaver.

Of Mr. Barr's children, three entered the ministry, and one became a lawyer. JOSEPH W., the fourth child, was born in Liberty township, Trumbull County, O., on the 22d of July, 1802. Having remained at home till he was sixteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a carpenter; and while removed from the influence of parental restraints and counsels, gave himself up to a habit of thoughtlessness and gaiety. At length he was roused to reflection by a casual remark made to him by a young lady whom he met at a ball; and from that time he had no peace of mind until his views, feelings, purposes, had undergone an entire revolution. He was hopefully converted in the autumn of 1823; and from the very commence-

ment of the Christian life, his mind seems to have been deeply exercised in regard to the condition of the Heathen world. Soon after he made a profession of religion, he began to meditate the purpose of entering the ministry; and with a view to this, commenced his studies under the Rev. Mr. Lathrop of Elyria, in January, 1825. In the early part of 1826, he went, at the suggestion of Professor Monteith of Hamilton College, to Clinton, N. Y., with a view to prosecute his preparatory studies at the Academy in that place, and then enter Hamilton College. He remained at Clinton about two years, and, during the latter half of the time, was a member of College,—supporting himself partly by teaching a school, and partly by working at his trade. In the summer of 1828, he transferred his relation to the Western Reserve College at Hudson, O., where he graduated in the autumn of 1830. During his whole preparatory and collegiate course, he manifested uniformly an intense interest in religious things, and was a bright example of Christian zeal, activity, and consistency.

Shortly after his graduation, he repaired to the Andover Theological Seminary, where he remained one year,—still supporting himself in part by manual labour during his vacation. At the end of the year, he connected himself with the Theological Seminary at Princeton. From this time, his purpose seems to have been fully matured to become a missionary to the Heathen; and he ultimately resolved to seek his field of labour in the interior of Africa. Having received licensure from the Presbytery of New Brunswick, he consented to terminate his theological course somewhat prematurely, for the sake of accepting an appointment from the Western Foreign Missionary Society, to accompany Mr. Pinney, another Princeton student, on an African mission. On the 12th of September, 1832, he, in connection with Mr. Pinney, was ordained at Philadelphia, by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, on which occasion Dr. Alexander preached the Sermon and Dr. Miller gave the Charge. He spent the next Sabbath in New York, where he preached twice, and the next week proceeded to Norfolk, Va., whence he expected to sail as early as the 25th of October. As the ship did not sail so soon as was expected, he went on Friday to Richmond, and in the afternoon of the same day to Petersburg, to make an appointment to preach. On Saturday night, he was attacked with cholera, and died about the middle of the afternoon of the next day. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Stephen Taylor.

It seems to have been admitted by those who had an opportunity of forming the most correct judgment, that Mr. Barr was an extraordinary young man. With a vigorous and well balanced mind, he united a spirit of Christian fervour, energy, and perseverance, which would have nerved him against even the terrors of martyrdom. His sudden exit, involving the disappointment of many cherished expectations in regard to his usefulness in the wilds of Africa, was one of those dispensations which we may not expect to see fully explained in the present world.

FROM THE REV. JOHN SEWARD.

Solon, O., February 2, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My first acquaintance with the Rev. Thomas Barr was in January, 1812, when I was twenty-eight years old, and he about thirty-seven. He had been a preacher a little more than two years, and I about seven months.

He had then been settled in Euclid for half the time, a little more than a year, and the balance of the time laboured as a missionary by appointment of the Missionary Society of Connecticut. I was also employed as a missionary by the same Society, with liberty to preach statedly to any people who would employ me at their own expense. Having reached the Reserve late in the autumn, I spent a portion of the winter in supplying the people at Painesville. The Presbytery of Hartford, then the frontier Presbytery, and embracing the Northwest to an indefinite extent, was to meet at Hopewell, a place just over the Pennsylvania line, a very short distance East of Youngstown on the Reserve. Mr. Barr and myself, without concert, had made our arrangements to attend that meeting, and each started on his own horse—he from Euclid, and I from Painesville,—the lines of our travel converging, until we unexpectedly met on Saturday to spend the Sabbath and preach to a little band of Christians and others in the woods, at a place called Bowlestown, now Southington, a few miles West of Warren. We spent the Sabbath together; for as it was late when we arrived, and the weather was cold, and the travelling tedious, we did not think it advisable that either of us should leave to supply some other vacant settlement. Mr. Barr preached once that Sabbath, and I heard him preach at various times afterwards. I was impressed, from my first acquaintance with him, especially with his earnest and active piety. No one who knew him could doubt, for a moment, that his treasure and his heart were in Heaven.

In his preaching there was a straightforward earnestness, that fastened conviction on the minds of his hearers that he was perfectly sincere in every word that he uttered, and was labouring for their highest benefit. His sermons were solid, methodical, rich in evangelical instruction, abounding in experimental and practical suggestions; and though his thoughts were expressed in plain language, with an occasional word or phrase that indicated the lack of early culture, yet such was the deep sincerity and unction of his manner, that few would notice, and none be offended at, these minor blemishes. He possessed a large share of what is called common sense, and was generally wise and judicious in his movements—in managing the affairs of not only his own Church, but other feeble churches to which he was called to officiate in the capacity of a missionary. From the time I became acquainted with him until his removal from the Reserve, I was frequently with him in ecclesiastical meetings of various descriptions, and generally found him in the right place, at the right time,—wise in council, decided in opinion, and prompt in action—conscientious and unyielding in pursuing the course that he believed his duty marked out for him.

As a missionary, he was diligent and faithful; always punctual to his appointments; and rarely, if ever, stopping or failing, on account of storms, mud or snow, heat or cold, or high water in the unbridged streams. Having by nature a robust constitution, which had not been irrecoverably impaired by his early habits, or by a ten years confinement in preparatory studies, he was peculiarly qualified to perform the labours and endure the hardships of a pioneer missionary.

In stature I should think he was rather below the medium height, but stoutly built, with broad shoulders, full chest, large muscular limbs, short neck, with a fine, well-formed head, and a full and florid face.

His history was, in some respects, a remarkable one, and the influence of his ministry over an extended region furnishes a striking illustration of what a well directed and sanctified energy can accomplish, amidst many embarrassments, and with only moderate advantages for intellectual culture.

Yours with great respect and esteem,

JOHN SEWARD.

JOHN BLAIR HOGE.*

1810—1826.

JOHN BLAIR HOGE, a son of the Rev. Moses Hoge, D. D., was born in Jefferson County, Va., in April, 1790. He obtained the rudiments of his education in his father's house, and chiefly by instruction from young men who were prosecuting theological studies under his father's direction. He was for two years a pupil of his brother James, (now the Rev. Dr. Hoge of Columbus, O.,) in a classical school which he taught at Augusta Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Speece was afterwards Pastor. After this, he assisted his father for some time in a school which he had established at Shepherdstown, meanwhile pursuing his own studies; and then entered Hampden Sidney College, at an advanced standing, where he graduated about the year 1808. He afterwards became a Tutor in the College, his father having in the mean time become its President.

On resigning his place at Hampden Sidney, he commenced the study of the Law under the instruction of Henry E. Watkins, of Prince Edward County, and he mastered its principles with such facility, and evinced in so high a degree the faculty of generalization, that there was every prospect of his early becoming eminent in the profession. On mature reflection, however, he determined to abandon both the study of the Law and the prospect of its practice, and prepare himself for the Gospel ministry. He accordingly placed himself under his father's care, as a student of Theology, and on the 20th of April, 1810, was licensed by the Hanover Presbytery to preach the Gospel. In 1811, he was transferred to the Winchester Presbytery; and, having accepted a call from the Congregations of Tuscarora and Falling Waters, was ordained and installed at the Tuscarora meeting-house, on the 12th of October of the same year. A portion of his labours also was given to Martinsburg.

From his first appearance in the pulpit his preaching attracted great attention. With uncommon power of analysis, an exuberant imagination, a highly cultivated taste, and a susceptibility of deep and strong emotion, he held his audience almost as by a charm, and the educated and the uneducated alike rendered their testimony to the power of his eloquence. But, at no distant period, his constitution, naturally by no means robust, began to sink under his labours, and he found it necessary to devote some time to relaxation; and, in doing so, he determined to avail himself also of a still more genial climate. He accordingly directed his course across the ocean, and stopped for some time in the South of France, with manifest advantage to his health. He left home in the autumn of 1814, and returned in the summer of 1816, greatly delighted, and in various ways benefitted, by his tour. He was now even more sought after as a preacher than he had ever been before; but his popularity never seemed to occasion the least self-exaltation.

When the Church on Shockoe Hill, Richmond, was prepared for the Presbyterians who were gathered by the Rev. John D. Blair, Mr. Hoge was

* Foote's Sketches of Va.—MSS. from Rev. James Hoge, D. D., and Rev. D. H. Riddle, D. D.

invited to become their Pastor. He was accordingly released from the pastoral charge of Falling Waters on the 19th of April, 1822, and of Tuscarora, on the 19th of June following; and was transferred to the Hanover Presbytery on the 7th of the ensuing September. In this new field his usefulness was enlarged, and his health, for a time, seemed to be improved. But it was not long before it became apparent that his life was drawing to a close. In 1824, he began to suffer seriously from an affection of the liver; and though, after a few months, he was partially relieved, the disease recurred in a more aggravated form in August, 1825, and very soon run into a dropsy which terminated his life on the 31st of March, 1826. After it became manifest to his friends that his earthly labours were closed, he retired to Gerardstown, about eight miles from Martinsburg, to the house of a Mr. Wilson, who had formerly been an elder in one of his Churches, and there, after lingering several months, a most edifying example of Christian faith and hope, he entered into the joy of his Lord. His remains were removed to Martinsburg for burial; and there he sleeps surrounded by many who once enjoyed the benefit of his ministrations.

On the 6th of May, 1819, he was united in marriage to Ann K. Hunter of Martinsburg, Va. They had two children, who were quite young at the time of their father's death.

FROM MRS. DR. JOHN H. RICE.

NEAR HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE, May 4, 1854.

My dear Sir: My recollections of the Rev. John Blair Hoge reach back to his boyhood. I knew him when he first came to College, and knew him ever after, until death terminated his brilliant and useful career. He was our neighbour during part of the time of our residence in Richmond, and our relations with him were always most intimate and affectionate.

You could scarcely have met him in the most casual way, without being struck with his personal appearance. He was of a tall, slender and remarkably graceful form, and had a pale, comely,—I might almost say handsome, face, in which the lines of intelligence were deeply drawn. His manners were worthy of the court,—combining both dignity and suavity in the highest degree. And while they evidently showed the workings of a fine, benevolent spirit, they showed also a high degree of cultivation—they were what you would expect to find only in one who had always been accustomed to the most polished society.

Mr. Hoge's intellect was universally acknowledged to be of a high order—it was at once quick, delicate and penetrating. He was an indefatigable student, never satisfied unless he was adding something to his varied stores of knowledge. In the pulpit he possessed very uncommon attractions. I cannot say that he had the advantage of a very good voice—for, as I remember it, it was slightly inclined to be husky; but still, by a dexterous management of it, he could produce a very considerable effect upon his audience. His manner in the pulpit, though evincing great care and culture, was simple and natural; and it was earnest without any extraordinary vehemence. His gesture was not very abundant, but it was appropriate and effective. His discourses were carefully prepared, full of weighty, impressive thought, and pervaded by a tone of deep evangelical feeling, that was well fitted to open a passage to the heart. You felt not only that all that he said was vastly important, but that he himself fully realized its importance, and spoke under a deep impression of the solemnity of his vocation as an ambassador of Christ.

In his private intercourse, Mr. Hoge was a model of all that is gentle, discreet and exemplary. He was sometimes thought to be somewhat reserved; but

I am sure he was never so with his intimate friends, and I doubt whether he was so at all, beyond what a due regard to circumstances, in connection with his own ministerial dignity, would require. He was, undoubtedly, a very modest man; and no one could ever attribute to him the semblance of ostentation. This trait was particularly illustrated in his appearance in Presbyteries and other public bodies; while yet he never hesitated to speak when he felt called upon to do so; and he never expressed an opinion which did not receive a respectful consideration. I ought to add that he kept entirely aloof from the gay world, and by example as well as precept, constantly urged the importance of a high standard of Christian character.

When Mr. Hoge returned from Europe, where he had been for the benefit of his health, he arrived at Philadelphia during the sessions of the General Assembly, where I happened myself, at that time, to be. There he found many of his friends, and from all met a most cordial welcome. When we left Philadelphia, on our homeward way, Dr. Alexander, who was then a settled pastor there, accompanied us as far as Newcastle; and, by the urgent request of the Captain and all the passengers, consented to favour us with a sermon on board the boat. After we had reached the Potomac, and several of our friends had come up to meet us, Mr. Hoge being on board, it was proposed by some of the passengers that a sermon should be requested from *him* also; but when it was suggested to him, he declined on the ground that there were many worldly people on board to whom such a service would be unwelcome; and he did not think it best to obtrude a religious exercise upon them contrary to their wishes. He was reminded that they practised their various amusements on board, without any respect to the feelings of Christians; but his reply was—"the people of the world do not expect to bring Christians over to their maxims and practices, and therefore have no interest in attempting to conciliate them; but we are deeply interested to conciliate the world to Christian views and practice, and therefore we ought to be careful, and do nothing needlessly to awaken their opposition, and thus paralyze our own good influence." This incident may stand in the place of many others, illustrative of his fine sense of Christian propriety.

Most affectionately and respectfully,

ANNE S. RICE.

FROM THE REV. D. H. RIDDLE, D. D.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 8, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: It would afford me great pleasure to contribute, in any degree, to set the character and excellencies of the Rev. J. B. Hoge in a proper light before the Church through your pages. This would only, indeed, be paying, in part, a debt of gratitude to the benefactor of my youth,—my early guide, who, under God, gave direction to my earthly, possibly my eternal, destiny. He was the pastor of my honoured father, the friend and counsellor of my widowed mother, the first minister I knew and loved. He was, for many years, an inmate of our household, and conducted its devotions.

J. B. Hoge was one of the most gifted sons of old Virginia. He was the descendant of a genuine Scotch Irish stock, was born within ten miles of my native place, spent the most of his ministerial life in my native county, and lies buried in the old grave-yard of Norbourne parish. The highest honours of his native State were within his reach, if he had lived to himself, and followed the promptings of his early ambition. His talents, taste, and acquirements, were acknowledged by all who knew him intimately to be of the first order. He was a worthy son of an honoured sire, (Dr. Moses Hoge,) whom John Randolph pronounced "the most eloquent man in Virginia." His ministry began early, and ended, to human vision, prematurely, embracing only about sixteen years.

When he began to preach, he was in appearance a mere boy, and in fact, quite young. My boyish impressions of him were almost of idolatrous reverence; and at the table and the fireside I was never weary of his sparkling conversation. I remember well his ordination and installation in old Tuscarora Church, and heard "the prophecies which went before," concerning this young Timothy, from the older clergy and elders. Dr. John Matthews, himself no mean theologian, once said that, even at this early period, "his views of the evangelical system were more clear, enlarged and symmetrical, than any man's he had ever known." The old-Scotch Irish people of his charges in Berkley County feasted on his preaching, and were swayed by his eloquence, like the trees of the forest by the wind. I remember, with special vividness, some of the sacramental seasons, when, in the bright summer days, the tables were spread in the old grave-yard, and there was a general gathering from all his congregations to the feast—how tears stood in aged eyes, and silver heads were bowed, and emotion swept over youthful hearts, when he depicted the sufferings and love of Christ and the glories of the ransomed. Though incapable, then, of analyzing the elements, I felt, in common with others, the power, of eloquence. Among my most valued treasures are the impressions on my youthful heart of his preaching. At a later period, when his powers were more developed, and my taste more matured; after my return from College and a profession of religion, I enjoyed the privilege of hearing him statedly during a winter in Richmond, Va., in the acme of his popularity. His preaching was greatly admired by professional men—members of the Virginia Legislature, and transient visitors at the Capital. Their eulogies I had often an opportunity of hearing. Their names, were it proper to mention them, would attest their qualifications to pass judgment.

I remember some of his Funeral Discourses, especially those in memory of "some honourable women," and of my father. The texts were peculiarly apposite; the delineation of character, accurate; the impression, profound. These discourses displayed acquaintance with human nature, sympathy with the deepest religious experience, and clear apprehensions of the evidences of piety. Some of his Farewell Discourses too made a profound impression on my youthful heart, and are remembered by many to this day. These were preached when he was obliged, on several occasions, to journey to the South for his health, and when he took leave of his people to go to Europe for the same purpose. His letters from Europe, giving his impressions of men and things, during that stormy period, were full of mingled thought and imagination, and were "a feast of fat things" to young and old. His Salutatory Discourse, on his return, composed on shipboard, illustrates one of his characteristics,—the adaptation of his discourses to circumstances. It was on the text, II. Cor. 1. 3, "Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ," and is a fine specimen of the intellectual and æsthetic combined, embodying the results of deep thought and the gushing of a warm heart. His removal from Berkley to Richmond was a sorrowful day, as I have heard it described. I was then absent. Mr. Hoge wrote his sermons carefully; but he left them in his study, and no one would have imagined that the trains of thought and burning words, which flowed so freely, had been pre-composed. His style and the structure of his sentences greatly resembled Chalmers, rising from climax to climax of strength and feeling, till it was sometimes overpowering. Of this, one of the finest specimens is mentioned by Dr. Foote, in his interesting "Sketches of Virginia;"—the peroration of his discourse before the Synod of Virginia. The remembrance of that discourse has never been obliterated from those who heard it. To this day, you will hear it spoken of, as almost magical. The auditory in this case, was larger and more appreciative, but this was by no means a solitary instance; as many can testify.

I should suspect my estimate of Mr. Hoge's intellectual power, of partiality and exaggeration, so natural in the circumstances, were it not confirmed by the best judges,—namely, the Rev. Joseph Glass,*—one of the acutest minds of his age; Dr. John Matthews, who knew him more intimately probably, than any other minister; that stalwart Boanerges among Virginia preachers, Dr. William Hill, not to mention others. My own father, who was his elder during the most of his ministry, had exalted conceptions of his mental powers and of his eloquence, of his prudence, kindness, and theological attainments. One of my earliest luxuries was to sit on the knee of one of them, and listen to their grave discussions, interspersed with flashes of humour, or anecdotes of the living and the dead. The ministry was invested with attractiveness to my early fancy, from the living actualization of its ideal in my venerated friend, and the respectful affection and almost idolatry of his elder. One of the mysteries of Providence, with which my heart had to battle, was the quenching of that light, that even yet, according to ordinary longevity, might be shedding its mild lustre on the Church, for guidance in its perils and perplexities. Had he lived till now, he would have been still this side of threescore years and ten. He was resting from his toils, before the storms which agitated the Church he loved and adorned. His ministry was confined to his native State. He lived and died a member of the Old Synod of Virginia, the associate of Speece and Baxter, Rice and Hill, Williamson† and Wilson, loved and honoured of all. At one time, he was spoken of for President of Dickinson College, and his claims strongly urged by some in that region, who, in their visits to Virginia, had learned to estimate him properly. Mr. Hoge lived and died before ecclesiastical titles were as cheap and common as now, and he never received the Doctorate.

Mr. Hoge became connected, by marriage, with a large and influential circle, by whom he was universally respected for his talents, and loved for his social qualities. Notwithstanding the flattering attentions he received, and the obvious impressions he made, he ever preserved the simplicity of his character and habits, and his diffidence of his own powers. Probably no man ever had more aversion to ostentatious self-display.

Mr. Hoge's constitution was never vigorous. He was early attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, and sought invigoration repeatedly in travel. His mental labours, especially after his removal to Richmond, were severe and exhausting, as in addition to his pastoral duties, much of the labour of conducting the "Literary and Theological Magazine" devolved on him. Often, to a very late period at night, he was plying his pen, and while enjoying the pleasant socialities of the parlour, we could hear his peculiar, and ominous *little cough* in the adjoining study. Oh! how often, afterwards, did I and that charmed little circle, remember it, with a pang of useless anguish. He purposed to spend the summer of 1826 with his old friends in the Valley. A sermon he preached on his way, at Warrenton, I believe, I have heard spoken of, as amazingly impressive and spiritual, like the notes of a dying swan, especially his description of "the glory yet to be revealed." His last days were spent under the hospitable roof, and cheered by the attentions, of his old and tried friend Wilson, near Gerardstown,

* JOSEPH GLASS was a grandson of Samuel Glass, who migrated from Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, to Virginia, and settled on the Opecquon in 1736. He (Joseph) exercised his ministry in the neighbourhood in which his grandfather settled, and died in his full vigour in 1821.

† WILLIAM WILLIAMSON was educated in Scotland, his native country, and came to Virginia with a view to engage as a teacher. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Hanover, October 12, 1792, and was ordained the next year. He resided for a time near Gordonsville, and preached in the adjacent congregations; but afterwards removed to the Valley of the Shenandoah, and took his position in Warren County, near Front Royal. He subsequently removed to Loudon County, established a classical school near Middleburg, and preached in the Counties of Loudon and Fauquier, as he could find opportunity. He continued his labours till he was about eighty years of age. He was a man of powerful intellect, and a bold and exciting preacher.

ne of his youthful charges. His sufferings were severe and protracted. His nd was peace. I had not the melancholy privilege of seeing him after the pring of 1824, and the news of his death reached me at Princeton. He was uried at Martinsburg, with no monumental stone yet reared to mark the spot here the revered pastor and gifted child of genius, and eloquent preacher, eposes. His Funeral Sermon was preached by Dr. Matthews, who loved him rith a peculiar affection, and wept over him with irrepressible grief, so as to hoke his utterance—a scene yet remembered by many, alike honourable to both. His enduring monument is in the hearts of many whom he guided to the Saviour. His memory is fragrant in the beautiful valley where he lived, laboured and died. n Tuscarora, and Falling Water, and Berkley County, and Richmond and Prince Edward, no name is more hallowed than that of *John Blair Hoge*. Friend of my youth! my parents' pastor! one of Virginia's brightest jewels! would that some worthier hand had earlier and better traced thy character and worth. "None knew thee but to love thee, or names thee but to praise."

Yours very truly,

D. H. RIDDLE.

HENRY AXTELL, D. D.*

1810—1829.

HENRY AXTELL was born at Mendham, N. J., on the 9th of June 1778. His father, Henry Axtell, was an intelligent and worthy man; a farmer; and Major of Infantry in the Revolutionary war. He was fitted for College under the tuition of James Stevenson, a teacher of some note, and before going to College, was himself, for some time, an assistant teacher in the Morris Academy. He took his collegiate course at Princeton, where he was graduated, an excellent scholar, in 1796. After his graduation, he spent several years in teaching, both at Morristown and Mendham, for which employment he was considered as possessing superior qualifications. At length, about the year 1804, he removed from New Jersey to Geneva, N. Y., where, for several years more, he was at the head of a flourishing school. But he had aspirations which this employment, useful as it is, did not meet—he ardently desired to become a minister of the Gospel. With a view to this, he pursued a course of theological study under the direction of the Rev. Jedediah Chapman, who had then, for several years, been ministering to the Congregation in Geneva. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Geneva, on the 1st of November, 1810.

After his licensure, he preached, for short periods, in several different places, but the Congregation at Geneva, amidst whom he had lived for several years in the capacity of a teacher, began to think of him as a suitable person to serve them in the ministry of the Gospel. Up to this time, they had never had a regularly installed pastor. Mr. Chapman had, for about ten years, made his home among them, and had divided his services

* Hotchkin's Hist. of West. N. Y.—MS. from Rev. Charles Axtell.

between them and the people of the surrounding country, among whom he laboured as a missionary. In 1812, Messrs. Chapman and Axtell were, by a unanimous vote, invited to become Colleague Pastors of the Church and Congregation, and on the 12th of July of that year, Mr. Axtell was ordained by the Presbytery of Geneva to the work of the ministry, and in connection with Mr. Chapman, was installed Pastor of the Church. In this relation he continued till the close of life.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Middlebury College in 1823.

Dr. Axtell's ministry was, on the whole, decidedly a successful one. Besides being permitted to witness, every year, a greater or less accession to his Church, there were two extensive revivals in connection with his labours,—one in 1819, the other in 1825, each of which resulted in an addition of about one hundred to the number of communicants. His labours were continued in undiminished activity, until a short time before his death. He was suddenly prostrated by bleeding at the lungs; and the attack was repeated at short intervals, until the earthly tabernacle fell. He died, in the utmost peace, on the 11th of February, 1849. His eldest daughter died four days after, and the funeral solemnities of the father and the daughter were attended at the same time, and both interred in the same grave. The Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Perrine, Professor in the Auburn Theological Seminary.

Dr. Axtell published a Sermon preached at the ordination of Julius Steele, 1816.

About the year 1798, Mr. Axtell was married to Hannah, daughter of Captain Daniel Cook, who had served as an officer in the Revolution, and was wounded in battle, near New Brunswick, N. J. They had seven children, three of whom became ministers; but only one of them, the Rev. Charles Axtell of Galena, Ill., now (1857) survives.

Daniel Cook, Dr. Axtell's eldest son, was born at Mendham, N. J., in the year 1800; removed in his childhood with his father to Geneva; and was graduated at Hamilton College in 1821. He received his theological education at Princeton, and was a Tutor in the College of New Jersey from 1825 to 1827. At the organization of the Second Presbyterian Church in Auburn, (November 10, 1830,) which originated in an opposition of some of the members of the First Church to what were popularly called "new measures," in connection with the revivals of that period—Mr. Axtell became its Pastor; and he continued in this relation till January 19, 1836, when the state of his health obliged him to resign his charge. His congregation testified their appreciation of his character and services by presenting him with a finely wrought gold medal, bearing an inscription honourable alike to him and to themselves. He removed first to Newark, where he had charge of a school for a short time; and thence to Patterson, where he died of hemorrhage of the lungs in the year 1837. He was an excellent scholar, an able preacher, and in the discharge of his ministerial duties, under circumstances of difficulty and delicacy, he evinced great firmness, prudence, and dignity.

Dr. Axtell's second son, *Henry*, was born in the year 1802; was graduated at Hamilton College in 1823; was a Tutor there in 1825–26; studied Theology at the Princeton Theological Seminary; and was settled as Pastor of the Church in Lawrenceville, N. J., in 1830. In 1835, he accepted a

all from the Second Presbyterian Church in Orange, N. J.; but in 1838 esigned his charge on account of ill health, and that he might enjoy a nore genial climate, went to reside in St. Augustine, Fa. During the atter part of his residence there, he had so far recovered his health as to be ible to perform, in the then vacant Presbyterian Church in that place, one ervice a day. In May, 1843, he was appointed, by the government, Chaplain at Fort Brooke, Tampa Bay. And when that post was broken up, in 1850, he accepted a second appointment as Chaplain at New Orleans. Here he continued till 1853, when he was so far prostrated by disease that he was obliged to retire from all active service. He died, much lamented, at Philadelphia, while under the care of Dr. Kirkbride, on the 15th of July, 1854, at the age of fifty-two.

Two of Dr. Axtell's daughters,—one of them married and the other unmarried,—both ladies of high intellectual and moral worth, who had been eminently useful as teachers in the Female Institute at Indianapolis, died in the year 1849. Miss Axtell died of consumption on the U. S. Steamer, Col. Clay, off Pensacola, when on her way to visit her brother, then residing at Tampa Bay.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL H. COX, D. D.

LE ROY, N. Y., January 12, 1857.

Rev. and dear Brother: With your late request I willingly comply, so far as I can, amid my many engagements. And without further introduction, I remark that, if excellent sense, sound learning, original and genuine thought, scriptural theology, piety and pastoral worth, though occupied on a theatre less conspicuous, and more felt than seen by contemporary thousands, deserve recognition and registration for posterity, then the name of Henry Axtell ought to have a memorial among the excellent pastors that have served the Churches of our country in the first quarter of the present century.

I became acquainted with Dr. Axtell in May, 1815, at the General Assembly in Philadelphia. A candidate then I was, soon after a preacher, and succeeded the Rev. Amzi Armstrong, D. D., about four years in the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Mendham, N. J. In that place, so copious of pious worshippers, and so fertile of excellent ministers of Christ, Dr. Axtell had his nativity and early nurture. His venerable parents were my parishioners, and I attended their death-beds and their Funerals. It was there I became more acquainted with him,—as he was wont to visit us about annually, as long as they lived, and there I heard him preach most impressively.

If his manner lacked polish and address, or elasticity in any degree, it certainly showed mind and consistency; and this, with no affectation or apparent weakness. It was neither officious, nor timid, nor false to its own consciousness of truth and power. He might have been naturally determined and passionate; but by grace he seemed subdued, self-governed, and always acting with a sense of accountableness. In the pulpit, his character was equally marked;—full of meaning, evincing the dignity of his office, and the legitimate aims of a Christian ambassador. He was bold, clear, consecutive and often powerful,—while ribands, and rainbows, and cerulean rhetoric never equivocated his drift, or put his star in a mist of well bred impertinence. He was assiduous, systematic, pointed, and often irresistible. Without much of learned or travelled lore, or any Germanizing hermeneutics, he was biblical, and all his weaponry was pointed with holy fire, and often was it both penetrating and barbed. Without sinking the dignity of the pulpit, he aimed low enough to hit the hearts of

all his hearers, to carry their conviction, and to compel their intellectual approbation. He was loved by his people, prosperous as a pastor, respected by the community, and highly esteemed by his brethren. He made no flourish of his orthodoxy, but his thorough soundness in the faith, according to the standards of his own Church, there lived no one to doubt. He was laborious, steady, immutable, consistent, influential.

One Sermon preached for me at Mendham, where he knew the people, probably better than their pastor, I well remember. His text was II. Cor. vii. 10; and his theme—*repentance*. From that day or before it, I never heard a better sermon on that topic—if faithfulness and power displayed be the criterion. I would to God that in a million of places, next Lord's day, such preaching could be heard! It was practically metaphysical. In evincing its nature as a Christian grace and a moral exercise of the mind, he piled a just climax of negatives. He showed all the wealth of hypocrisy's treasury of counterfeits. The last negative—it is not even *godly sorrow!* or sorrow of any kind; however incidentally connected with it such sorrow may be. No! It is that moral change of the sinning character, which results from the process and the prevalence of such sorrow. "For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of, but the sorrow of the world worketh death." Thus explained, and illustrated, and enforced, his remaining work was application, persuasion, exhortation, devout encouragement to repent and believe the Gospel. Thousands of much more famous and lauded preachers never preached a sermon so powerful, so discriminating, and so good—he showed himself a workman such as needeth not to be ashamed.

During that visit I remember a colloquy between him and a smart worldling incidentally occurring, and in the main much as follows—

Axtell—Well, so prosperous where you live, how are the people there as it respects religion?

Stranger—Why, Sir, I hardly know. They are peaceable and intelligent, well behaved and agreeable as any others.

A.—Yes; but that was not the point of my question. Are they Christians? Are they truly religious? Is the truth their guide?

S.—Indeed, Sir; I can only say they are very respectable.

A.—That all?

S.—No Sir—they are a moral people; and morality you know is the very foundation of religion.

A.—Ah, are you sure of that?

S.—To be sure I am, Sir.

A.—You are entirely wrong, Sir; the fact is just the reverse, and I am sorry you do not know it.

S.—Why, Sir, are you opposed to morality then?

A.—Not I—especially were it genuine; since then it results from religion,—this the basis—that the superstructure,—this the source—that the stream. Morality the foundation of religion, Sir? I repeat the truth—it is precisely the reverse; religion is the foundation of morality, and the foundation of religion is Christ, the chief corner stone, on whom all Christians are builded as living stones of an holy temple in the Lord. You, my dear Sir, ought to know the truth in this matter, as I fear that neither the people there, nor their reporter here, ever knew it!

There were many persons hearing this; and the poor hollow-hearted ignoramus seemed confounded or scared in their presence, as they sensibly listened to the plain spoken truth.

If practical in his preaching, he was didactic and argumentative too. He was earnest, yet ever with self-control, and an uncommon degree and kind of common sense, a model Presbyterian Pastor.

His learning was not, I think, extensive. He was regularly and respectably graduated at Nassau Hall; and all his attainments had an evangelico-utilitarian character. He aimed at a mark within his reach, took good aim, understood the service, fired, and almost always did execution.

Politics, doings in Wall street, and romantic stories, were no part of his preaching. His ministry was richly scriptural—it spoke its own character, thus:—*My doctrine is not mine, but his who sent me.* His audience retired thoughtful. They felt the Master rather than the man. As a consequence, they were Bible-reading, and Bible-searching, and Bible-thinking in their piety; and if there be any better kind of Christians than such, let him who can, tell us where to find them.

His stature was rather above the average. His form was plain and massive rather than corpulent. His manner was eminently simple, and I may say appropriately *American*. It was in no sense artificial or affected. His social character was grateful and free, yet his words were not commonly multiplied. What he said always meant something, and all his friends attended to it, expecting that it would reward their care. To his own people he was accessible and affable; to all, courteous and serviceable.

You, my dear brother, have asked me to chronicle these memories of one I loved; and if my hasty contribution can perpetuate or diffuse them, in any useful degree, I shall not regret that in this as in other and similar cases, I have been prompt to comply with your request, urgent with me also,—because it was yours.

Fraternally in Christ,

SAMUEL H. COX.

EZRA FISK, D. D.*

1810—1833.

Ezra Fisk, a son of Simeon Fisk, was born in Shelburne, Mass., January 10, 1785. The most interesting fact that I can learn in respect to his early life, is thus narrated by the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, late Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton:—

"In attending Commencement at Dartmouth College in 1801, I became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Packard of Shelburne, Mass.; and in travelling with him on horseback down the Connecticut River, my horse became lame, and he invited me to go and spend a few weeks with him in his parish, so that my horse might recruit. I did so. During my stay in Shelburne, there was an interesting work of grace. Many of the children and youth were subjects of the work. As Dr. Packard and myself were one morning walking along by a house, he said to me,—'There, I wish you would go and talk with that *chunk* of a boy, who stands by the fence yonder.' I did so as faithfully as I could. I of course did not suppose that I should see or hear of the boy again. Some years ago, a stranger passed through Princeton, and called at my study. He said,—'You are Dr. Alexander—do you remember that you spent a few weeks in Shelburne, Mass., many

* Christian Advocate, XI.—Packard's History of the Churches and Ministers in Franklin County, Mass.

years ago?' 'I do,' said I. 'Do you remember that Dr. Packard asked you one morning to talk with a *chunk* of a boy that stood by the fence?' 'Why,' said I, 'the circumstance had long been forgotten, but I now recall it to mind.' He then said,—'That chunk of a boy was myself. The words which you spake to me were blessed to my spiritual good. I date my conversion back to that time. My name is Ezra Fisk. I am Pastor of a Church in Goshen, N. Y.'"

Young Fisk pursued his studies preparatory to entering College, under the Rev. Dr. Packard, then Pastor of the Church in his native place. He was graduated at Williams College in the year 1809, having been, during his college course, one of the little company of pious young men, who met frequently for prayer with reference to evangelical missions; among whom were Mills and Richards. After his graduation, he prosecuted his theological studies under the direction of Dr. Packard, towards whom he continued to cherish, till the close of life, the most affectionate respect and veneration. He was licensed to preach by the Franklin Association, on the 19th of April, 1810; and, after preaching for some months as a licentiate, was ordained as an evangelist. He laboured in this capacity chiefly among the numerous destitute congregations then in the State of Georgia; and, during his sojourn there, in March, 1812, he entered into the marriage relation with a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Francis Cummins. In the autumn of the same year, though debilitated by his residence and labours in the South, he performed the work of a city missionary for some months in Philadelphia. In August, 1813, he became the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Goshen, N. Y., where he continued in the faithful and acceptable discharge of his duties upwards of twenty years.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hamilton College in 1825.

In the autumn of 1832, Dr. Fisk was obliged, in consequence of an affection of the lungs, to intermit the greater part of his ministerial duties, and he sought relief by a winter's residence in the milder climate of Georgia. During his absence, he unexpectedly received the appointment of Corresponding Secretary and General Agent of the Board of Missions of the General Assembly; which, on his return, he felt constrained to decline, from a conviction that it would involve more labour and hardship than he was able to endure. In May, 1833, he was recommended by the Directors of the Western Theological Seminary to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church for the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government in that Institution. Shortly after this he made a journey to Alleghany town, to make himself acquainted with the condition and prospects of the Seminary, that he might be able to judge more intelligently in respect to his duty; and the result was that he signified his acceptance of the appointment. On his return; he sought and obtained a release from his pastoral charge, which was a sore trial to both himself and his people. His Farewell Sermon to his brethren of the Presbytery of which he was a member, was published, and is a fine illustration of his tenderness, wisdom, and piety.

Having taken leave of his people, Dr. Fisk set out for his new field of labour, and reached Philadelphia on the 2d of November. On the evening of the next day, (Sabbath,) he preached his last sermon in the lecture room of the Second Presbyterian Church. Immediately after preaching,

he became very sick at the stomach, and the day following had a high fever accompanied by excruciating pain in the head. Other decidedly unfavourable symptoms soon followed, one of which was an incessant and exhausting hiccup. After about two weeks, however, his disease seemed to leave him, and he was encouraged to hope that he should soon be able to proceed on his journey. But this hope was not destined to be realized. On Sunday night, December 3d, he was taken with a relapse, and after an alternation of hopes and fears in respect to him, he departed peacefully on the afternoon of the following Tuesday, December 5, 1833,—having nearly completed his forty-ninth year. His Funeral was attended on the Saturday following in the lecture room in which he preached his last sermon, and an appropriate Address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, which was afterwards published in the "Christian Advocate." His remains were removed, by request of his former charge, to Goshen, and there reverently deposited in their final resting place. Mrs. Fisk survived him; but they had no children.

Dr. Fisk was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1833, and was a Trustee of Williams College, from 1823, and a Director of the Theological Seminary at Princeton from 1825, till his death.

Dr. Fisk published an Oration delivered before the Society of Alumni in Williams College, 1825; a Lecture on the Inability of Sinners, delivered in the Spruce Street Church, Philadelphia, 1832; a Farewell Sermon, 1833. He also published a series of valuable articles on Mental Science, in the Christian Advocate, in 1832.

FROM THE REV. LUTHER HALSEY, D. D.

Blooming Grove, N. Y., March 2, 1857.

My dear Brother: I confess it has not been without some hesitation that I have made up my mind to comply with your request—not from any lack of regard to yourself, nor of tender remembrance of the friend of my youth,—the late Dr. Ezra Fisk; but solely because of an habitual aversion to writing for the public, and a fear that I might fail, after an interval of so many years, to draw an accurate portrait in the attitude required. The truth is, Dr. Fisk lives in my memory by his general amiableness and connection with former studies, ecclesiastical councils, correspondence and social life, rather than by his pulpit exhibitions. Our friendship was intimate and unalloyed; and as a *critic*, a friend is less valuable than a stranger; as in the former, the heart rather than the head is the seat of impressions. Distance, too, affects our optics; and I now stand so far off from my friend, I can but sketch a general outline, while much of feature and colour are lost in the haze of years.

In the pulpit, his person was fine, his dress ever plain and neat, his countenance benevolent, his voice pleasant, his pronunciation distinct and accurate, varied and enlivened by special emphasis, his action moderate and graceful, his air solemn, and at times earnest and tender, altogether suited to secure respect and attention. Of his sermons, I may say his texts were not startling by singularity, but selected because fairly and clearly conveying an important doctrine, which became the burden of the discourse. The text he carefully studied in the original Hebrew or Greek, also in its relation to antecedent and succeeding passages, for the purpose of catching its exact sense, allusions, and argument. Thus assisted, he endeavoured to bring out the doctrine as far as possible in a textual manner. His divisions were natural, logical, briefly and distinctly stated. His language was simple, but classical—the movement of his sentences rather stately and uniform. His illustrations not abundant, and rather fair than striking—

the understanding rather than the emotions seemed his aim. His argumentation was clear and scriptural—the practical advantage taken of it in his applications was connected and faithful. In a word, as his temperament was kindly and equable, so his pulpit exercises were interesting, uniform, and solid, attended by a large and growing congregation of piety and intelligence.

True, there were times when his manner was less calm and stately, and rules were forgotten; when he allowed himself to drift on the full influence of the times, the truth, and the Spirit. Then his voice took greater range, the fountains of emotion were broken up, and he was remarkably impressive and moving. This was most observed in his incidental addresses at evening meetings for devotion and religious inquiry. There he was truly eloquent.

In this brief retrospect of the ministerial character of Dr. Fisk, it would be treachery to worth as well as friendship, to omit his special aptitude and usefulness as a *counsellor*. There was in him a tenderness, a patience, a perspicuity, a comprehension, an unusual knowledge of human nature, a candour and suavity of manner, which, united to a large share of the public confidence, made him eminently useful in this sphere. Like the silent, unseen and universal powers of nature, which give life and harmony to the system, but in their wide-spread agencies exceed detail; so his life was a wide-spread and noiseless blessing to the Church. His record is on high.

I am, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

LUTHER HALSEY.

DANIEL A. CLARK.*

1810—1840.

DANIEL A. CLARK was born at Rahway, N. J., March 1, 1779. His father was David Clark, a relative of Abram Clark, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. His mother was Elizabeth Moore, a person of great energy of character, and of consistent and devoted piety. She bestowed great care upon the religious education of her children, in which unhappily she was rather hindered than aided by her husband, as he seems to have had little sense of the importance of religion, and to have cared little whether his children grew up Christians or infidels. The mother's treatment of them, owing perhaps partly to a natural severity of temper, and partly to the influence of her own early education, was sometimes wanting in due consideration and prudence; but she never left them in doubt as to her commanding desire to see them in possession of the richest of all blessings.

The subject of this notice, at a very early period, began to resist his mother's counsels and exhortations, and to mingle clandestinely in scenes which her judgment, and affection, and authority, had forbidden to him. He had a perfect passion for attending balls; and, on one occasion, having gone to a ball, without the knowledge and contrary to the command of his mother, his conscience would not suffer him to remain, and he returned

* Memoir prefixed to his Sermons.—MS. from his son, Dr. Clark.

home, and spent the rest of the night in intense agony. At another time, his mother, having learned that he had gone to mingle in such a scene of amusement, actually followed him to the place, and succeeded in inducing him to return with her. His father was now about putting him to business; and the man to whom he was to be apprenticed, was grossly irreligious, if not a profligate. Shortly before the time he was to leave home, he determined, on a certain Sabbath morning, to attend church at Elizabethtown that day, and hear the celebrated David Austin. Though he entered the church without any serious feelings, the announcement of the text (Jeremiah i. 4, 5.) awakened them; and he resolved for once to listen attentively. The effect was that his spirit was overwhelmed; and he retired from the house with feelings and purposes altogether new. Subsequently to this, he had great doubts and conflicts; but he seems rather to have inclined to the opinion that, under that sermon of Mr. Austin, he was conscious of the first actings of the principle of spiritual life. In about one year from this time, he made a public profession of his faith, under the ministry of the Rev. Jedediah Chapman.

Soon after this, he formed the purpose of devoting himself to the ministry; and, in 1802, commenced his preparation for College, under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Finley, of Basking Ridge. In March, 1805, he was summoned home to see his mother die. Her death was a tranquil and glorious one; and her only anxiety seemed to be for the salvation of her children. He entered Princeton College in 1805, at an advanced standing, and graduated in 1808, with a high reputation for scholarship.

Mr. Clark, in commencing his theological studies, placed himself under the care of the Presbytery of New York; and in May, 1810, left Newark, in company with Dr. Griffin, for Andover, Mass., the latter to be a Professor, the former a student, in the Seminary which had just been established there. Here he continued between one and two years, being a member of the third class ever formed in the Institution. In October, 1810, while he was yet a student at Andover, he was examined and licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Jersey.

In 1811, he visited Portland, Me., and, for several weeks, occupied the pulpit of the Rev. (now Dr.) N. S. S. Beman, who was obliged to suspend his labours for some time on account of ill health.

On the 1st of January, 1812, he was ordained to the work of the ministry, and installed Pastor of the Congregational Union Church of Braintree and Weymouth, Mass. In June of the same year, he was married at Portland, Me., to Eliza, daughter of Dr. Jeremiah Barker, of Gorham.

Mr. Clark remained at Weymouth, preaching with great boldness and pungency, till the autumn of 1815; when he was induced, partly by the impaired health of his wife, which was thought to demand a milder climate, and partly by an opposition which had arisen in the parish to his ministry, to resign his pastoral charge. Having obtained an honourable dismission, he removed to New Jersey, and laboured through the winter following, at Hanover, where there was an unusual attention to religion.

In January, 1816, he was installed Pastor of the Congregational Church in Southbury, Conn. In connection with his labours here as a minister, he taught, gratuitously, for a considerable time, a large school, with a view to elevate the standard of education in the place and vicinity.

When it was known that Mr. Clark had determined to leave Southbury, his services were sought for by several highly respectable congregations; and he finally accepted an invitation from the West Parish of Amherst, Mass. Here he was installed January 26, 1820,—the Sermon on the occasion being preached by the Rev. Noah Porter, of Farmington.

Mr. Clark's ministry at Amherst was far from being a quiet and peaceful one. Charges of various kinds were made against him, some of them seriously affecting not only his ministerial but Christian character; and, in February, 1824, a Council was convened to consider and decide upon the various allegations. It embraced a large amount of talent and influence; and several, who had long been conspicuous in civil life, bore a prominent part in the investigation. The result was that the Pastor was acquitted on the several charges, and was cordially recommended to the churches as an able and faithful minister.

Mr. Clark remained at Amherst for a season after the action of this council,—continuing in the discharge of his ministerial duties; but, as his situation here was in many respects an undesirable one, he was more than willing to avail himself of the first opportunity that occurred for leaving it. Accordingly, in the spring of 1826, he accepted a call from the Congregational Church in Bennington, Vt., and was installed as its Pastor on the 14th of June. Dr. Griffin, his theological teacher, then President of Williams College, was a member of the Council, and preached the sermon.

Here Mr. Clark's labours were very arduous; but his fearless manner of dealing with all sorts of evil provoked a violent opposition. A revival of considerable power attended his labours; the Temperance Reform in Bennington may be said to have originated in connection with his efforts; he was chiefly instrumental in establishing a Lyceum, which exerted a decidedly healthful influence upon the young men of the community; but, notwithstanding all these tokens of usefulness, he was disposed, after a few years, in consideration of a growing dissatisfaction with his ministry, to seek a new field of labour. He, therefore, requested the Church and Society to unite with him in calling a mutual council for his dismission. The Council accordingly assembled and dissolved the pastoral relation, declaring Mr. Clark worthy of the undiminished confidence of the churches. This occurred in the autumn of 1830.

Mr. Clark, on leaving Bennington, went to Troy, and again occupied the pulpit of Dr. Beman, who found it necessary to travel to the South on account of his health. Here his preaching was heard with great attention, and produced a powerful effect. After this he laboured, for some time, in Utica, N. Y., and the vicinity, and for a short season made Utica the place of his stated residence. On his way thither, on board a canal boat, he met with an accident, by which he broke the thumb of his right hand, thus rendering himself nearly incapable of using a pen. He left Utica in June, 1832; and three days after he had removed his family, the cholera broke out, and in three days more it had found two victims in the house in which he had resided.

On the 17th of July of this year, Mr. Clark was installed over the Presbyterian Church, in Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y. But, after a residence here of a little more than a year, his iron constitution so far gave way that he was obliged to withdraw from the field. Having taken leave of his people, he removed to the city of New York in the autumn of 1833, where his

children were engaging in business. Here he occupied himself in contributing to some of the religious periodicals of the day, in supplying occasionally the vacant pulpit of some neighbouring church, and especially in preparing for the press three volumes of Sermons, which were published in 1836 and 1837. About this time, he received an eligible call to settle; but the state of his health utterly forbade his acceptance of it.

In the fall of 1834, he went to Charleston, S. C., in the hope that his health might be benefitted by a Southern climate. He remained there during the winter, and preached occasionally with great energy and effect. He also contributed several interesting articles to two religious newspapers. He returned to New York in the spring of 1835, with his health in no degree improved. Frequent depletion was resorted to in order to prevent the determination of blood to the head, which was the ever threatening symptom; but both he and his friends had now come to feel that his recovery was hopeless. In the fall of 1837, he removed with his family to New Haven, thinking that he might experience some benefit from a more quiet residence. And, for a short time, the change seemed likely to prove favourable: he preached once after his arrival there, but it was his last effort in the pulpit. Shortly after, he was seized with a fit of paralysis, which affected his right side and the organs of speech. After this, he walked with difficulty, and was able to take but little exercise.

In the spring of 1838, finding that the removal had been of no service to him, he returned with his family to New York. During this year, his disease increased in severity, until at length his mind became quite unstrung. Much of the time he was oppressed with spiritual gloom, and had little or no confidence in the genuineness of his own religious exercises; but his mind always kindled at any intelligence of the prosperity of Christ's Kingdom. He died in great tranquillity on the 3d of March, 1840, of an ossification of the arteries of the brain. His Funeral was attended at the Broadway Tabernacle, where an Address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Joel Parker. His remains were subsequently taken to New Haven for burial.

Mr. Clark, though practically a Congregationalist while he exercised his ministry in New England, nevertheless always retained his preference for the Presbyterian form of Church Government, and resumed his relations with the Presbyterian Church as soon as he had the opportunity. He became ultimately a member of the Third Presbytery of New York, and as such fell upon the New School side, on the division of the General Assembly, in 1838.

The following is a list of Mr. Clark's publications:—A Sermon on the Fourth of July at Hanover, N. J., 1814. The Church safe: A Sermon preached before the Consociation at Watertown, 1817. A Sermon at the laying of the corner stone of the building erecting for the Charity Institution in Amherst, 1820. A volume of Sermons to be used in religious meetings, where there is not present a Gospel Minister, 1825. The influence of a good taste on the moral affections: An Address delivered before the Alexandrian Society of Amherst College, 1827. "Mirror of human nature," and "Practical test of love or enmity to God:" Two Sermons in the National Preacher, 1827. "The Son of God must be reverenced," and "The two champions contrasted:" Two Sermons in the National Preacher, 1829. "The Sinners desperate Depravity," and "The nature and result

of Sanctification:" Two Sermons in the National Preacher, 1836. Three volumes of Sermons, 12mo., 1836, 1837.

The "complete works" of Mr. Clark, together with a Biographical Sketch, and an estimate of his powers as a preacher by the Rev. George Shepard, D. D., were printed in 1846, in two volumes, octavo.

Mr. Clark left six children,—five sons and one daughter. Four of his sons have been liberally educated, and are occupying important posts of professional usefulness. Two are engaged in the profession of Law, one of whom is now (1856) a member of Congress elect from the city of New York; one is a minister in the Presbyterian Church; and one a physician and medical author. His daughter is married to the Rev. J. Livingston Willard, of Sparta, N. J., and is a contributor to various literary periodicals.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., February 28, 1856.

My dear Sir: The Rev. Daniel A. Clark, concerning whom you ask for my recollections, was decidedly a man of mark among the ministers of New England. My acquaintance with him commenced at Princeton, while I was a student of Theology there, and he a member of College; but it was only of a general character,—such as naturally grew out of my occasional meetings with him at our debating clubs, religious gatherings, &c. I am not sure that I ever met with him from the time of my leaving Princeton, until he came to reside in this neighbourhood, as Pastor of the Church at Amherst. During his residence there, I had frequent opportunities of intercourse with him, and knew him, I may say, somewhat intimately, till the close of his life. The last time I saw him, was after he had become disabled for public service by a stroke of paralysis, and there were unmistakeable signs that the time of his departure was at hand.

Mr. Clark had a large and strongly built frame, and a constitution that seemed well fitted for endurance. His countenance had in it more of strength than of delicacy—more that was commanding than attractive. His manners, too, were of the straightforward, and perhaps I may say, careless sort, rather than indicative of a high degree of social culture. In conversation, he was at once intelligent and communicative. He impressed you as decidedly a man of power and originality—you felt that you were in contact with much more than an ordinary mind.

But it was in the pulpit that he exerted his highest influence. His manner was unpolished, but simple, natural, and prodigiously energetic. His sermons were distinguished for great directness of style and thought; for lucid expositions of Divine truth, and for the most plain and pungent dealing with the conscience. He sometimes also displayed a rich and powerful imagination, especially in illustrating such scenes as the death on Calvary, and the retributions of the next world; but even when he was most prodigal of fine imagery, you always felt that it was for some higher end than mere rhetorical display—that it was simply to give additional impressiveness to the truth. From what I have known of his preaching, I am inclined to think that it was better adapted to carry conviction and alarm to the sinner, than consolation to the troubled or bleeding heart; though I do not suppose that it was deficient in the latter.

The published sermons of Mr. Clark, I believe it is generally admitted, take rank with the ablest sermons which our country has produced. There is in them a vigour and fulness of thought, a richness of illustration, and an almost irresistible force of appeal, that render them an honour to the American pulpit.

Yours truly,

S. OSGOOD.

PHILIP LINDSLEY, D. D.*

1810—1855.

PHILIP LINDSLEY, a son of Isaac and Phebe (Condict) Lindsley, was born December 21, 1786, at the residence of his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Huldah Condict, widow of Colonel Ebenezer Condict, near Morristown, N. J. His parents were both of English extraction, and the Lindsleys and Condicts were among the earliest settlers of Morristown, and were active and influential Whigs of the Revolution. His early youth was spent in his father's family, at Basking Ridge, N. J. In 1799, when he was in his thirteenth year, he entered the Academy of the Rev. Robert Finley of that place—then just opened with six pupils. Here he continued three years, with the exception of three months, during which he was at Morristown, under the tuition of Mr. James Stevenson, also a distinguished teacher. He entered the Junior class of the College of New Jersey in November, 1802, and was graduated in September, 1804. He passed the first winter after leaving College at Morristown, as an assistant teacher in Mr. Stevenson's school; and in May following, (1805,) he began to teach the Latin and Greek languages, as an assistant of Mr. Finley at Basking Ridge. Here he continued till the spring of 1807, when he resigned his place, and about the same time became a member of the Church of which Mr. Finley was Pastor, and was received as a candidate for the ministry by the Presbytery of New Brunswick. The same year he became a Tutor in the College of New Jersey, where he remained two years, teaching Latin and Greek, and at the same time studying Theology in connection with the classics, the French language, &c. The winter of 1809–10, he spent at the College, devoting himself exclusively to Theology, under the direction of the President, Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith; and on the 24th of April, 1810, was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick to preach the Gospel.

After making a short excursion to Virginia, he returned to Princeton, and continued his theological studies there during the summer. In October following, he went to Newtown, L. I., where he preached for some time as a stated supply, and declined overtures for a settlement. The summer of 1811 he passed in study with the Rev. Mr. Perrine, (afterwards Professor at Auburn,) at Bottle Hill, (now Madison,) N. J.; and, as Mr. Perrine was installed in the city of New York in October following, Mr. Lindsley accompanied him thither, and continued the study of Theology and Hebrew under his instruction during the next winter. In 1812, he made a tour through New England with the Rev. Robert Finley, and in November of the same year returned to Princeton in the capacity of Senior Tutor in the College. In 1813, he was transferred from the Tutorship to the Professorship of languages, and at the same time was chosen Secretary of the Board of Trustees. He also held the offices of Librarian and Inspector of the College during his connection with the institution. In October of this year, he was married to Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Nathaniel Lawrence, Attorney General of the State of New York.

* Obituary Addresses.—MS. from his son, Rev. Dr. J. B. Lindsley.

In 1817, Mr. Lindsley was twice chosen President of Transylvania University, Ky.; but in both instances declined. In June of the same year, he was ordained, *sine titulo*, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick; and in September following, was elected Vice President of the College of New Jersey. After the resignation of Dr. Green, as President of the College, in 1822, he was for one year acting President. In the early part of 1823 he was chosen President of Cumberland College, Tenn.; and a few months later was chosen President of the College of New Jersey; but he declined both appointments. The same year the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Dickinson College, Carlisle; then under the Presidency of the Rev. Dr. J. M. Mason.

During the winter of 1823–24,—shortly after having refused to consider overtures concerning the Presidency of Ohio University, at Athens, O., he was again importuned to accept the Presidency of Cumberland College, and was finally induced to visit Nashville, that he might form a more intelligent opinion of his duty in respect to it; and the result was that, on the 8th of May, he very reluctantly signified his acceptance of the office. During his absence, the Board of Trustees of Dickinson College had sent a deputy to Princeton to induce him to consent to become President of that institution. On the 24th of December, he arrived in Nashville with his family, consisting of a wife and four children,—the College having then been in operation a few weeks, with about thirty students. He was inaugurated with much pomp and ceremony on the 12th of January, 1825. His Address delivered on the occasion was published, and very widely circulated. It was a noble effort, and was regarded as auspicious of an eminently useful and brilliant career. The corporate name of the College was changed the next year to "The University of Nashville."

Though Dr. Lindsley never directly or indirectly sought an appointment from any literary institution, such was his reputation that he was solicited to the Presidency of such institutions more frequently perhaps than any other man who has ever lived in this country. In addition to the cases already mentioned, he was chosen to the Presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., and of Dickinson College, Carlisle, in 1829; was chosen twice to the Presidency of the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, in 1830; was chosen Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, and President of the College of Louisiana, at Jackson, in 1834; President of South Alabama College, at Marion, in 1837; and President of Transylvania University, in 1839;—all which appointments he promptly declined, though he was greatly urged to accept them.

In May, 1834, Dr. Lindsley was unanimously elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, then holding its sessions at Philadelphia. He was elected a member of the "Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries," at Copenhagen, in 1837.

On the 5th of December, 1845, Mrs. Lindsley was taken from him by death, after a most happy union of about thirty-two years. On the 19th of April, 1849, he was married to Mrs. Mary Ann Ayers, the widow of a kinsman,—Elias Ayers, the founder of the New Albany Theological Seminary,—a daughter of the late Major William Silliman of Fairfield, Conn., and a neice of the venerable Professor Silliman of Yale College.

In May, 1850, Dr. Lindsley was elected Professor of Ecclesiastical Polity and Biblical Archæology in the New Albany Theological Seminary; and,

having resigned the Presidency of the University of Nashville in October following, he removed to New Albany in December, and entered on the duties of the Professorship at the beginning of the next year. Here he continued usefully and acceptably employed until April, 1853, when he resigned the office, contrary to the unanimous wish of the Board.

The remaining two years of his life were spent chiefly in study, devotion, and intercourse with his friends. A few weeks before the meeting of the General Assembly in 1855, he was asked if he would consent to serve the Presbytery as a Commissioner to the Assembly, and his reply was,—"I have never sought any appointment, and when God has placed upon me a duty, I endeavour to discharge it." He was accordingly appointed; but he seemed afterwards to doubt whether it was his duty to attempt to fulfil the appointment, and he remarked the morning that he left home, as if from a premonition of what was before him,—"I think it probable I shall never return—I may die before I reach Nashville." He, however, did reach Nashville, though he reached there only to die. On Wednesday morning, the 23d of May, while he was sitting at the breakfast table, surrounded by his children, the conversation turned upon the danger of aged men travelling from home; and Dr. Lindsley expressed the opinion that it was unwise, and that they thereby often put their lives in jeopardy. A guest at the table pleasantly inquired—"Is not your advice inconsistent with your own lonely journey to this place?" "No," he replied, "no, I am here also at home—as well die here as any where;" and in a few minutes he was struck with apoplexy, and passed instantly into a state of unconsciousness, in which he remained till his death, which occurred at one o'clock the next Friday morning. When the tidings of his alarming illness were communicated to the General Assembly, special prayers were immediately offered in his behalf, and a committee appointed to visit him, and express the sympathy of the Assembly with his afflicted family. When his departure was announced, the most tender and respectful notice was taken of it, and the funeral solemnities, which took place on the succeeding Monday, and were conducted by distinguished members of the Assembly, bore witness to the gratitude and veneration with which his character and services were regarded. His remains were deposited by the side of those of his first wife and his youngest son.

Dr. Lindsley left five children—three sons and two daughters. All his sons were graduated at the University of Nashville. One of them,—*Adrian Van Sinderen*, is a lawyer; another,—*Nathaniel Lawrence*, was formerly Professor of Languages in Cumberland University, and more recently Principal of Greenwood Female Seminary, Tenn.; and the third, *John Berrien*, is an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church, Chancellor of the University of Nashville, and Professor of Chemistry in the Medical department of the same institution.

The following is a list of Dr. Lindsley's publications:—A Plea for the Theological Seminary at Princeton, (several editions,) 1821. Early piety recommended in a Sermon delivered in the College chapel, Princeton, 1821. The duty of observing the Sabbath explained and enforced in a Sermon addressed more particularly to the young, 1821. Improvement of time: Two Discourses delivered in the chapel of the College of New Jersey, 1822. A Farewell Sermon delivered in the chapel of the College of New Jersey, 1824. An Address at his Inauguration as President of Cumberland College,

1825. The cause of Education in Tennessee: A Baccalaureate Address, 1826. A Baccalaureate Address, 1827. A Baccalaureate Address, 1829. A Baccalaureate Address, 1831. A Baccalaureate Address, 1832. An Address on the Centennial Birth-day of George Washington, 1832. A Discourse at the Installation of the Rev. John T. Edgar, Nashville, 1833. A Baccalaureate Address, entitled "Speech in behalf of the University of Nashville," 1837. A Lecture on Popular Education, 1837. A Baccalaureate Address, entitled "Speech about Colleges," 1848.

When I became a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, in 1816, Dr. Lindsley was a Professor in the College. As soon as I saw him, and before I knew who he was, he impressed me as a man of mark—his fine intelligent and commanding countenance, and symmetrical person, and dignified air, left me in no doubt that he was one of the intellectual nobility of the place. Though he used regularly to attend the College chapel, yet, during my connection with the Seminary, he never preached there, and I believe rarely, if ever, preached at all. But he used to attend very often the evening exercises of the Seminary, which consisted in the discussion of some question previously agreed upon; and on those occasions I think he rarely failed to speak. And he never spoke without evincing keen discrimination, and great polemic dexterity. Whatever the subject might be, he always took a liberal and enlarged view of it; and showed the most expansive Christian sympathies. My impression then was, and still is, that his views of Christian doctrine, as well as of Church polity, were of just about the same type with those of Dr. Smith under whom he had studied, and for whose talents and character he cherished an almost boundless admiration. My personal acquaintance with him, while I was a member of the Seminary, was very limited; and yet so strongly marked was his character, that there was perhaps no man in Princeton of whom I carried away a more distinct impression. From the spring of 1819, I think I never saw him till sometime in the year 1848, when he passed a night in Albany, in very feeble health, and sent for me to come and see him at his hotel. I found him greatly changed in his external appearance, but as bright in intellect, and as genial in spirit, as ever. The chief subject of our conversation was Dr. Smith, concerning whom he had not long before written me a letter of personal recollections, which is included in this work; and he talked of his varied gifts and graces with even more enthusiasm than he wrote. When I parted with him, his great apparent feebleness led me to suppose it was for the last time; but it turned out otherwise, as I saw him once after that, and with his health considerably improved. The last letter I received from him was written just as he was leaving New Albany to go to Nashville to die; and when I saw the notice of his death in the newspaper, I was almost ready to question its correctness on the ground that I had received a letter from him of a later date. It was one of the last letters he ever wrote. Many who knew him much better than I did, would agree with me in pronouncing him a noble specimen of a man.

FROM THE REV. JOHN MACLEAN, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, PRINCETON, November 25, 1856.

Rev. and dear Sir: Were I able to do full justice to the character of my lamented friend, the Rev. Dr. Lindsley, I should the more willingly give you my recollections of him. As it is now more than thirty years since he left Princeton, these recollections, though not faint, have not the life and freshness they would possess, had our intimacy continued to the period of his death.

Dr. Lindsley was one of the best teachers of whom I have any knowledge. He had, in a high degree, the happy faculty of imparting to his pupils some of his own ardour for the studies of his department. They were taught to give close attention to grammatical niceties, as well as to the style and sentiments of the authors studied. For youth in College, as well as for youth in classical schools, he insisted upon the importance of constant reference to the Grammar and the Dictionary; and of a thorough analysis of the words, as requisite to a full appreciation of the beauties of style and thought. His favourite Greek authors, if I mistake not, were Homer, Aristotle, and Longinus; and to his fondness for them may be traced some of the characteristics of his own style. He was strong, fervid and bold; and not altogether free from defects common to men of ardent mind and nervous temperament. In conversation and debate he was ready and fluent; yet he very seldom ventured to preach without writing. I have no recollection of his doing so more than once, while he was connected with this institution. His manner in the pulpit was plain and unaffected, yet earnest and impressive. With the students he was a favourite preacher; and at their request he published several of his sermons. The Discourse which perhaps attracted more attention than any other which he published during his residence here, was his "Plea for the Theological Seminary." It seems, however, to have wrought differently upon different minds; for while it led the Rev. Dr. Codman of Dorchester, Mass., to make a donation of a thousand dollars to the Seminary, it gave great offence in certain other quarters, on account of its supposed allusions to some prominent individuals; and it was thought that this indirectly influenced him in declining the Presidency of the College, which was subsequently tendered to him.

In his attention to his professional duties, Dr. Lindsley was always prompt and unflinching. Nothing short of absolute inability to leave his house would induce him to absent himself from any College exercise, which it belonged to him to conduct.

As a College officer, he was always popular, although he was sometimes severe in his rebukes. He was easy of access, and ever ready to encourage and aid any one desirous to advance in knowledge.

He was fond of conversation, cheerful and often playful in his remarks; and perhaps occasionally somewhat unguarded. He was a warm and true friend, but manifested his friendship by actions rather than by professions. On this point I can speak with entire confidence; for I testify of that of which I have the best evidence possible. To few of my friends do I owe more than to Dr. Lindsley. For a year after I was admitted to the first degree in the Arts, he most kindly directed my studies; and to his recommendation chiefly I owed my appointment, first as a Tutor, and then as a Professor, in the College. Others of his pupils doubtless can speak of like kindnesses shown to them; but none can have more reason than I have to revere his memory.

Most respectfully yours,

JOHN MACLEAN.

FROM THE REV. L. J. HALSEY, D. D.

LOUISVILLE, November 6, 1856.

My dear Sir: My first impressions of Dr. Lindsley were formed between the years 1831 and 1837, at a period of his life when he may be said to have reached the full meridian of his influence as a man of learning, an educator of youth, and a preacher of the Gospel. During that period I saw him almost daily, being under his immediate instruction as a pupil in the Nashville University for the first part of it, and for the last two years of it, associated with him as a teacher in the institution. Since that time, and especially during the years of his residence at New Albany, I have had occasional opportunities of seeing and hearing him, as well as of reading his productions, both published and unpublished. But all my most vivid recollections of him run back to the six years just named, in which it was my privilege to enjoy the fruits of his most active labours in the lecture room, often to sit under his peculiar and characteristic preaching, and to witness some of his greatest intellectual efforts before the public, on Commencement occasions.

The personal appearance of Dr. Lindsley, at that time, was exceedingly fine. It might be called commanding, though he was not above the medium size. With a form perfectly erect and symmetrical, with features chiselled after the finest Grecian mould, a spacious dome-like forehead crowned with full black hair, a dark, penetrating eye that flashed with indescribable emotion as he spoke, a peculiar play of expression about the mouth, which no painter's art could ever catch, and a voice rich and musical alike in its highest and lowest notes, he possessed, aside from his rare intellectual gifts and attainments, every outward attribute to make him attractive in conversation, and eloquent as a public speaker. He excelled in both. One of the most distinguished professional gentlemen of the West expressed but the common sentiment, when, after the first brief interview, he remarked to a friend, "That is a man, a perfect, finished man!" In the lecture-room, where he always spoke sitting, and where his style was purely conversational, and his matter apparently wholly unstudied, he was perfectly fascinating. No hearer ever grew weary there, as he poured out, seemingly without an effort, the rich treasures of his well-stored mind. In this respect, he excelled any lecturer I ever heard. As a public speaker, his style was somewhat varied; sometimes, when extemporaneous, being simply conversational, and sometimes, on important occasions, highly elaborate and rhetorical. In his Baccalaureate Addresses, which were prepared with special care, and which were delivered before very large assemblages,—most of the Tennessee Legislature sometimes being present,—he invariably spoke with great animation, and often with thrilling effect. On such occasions, he was in his element—his very look was eloquence—his whole aspect was that of one born to command: for he evidently felt himself to be a master in the whole domain of classical education, and took every opportunity to magnify the office, and put honour upon the mission of the Teacher. I shall never forget the unique and remarkable appearance of Dr. Lindsley, as he stood up on these occasions, clothed in his robes of office, to plead the cause of collegiate education in the West. To say that his manner of speech on such occasions was graceful, or elegant, or dignified, would be faint praise. All such terms would fail to convey an adequate impression of the man. I know of but one word that meets the case, and that is,—"majesty." After these efforts, his pupils were wont to express their admiration by calling him "Hector" or "Achilles."

I remember well his Centennial Oration on the Birth-day of Washington in 1832. At the request of the citizens of Nashville, he addressed them on that occasion, although the time for preparation had been short, and he was somewhat

unwell. It was, however, one of his greatest efforts, and was delivered with great force. When he had been speaking nearly an hour, and the bells rang for dinner, a prominent gentleman of the city, being also one of the oldest members of the Board of Trustees, and withal a special friend of the Doctor, concluded to give him a gentle hint of the lapse of time, which sometimes was forgotten in the ardour of the Doctor's public discourses. Happening to occupy a seat immediately in front, the Trustee pulled out his watch, and adjusting it in the palm of his hand, so as to be concealed from the view of the audience, while it should meet the speaker's eye, held it up. Dr. Lindsley no sooner caught a view of the monitor, than he paused for a moment, then raising himself up in an attitude of indescribable majesty, he said,—"Sir, this is an occasion which comes but once in a hundred years, and the man that cannot afford to lose his dinner to-day is no patriot." After a spontaneous burst of applause from the audience, he resumed his unfinished sentence, and went on with the discourse.

As a man of learning, Dr. Lindsley was distinguished for the accuracy and thoroughness of his classical attainments. Indeed, perfect accuracy, even down to the minutest details, was one of the peculiar characteristics, not only of his scholarship, but of all his conduct. With him it was a cardinal virtue—the *sine qua non* in all education. This was manifested in his perfect pronunciation of the Greek and Latin, as well as of our own tongue. It was a favourite expression with him that his pupils must be "thorough Grecians." I have frequently heard good judges say that he pronounced our own language more perfectly than any one they had ever heard. He would tolerate no departure, in teacher or pupil, from an exact pronunciation, according to Greek and Latin quantity. He held any mispronunciation in a public speaker to be as unpardonable a sin against good breeding, as if a man, to use his own illustrations, should undertake to shoe a horse without understanding the subject, or to cut off your leg without ever having studied surgery. His students, after being with him awhile, would rather stop and confess ignorance, than venture to pronounce a word wrong; and I remember the amazement and awe with which he inspired a young man just entered, for miscalling a word, when, in his half-playful and half-serious way, he threatened to put a cane down his throat, if he murdered that word so again.

This exceeding love of accuracy was strikingly exhibited in another way. He held it to be a great outrage, in man or woman, to write an indistinct, illegible hand. His own chirography was always correct to every letter and dot. I venture to say there is not one line of his manuscript in existence, even in the most ephemeral letter or note of business, which is not penned and punctuated with as much accuracy as if it had been prepared for the press. Indeed, in these respects his manuscript was more perfect than any ordinary printing. Scarcely any thing worried him more than the sad havoc which the printer was almost sure to make with his absolutely perfect spelling and punctuation. I have looked through whole volumes of his manuscripts, written without an erasure or an omission of dot or letter, and almost as easily read as print.

As a preacher of the Gospel, Dr. Lindsley possessed many admirable qualities. He seemed to me to have adopted a method and style of sermonizing, which, like his general train of thought, were peculiar to himself, and no doubt wholly original. But I have heard him when he appeared in two very different lights as a preacher. I recollect to have heard him once at Nashville preach what might be termed a very profound, and yet altogether practical, doctrinal sermon,—preaching as if from his own experience, and setting forth clearly the way of life for a sinner in coming to Christ, precisely after the manner which was carried to such perfection in Dr. Alexander. Amongst his manuscripts, I have seen other sermons of this kind,—pointed, practical, experimental and powerful exhibitions of essential Gospel truths; and I presume that most of his

earlier sermons at the East were of this character. But most of the sermons which I heard him preach at Nashville belonged to a different order. Being chiefly occasional discourses, they were either learned arguments in favour of the general truth of Christianity, or expositions of the great fundamentals of moral duty and charity, or powerful appeals in behalf of that great cause of education to which, on coming to the West, and even before, he had devoted his life. He seemed to feel that his peculiar vocation, as a preacher, was to plead the cause of the educator, and to present those outer aspects of religion which do not fall under the usual ministrations of the pulpit. I cannot doubt that, holding the position he did, these occasional sermons were of great service to the cause of truth and virtue. As an example of this style, I will name a few of his themes. I once heard a very triumphant vindication of the Bible, suggested by the passage in the life of Elijah, where the forty-two children were torn in pieces by bears. Once he delivered a profound discourse on "Banks and the Currency," and another on the nature of "Oaths and Elections." The most original, the most learned, and I believe, the longest, discourse I ever heard him deliver was on "University Education," from the text,—"Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." These discourses which, for the most part, were delivered without notes, and, as I suppose, without being written at all at the time, though of unusual length, were listened to by large and attentive audiences, who seemed never to tire of hearing him. They were in fact often but the more eloquent reproduction, on a larger theatre, of the rich and fascinating conversations of the lecture room. The substance of some of these discourses was published, at the time, in pamphlet form, and others still were written out, though never published. Besides his contributions to the periodical literature of the day, I have now before me a bound volume of his published Addresses and Sermons; numbering some five hundred and fifty octavo pages, among which is his once celebrated "Plea for Princeton Seminary." Most of these contain the results of his ripe scholarship, and the reflections of a mind of no ordinary originality and power; and as such, they possess a general and intrinsic interest which entitles them to be given to the public in a wider and more enduring form. From what I know of Dr. Lindsley, and have seen of his writings, I should think there might be a choice selection made, sufficient to fill two most instructive and readable volumes—the one of "Practical Sermons," and the other of learned "Occasional Discourses."

The influence which, for a quarter of a century, he exerted as an educator over the State of Tennessee and the whole Southwest, has been wide and enduring. The successive bands of young men, who annually went forth from his instruction, bearing the profoundest respect for his talents and learning, have themselves exerted, and are still exerting, a controlling influence over all that part of the country. And probably no man of learning has ever lived in the Southwest, whose life and writings, if judiciously published, would be hailed by a more numerous and devoted class of admirers than Dr. Lindsley's.

Respectfully and truly yours,

L. J. HALSEY.

WILLIAM RAYMOND WEEKS, D. D.*

1811—1848.

William Raymond Weeks, son of Ebenezer and Eunice (Griswold) Weeks, was born at Brooklyn, Conn., August 6, 1783. His father was a farmer, and removed in 1791 to Steuben, Oneida County, N. Y., where the son passed his early years in clearing and tilling the ground. At an early age he was apprenticed to the trade of a printer, at which he worked for several years, first at Whitesborough, and afterwards at Lansingburg, in the State of New York.

Having experienced, as he hoped, a radical change of character, in connection with a revival of religion that occurred under the ministry of the Rev. Jonas Coe, he determined, by the advice of some of his most judicious friends, to enter on a course of study preparatory to the ministry. He fitted for College under the instruction of his cousin, the Rev. Holland Weeks, then a Congregational minister in Pittsford, Vt. In due time he entered the College of New Jersey, was graduated in 1809, and remained as Tutor for six months after his graduation. During his college course, he devoted considerable attention to the Hebrew language, and fully intended, at that time, to become a foreign missionary.

He pursued his theological studies, partly under the direction of his cousin, and partly at the Andover Theological Seminary, which he joined in 1811. During this period his health became seriously impaired, insomuch that not only were his studies materially interrupted, but he was obliged to give up his cherished purpose of carrying the Gospel to the Heathen. He was licensed to preach by the Association in Vermont, with which the Rev. Holland Weeks was connected.

Having preached for a short time in Hebron, N. Y., he went in December, 1811, to Plattsburg, where he was ordained and installed by the Columbia Presbytery, in February, 1812.

On the 15th of January, 1812, he was married to Hannah, daughter of John Randel of Albany. In 1814, he resigned his charge at Plattsburg, and for about a year made his home at Albany at his wife's father's, though he was most of the time absent, looking out for a place of settlement. In 1815, he removed to Litchfield, (South Farms,) Conn.: the people desired him to become their Pastor; but the ministers of the Association, on account of some difference of religious opinion between him and them, refused to install him; and, after preaching there for a short time, he opened a school in the place, which he continued until 1818, when he removed to Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y. Here he commenced another school, which he continued till November, 1820, when he received a call from the Church at Paris Hill. He accepted the call, so far as to render them his official services; but, as they were in a somewhat divided and restless state, he declined being installed, thinking that he should be at once more comfortable and more useful to serve them as a stated supply. He remained at Paris Hill till 1831, and during the last two years was engaged also in teaching a school. His situation was now rendered very unpleasant by the introduc-

* MS. from his son, J. R. Weeks, Esq.

tion of what were technically called the "new measures" in connection with revivals of religion; and he therefore removed to Utica, where he remained about a year, teaching a school, and ministering to the Third Presbyterian Church, then a missionary station under the care of the American Home Missionary Society.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Williams College in 1828.

In 1832, he accepted a call from the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Newark, N. J. Here he continued to perform the double duty of preaching and teaching a school, until the autumn of 1846, when his health had so far declined that he was obliged to give up both his congregation and his school; though he preached a few times after this in some of the neighbouring churches. He died while on a visit to Oneida, N. Y., on the 27th of June, 1848, from a general debility of the system, occasioned, as was supposed, by exhausting labours and a long continued sedentary habit. His remains were carried to Newark for interment.

The following is a list of Dr. Weeks' publications:—Nine Sermons on the Decrees and Agency of God, (three editions,) 1813. Scripture Catechism, (two editions,) 1813. A Sermon entitled "Withholding a suitable support from the Ministers of Religion is robbing God," preached at Plattsburg, 1814. Missionary Arithmetic, 1822. Scripture Catechism, 1825. A Tract entitled "All for the best," 1827. A Tract on Female Influence, 1828. A Letter on Protracted Meetings, addressed to the Church in Paris, 1832. A Tract on the Prayer of Faith, 1836. A Letter to the Rev. Charles Fitch on his views of Sanctification, 1840. A Sermon on the duty of Contending for the Faith once delivered to the Saints, 1841. A Series of short Tracts, from 1834 to 1841, with the following titles:—Use of the Bible—Dialogue between the Bible and the Reader—Ground of Love to God—Revivals of Religion desirable—The Glory of God—Free Agency—Revival Spirits tried—The Work of Creation—Doctrine of Decrees explained—Doctrine of Total Depravity—Selfishness—The just desert of Sin—Design of Redemption—The Atonement—Depravity, Atonement and Justification—The Forgiveness of sins—Personal Holiness—Encouragement to the Use of Means—Consolation for the Afflicted—Instrumentality of Truth—The Purifying Influence of Gospel Doctrines. The year after his death (1849) was published in a duodecimo volume, The Pilgrim's Progress in the Nineteenth Century, some chapters of which had been published in another form as early as 1824.

FROM THE REV. BAXTER DICKINSON, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE LANE AND AUBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

BOSTON, November 21, 1856.

Dear Sir: My acquaintance with the Rev. William R. Weeks, D. D., commenced, I think, in 1831, in Newark, N. J., where, at that time, I was a settled pastor. He came to the place on an invitation to the pastoral charge of a new and small Presbyterian Church. For a period of four years or more our intercourse was that of a good degree of intimacy, and of uninterrupted confidence and friendship; when the providence of God transferred me to another field of labour.

In the *personal appearance* of Dr. Weeks there was nothing peculiarly striking. e was a little above the medium height and size, with the aspect of health and more than ordinary physical vigour. His countenance was contemplative, acid and cheerful; and his deportment uniformly that of ministerial dignity id propriety. His words were few, and his manner rather cool and reserved, id yet adapted only to secure respect and confidence. While ever busy in his vn proper sphere, he never interfered obtrusively in the affairs of others. He as truly modest and courteous, with nothing of the mere parade of social fe.

Dr. Weeks had a mind of more than ordinary activity, vigour and independ- ice; disciplined by patient and severe study; and enriched by exact and some- hat varied stores of learning. The Classics and the Hebrew Language were e study of his life; and in these departments few have attained to greater curacy of scholarship. Still more deeply perhaps was he interested in theo- gical researches. He was a man of extensive reading, and quite familiar with e religious views of the eminent theologians of all periods. At the same time, is own investigations were independent, elementary and profound. Either by ature or culture his mind was logical and discriminating, rather than impulsive id brilliant.

The *moral disposition* of Dr. Weeks was that of kindness and generosity. He as a friend to the suffering of every class, and took a deep interest in objects esigned to elevate and bless mankind. The cause of popular education received is earnest thought and services, as did also the more strictly philanthropic and eligious enterprises of the age. In his religious character, however, the pre- ominant feature was uniformly that of principle rather than emotion. He had cultivated conscience, and discriminated nicely between right and wrong. He id no trick and no concealment; but was ever open, frank, and inflexible in all iat pertained, in his estimation, to truth and duty. No one probably doubted is sincerity and his unbending integrity. I remember well an occurrence, early i our acquaintance, which made a decided impression on my mind in regard to is character for honesty and conscientiousness—an impression only deepened y subsequent and familiar intercourse. He was about to apply for member- hip in our Presbytery. He came to my study with a paper in which he had rawn out carefully his views on several articles of the Presbyterian "Confes- ion of Faith," which he apprehended might be explained somewhat differently y himself and the brethren generally. It was in vain I assured him there was o diversity which would create with any brother a moment's hesitation in eceiving him, and begged him to withhold the paper. He persisted, however, i the propriety and purpose of presenting it, and did so;—when, as I pre- icted, he was admitted without a word of objection, or a call for further expla- ation; while his frankness, candour, and scrupulousness gained for him at once he sympathy and esteem of all.

And here it is proper to say a few words of his *Theology*. It was emphati- ally that of the Hopkinsian School. The peculiarities of that system—what ay be properly termed its strong points—he held intelligently and decidedly. le did not regard them as mere matters of speculation. He believed them ruths of Revelation, and possessed of great practical importance. He regarded hem as affording the most abasing views of human impotency and guilt, and at he same time the most reverential and exalted impressions of the character and overnment of God. They nourished his piety, as he believed, and ministered ichly to his comfort in trial.

I remember an occasion of trial on which he brought into practical use, as he upposed, the resources of his peculiar theology for substantial consolation. He elt it his duty to advertise and deliver a lecture on Slavery. It was a time of reat sensitiveness in the public mind on that subject. Similar efforts had

been attended with riot and violence in a number of places. He was warned of the peril and urged to desist. But he was one of the last to be deterred from any duty by a dread of public rebuke, or even by considerations of personal safety. At the appointed hour he was at his post and commenced the service. In a few minutes there was the gathering of an excited multitude, and soon a general rush into the church. Pulpit, pews, lamps, and windows became at once a scene of general ruin. He made his escape, however, unharmed. And the next we heard of him was, that on the coming Sabbath, in a small apartment procured as a place of worship for the occasion, he was urging with characteristic calmness and force the doctrine of the efficient agency of God in all things, good and bad alike, from the striking text, "Is there evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?"

As a *preacher*, Dr. Weeks was not popular in the common acceptation of the term. His voice was not musical, nor his manner in any respect attractive. His style was clear, correct, didactic, but never sparkling. He dealt very much in principles, and not enough directly with the sensibilities of his hearers. He was intellectual, argumentative and convincing,—not sufficiently imaginative and impressive. And yet he had excellencies as a preacher. He had dignity, seriousness, earnestness, and strict propriety of style and manner in all respects. His spirit and themes were eminently evangelical. His ministrations were always the result of careful and earnest preparation; and hence they were instructive and edifying. Had he expended less strength and time relatively in expounding and establishing the naked truth under discussion, and indulged more freely in direct, pungent, rousing exhortation, he might probably have been a more acceptable, and at the same time a more useful, preacher. As he was, and as he laboured, however, he was an able and faithful minister of Christ; and he did honourable service for the Christian cause.

On the whole, my recollections of Dr. Weeks are pleasant. He was a man of talent, an indefatigable student, an eminent scholar and theologian, estimable in his private walk and social relations, of pure and high moral principle; and as a minister of Christ he was exemplary, evangelical, devout, and uncompromising in the maintenance and defence of what he believed to be the great truths of the Gospel.

I am very respectfully and truly yours,

BAXTER DICKINSON.

THOMAS DICKSON BAIRD.*

1812—1839.

THOMAS DICKSON BAIRD, the son of John and Elizabeth (Dickson) Baird, was born near Guilford, County of Down, Ireland, on the 26th of December, 1773. His parents were worthy members of the Burgher Secession Church, and maintained an exemplary Christian profession at a time when practical and vital religion was at a low ebb in most of the churches in the North of Ireland. They gave special heed to the religious education of their children, and the result was that, as they attained to years of maturity, they all became hopefully converted to God, and made a public profession of their faith.

* MS. autobiography.—MS. from his son, Rev. S. J. Baird.

The subject of this sketch early evinced a strong desire for knowledge; it his father, owing to various untoward circumstances, felt obliged to fuse his request for a liberal education,—intimating to him, at the same ne, that he was destined to the trade of a blacksmith. "Very well," was e answer,—"I will do what you require now, but I will never be an ed blacksmith." Thus thrown upon his own resources, he devoted every isure moment to the acquisition of knowledge. Whilst toiling at the vil, he made himself well acquainted with Arithmetic, and advanced conderably in Lilly's Latin Grammar, notwithstanding the apparently hopeess barrier presented in the fact that the work itself is veiled in the Latin ngue. At the same time, he was a diligent student of the Scriptures and her religious books, and by the aid of his parents and pastor, he acquired, en at that early period, a good knowledge of systematic theology. As rly as his eighteenth year, he had connected himself with the Church in onaghcloney, of which his parents were members.

Notwithstanding the general depressed state of religion in the North of reland, at this period, there were some movements, especially among the rivate members of the Church, that indicated a recovering spirit. In oth the Reformed and Secession Churches, there were voluntary societies r prayer and religious conference, where each member was permitted to peak of his own spiritual exercises, or, as the case might be, to express his pinion upon any passage of Scripture proposed for consideration. Mr. Baird soon became a leading member of one of these societies; and in the xercise of his gifts, to which he was thus called, he was actually preparing imself for the higher services of a minister of the Gospel.

Not long after he made a profession of religion, he became so much issatisfied with the lax discipline of the Body with which he was connected—nen of the most immoral lives being tolerated as members—that he withrew from it, and united with the branch of the Church called "Reformed" r "Covenanters." In this connection, he became acquainted with sabella Mackey, of a very respectable family, residing at a place called Knockgorm; and on the 12th of December, 1796, they were united in narriage. This arrangement seemed fatal to his prospect of acquiring a iberal education, as it devolved upon him the necessity of labouring for he support of a family. His new church relations proved less agreeable to im than he expected, and it was not long before he returned to the Associate Church, taking his wife with him.

Mr. Baird was a participant in the scenes of the Irish rebellion of 1798. Being conspicuous among the insurgents, he could not escape the notice of he informers, who pervaded the country with their espionage. He was reported to government, and repeated attempts were made to apprehend him. On one occasion the officers came upon him so suddenly that he had barely time to escape through a back window, and lay himself down among some shrubs. So poor a hiding place did they afford, that his family could see him from the window, while the soldiery were searching the house. It was greatly to his credit that, amidst the excitement attendant on these fearful scenes, and in the face of obstacles that seemed well nigh insurmountable, he formed the resolution of entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors. To this resolution he steadfastly adhered to the close of life.

Mr. Baird had twice resolved on coming to America before he actually succeeded. He was induced to relinquish his design, in the first instance,

by the importunity of his parents, and in the second,—which was after the turbulent times began,—by finding that the sea-ports were so closely watched that an attempt to escape would be more perilous than to remain. In the year 1802, however,—the times having undergone a favourable change,—he once more resolved to embark for the United States; and he actually arrived with his family at Newcastle, De., on the 9th of July of that year. He was employed at his trade in Pennsylvania for almost three years; but, having received repeated letters from a relative living at Williamsburg, S. C., from which he inferred that his circumstances would be improved by a removal thither, he left Philadelphia with his family in March, 1805, and travelled by way of Charleston to the place where his friend resided. In the autumn following, his wife was seized with the prevailing fever of the country, during his absence from home, and died shortly after his return. Scarcely had her remains been committed to the grave before his two little boys,—the only surviving members of his family,—were attacked by the same disease, and in a few days were both laid by the side of their mother. Then he was himself prostrated by a similar attack, and was brought so near to death that his recovery was regarded as scarcely less than a miracle.

It was at this period that Mr. Baird began more seriously to meditate the purpose of entering the ministry. He had already united with the Presbyterian Church,—there being no Associate Church in the neighbourhood in which he lived. He seems to have been at first doubtful of the propriety of singing any other version of the Psalms than that to which he had been accustomed; but as the result of a somewhat particular examination of the subject, he arrived at the conclusion that it could not be wrong to adopt, in the worship of God, any language consistent with the doctrines of the Gospel, or the exercises of true Christians.

Mr. Baird's purpose to enter the ministry was subsequently thwarted and then revived and thwarted again, by a series of adverse circumstances over which he had no control. At length, however, in April, 1809, he quitted his worldly occupation, sold the little property he had accumulated, and again entered upon a course of study. He availed himself of the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Moses Waddel, then the Principal of a very popular school at Willington, Abbeville District, S. C., while, at the same time, he was acting as a Tutor in the institution. In the spring of 1811 he was taken under the care of the Presbytery of South Carolina as a candidate for the ministry, and on the 8th of April, 1812, was licensed to preach the Gospel. Having, in the autumn following, received and accepted a call from the Broadaway Congregation, at the village of Varennes, in what was then Pendleton District, he was ordained and installed in the pastoral office in May, 1813. In connection with the duties of the ministry here, which he performed much to the satisfaction of his people, he conducted a large and popular classical school.

Mr. Baird attended the General Assembly at Philadelphia as a delegate from his Presbytery in 1814, and from what he witnessed especially in connection with an appeal from the Third Church in Philadelphia, in regard to the settlement of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, he seems to have been deeply impressed with the conviction that the New England Churches were exerting an influence quite adverse to the interests of Presbyterianism; and the impression which he then received grew stronger in subsequent

rears, and determined his course in the great controversy which ultimately livided the Church.

In 1815, he resolved to seek a residence at the North,—a resolution which is understood to have originated, in no small degree, in his dislike of the institution of slavery; though he subsequently had occasion to show hat he had little sympathy with the modern school of abolitionists. Having obtained from the Presbytery a release from his pastoral charge, he ravelled, on horseback, through Tennessee and Kentucky into Ohio; and in he course of the summer he received and accepted a call from the Church n Newark, in the last mentioned State. Here he continued to labour as oth minister and teacher for five years. On the 12th of November, 1816, e was married to Esther, eldest daughter of Samuel Thompson, a ruling lder in the First Presbyterian Church in Pittsburg, Pa. In 1817, he eceived overtures in regard to becoming President of the Ohio University, which he declined. Dr. Waddel of South Carolina, whose advice he sought n the occasion, at first gave an opinion adverse to his acceptance of the place, though, in doing so, he expressed the highest appreciation of his talents and character. He seems subsequently to have changed his mind, and advised him to accept it; but Mr. Baird adhered to his original determination.

In 1820, he resigned his charge in Newark, and in October of that year, settled over the Church in Lebanon, Alleghany County, Pa. Of this church he continued the pastor until he was disabled for stated preaching by repeated and nearly fatal attacks of laryngitis. Amidst circumstances of great difficulty and discouragement, he was a laborious and successful pastor. More than a hundred persons were added to the church in the fourteen years of his incumbency.

Mr. Baird had an important agency in originating and sustaining those measures which resulted in the establishment of the Western Foreign Missionary Society; whose missions, being transferred to the General Assembly, constituted the basis of the operations of its present Board. And he had a no less prominent part in those measures that prepared the way for the division of the Church. In the spring of 1831, in accordance with the wishes of many of his brethren, he took the editorial charge of the Pittsburg Christian Herald,—a paper designed to meet the peculiar exigencies of the times. This paper was conducted with acknowledged ability, and doubtless had much to do in giving direction to the public mind on the points of controversy. When the "Act and Testimony" was issued, he at once cordially signed and vigorously sustained it. He was an active member of the Convention that sat in Pittsburg during the week preceding the Assembly of 1835. He also sat in the Convention and Assembly of 1837, of the former of which he was one of the Clerks, and of the latter an active member,—concurring in all the decisive acts of the two Bodies. He was a member of the Assembly of 1838, and President of the Convention that met in connection with it. He regarded the division of the Church as involving a great triumph of truth and order.

In October, 1838, he relinquished his charge of the paper; and, having removed his family to Cannonsburg, with a view to the education of his sons, was led by business to make a journey to the South; and he was the more inclined to do this, as it would give him the opportunity of visiting once more the scene of his former trials and ministrations. He seems,

however, in making his arrangements for the journey, to have been impressed with the idea that he was about to leave home for the last time; and, accordingly, left behind him a letter addressed to his family, containing various directions and counsels for their consideration, provided he should not live to return. He left home on the 21st of November, 1838, and having visited South Carolina and Georgia, took cold, on his return, from travelling in the stage at night, which occasioned an inflammation of the kidneys. He continued his journey two or three days in a state of great suffering, when he was obliged to stop at an inn, in Duplin County, N. C. about forty miles from Wilmington. The Rev. Henry Brown, whose residence was within about a mile of the place where he stopped, had him immediately removed to his house, where, after a few days of intense suffering,—which, however, was greatly alleviated by a triumphant faith, he died on the 7th of January, 1839, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Baird was the father of thirteen children—by the first marriage seven,—four sons and three daughters: by the second, six,—five sons and one daughter. All the children of the first marriage died in infancy or early childhood. Three of the sons by the second marriage,—namely, *Samuel John*, *Ebenezer Thompson*, and *James Henry*, are ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

Beside his occasional contributions to the papers as a correspondent and an editor, he was the author of two Treatises on Psalmody. The first, entitled "The Science of Praise," and published in 1816, was designed to satisfy the minds of members of his own congregation, who had doubts on the subject. The second, entitled "An inquiry into the privilege and duty of the Christian Church in the exercise of Sacred Praise,"—was a Reply to Strictures of the Rev. Dr. Gilbert McMaster of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on the former, and was published in 1825. He had considerable poetical talent, and wrote two Poems of some length, beside several smaller pieces; but I believe none of them exist except in manuscript.

It must be obvious, I think, to every one, in view of the above narrative, and it has been especially so to me in reading the autobiography from which chiefly it has been compiled, that Mr. Baird was very much more than an ordinary man. His early and determined purpose to acquire a liberal education, in the midst of opposing influences, betokened at once the vigour of his intellect and the energy of his will. The docility which he manifested in following the leadings of Providence through the various changes allotted to him, until a door was finally opened for his entrance into the Christian ministry, and the alacrity with which he then addressed himself to the work, show that, while he acknowledged God in all his ways, he was, like the great Apostle, obedient to every "heavenly vision" with which he was favoured. The fact that with such comparatively limited advantages, he attained to such high respectability and usefulness, that he occupied places of acknowledged responsibility, and had so much to do at critical periods with the direction of affairs, shows that he must have united a sagacious and far-reaching mind with sterling Christian integrity. As he was always ready to contend for what he believed to be truth and right, and was actually prominent in the most important controversy that has ever agitated the Presbyterian Church, it was impossible that his course should meet with universal approval; but, however some of his brethren may have dissented from his views, and refused to co-operate in his measures, it is believed that no one

ever doubted for a moment the purity of the motives that controlled him. He had been thoroughly schooled in affliction; and to that no doubt was to be referred, in no small degree, the vigour of his Christian affections, and his diligence in his Master's work, as well as his mature preparation for his final change. It was a striking providence that carried him away to die; but his mind was so firmly stayed upon the evangelical promises that there was no misgiving, no faltering, in the prospect of his departure. His life had been a chequered and eventful one, but had been signally blessed to the spiritual benefit of his fellow men; and though his death was not, in all its circumstances, what he or his friends might have chosen, it was an eminently Christian death, and as such, a fitting termination of the life which he had lived.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM JEFFERY, D. D.

HERRIOTTSVILLE, Pa., April 6, 1857.

My dear Sir: Your letter finds me in a state of health that is little favourable to effort of any kind; and yet I am unwilling altogether to refuse your request, though I am quite aware that I cannot do that justice to the subject which my feelings would dictate. My intercourse with Mr. Baird for almost twenty years was intimate and confidential. During this period, we often met in Presbytery, Synod, and various Boards; assisted each other on Communion occasions, and visited at each others' houses—in short our relations were such as to furnish me the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with his intellectual, moral, Christian and ministerial character. But I shall only hint at one or two characteristics which impressed me most deeply.

He was remarkable for his punctuality in fulfilling all his appointments, and meeting all the reasonable claims that were made upon him. He was never absent from any of our ecclesiastical meetings where we had a right to expect his presence, unless it were a matter of imperious necessity. And he was not satisfied with merely being present; but he always bore a prominent part in the business that was transacted. In debate he was prompt, candid, lucid and respectful. In maintaining his opinions he was firm and honest—on all important points touching the doctrines or the policy of the Presbyterian Church, those who wished, knew exactly where to find him. As a preacher and a debater, his efforts were characterized more by strength than polish—they were always pointed and appropriate. I remember an incident that would go to show that this was the general impression—On one occasion when he had preached the opening sermon before Synod, a prominent member, who arrived after the service, inquired—"What kind of a sermon had you?" "Clear, appropriate, and strong," was the reply. "It would be all that," said the other, "coming from *him*—his preaching could not be other than *strong;* but what was the subject, &c.?" I will only add, in respect to his character, that I always found him a warm-hearted, generous and sympathizing friend, and an eminently wise and judicious counsellor.

I shall never forget my last interview with him. It was, I think, after he had taken leave of his family in Cannonsburg, that I met him on his way to Pittsburg, and prevailed upon him to turn aside, some two miles, and spend the night at my residence. The interview was rendered specially interesting by the attending circumstances. In the morning he took an affectionate leave of myself and family. I accompanied him to his horse, and after he was mounted, from an impression which at that moment came over me that I might never see him again, I took him by the hand and said—"Mr. Baird, I have known you intimately for almost twenty years, and from the first with increasing confidence

and esteem—I may never see you again—I wish you well, living, dying, and forever." He held my hand for some seconds, unable to speak; and then said—"The whole is reciprocated—You shall hear from me in Georgia." This was his last utterance in my hearing, and that the last time that I saw his face.

Very fraternally yours,

WILLIAM JEFFERY.

FROM THE REV. DAVID ELLIOTT, D. D.

ALLEGHANY, Pa., April 16, 1857.

Dear Sir: I had no acquaintance with the Rev. Thomas D. Baird until after my removal to Western Pennsylvania; and then I met him only occasionally, and at distant intervals, for a number of years. After I became connected with the Theological Seminary in this city, my intercourse with him was frequent and familiar. He was a good and true man, in whom I had much confidence. And, by his brethren in the ministry, who had the best opportunities of knowing him, he was highly esteemed. He was a man of respectable talents and attainments, and of consistent ministerial and Christian deportment. He was remarkable for his candour and honesty of character, and abhorred everything which had the appearance of seeking to secure a favourite end by unfair means. Upon all subjects connected with the doctrines and policy of the Church to which he belonged, he felt it to be his duty to form a judgment, and to assume his share of responsibility in sustaining what he believed to be the truth. In the controversies which existed in the Presbyterian Church some years ago, he was, from conviction, an Old School man, and was among the earliest to notice what he believed to be aberrations from the doctrines, and encroachments on the order, of our Church, and to raise his warning voice against them. But, while he was thus decided in his views and practice, he scorned to take any undue advantage of those whom he felt it his duty to oppose, and was often found acting—where principle was not involved—in the most liberal and accommodating manner towards them.

In the judicatories of the Church, he generally took a part in the discussions, but his remarks were brief and to the point. Hence, although his manner was not of the popular kind, he was always listened to with respect. As the Editor of the "Pittsburg Christian Herald" for upwards of six years, during the most difficult and unsettled state of the Presbyterian Church, he was extensively known. The ability and frankness with which he sustained what he believed to be the cause of truth and order during that period, were generally acknowledged by those who were in the habit of reading his paper. And, although some found fault, it is believed that few men could have been selected who would have passed through the period of excitement, during which he occupied the editorial chair, with so large an amount of general approbation. In Mr. Baird's Christian character there was nothing fitful or sparkling. But, under the influence of Christian principle, he steadily and perseveringly sought to do good, and promote the glory of God. I very rarely heard him preach. The discourses I heard were well arranged and instructive. His style was simple and direct, without ornament. Respecting the results of his labours as a pastor, I have no information.

Very respectfully and truly your friend,

D. ELLIOTT.

SAMUEL DAVIES HOGE.*

1813—1826.

Samuel Davies Hoge was the fourth son of the Rev. Moses Hoge, D. D. and Elizabeth, his wife, and was born in Shepherdstown, Va. in the year 1791. In his childhood he was rather large and robust; but as he grew to manhood, he became comparatively feeble, and while he was yet quite a youth, exhibited some symptoms of the disease which terminated his life.

His early training was decidedly Christian,—not merely as conducted by his father, but especially by his mother, who was distinguished for sound judgment, great promptness and decision, and an intelligent, deep and consistent piety. Though no definite account of the commencement of his religious experience has been preserved, it is known that he was the subject of serious impressions from early childhood. In the autumn of 1800, while he was yet a mere child, his father and mother travelled into the more Southern States for the benefit of her health, and he accompanied them. It was at the time that the remarkable revival of religion prevailed in that region, which was accompanied by so many strange and extravagant demonstrations. He was taken to several of the great meetings which were held in connection with that work, and on one occasion became a subject of powerful excitement, and prayed, and exhorted the crowd who gathered around him, with astonishing fervour and effect. The impressions which he received at that time were not a little strengthened during a revival which occurred three years later; and, though it might not have been easy to mark the exact period of his conversion, he became openly and decidedly a follower of the Saviour, several years before he reached manhood.

He was first taught the Latin language by his father, and the students of Theology who resided in his father's family. He was then for some time a member of a classical school taught by his brother James (now the Rev. Dr. Hoge of Columbus, O.) at the Augusta Church, Va.; and subsequently attended an Academy instituted by his father in Shepherdstown, in the same State. When his father removed to Prince Edward to become the President of Hampden Sidney College, Samuel Davies accompanied him, and there pursued his studies until he graduated in 1810. He then prosecuted his theological course, under the direction of his father, who was the Synodical Professor of Theology as well as President of the College. He placed himself under the care of the Hanover Presbytery, as a candidate for the ministry, in October, 1812, and was licensed to preach on the 8th of May, 1813. His father addressed him on the occasion, and presented him with a Bible which had belonged to his mother, with an appeal which filled the house with audible weeping. While pursuing his theological studies, he was employed as Tutor in the College, and, after his licensure, occupied, for some time, the place of Professor and Vice President.

His earnest desire to engage more directly in the ministry of the Gospel led him to resign his place in the College, and accept a call as Pastor of the Churches of Culpepper and Madison, in Virginia. Here he was ordained, by the Presbytery of Hanover, in the year 1816, and here he continued to

* MS. from Rev. Dr. James Hoge.

labour with great acceptance, fidelity and success, until April, 1821, when he removed to Ohio.

His attention was directed to the West, at an early day, by the rapid increase of the Church, and the urgent demand for a larger number of ministers, in that portion of our country. Doubtless he was influenced in some degree also by the fact that his eldest brother had been labouring in the same vocation in Ohio, for more than fifteen years. After remaining a few months with his family, at the house of his brother in Columbus, he was called to the pastoral charge of the Churches of Hillsborough and Rocky Spring, in Highland County. To these congregations he ministered with his wonted diligence and success some two years. His health, however, proved insufficient for the duties incident to so extensive a charge. His voice, especially, which was naturally weak, was scarcely adequate to preaching frequently to the large congregations that waited on his ministry. A change of location and of duties, therefore, became desirable,—even necessary.

At this time the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Ohio University, at Athens, was urgently proposed to him, including also the opportunity of preaching in the College Chapel, and in the Church of the town, and in the vicinity, as often as his health would allow. Having accepted this appointment, he removed to Athens, and entered on his duties near the close of the year 1823. The University was at that time without a President, but, under the influence of Mr. Hoge, in connection with two or three other able instructers, its prosperity was not a little increased. His preaching likewise, both in the College and in the Church, was highly acceptable and useful.

In the course of the year 1825, his health began perceptibly to decline, and it became manifest that he was the subject of a serious affection of the liver. He, however, continued his accustomed labours until the summer of 1826, when the disease had evidently taken on a chronic form, and for several weeks he was confined to his room, and much of the time to his bed. In November following, he seemed to be considerably relieved, and became, as he supposed, able to resume his duties in the College. He, accordingly, made the attempt; but his death occurred almost immediately after, under the very extraordinary circumstances, which are minutely detailed in the subjoined letter.

Mr. Hoge was married in October, 1812, to Elizabeth Rice, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Drury Lacy. They had four children,—two sons and two daughters,—all of whom became members of the Church at an early age. Both of the sons are ministers of the Gospel. The eldest, *Moses D.*, is (1857) Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Richmond, Va., and one of the Editors of the Central Presbyterian; the younger, *William J.* was lately Pastor of the Westminster Church, Baltimore, Md., and is now Professor of Biblical Instruction in Union Theological Siminary, Prince Edward County, Va. Mrs. Hoge died in Gallatin, Tenn., November 18, 1840.

The Rev. Dr. Hoge of Columbus writes thus of his brother:—"As a pulpit orator, he only lacked voice and physical strength to have ranked with the first preachers of his age. His style was pure, simple and energetic, expressing with great exactness the nicest shades of thought. And his subject matter was always evangelical truth, presented in such a way as to instruct, and at the same time deeply affect, his hearers. The growth of believers

a holiness and comfort, and the conversion of sinners, to the glory of God a Christ, was evidently his supreme end in all his ministrations. Nor ras he disappointed in the results of his labours. Though his ministry ras short, reaching through a period of only thirteen years, it was attended rith a rich blessing from on high, and will doubtless be the occasion to aany of everlasting joy.

"In stature, he was rather below the medium, though hardly so much as o be noticed. His personal appearance, as a public speaker, was in his avour. His voice, though weak, was pleasant. He possessed an amiable nd agreeable temper, conversed with ease and freedom, and shared largely n the affectionate regards of his friends."

FROM THE REV. MOSES D. HOGE, D. D.

RICHMOND, Va., September 2, 1857.

My dear Sir: I cannot decline the grateful, though delicate, office you have ssigned to me, in assisting to form a suitable memorial of my lamented and evered father, and my only regret is that the circumstances in which your equest finds me will allow me to do it only in the most hurried manner.

I was very young when my father died; but I have a distinct and even vivid ecollection of him. He was a very grave looking man, and his manner was trikingly solemn, when in the pulpit, or engaged in any serious duty. Yet in he social circle he was eminently cheerful, and without effort he could entertain large company with the most familiar and playful discourse. He was easy nd graceful in his address; invariably polite without formality; and while aithful in rebuking what was reprehensible, very considerate of the feelings of thers. Such was his nice sense of propriety and delicacy of sentiment, that he ras never known to make an allusion, or to utter an expression, that could offend the most fastidious ear; and although easily diverted and fond of innocent wit, he instantly became grave and silent, when any one spoke a vulgar or pro- ane word in his presence. He could thus, by a single look of grieved surprise r displeasure, rebuke and abash any one who ventured to retail an indelicate tory, or make use of an indecent innuendo, in his company.

While, as I have remarked, his manner in the pulpit was characterized by reat solemnity, it often melted into tenderness. In speaking of the love and ufferings of Christ, he would not unfrequently burst into tears; and sometimes is emotion would impede his utterance—yet these involuntary interruptions of is discourse never injured the effect of any appeal with his auditors. They softened and wept with him.

He was a diligent student, and very versatile in his tastes and pursuits. He read the Greek and Latin languages with great facility, and though delighting in the ancient classics, was equally fond of the exact sciences. Though his chair n the College was that of Natural Philosophy, he could have filled that of Ancient Languages with equal ease. Few men of his age have been better versed in English literature; and though he more frequently wrote poetry for his own amusement than for publication, he possessed decided poetic genius. With such tastes, talents, and application, had his life been spared, he would have taken a high position among the literary and scientific men of the country.

The circumstances attending his last illness and death are deserving of commemoration. His health had been feeble for several years; he was enfeebled and crippled partially by some disease resembling rheumatism, and frequently walked with an unsteady, limping gait. One day, as he sat in the Philosophical room in the College, he was writing a note on a book resting on his knee, when he was suddenly seized with a violent cramp in the leg. Such was the force of

the contraction that the thigh bone was broken! Had the bone been sound, this could hardly have been possible. After he fell, some of the students in the adjacent room heard his groans, and the door of the Philosophical room being fastened with a spring lock, they burst it open, and at his request made a litter, and carried him to his residence. The broken limb was set by a skilful surgeon, but never united. He lingered about a fortnight, and on Christmas Eve of the year 1826, finding that he was near his end, he summoned his family to his bedside to receive his dying benediction. I well remember the night. It was one of the coldest I ever felt. The snow lay deep on the frozen ground. The wind blew furiously. Attending friends hovered around the fire; but my father, fevered with inward heat, ordered the window nearest him to be thrown open. The fierce wind sometimes blew the dry snow into the room, (it was on the lower floor,) and upon his bed. But while every thing was tempestuous without, all was peaceful within that chamber, where the good man met his fate. One by one, he addressed the members of his family—first his wife, whom he had ever tenderly loved and cherished, and to whom he had never even spoken a hasty word—earnestly did he commend her to the watch and care of a covenant keeping God. And then he gave his blessing to his children, as they successively approached him. And finally, the servants were called in, and addressing them by name, he urged them to prepare for death and judgment. When these admonitions and partings were ended, he folded his hands upon his breast, closed his eyes, and continued evidently engaged in prayer until the hour of his release and translation came.

So deeply frozen was the ground that it was a tedious work to dig his grave. The day of the Funeral was one of intense cold, but all the College students joined in the procession, walking with the Faculty, next the bier, as if chief mourners, while the great majority of the citizens of the town, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, followed in the sad march to the grave,—lamenting with bitter tears a loss that seemed to them irreparable.

I have thus, my dear Sir, endeavoured to comply with your request in the best way I could. Though I was too young to have much personal knowledge of my father's character and habits, I have of course enjoyed the best opportunities for becoming acquainted with his peculiar characteristics, both intellectual and moral; and I trust that the estimate which I have given of him will not be found to betray any of the exaggeration of filial partiality. I think I may safely say that I have written nothing which would be pronounced extravagant by any of the few surviving witnesses of his brief but useful career.

Regretting that I am not able to do more ample justice to the subject,

I am very respectfully and affectionately yours,

MOSES D. HOGE.

CHARLES BACKUS STORRS.*

1813—1833.

Charles Backus Storrs, a son of the Rev. Richard Salter and Sarah (Williston) Storrs, was born in Longmeadow, Mass., May 15, 1794. His early years were spent, partly at school in his native place, and partly under the care of farmers in Somers, Conn., and Conway, Mass. He studied in preparation for College, first under the instruction of his father, and afterwards at Munson Academy, where he remained two years, being an inmate, during the time, of the family of the Rev. Dr. Ely. It was at this period that his mind became deeply and permanently impressed with religious truth; and it was not long after this that he made a public profession of his faith.

In the fall of 1810, he became a member of Princeton College, but did not graduate, owing to the complete prostration of his health, towards the close of his Junior year. During the whole period of his connection with the College, he maintained the highest rank as a scholar, and was distinguished alike for his talents and his diligence.

After leaving College, he taught a select school for a few months in Longmeadow, and then went to study Theology under the Rev. Dr. Woolworth, of Bridgehampton, L. I., where he still had under his care a few pupils. He was licensed to preach, by the Long Island Presbytery, through the importunity of his friends, and not without great reluctance on his part, in 1813. He laboured twelve months in connection with two small churches on the Island,—chiefly, however, with that on Shelter Island, where he witnessed a considerable revival of religion. But, in the midst of his success, his health was again prostrated, and he returned in a state of great despondency to his father's house.

Notwithstanding the happy results of his preaching, he was by no means satisfied with his theological attainments, and, accordingly, in 1817, he joined the Theological Seminary at Andover. Here both his health and spirits were greatly improved, and he pursued his studies with much alacrity till the completion of the usual course. On leaving Andover in 1820, he proceeded immediately to South Carolina, and was ordained as an Evangelist at Charleston by the Charleston Congregational Association† on the 2d of February, 1821. He was occupied as a missionary in the States of South Carolina and Georgia, (chiefly the former,) for a year and a half, when his purposes were again broken by disease, and he was compelled to devote another summer to the recruiting of his health.

* MSS. from Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., Rev. H. M. Storrs, and Rev. George Howe, D. D.

† The Charleston Congregational Association and the Presbytery of Harmony were at this time in correspondence, sending delegates to each others' meetings, and Dr. Leland sat on the occasion of Mr. Storrs' ordination, as a delegate from the Harmony Presbytery. On the 10th of November, 1822, the Charleston Association voted its own dissolution, in case a union with the Harmony Presbytery should be consummated. The Association had previously appointed a Committee to examine into the distinctive features of the Presbyterian Church, and present them to the view of its members. On the 19th of November, 1822, the members of the Association (Mr. Storrs being one) were received as members of the Presbytery of Harmony. The following year these persons, with some others, were formed into a new Presbytery, called "The Charleston Union Presbytery." As there seems to be no evidence that Mr. Storrs subsequently changed his ecclesiastical relations, it is fair to presume that he died in connection with the Presbyterian Church; though it is understood that he always retained a decided preference for Congregationalism.

Returning from South Carolina through Ohio in the summer of 1822, he was so much affected by the desolations of Zion that prevailed there, that he could not resist the impulse to put forth his hand in the way of repairing them. He was stationed during the six following years as a missionary at Ravenna, the County seat of Portage, where he gathered a church, which he had the pleasure to see greatly quickened and enlarged through his ministrations.

In 1828, he accepted an invitation to the Professorship of Theology in the Western Reserve College. So acceptable were his services as Professor, that he was repeatedly solicited to take the Presidency of the institution; and, though his constitutional diffidence rendered him averse to it, his scruples were finally overruled, and he was inaugurated President on the 9th of February, 1831, after having discharged the duties of the place more than a year. But the bright hopes which were cherished in connection with his being advanced to the head of the institution, were destined to be speedily blasted. In the early part of the winter of 1832–33, he was attacked by a violent cold, which proved the harbinger of consumption, and *that* the harbinger of death. On the 26th of June, 1833, the Trustees of the College voted to release him from his duties for six months, and in July he commenced a journey for his health. He left his home and his family with the prevailing expectation of a speedy convalescence and return; but the pulmonary disease had already gained too firm a lodgement in his system to be eradicated or arrested. He arrived at the house of his brother in Braintree on the 10th of August; and, after a rapid decline, died on Sabbath morning, the 15th of September, aged thirty-nine years. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. (now Professor) Edwards A. Park, and was published.

The only production of Mr. Storrs' pen, known to have been published, is his Address on the occasion of his Induction to the Presidency of the College.

Mr. Storrs was married on the 6th of July, 1823, to Maria V. Pierson, of West Avon, N. Y. They had six children, one of whom, *Henry Martin*, was graduated at Amherst College in 1846, and is now (1856) minister of a Congregational Church in Cincinnati, O. Mrs. Storrs died in 1839.

FROM THE REV. EDWARDS A. PARK, D. D.

ANDOVER, July 18, 1853.

My dear Sir: Residing for two years in the family of the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D., of Braintree, I became somewhat intimately acquainted with the character of his brother, the Rev. Charles Backus Storrs. In the summer of 1833, President Storrs visited Braintree, where I had the pleasure of forming a direct personal acquaintance with him. This personal acquaintance made the same impression upon me which I had received from the statement of his friends with regard to his character. I thought that I understood him before I saw him, so that in my first interview with him I regarded him as an old friend.

He was a tall, spare man, dignified in his attitudes, and with a countenance serene and solemn. His enunciation was distinct and manly; his entire aspect, impressive.

That he had a mind of a high order, could not have been doubted by any who had an opportunity of forming a judgment concerning him. He was distin-

guished for steadiness, clearness, and purity of conception; power of thought rather than quickness; the solid, acute and comprehensive, rather than the splendid and versatile; and a philosophical association of ideas, which was the more remarkable, as his literary course had been so often interrupted. First principles in all things he seized with a capacious grasp; his opinions were his own, for he scorned to receive them from authority; he would defend them with regular consecutive argument, and though they were not always true, he would always make them plausible. In conversation he expressed his ideas with a chasteness, copiousness, and dignity of style, which are seldom surpassed; he disdained to trifle; and therefore exhibited an habitual steadiness, energy, and elevation of mind, which proved the rigid discipline to which he was subject.

But it is on the qualities of his heart that his friends dwell with the greatest delight; for in his heart lay his high distinctions. He not only had much of that diffidence which is constitutional, but still more of that modesty which is a virtue. He was too retiring. Had he been less so, we should have known more of his excellence. He rarely spoke about himself, even about his religious exercises, and therefore left his habits of thought to be inferred from his daily conduct. He often seemed to love to be undervalued by others, and he generally undervalued himself. When a man of his native lowliness of temper is viewed in his Christian vocation, we expect to see unusual humility. The humility of President Storrs was also favoured by other causes. His broken constitution often drew a veil of despondency over his mind, and made him despair, of every thing, it is true, but of nothing so much as his religious character; it incited him therefore to the greater diligence of examination, and the larger discovery of his sinfulness; it gave him a clearer perception of the reasons for humility, and made him deepen that virtue which, the deeper it is, contains so much the more of the glory that exalteth.

President Storrs was characterized by a singleness of aim. He had no prominent schemes of selfishness before his mind, and was therefore never an object of suspicion or distrust; his opposers, whatever cause they may have had for opposition, could not but feel that he was disinterested. He held it as his one paramount object, to accomplish the greatest amount of good which was possible during his whole life. He laid a plan, for his was that species of mind that acted by plan, for the fulfilment of this great aim; he laboured for it in the family, the study, the college and the pulpit, with an even, sober industry; all his other aims he subsidized to it by principle, as well as by system. The means of raising himself from the severest despondency which he ever experienced, was the formation of the purpose, as a settled and definite one, to strive for the welfare of the world, whatever became of himself. He began to live more cheerfully, when he began to live more singly for others. He found his life in losing it, and forgot his own darkness in looking at the brightness of God.

He was distinguished also for resoluteness, as well as singleness of Christian aim. He looked at right, and wavered not at consequences. And he was as persevering as he was resolute. Sometimes perhaps he may have been too tenacious; but in the general duties of a Christian, how could he be? Without unblenching perseverance he could not have seized for study the broken intervals of health which were scattered up and down his chequered life, but he seemed to burn with the same literary ardour as if his literary course had been uninterrupted and flattering. Indeed he was always the indefatigable student. When necessitated to travel, he was storing his comprehensive mind with rich materials for thought, and he made his sick-bed a study as well as pulpit. In time apparently *occupied* with suffering, he was learning such lessons of humility, acquiescence and trust, as sufferers alone can learn.

His perseverance may be illustrated by a little incident in his private history. He was a champion of the Temperance Reformation, and, as might be expected from his love of self-denial, was more scrupulous in his private practice than in his general principles. He chose to suffer the intensest pain for want of a bath, rather than allow even an outward application of the liquid, which he had determined to "handle not." When his body was far sunk, and was sinking farther every hour, it was the medical advice that he should drink "a little wine" as a tonic. A friend "went unto him and gave him wine mingled with," not myrrh, like the Saviour's, but water, and so much water that the flavour of the wine was scarcely perceptible; but "when he had tasted thereof, he would not drink;"—"we *must* be consistent," he says in his mild but stern authority,—"we must be consistent." And when his mind was shaken from its balance, and the same medicine was kindly presented again, as the offer of liquid to Jesus was repeated, he persisted with the same firmness in his refusal. He showed "his ruling passion strong in death."

It is needless to say that a man of Mr. Storrs' rich endowments must have been eminently qualified for the President's chair and the pulpit. Reserved and discreet in his ordinary intercourse, he never lost his dignity; he thereby secured the uniform obedience of his pupils; the respect, and often veneration, of his parishioners. At the same time he was so equable, and gentle, and affectionate, in his social feelings, that he bound the members of College to him with the cords of love; and while the members of the parish revered him as a guide, they trusted him as a father. His was a rare combination of sweetness of temper with firmness of authority; the amiable and the commanding. He entered with a lively interest into the circumstances of his scholars, accommodated his instructions to their diversified wants with aptness, and held in his mind a comprehensive and connected view of the distracting duties which were multiplied upon him. When he preached,—and preaching was the employment which best harmonized with his temper, and from which he reluctantly descended to any, even the most honourable, office, he never stood before his subject and displayed his own powers; but always placed his subject before him, and while out of sight himself, made the truth shine before his audience, and by cogent argumentation, and fervid feeling, and racy, elevated style, and distinct, dignified delivery, was often eloquent, and sometimes resistless. His highest encomium is that he was a sincere, lucid, faithful preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus.

With high regard, I am dear Sir,

Truly yours,

EDWARDS A. PARK.

THOMAS GOULDING, D. D.

1813—1848.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL K. TALMAGE, D. D.

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, January 23, 1849.

My dear Sir: I cheerfully comply with your request that I should furnish you with a brief notice of the life, and some estimate of the character, of my ever venerated friend, the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Goulding.

THOMAS GOULDING was born in Midway, Liberty County, Ga., March 14, 1786. At the time of his death, he was the oldest of fifteen Presbyterian ministers from one Church, occupying, usefully and honourably, various important and responsible stations in the South. He was the first native licentiate of the Presbyterian Church in Georgia.

It might be profitable to inquire why the one Church of Midway, Liberty County, has furnished more Presbyterian ministers for the State of Georgia, than all the other ninety-two counties united. The influence of one little colony of Puritans that made its way thither through a scene of trials and disasters, from Dorchester, Mass., who can describe? Heaven's register will unfold many a page which Earth's historians fail to write. What the Christian Church does for the State, the world will never fully know.

At the age of sixteen, young Goulding was sent to Wolcott, Conn., where he received the principal part of his academic education. He prosecuted the study of the Law in New Haven, in the office of Judge Daggett. He was married to Ann Holbrook, in Southington, Conn., in November, 1806. In April, 1810, he became connected with the Church in his native place, and soon felt it his duty to devote himself to the work of the Christian ministry.

Towards the close of the year 1811, he was received as a candidate under the care of the Harmony Presbytery, and was licensed to preach the Gospel in December, 1813. A few months after his licensure, he commenced preaching as a stated supply, at White Bluff, and was ordained and installed Pastor of that Church January 1, 1816. Here he laboured faithfully, acceptably, and successfully, for about six years, during which time the warmest reciprocal attachments were formed between himself and his flock. In 1822, he resigned his charge, and removed to Lexington, Oglethorpe County. Here he remained for eight years, during which he exerted an influence over some of the first minds of the State, which is now telling, and will forever tell, on the best interests of men. Many a community is now reaping rich spiritual blessings, the source of which,—unknown to themselves,—is in the honoured instrumentality of this faithful man of God. On the establishment of the Theological Seminary of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, he was elected by the Synod its first, and for a time its only, Professor.

He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of North Carolina in 1829.

For one year he instructed a theological class at Lexington, in connection with his pastoral labours, and was then transferred, by direction of the

Synod, to Columbia, S. C., the present site of the Seminary. After serving the Church laboriously in the department of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government, for several years, in connection with others associated with him, he resigned his chair as Professor, and was called to his late charge in Columbus, in January, 1835. For thirteen years and a half, he was the laborious and faithful pastor of that Church. He found it comparatively weak, and, by his persevering fidelity, raised it to influence and strength.

He was, for many years in succession, elected President of the Board of Trustees of Oglethorpe University, which office he held at the time of his death.

He died, as was his oft expressed wish, "with his harness on." On the evening of the 26th of June, 1848, he attended his usual weekly lecture. He was in a state of great bodily debility when he left his house, and was attacked, whilst in the house of God, with a paroxysm from an affection of the heart, under which he had long been labouring. With great effort he finished the service. The subject of his lecture was taken from the first four verses of the sixty-third Psalm,—"Oh God, thou art my God," &c. It was a fitting theme for the veteran soldier of the cross to dwell upon, just as he had reached the portals of his Father's House. It was a suitable topic to present in his last address to his beloved parishioners. And happy were those who did not allow themselves to be detained from the service.

Within one short hour from his pronouncing the benediction upon his hearers, he was called, I doubt not, to hear the benediction pronounced upon his own spirit from the lips of the Saviour he loved,—"Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

On retiring from the place of worship, he hastened to his chamber in a state of great exhaustion. He had scarcely reclined upon his couch, when a violent paroxysm of his disease seized him. He rose to lean upon the mantel,—his accustomed source of relief, but relief came not. The usual remedies proved unavailing. In the intense agony which he suffered, he said to a friend that he would be glad if it would please the good Lord soon to take him away, as his sufferings were very great. To a beloved son, who was overwhelmed at witnessing his agony, he administered a tender rebuke. He was presently heard by one of his daughters uttering the prayer,—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." That prayer was heard—he ceased to breathe—his spirit was at rest.

The high estimation in which he was held, was manifested at his death by many unequivocal signs. It was evinced in the deep sorrow that pervaded the whole city in which he lived,—as the mournful intelligence spread through its habitations; in the thronged assemblage and flowing tears witnessed at the funeral rites; and in the strong expressions of regret with which the sad tidings were received among his large circle of friends and acquaintances abroad.

Dr. Goulding possessed a fine intellect and a cultivated taste. His pulpit exercises were far above the ordinary standard, especially when his bodily infirmities did not interfere with the free exercise of his physical and mental energies. He was a well read and polished scholar, and had gathered rich harvests from the fields of literature.

More engaging attributes still were the strength and tenderness of his sensibilities, and the sincerity and fervour of his piety. He was susceptible

f strong friendships; for his feelings were of the most ardent kind. There ras also in his character a childlike simplicity, that won irresistibly upon is associates. If these attractive qualities had their corresponding infirnities, they were the natural result of his rare gifts, and he would have een the last man to claim exemption from the frailties of humanity.

Conscious of his own integrity, he looked for honesty in others, and was iable to be imposed on by the crafty and designing; whilst, again, the trength of his attachments made him feel the want of reciprocity from those whose colder natures could not yield the equivalent which the warm heart equires.

His favourite pursuit was the investigation of theological truth. The nspired volume was the book he loved best to study, and to hold up to the admiration of his fellow-men. He was well informed in, and thoroughly devoted to, the doctrines and polity of his own Church, and was an able advocate of both. But, as his judgment was based on faithful investigation and honest conviction, so his heart was open to embrace all the real disciples of Christ. And so it is that true piety evokes insensibly a corresponding tone of harmony from every other heart which the Spirit of God has strung to Christian unison. The genuine impulses of true religious experience outrun the slow deductions of argument, and bigotry itself is disarmed before the eloquence of love. The illuminations of the Spirit dissolve sophistries, and overthrow prejudices, which logic cannot demolish; and a warm heart, overflowing with enlightened Christian charity, sometimes creates to itself a benignant centre of attraction, where the most discordant materials are fused into homogeneous union, and caused to move in harmony.

It was his delight to expatiate on the doctrines of the cross, and proclaim them to his fellow-men. He was no reluctant hireling servant in the spiritual vineyard. He loved his covenanted work, and was ever ready, in season and out of season, in public and in private, to hold forth the claims, and vindicate the honours, of his gracious Master.

With all his natural and acquired endowments, he was modest and retiring, and shrunk from public observation. It was doubtless owing to this fact that he was not before the public so often and so prominently as many others. But whenever he was drawn out to some great public service, all felt his power, and paid the tribute of profound respect to the originality of his thoughts, the energy of his manner, and the beauty and simplicity of his style.

Though, from his bodily infirmity, his brethren were often, of late years, deprived of the pleasure of seeing him at the ecclesiastical convocations, his occasional presence was hailed with great satisfaction; and they sorrow now that they shall see his face no more.

In person, Dr. Goulding was of medium stature, full habit, round contour of face, high forehead, with a countenance expressive of deep feeling and vigorous intellect. In his manners, there was a graceful simplicity blended with a commanding dignity, that was exceedingly winning. His manner in the pulpit, whenever his health and spirits were good, was at once pleasing and impressive,—its two prominent elements consisting in tenderness and earnestness.

He left a wife and nine children, having lost one in childhood. He lived to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing most of his children connected with the

Church of Christ. One of his sons and two sons-in-law are ministers of the Gospel.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

SAMUEL K. TALMAGE.

FROM THE HON. JOSEPH H. LUMPKIN,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

ATHENS, Ga., May 19, 1857.

Dear Sir: I regret that your letter finds me so oppressed with engagements, and withal in such imperfect health, that it is quite out of my power to comply with your request in any such way as will be satisfactory either to you or myself. I am unwilling, however, absolutely to decline it; and will therefore, in a very hurried way, just hint at what seem to me to have been some of the most prominent features in Dr. Goulding's character. My opportunities for knowing him could scarcely have been better than they were. I received my first permanent religious impressions, and joined the Church, under his ministry, and was afterwards, for many years, a member of his Session. I loved him as a Man, and revered him as a Pastor; and I would gladly do any thing in my power to honour and perpetuate his memory.

Dr. Goulding's character was formed of a rare combination of intellectual and moral qualities, that fitted him to be at once eminently popular and eminently useful. His intellect was much above the ordinary standard, and it had been cultivated by diligent and long continued study. As a preacher, he was always sensible and instructive, and sometimes his pulpit efforts rose to a very high order of excellence. He was a thorough Calvinist of the Geneva school; nor could any considerations of policy induce him to relax, in public or private, one jot or tittle of his creed. The doctrine of justification by faith he regarded as an epitome of the Christian system;—as embodying its life and power; and this, in its connections, undoubtedly formed the favourite theme of his ministrations. No one could sit under his ministry with any degree of attention, without gaining very definite views of the system of doctrine which he held and inculcated, as well as a deep impression of the importance he attached to it. He was alike explicit and earnest.

It has been my privilege to listen to most of the prominent divines both in the United States and in Great Britain; and in one respect it has seemed to me that Dr. Goulding has never been exceeded within my knowledge—I mean as a preacher of Funeral Sermons. To this service, which is acknowledged, I believe, to be one of the most difficult which a clergyman ever has to perform, he brought a degree of delicacy, discrimination, and pathos, that commanded not only the attention, but the admiration, of his hearers.

Though Dr. Goulding had, in some respects, a woman's heart, and was full of tender and delicate sensibility, he was always firm to his convictions of what was true and right. In worldly matters he was the merest child—conscious of entire sincerity himself, he seemed scarcely capable of suspecting the sincerity of others. A more unselfish man than he, never lived. In all circumstances, he showed himself a model gentleman, as well as a model Christian. He had an instinctive discernment of all the proprieties of life, and he practised them with most scrupulous care and consideration. In the social circle, he was the most genial of companions. He had at his command a fund of anecdotes, many of which were connected with his own history, that were both amusing and instructive; and he knew how to turn them to the very best account.

That Dr. Goulding was an eminently pious man, no one, I believe, ever doubted, who knew him. And yet he assured me that if he was ever regenerated, it was while he was asleep. Wearied with his burden of sin, and his

fruitless search to find a Saviour, he sunk despairingly into a profound slumber; and awoke, praising God for his great salvation. I state the fact without comment.

Regretting to send you so meagre a notice of my venerated friend and pastor, when my feelings would dictate a fuller and worthier tribute to his memory,

I am, Sir, very truly, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH H. LUMPKIN.

WILLIAM ANDERSON McDOWELL, D. D.*

1813—1851.

The paternal grandfather of WILLIAM ANDERSON McDOWELL, was Ephraim McDowell, who emigrated from Ireland about the year 1746, and purchased four hundred acres of wilderness in Lamington, Somerset County, N. J. Here he settled, and here was born his son *Matthew*, the father of William A., about two years after the family arrived in the country. Here too, was born another son, *Benjamin*, who was fitted for College at a Latin school taught by a Mr. Hanna, of Hunterdon County, N. J., and afterwards studied for a considerable time at the University of Glasgow. He settled in the ministry in Ireland, first at Limavady, in the County of Londonderry, and afterwards at Dublin, where he exercised a wide and important influence, and died at the age of about eighty.

The mother of the subject of this notice was Elizabeth Anderson, whose parents were both emigrants from Ireland. Both his parents were exemplary members of the Presbyterian Church, and his mother particularly was distinguished as a devout and earnest Christian. His father was a farmer in only moderate circumstances. William A. was born at Lamington, in May, 1789. He spent his earliest years at home, acquiring the rudiments of learning, and occasionally working a little on the farm. At the age of about thirteen or fourteen, he went to a grammar school in the neighbourhood, and subsequently attended a school at Elizabethtown, taught by Mr. Henry Mills, now (1852) the Rev. Dr. Mills, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Auburn. In 1807, he entered the Junior class in Princeton College, and, having maintained an excellent standing for both behaviour and scholarship, graduated in 1809. In the spring of 1810, he commenced the study of Theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. John Woodhull of Freehold, in whose family he boarded. In June of that year, he put himself under the care of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, as a candidate for the ministry. In November following, he became a Tutor in Princeton College, and continued there till September, 1811, pursuing his theological studies, at the same time, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of the College. His health having become delicate, he resolved to try for a while the effect of a Southern climate; and, accordingly, in November, he sailed for Savannah, where his brother-in-law, Dr. Henry Kollock, resided, and under his direction pursued his studies during the ensuing winter. In April, 1812, he returned to the

* Presbyterian for 1851.—MSS. from his widow, and Rev. John McDowell, D. D.

North, and continued his studies at Elizabethtown, under the guidance of his brother, the Rev. John McDowell, now Dr. McDowell of Philadelphia. The Theological Seminary at Princeton having commenced its operations in August 1812, he became a member of it in November following, and continued his studies there till May, 1813,—about six months. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, April 28, 1813; and having been invited to take charge of the Church at Bound Brook, N. J., was ordained and installed Pastor of the said Church, by the same Presbytery, on the 22d of December following. On the 19th of October, 1814, his connection with the Church at Bound Brook was dissolved, and on the 15th of the next December, he was installed Pastor of the Church at Morristown, N. J.

His ministry at Morristown was characterized by great acceptableness and usefulness. But serious inroads began at length to be made upon his health. He suffered severely from small pox at the age of twelve, and from that time never enjoyed vigorous health; but, in the autumn of 1822, he was so much threatened with a pulmonary complaint, that he thought it necessary to try the effect of a milder climate. Accordingly, having obtained leave of absence from his congregation, he travelled as far South as South Carolina, and passed the winter in Charleston. The effect upon his health was most favourable; and when he returned in the spring, he seemed to have regained his accustomed vigour. He resumed his labours, but very soon sunk back into the feeble state from which he had emerged. At this juncture, a call came to him from a Presbyterian Church in Charleston, S. C., and, after having made a successful trial of that climate, he thought it his duty to avail himself of it permanently, and therefore to accept the call. He did accept it; and his pastoral relation at Morristown was dissolved on the 8th of October, 1823.

He was installed by the Charleston Union Presbytery on the 3d of December, 1823. Here he continued occupying a wide sphere of ministerial usefulness, about ten years. In 1832, he was Moderator of the General Assembly. At the meeting of the Assembly the next year, (1833,) he came on to Philadelphia to preach the opening sermon; and, at the close of the meeting, was appointed Secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions of the Presbyterian Church. He returned to Charleston, but, in due time, accepted the appointment, and came back to Philadelphia, and entered on the duties of his office in the autumn of that year.

In 1827, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Franklin College, Ga.

Dr. McDowell had suffered for many years from a disease of the throat, which rendered speaking, especially in public, a very difficult exercise to him. He was, however, most laborious, in the discharge of his duties, both at home and abroad, and no doubt often taxed himself beyond the reasonable measure of endurance. In 1847, he was desirous, on account of his feeble health, of retiring from his office, but, in consequence of urgent solicitations, he remained till the spring of 1850, and then tendered his resignation.

Shortly after this, he removed from Philadelphia to Lamington, his native place, with a view to spend there the residue of his days. The winter of 1850–51 he passed at the South, and the greater part of it with his friends at Charleston. At first, the change of climate seemed favourable to him;

but, before leaving Charleston, he was attacked with a chronic affection of the bowels, which greatly reduced his strength, and threatened a fatal issue. He returned to New Jersey in May; and, though he was feeble during the summer, he preached occasionally, and officiated in laying the corner-stone of a new church. About the first of September, he went to Morristown, with a view to place himself under the care of his former physician, Dr. Johnes, in whom he had special confidence. But he died very suddenly, after being there a few days. His death took place on the 17th of September, 1851. His remains were taken to Lamington and interred there, the Funeral Sermon being preached by the Rev. William W. Blauvelt.

He was married, at the close of the year 1813, to Jane H., daughter of Shepard Kollock, of Elizabethtown. They had two sons, both of whom were graduated at Princeton College, and one of whom survives, a medical practitioner in New Jersey.

I first became acquainted with Dr. McDowell in the autumn of 1830, at his house in Charleston, S. C. I was impressed at once with his great kindliness of manner, and his excellent judgment and common sense. After he came to the North, I had frequent opportunities of seeing him, and was even privileged to reckon him among my intimate friends. And I can truly say that the more I knew of him, the more I admired his whole character. I always found him uncommonly amiable, obliging, disinterested. I remember well his working nearly a whole day, when he happened to be at leisure, to gratify an individual in respect to a comparatively small matter, who had not the least claim upon his kindness. He preached in my pulpit several times; and though, when he begun, owing to his bronchial affection, it was with great difficulty that he could articulate a word, and the effort was painful to his hearers as well as himself, yet his vocal powers gradually came as he proceeded, and after a few minutes he spoke with a good degree of freedom. I never heard him preach a sermon that was not well planned, thoroughly digested, and rich in evangelical instruction. His manner, though not graceful, was characterized by a fervour and unction that gave it very considerable effect. In his social intercourse during the latter part of his life, he laboured under the disadvantage of extreme deafness; but he always seemed cheerful and, sociable, and, by means of artificial helps, could converse without much difficulty. He was from conviction a thorough Presbyterian,—by nature a liberal and large hearted man. Many, I am sure, besides myself, anticipated his visits as an Agent with pleasure, and felt, in the review, that they had been truly profitable.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM M. ENGLES, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, January 15, 1852.

Rev. and dear Sir: I cheerfully comply with your request to give you my impressions of the character of the late Rev. Dr. William A. McDowell; although I should have preferred that the service had been performed by one better able to do justice to the subject. My opportunities for knowing him were chiefly confined to the period during which he was connected, as Corresponding Secretary, with the Board of Domestic Missions in our Church. I had frequent friendly intercourse with him, and, for many years, as a member of the Board, weekly opportunities of witnessing the spirit and temper with which he fulfilled his official duties.

Dr. McDowell, in his intercourse with his fellow-men, exhibited many engaging traits of character. I have seldom met with a man who had as few weaknesses, and as many strong points, as he. There was in him a fine and harmonious blending of attributes, in which each one occupied its proper place, in its due proportions, and with its symmetrical adjustments. His heart was full of kindly feelings, which his tongue, naturally and without ostentation, expressed on every fitting occasion. In all my intercourse with him, I never saw his good temper interrupted by an outburst of petulance or passion; and I have seen him in circumstances which would have tried the temper of one less rigidly schooled. For his friends he always had a smile and a pleasant remark, however unseasonable may have been their intrusion on his busy hours. He loved the society of Christians; and his intercourse with them was uniformly enlivened by a conversation bland, genial and cordial. Few could be in his company for any length of time, who would not be disposed to say of him that he was a truly good man, who had endeavoured to imbibe the spirit and follow the example of his Master. Never imperious, never personally offensive, with a heart full of benevolence, and with a childlike simplicity, he won many friends; and if he had enemies, it was not likely to have been from any fault in him. He knew what a Christian ought to be, not only in devotional habits, but in all the practical duties of life; and few perhaps were more careful or more successful in the personal application of such knowledge. He was truly a Christian in his views of Divine truth, in his intercourse with God, and in the eminent prudence, circumspection, and consistency, of his public and private walk.

As a Minister of the Gospel, he cheerfully consecrated himself to his work. With as little selfishness as we may expect to find in connection with a fallen nature, it was the glory of his Master, and not honours or emoluments, that he sought. He was well qualified for his office, not only by the graces of the Spirit, but by natural powers well cultivated. If his talents were not distinguished for brilliancy, they were for solidity—if he never displayed an excursive imagination, he exhibited a logical acumen. His sermons were well prepared. They never aimed to present a particular truth, without exhibiting it fully and clearly; and they were uniformly characterized by a lucid order and apt expressions. It was their praise that they were intelligible to all, and full of instruction. If any man ever really loved to preach, it was Dr. McDowell. He was always ready and always willing. In prayer he was eminently gifted. As a Pastor, the testimony of those who knew him well in this relation, is uniform in regard to his diligence and faithfulness in family visitation, in personal dealings with the consciences of his people, and in all public services. The several positions which he occupied as a settled minister were prominent and important, and the spiritual fruits of his ministry are believed to have been considerable. It was only through a strong and urgent call of the Church that he was induced to sunder his relation to his last pastoral charge, that he might enter a new and still more arduous field of labour.

The Board of Missions for the Domestic field was, at the time of his accession as its chief officer, in a comparatively low and crippled condition. It needed to have new energy infused into it, to make it in any degree commensurate with the increasing destitutions of our country. Dr. McDowell, in accepting the appointment, was fully aware that the office was to be no sinecure; and, with a determination to devote to it his best energies, he entered upon his duties. Under his administration, the Board assumed a higher position, the sphere of its influence was enlarged, its importance was more fully appreciated by the Church, and its efficiency became visible in many hundred places which before were literally spiritual desolations. During the seventeen years in which he filled this post, he was most untiring in his labours, earnest in his public appeals, and willing to make any sacrifice to provide destitute places with the preaching of

the Gospel. He regarded every missionary as a personal friend, and followed him with his prayers and kindest wishes.

The interests of Domestic Missions fully absorbed his attention, and to make provision for the increasing expenditures of the Board caused him much anxious concern and labour. When his vocal organs became so enfeebled as to render it extremely difficult for him to speak, and when his hearing was so nearly gone that he could not even hear the sound of his own voice, his excellent appeals from the pulpit, and his remarkably clear extemporaneous addresses before Synods and the General Assembly, were listened to with great interest and respect.

Seldom indeed has the Church been called to venerate more highly, and with profounder gratitude to God, the memory of any of its departed servants. Being dead, he yet speaks, and will for generations continue to speak, in the churches planted by his instrumentality, the missionaries encouraged by his sympathies, and the souls brought under the enlightening influences of the Gospel by his unwearied exertions.

I am, my dear Sir,
Truly and fraternally yours,
WILLIAM M. ENGLES.

PHILIP MELANCTHON WHELPLEY.*

1814—1824.

PHILIP MELANCTHON WHELPLEY was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in December, 1794. He was a son of the Rev. Samuel Whelpley, who had been ordained a few months before as Pastor of a Baptist Church in that place. While he was yet a small boy, his father removed with his family to Morristown, and for a number of years was engaged there in teaching a school. He early discovered great precocity of mind, and an unusual thirst for knowledge; and he was particularly distinguished for a graceful and impressive elocution. In 1809, his father left Morristown, and opened a school at Newark; but by that time Melancthon's mind had become so well furnished and matured, that he became associated with his father as assistant teacher. When his father, shortly after the opening of his school at Newark, was obliged, on account of a hemorrhage of the lungs, to seek a milder climate, and went to Savannah, Melancthon accompanied him; and there too he became associated with him in teaching a small school, by means of which they were enabled to meet their current expenses.

Notwithstanding young Whelpley was uncommonly amiable and moral as well as attractive, from his earliest developments, it was not till he was about eighteen years of age, that his mind became deeply, and as he believed savingly, impressed with Divine truth. During a revival of religion in Newark, and under the ministry of Dr. Richards, he was brought to entertain new views of his relations to God and eternity, and soon after to make a public profession of his faith. As he had been thoroughly educated by his father, who was one of the most accomplished teachers of his day, he was prepared

* Dr. Spring's Fun. Serm.—MSS. from Rev. Doctors Cox, Ludlow, Skinner, and Mills, Rev. John Ford, and Hon. Lewis Condict.

to begin at once a course of theological study; and, accordingly, in the autumn of 1812, he, together with two other young men who have since risen to distinction in the Church, commenced the study of Theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Richards. He, however, still continued to assist his father in his school; and when, in the early part of 1814, his father left Newark, and opened a school in the city of New York, Melancthon accompanied him thither; though, as it was found that the services of both were not required, and the remuneration was not likely to be large, the son returned and took charge of the school at Newark, and continued his connection with it till the ensuing autumn. He was licensed to preach early in October, 1814, by the Presbytery of Jersey, then holding its sessions at Elizabethtown, and was immediately after received on certificate into the Presbytery of New York.

As soon as he appeared in the pulpit, such was the sensation produced by his preaching, as to leave no doubt that, if his life were spared, he was destined to an eminently brilliant and useful career. The First Presbyterian Congregation in New York, being then vacant by the removal of Dr. Miller to the Princeton Theological Seminary, almost immediately fastened their eyes upon Mr. Whelpley as a suitable person to succeed him. They accordingly made out a call to him on the 22d of March, 1815, which having been duly laid before the Presbytery, he accepted on the 18th of April following; though not without many serious misgivings, on the part of both himself and his friends, as to his ability to sustain the labours and responsibilities incident to so important a charge. The previous arrangements having been made, he was ordained and installed Pastor of that large and respectable Church on the 25th of April, 1815; Rev. Mr. Boardman preaching the Sermon, and Mr. Whelpley's father giving him the Charge.

Here Mr. Whelpley passed the whole of his brief ministerial life. In 1822, a more than usual attention to religion prevailed in his congregation, and there was much to justify the expectation of an extensive revival; but the yellow fever making its appearance in the city just about that time, not only interrupted the usual attention to the means of grace, but scattered the inhabitants in all directions, and thus prevented the gathering of the rich spiritual harvest which had been anticipated. Notwithstanding the hopes of the pastor were sadly disappointed by this result, he kept on labouring with undiminished zeal and singleness of purpose, until he was finally prostrated by the malady which consigned him to his early grave.

For some time previous to his death, he was disabled for any public service, and it was manifest to all his friends that death was silently, but irresistibly, approaching him. At length, it was recommended to him by his physicians to try the effect of a visit to Schooley's Mountain; and he accordingly went thither in great feebleness, but, as it turned out, went only to die. After languishing in extreme debility a few days, he died with the utmost composure on the 17th of July, 1824, in the thirtieth year of his age, and the tenth of his ministry. An Address was delivered at his Funeral, and on the next Sabbath a Sermon, containing a just and beautiful tribute to his memory was preached to the bereaved congregation, by the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., both of which were published.

In November, 1815, Mr. Whelpley was married to Abigail F., daughter of the Hon. James Davenport, of Stamford, Conn. They had three child-

en, one of whom died in infancy, and the other two, with their mother, still 1857) survive.

The following is a list of Mr. Whelpley's publications :—A Sermon delivred for the benefit of a Society of Ladies instituted for the relief of oor Widows with small children, 1816. The Conversion of Sinners a comion Christian duty: A Discourse from James v. 19, 20, [published in he Christian Spectator,] 1822. A Sermon delivered in the Murray Street hurch, New York, in behalf of the United Foreign Missionary Society, 823. A Discourse delivered before the New England Society of the City nd State of New York in commemoration of the Plymouth Colony, 823.

In the spring or summer of 1815, a few months before I graduated at ale College, and a few months after Mr. Whelpley's settlement in New ork, he came to New Haven and spent a Sabbath, and preached three imes. We heard at College, Sunday noon, that a celebrated young minisr from New York had been preaching in the Centre Church that morning, nd was to preach in the College Chapel in the afternoon;—a somewhat markable circumstance,—for Dr. Dwight very rarely yielded the Chapel ulpit to any body. In due time, we saw coming in with the Doctor a very oung man, with a fine intellectual countenance, dark eye, a perfectly symetrical form, and altogether of a most attractive appearance. When he egan to speak, it was with a clear, rich and perfectly melodious voice, which as altogether in keeping with his beautiful exterior. He proceeded in the rvice without any more apparent embarrassment than if President Dwight nd the Sophomores had not been present; and yet, with all his dignified lf-possession, there was nothing that approached an ostentatious taking of rs. His text was—"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvaon?" Of the sermon I retain only the general impression that every senence fell like sweet music upon my ear; and, though it was heard with rapt tention, I am inclined to think that it was indebted for its impressiveness ore to its rhetoric than its logic, or even its theology. At the close of the rvice, it was noised about that he was to preach in Mr. Merwin's Church the evening; and when the hour of service came, there was a general sh from the College to the Church. The house was crowded to its utmost pacity, and happy was he who could find a place to stand. The young eacher again stood before us,—the very personification of symmetry, and auty, and melody. His text then was—"Come with us, and we will do ee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." The disurse was thought to be a much finer effort than the one to which we had stened in the afternoon. I well remember that about five minutes before closed, he shut his Bible and said—"Following the suggestions of my vn feelings, I could apply this subject with peculiar emphasis to the young;" d then pronounced his peroration with inimitable grace and surprising fect. I thought at the time that he was the most perfect elocutionist to hom I had ever listened; and that the only thing that could have improved m was a greater variety of intonation. The effect of the sermon was, in its ay, almost unparalleled. It may be judged of by a remark that I heard r. (now Dr.) Taylor make the next day—Said he "I never saw the like it—it seemed to me, as I came across the common, as if the young ople were literally dancing in admiration of the sermon." The general pression which Mr. Whelpley left upon the people of New Haven by that

visit was, that he was a very extraordinary young man, and promised to take his place among the lights of his generation.

In subsequent years, I sometimes heard him preach, but in a style and manner much more chastened than that in which he began. There was the same attractive elocution, but there was less play of the imagination, less exuberance of figure, more of the consecutive and didactic—in short, there were fewer words and more thoughts. That his preaching was progressively good, and spiritual, and effective till the close of his ministry, was the testimony of some of the most intelligent of his hearers. The peculiarly rhetorical style which marked his early efforts in the pulpit, is said to have been strongly disapproved by his father, who was distinguished for an exact and cultivated taste; and when Melancthon submitted his first sermon to his inspection, instead of hearing a favourable judgment pronounced upon it, he was told, as it was said, not in the softest manner, to cast it aside and try again. Whatever may have been the effect of this paternal rebuke, it is certain that the change to which it pointed was afterwards very effectually accomplished.

I became personally acquainted with Mr. Whelpley as early as 1818, and found him, as I expected, amiable, courteous and every way agreeable. He always seemed in feeble health, and looked like a man that was overworked; and hence I was not surprised at his early death. There was a certain indescribable charm that pervaded his physical, mental, and moral organization, that could not fail to be felt by all who came near to him.

FROM THE REV. GARDINER SPRING, D. D.

New York, June 6, 1848.

Rev. and dear Brother: You ask of me some notices of the late Rev. Mr. Whelpley of this city, for your "Annals of the American Pulpit." I will certainly endeavour to comply with your request, and only wish I could do more justice to the beautiful and lovely theme.

I may begin my account of him by saying that he was altogether one of the most attractive young men whom I have ever known. He became early an accomplished classical scholar, and gave indications of that precocity of talent which was a greater snare to his friends than himself, and which I have no doubt led to his early grave. His avidity for knowledge, and taste in the selection of its purest sources, were observable at an age when other boys are usually governed by instinct and animal feeling only. His aspirations after excellence were as ardent as they were laudable; and it was evident to all observers, while he was yet a mere stripling, that he was to be a scholar, and a man of literature, whatever else time might or might not make of him. No unpropitious circumstances could repress the spirit of inquiry—no other avocations prevent his mingling with the learned, who had left their intellect at least enshrined and vocal in the temple of human science.

The natural disposition of Mr. Whelpley was singularly composed and well balanced; his temperament full of kindness; his heart true and firm in its attachments; and his feelings admirably regulated towards those who differed from him in judgment, and who, in the cross currents of this life, might run counter to him, as he was steadily pursuing the path of apparent duty. In him the ardour and faithfulness of natural affection were in the highest degree observable; and there are facts within my knowledge, evincing a filial sentiment, that are rarely surpassed.

It was among Mr. Whelpley's earnest wishes, after he believed himself to have become a subject of renewing grace, to devote himself to the work of a missionary of Christ in foreign lands. A lively zeal possessed him to bear the standard of the cross far away into the lands of the aliens, to bring them under the saving dominion of his Lord. With a happy emulation of the example of Brainerd, he would have prayed to become a star, where the wilderness embosoms in its darkness the path of life, and the tomb of death to its wandering inhabitants. But the providence of God set up insuperable obstacles to the fulfilment of these wishes, and led him to make his first essays in the work of a minister in the First Presbyterian Church in this city. There are those still living who remember the enchanting appearance of his youth, the gracefulness of his manner, the elegance of his diction, the melody of his voice, and the eloquence of his thought. For myself, I must confess I have never known the man who filled the sacred desk with more *propriety* than he filled it, or who, in the judgment of an intelligent and refined auditory, was more deservedly popular.

Without dwelling on his brief ministry, of which you will of course speak in your narrative of his life, allow me, in what remains of this communication, to refer briefly to the circumstances of his death, of which I had a particular knowledge. When apprized of his immediate danger, he said that his own hopes of recovery had been feeble; and when questioned as to his present views of this world and the next, he remarked that though he could not boast of an unusual share of animal courage, yet he feared not the approach of death, if his labours were ended. At this period, his mind appeared more than ever to be tenderly exercised for the spiritual welfare of his charge. He observed that if it were given to him to see the Spirit of God once poured out upon the church under his pastoral care, and he could be in a frame of mind suitable to it for a season, then he could gladly depart. Upon being asked in what peculiar aspect the Heavenly world appeared to him now, and what encouraged his hopes, he replied that 'the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory made known the hope of his calling, and the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and his mighty power which he wrought in Christ, when He raised him from the dead, and set Him at his own right hand in the Heavenly places." Among his dying exercises, the reading of a portion of the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel had a place; and he again said that he had no desire to remain if his work was concluded.

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His patience in his sufferings was wonderful; and the most delightful *humility* characterized his dying thoughts. Indeed this humility,—this meek, submissive frame of soul—this childlike receiving the precious consolations of the Gospel, and foretastes of the Kingdom of Heaven, were worthy of particular notice. He spoke of his own unworthiness as a sinner—of the great imperfection with which he had served his Master, in most affecting terms; but said his desire was rather to depart, if it were God's will.

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When he took his farewell of his babe, and could do no more than lay his hand upon it, with strong emotion he said—"God be his father forever and

ever!" And when he parted with his wife, and could no longer speak, he took her hand and pressed it, and pointed with the other to Heaven. And thus he died.

He was highly valued by those of us who were his co-presbyters—we were truly fellow-labourers. We often counselled together, and prayed together; our objects were one, one our trials, and one our joys. At this distance of time, I remember him with great affection, and only regret that I can furnish you with nothing better than these meagre tokens of his great excellence.

With great affection and respect, I remain your brother and companion in the labours of that Gospel, in which it is Christ to live and gain to die.

GARDINER SPRING.

SALMON GIDDINGS.

1814—1828.

FROM THE REV. J. M. PECK, D.D.

ROCK SPRING, Ill., February 8, 1856.

My dear Sir: I am happy to furnish you, agreeably to your request, with a brief sketch of the Rev. Salmon Giddings, the first Presbyterian minister who settled in St. Louis. He was truly a pioneer missionary in both Missouri and Illinois, and may justly be regarded as having taken the lead in establishing the Presbyterian Church in both States. Such was his self-consecration to Christ and the interests of his Kingdom, that he was led to come to this forbidding field, and engage in a frontier religious enterprise, without waiting for any congregation to invite him to his Master's work, or to pledge to him even a partial support. He did just as many an enterprising man now does, in the pursuit of secular objects—he entered a new field, and made business for himself. In my own judgment, and that of several of his old friends in St. Louis, with whom I have conversed, it would have been difficult to find another man in the whole Presbyterian Church, who would or could have accomplished the same work that he did, and at the period when he did it.

SALMON GIDDINGS was born in Hartland, Conn., on the 2d of March, 1782. His parents were moral, industrious and respectable, but not communicants in any church. They implanted in his young mind the seeds of virtue and morality, and taught him to fear God, honour his parents, and do good to his fellow men. Like other farmers' sons of his native State, he received a good common school education in boyhood, and made some advances in academical learning in early life. He was inured to both physical and mental labour. He was distinguished then, as well as ever afterwards, by an ardent desire to accomplish as much as his powers of body and mind would admit. When he reached maturity, his judgment was reckoned by his relatives and friends as a very safe guide in difficult cases.

At what particular time, or under what circumstances, he, as a guilty sinner, was led to seek mercy of the Saviour of sinners, I am not informed; but it was after he attained to years of manhood. The distress which he experienced on account of his sins was deep and long continued; but it was succeeded by great peace of mind, and a sweet and undoubting reliance on

the Divine promises. But scarcely had his mind become thus composed, before it became painfully agitated by an attempt to reconcile the Divine decrees with the free agency of man. It was not long, however, before he abandoned the effort, and came to the conclusion that it was ground which it was very unfitting for a mortal and a sinner, like himself, to occupy. From this time, the spirit of childlike submission and obedience seemed to have full possession of his heart, and the prayer which he constantly breathed forth, was that of converted Saul,—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

He seems now to have settled down with the conviction that the faithful performance of duty was the best evidence he could have or give of his acceptance in the Beloved, and of his interest in the Divine promises. And his great desire to glorify God suggested to him the idea of devoting his life to preaching the Gospel to a lost world. The result of his reflections on the subject was that he determined to give himself to this great work; and there was no earthly sacrifice that he was not willing to make, to carry this purpose into effect.

There are those now living in St. Louis, who recollect the circumstances under which he laboured there from thirty to forty years since, when some fifteen or twenty persons were all that could be induced to attend his meetings; and how patiently and perseveringly he strove to gather a congregation, and establish a Presbyterian Church there, without the least prospect of any earthly reward. They remember how industriously and laboriously he plodded on in the arduous and perplexing vocation of an instructer of youth, that he might have a room for meetings on the Sabbath, and the scanty means of paying his board and meeting other necessary expenses; how patiently and silently he endured the calumny and contempt then cast on the office of the ministry by the thoughtless and profane; how unremitting he was in his visits to the sick, the distressed and the dying; and how unwearied in promoting the best interests of the entire community by every means in his power. The secret of this self-sacrificing spirit no doubt lay in the depth and power of his early Christian experience—in those almost convulsive inward struggles which marked his entrance upon the Christian life. From the very beginning, all his powers and faculties seem to have been consecrated to the service of Christ; and this was the key note to the history of his whole subsequent life.

In due time, Mr. Giddings, having gone through his preparatory studies, entered Williams College, where he maintained a high character for scholarship throughout his whole course. He was graduated in 1811, and soon after joined the Theological Seminary at Andover. He was licensed to preach the Gospel in the early part of 1814, and was ordained, as an Evangelist, in the autumn of the same year. In 1814–15, he was a Tutor in Williams College; and, during a part of the latter year, was employed in itinerating among the Congregational Churches in Massachusetts and Connecticut, where his labours were blessed to the hopeful conversion of many souls.

He had become personally acquainted with Samuel J. Mills; and his journals and those of his colleagues,—Messrs. Schermerhorn and Smith, together with repeated conversations with Mills, had brought him to the determination to follow their trail into the Valley of the Mississippi, and make St. Louis a point in his evangelical labours. The Trustees of the

Connecticut Missionary Society, learning his intentions, sent him a commission to labour in the "Western country,"—quite a large parish for a New England Congregationalist. Mr. Giddings travelled from his native State over to St. Louis, then in the Far West, on horseback,—the common mode of travelling at that period. He started in December, 1815; preached on his journey on the Sabbath, and often on week days also; slept comfortably in the log cabins, and partook of the homely fare of the inmates; conversed with parents and children about their spiritual interests; prayed with them night and morning; and, like a man of good common sense, took care of his own horse, and made himself at home wherever he tarried. He reached St. Louis on the 6th of April, 1816; preached to a small congregation the next day; and became the pioneer missionary in the Presbyterian ranks to the country West of the "Great River."

Messrs. Mills and Smith had visited St. Louis in November, 1814, and had preached the first sermons ever heard from ministers of their denomination, in that French village. A gentleman then residing at St. Louis, in a letter to a minister at the East, written about that time,—referring to the labours of itinerant Methodist preachers, says,—"They preach in our Court House, perhaps once a month." About two months before the arrival of Mr. Giddings, the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, then of Nashville, Tenn., visited St. Louis, and preached several times.

The first year and a half Mr. Giddings spent in itinerating through the country,—visiting most of the towns and settlements on both sides of the Mississippi. One object, which he kept steadily in view, was to search out those who had been members of Presbyterian Churches, and to gather them again, as wandering sheep, into the fold. The first Church he organized was in Bellevue settlement, Washington County, about eighty miles Southwest from St. Louis. This was on the 2d of August, 1816; and the church consisted of thirty members. The next was the Church in Bonhomme settlement, thirty miles West of St. Louis—it was organized the same autumn, and consisted of sixteen members. In the period of ten years, this indefatigable missionary gathered eleven churches,—five in Missouri and six in Illinois. The First Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, consisting originally of nine members, he organized in November, 1817; and, through his personal persevering efforts, their first house of worship was erected and finished in 1823–24. For four years from the time the church was constituted, he was able to preach to them only one half of the time,—the other half being appropriated to itinerant visitations to destitute places, and to churches he had been instrumental of establishing.

In the spring of 1822, by a special appointment from the Managers of the United Foreign Missionary Society of New York, he made a long tour of exploration among the Indian tribes, in what is now called the Kansa and Nebraska Territories, preparatory to the establishment of mission stations among them. In this tour he spent about ten weeks, and, during the greater part of the time, was in the wilderness, beyond the white settlements. He visited several Indian nations, held councils with their chiefs and head men, selected sites for mission stations and schools, and in all these varied labours evinced a sound, discriminating judgment, as well as a benevolent heart. It was a season of heavy rains and high water in all the streams, so that he was often obliged to make his horse swim the creeks. But in his somewhat minute journal, that now lies before me,

find no indication that in this, or his encamping in the woods, or his artaking of the rough fare of the frontier hunter, or any other hardship, here was any thing to occasion the least disquietude to his spirit. In his missionary excursion, he visited the Osages, Kansans, O'Mahas, Pawees, and Ottoes.

Previous to his setting out on this tour, he had enlisted several gentlemen in St. Louis in an attempt to build a house of worship for the Presbyerian Church; among whom was the late Stephen Hempstead, Esq.,*—hen at the age of nearly threescore years and ten,—his senior elder and aithful coadjutor. An arrangement was made by which a lot was purchased n the border of the town for $331, as a site for the new building. In 1853, his lot was leased by the church, for fifty years, for $4,000 per annum, ayable quarterly; which, at the rate of six per cent., made the value 66,666. At the expiration of fifty years, this ground, with the buildings, omes again into possession of the church. Their new and splendid church difice, just completed, at the cost of $105,000, is located ten squares farther Vest, in a populous part of the city. To the sagacity and foresight of Mr. iddings, this church owes a debt of gratitude, in respect even to its temoral interests, which it is not easy to overrate.

The first house of worship was commenced in the spring of 1823;—the Trustees appointing Mr. Giddings their agent to contract for the erection f a house of such dimensions and plan as he thought best. The house was f brick, forty by sixty feet, and cost something over $8,000. In March, 824, the Trustees, having entire confidence in the economy and business alents of the Pastor, gave him power of Attorney to mortgage the lot and ouse which had been commenced, for $2,000, to be employed in finishing he edifice. He effected the loan by pledging his own property and credit, nd taking the mortgage to secure himself. The building was completed, nd dedicated on the 26th of June, 1825. The contributions of the citizens, hrough the influence of the Pastor, and the proceeds of the sale of pews n 1826, reduced the debt to about $5,000, which was subsequently liquidated y the congregation.

Mr. Giddings remained in the relation of Stated Supply to the Church, ntil November, 1826, when he was installed Pastor by the Presbytery f Missouri, which then embraced the two States of Missouri and Illinois.

The Rev. James E. Welch and myself, as colleague missionaries, under he patronage of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, arrived in St. Louis n the 1st of December, 1817, and, notwithstanding we belonged to another lenomination, holding different views of Baptism and the order of the isible Church, we were cordially received as brethren in Christ, members of the same spiritual Kingdom, and heirs to the same glorious inheritance. Mr. Welch left Missouri for New Jersey in 1820; but I remained, nd was in intimate relations with Mr. Giddings for ten years. We often met in the same social and religious circle; were engaged in the same objects

* Stephen Hempstead was born in New London, Conn.; May 6, 1754. He was a distinguished patriot and soldier in the Revolution, and was severely wounded and taken prisoner at the massacre of Fort Griswold. He became the subject of converting grace before the close of the war, but from the unsettled and dispersed condition of the Congregational Church in New London, as well as from scruples in regard to the genuineness of his own experience, he did not make a public profession of his faith until 1787. Four of his sons having migrated to Missouri, he, with his wife and the rest of the family, followed to St. Louis in 1811. Alone for five years, his light shone steadily, and he faithfully performed the duties of supplying the destitute with the Bible, and visiting the poor, sick and afflicted.

of Christian philanthropy; preached frequently to the same congregation and in the same house,—and what is more,—each of us preached his distinctive views on the points on which we differed; and yet our relations always continued strictly fraternal, and never an unkind or complaining word passed between us. But far be it from me to intimate that Mr. Giddings held lightly his own religious convictions. Not only was he a strict Presbyterian, but he never hesitated to avow and defend his principles on all proper occasions. But he valued the great common Christianity above any thing that marked mere denominational differences. He loved the friends of Christ, by whatever name they were called, and he delighted to encourage and animate every one's efforts in doing good. We co-operated in the formation and management of the first Bible, Sunday School, Tract, and Colonization, Societies in St. Louis.

Some weeks before his last illness, he was thrown from his horse, on going to attend a funeral, and received a severe injury. He, however, so far recovered as to resume his official labours, and preached several times. Always faithful in visiting the sick, the poor and friendless, he went out to perform these offices of mercy, and took a severe cold, which brought on the disease that in a few days had a fatal termination. He died on the 1st of February, 1828, when he had nearly completed his forty-sixth year. His Funeral was attended on the afternoon of the Sabbath following, (February 3d,) by a larger concourse of people than had then ever been assembled in St. Louis. The Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Baptist, ministry was each represented in the services of the occasion. The Trustees of the Church, in token of their affectionate respect, had his remains deposited in a vault constructed for the purpose under the pulpit. By the joint request of the elders of the Church, the widow and the family at Collinsville, I preached a Funeral Discourse on the 20th of March, from Matt. xxv. 21–23—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant," &c. I will quote the concluding paragraph, as containing what I believe to be a just epitome of his character:—

"If I place my esteemed friend and Christian brother before me, as he appeared in life, as a Man, a Christian, a Citizen, and a Preacher of the Gospel,—in each relation he appears amiable, excellent, conspicuous, but in all of them he is ever the same. One general encomium includes all that can be said—few of the human family have passed through life, to the age of forty-six, so blameless and unimpeached. If any one trait of his character appeared more prominent than others, it was his uniform and consistent piety. If any one habit of his Christian life was more strongly marked than the rest, it was his habit of constant secret intercourse with God. If any quality of mind shone pre-eminent, it was vigorous perseverence in whatever he undertook—if any one virtue, it was prudence."

One, and I think only one, of Mr. Giddings' Sermons was ever printed. This was preached in the settlement of Bellevue, where he formed the first Presbyterian Church ever organized in Missouri, at the installation of the Rev. Thomas Donnell, April 25, 1818. It was entitled "The Gospel the power of God unto salvation." It was printed at St. Louis, and was the first sermon ever printed, West of the Mississippi.

In 1826, Mr. Giddings was married to Almira, daughter of Deacon William Collins of Collinsville, Ill., and formerly of Litchfield, Conn. They

had one child,—a son, who is now a distinguished lawyer in Quincy, Ill. Mrs. Giddings still survives.

Yours fraternally,

J. M. PECK.

FROM THE REV. RALPH EMERSON, D. D.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., August 1, 1857.

Dear Sir: Mr. Giddings and myself were contemporary as students of the Theological Seminary at Andover, and I had such opportunities for knowing him as were furnished by free and daily intercourse. After we left the Seminary, our fields of labour were remote from each other, so that we had little personal intercourse, but I was familiar, at least with the outline of his history, to the close of his useful and honourable career.

In person, Mr. Giddings was not above the medium height, but thick set, and quite full in the face, and of a kind and genial aspect—the genuine index of his disposition; and his whole deportment was expressive of an honest, generous and noble spirit. His manners, however, were by no means graceful; and I doubt whether, till after leaving Andover, he had learned much of the conventionalities of society. I presume none of his class mates ever doubted the sincerity of his piety, or the depth of his devotion to the cause of Christ. While at Andover, he was much afflicted with asthma, which was one cause of his devoting himself to the Western field, where he expected a more congenial climate.

Though not one of Nature's excitables, and perhaps not capable of passionate eloquence, he was possessed of a sound and very well balanced and logical mind, and as might be expected from such intellectual and moral qualities, his doctrinal views were clear, well defined and decided. He was neither rapid in thought nor fluent in conversation; but, with his calm and steady self-possession, I believe he rather excelled in extemporaneous discourse. His thoughts did not flow so rapidly as to become confused. The following anecdote which I had from himself, after his settlement in St. Louis, will illustrate this:—He gave place on a particular occasion to a stranger of another denomination who wished to preach to his people. The young man had not been accustomed to address so fashionable an assembly, and it became manifest, soon after he commenced his discourse, that he would be unable to proceed, and that Mr. Giddings must himself preach, if any preaching was to be done. In this emergency, and with but a moment's thought, he took up the same subject, using also the same text, and preached a discourse of the usual length.

Yours truly,

R. EMERSON.

JOHN KIRKPATRICK.*

1814—1842.

JOHN KIRKPATRICK was a native of Mecklenburg County, N. C., and was born in the year 1787. He was the second and youngest son of Thomas and Mary (Hutchinson) Kirkpatrick, who had emigrated from Ireland to this country a short time previous to his birth. His parents were both members of the Presbyterian Church, and were distinguished for their exemplary Christian deportment. In consequence of the death of his mother, while he was yet an infant, his early education devolved upon his father and brother. In the earliest unfolding of his faculties, he gave indications of great intellectual precocity. He could read with fluency and correctness, when he was only in his fourth year; and so retentive was his memory at that early period, that, after reading a chapter in the New Testament once or twice only, he could repeat the whole of it. But, shortly after this, owing to various circumstances, he was withdrawn from school, and for many years had scarcely any opportunities for intellectual culture, except such as a mind like his would almost necessarily create for itself, under even the most unpropitious circumstances.

During this period, nothing seems to have occurred of special interest in its bearing upon his subsequent life. He was distinguished for his wit and buoyancy, and was the life of every circle into which he was thrown. He was fond of music and poetry, and frequently exercised himself in both. He read almost every thing within his reach, and forgot scarcely any thing that he read. He had quite a passion for military tactics, and delighted to dwell upon the heroic exploits of the battle field; and sometimes he indulged in an extemporaneous speech upon this, his favourite theme. In short, he was regarded by all who knew him as an amiable, gay, and uncommonly gifted, young man.

When he was in his nineteenth year, he commenced the study of the classics, under the instruction of the Rev. James Wallis, of Providence, N. C., who was a highly competent teacher. Here he continued for seventeen months, (though he was himself a teacher during part of that time,) when he was prepared to enter the Junior class (half advanced) of Hampden Sidney College. The rapidity of his progress during this period was almost incredible; and it is the testimony of one who had the opportunity of knowing,—that "there was not a member of the school who could perform half, or more than half, the amount of labour which he performed." He entered College in 1811, and at the same time engaged as a private tutor in a gentleman's family, as a means of defraying in part his college expenses. In eighteen months, he completed his collegiate course, and graduated with the highest honours of the institution.

He now commenced the study of Law, intending to make that his profession; but before he was prepared for admission to the Bar, his mind was directed with great earnestness to the subject of his own salvation; and, after "a season of the bitterest anguish of spirit,"—to use his own language—he was led "to cast" himself, "unreservedly and unconditio-

* Mitchell's Fun. Serm.—MSS. from his son, and Rev. S. L. Graham, D. D.

ılly upon the sovereign mercy of God in Christ." With this change of ɔiews and of character was associated a determination to become a minister ɔf the Gospel; and, accordingly, he abandoned the study of Law, and ɔommenced a course of Theology, under the direction of the venerable Dr. Moses Hoge, then President of the College at which he had graduated.

While he was yet engaged in his theological studies, he was called tempoɔarily into a very different field of labour from that for which he was preɔaring himself. In 1814, a draft was levied upon the County of Prince Edward for recruits to serve in the army. As soon as he knew that it had ɦllen to his lot to go, he promptly obeyed the summons; and it is not ɯprobable that his natural relish for military display, which had discovered ŧself so strikingly in his earlier years, co-operated with a spirit of patriotɯm and a high sense of duty, to bring about this result. He joined the ɪrmy at Norfolk, and served six months as Secretary to General Porter; luring which time, he frequently discharged the duties of a Chaplain,— ɔeading the Scriptures, praying, and exhorting, as opportunity occurred. Ɔome of his addresses on these occasions are said to have been strikingly ɨloquent, and to have produced a powerful, and in some instances a permaɨent, impression.

Previous to his leaving the army, an honourable and lucrative military ɔffice was offered him; but he declined it unhesitatingly, being inflexible in ɨis purpose to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel. At the expiɔation of his term of service, he left the army, and returned to complete ɨis theological course under Dr. Hoge. He was licensed to preach by the Hanover Presbytery, at Buffalo Church, in the County of Prince Edward, ɲ the autumn of 1814.

In the early part of 1815, he engaged temporarily as a missionary in Hanover County, by appointment of Presbytery; and was afterwards settled ɲ Manchester, County of Chesterfield, where he continued about four ɔears. Besides preaching statedly, he was occupied, during a part of the ɨime, in teaching a classical school; and, at a subsequent period, he conluɔted, for a time, and with great skill and success, a school of deaf mutes. By this time, he had acquired no small reputation as an earnest, eloquent ɯnd gifted preacher.

In 1819, he received a call from the Cumberland Church, Cumberland County, which he accepted; and in the autumn of that year, the West Hanover Presbytery (the Presbytery that licensed him having been divided ɲto East and West Hanover) ordained him to the work of the ministry, ɯnd installed him as Pastor of the said Church. Here he continued to labour luring the remainder of his life.

In 1823, his health was so much impaired as to render a temporary susɒension of labour desirable, in consequence of which he went to visit a ɔrother in Georgia, and remained with him a considerable part of the winter. During his sojourn there, he preached frequently, and with great power and ɯuccess. So remarkable was his popularity that his audience sometimes ɒonsisted of several thousands. He returned home, after an absence of a ɛew months, with his health and spirits much invigorated, and resumed his abours with more than his accustomed energy. His church, which, at the ɨime he took charge of it, was but a feeble band, had, by this time, under ɨis ministrations, greatly increased in numbers, purity, and efficiency.

In the winter of 1835–36, there was a controversy carried on in the Southern Religious Telegraph,—a paper published in Richmond, on the question whether it be right for ministers of the Gospel who are not supported by their salaries, to engage in secular employments so far as to secure to themselves and their families a comfortable maintenance. Mr. Kirkpatrick published a series of articles on the affirmative side of the question; and whatever difference of opinion may have existed in regard to the correctness of his views, it was universally conceded that he defended them with signal ability.

In 1837, he began perceptibly to decline, and in 1840, was so much reduced as to be obliged to suspend his pastoral labours. His disease was an obstinate form of dyspepsia, accompanied with violent paroxysms of vertigo. The then existing difficulties in the Presbyterian Church tended to harrass his mind, and aggravate his disease, (he disapproved of the Exscinding Acts of 1838, and when the division took place, sided with the minority,) and, by the advice of his physician, he journeyed to the South, in the hope that change of air and exercise might effect a restoration. He seemed, for a short time after he commenced his journey, to be somewhat benefitted; but afterwards, his disease advanced so rapidly that his son, who accompanied him, had serious apprehensions that he would not live to reach home. He did, however, return to his family, and for a few weeks some hopes of his recovery were entertained; but his malady soon assumed a more aggravated form, and he gradually sunk under its power, until it terminated in death on the 17th of February, 1842. On the Sunday morning preceding, he called his friends and relatives to his bedside, and thus addressed them:—"If it be the will of God to take me hence, I die in great peace with God, and all my fellow-men, through our Lord Jesus Christ. It has always been my end and aim to spend and be spent in the service of my Master; and if at any time I have been otherwise than at peace with any of those with whom God has called me to be a fellow-labourer for a little while here below, I pray God most earnestly to forgive them, and to forgive me, for the evil that has been in it. I do not yet realize what it is to have passed through the dark valley and shadow of death; but hitherto and thus far hath the Lord brought me and sustained me; and I firmly trust that, through the superabounding grace of God in Christ Jesus, I shall be borne safely through, and come off conqueror and more than conqueror, under the banner of the great Captain of our salvation." On Tuesday following, when he seemed to revive a little,—speaking of the comforts of the Gospel, he said,—"They are as calm as Heaven, and as permanent as immortality." An hour or two before his death, having been apparently engaged for some time in earnest prayer, he clasped his hands, and exultingly exclaimed,—"Thanks be to God, I have obtained the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And when he had thus spoken, he fell asleep. A Sermon was preached with reference to his death, containing what has been regarded a very judicious estimate of his character, by the Rev. J. D. Mitchell, Pastor of the Peaks Church, Bedford, Va. It was published.

Mr. Kirkpatrick was married in January, 1815, to Nancy Venable, eldest daughter of Nathaniel and Mary Price, of Prince Edward County, Va.,—a lady every way fitted to be acceptable and useful as a minister's wife. She died in September, 1823, leaving three children,—the youngest an infant

of only three months. In 1825, he formed a second matrimonial connection with Jane Maria Jellis, daughter of an English gentleman, who had migrated to Virginia a few years before. This excellent lady still (1848) survives as his widow, and is the mother of five children. Two of Mr. Kirkpatrick's sons, one by the first, and one by the second, marriage, have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, and the former has now nearly completed his preparations for the ministry.

FROM THE REV. S. L. GRAHAM, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, VA.

PRINCE EDWARD, Va., February 19, 1848.

My dear Sir: Your request for my recollections and impressions of the character of the late Rev. John Kirkpatrick, it gives me great pleasure to comply with. I regard him as among the men who have a fair right to be transmitted, in some enduring record, to future generations.

Mr. Kirkpatrick was universally acknowledged to possess great strength and energy of character. He was not a man to be made and moulded by the times or the community in which he lived. His mind was of a higher order than this; and his principles were the result of sober conviction, and not the offshoot of an ever changing public opinion. He was accordingly remarkable for his independence and integrity. When required by law to march to Norfolk, during the war of 1812,—though his friends insisted on it—yet he would not consent, that a substitute should be provided, declaring that he would not agree that another should be shot down in battle in his place. He was the very pink of honour and honesty, and had a most hearty contempt for all trick and meanness in pecuniary transactions. He would have preferred to suffer loss himself, rather than profit by the known ignorance of another. Closely connected with this trait was his unreserved frankness. He never studied, and certainly never practised, the art of concealment. He never adopted a temporizing policy; nor had he at any time a scheme of selfish ambition, which led him to make wrong impressions as to his opinions of men and things, in order to accomplish a purpose. He would not, even for a time, consent to enjoy reputation for opinions which he did not hold. I have known him publicly to avow opinions which he knew were not acceptable to his hearers, and which involved no essential principle of religion or morals. Indeed the union of independence and frankness sometimes gave an appearance of sternness to his character—sometimes his statements might have been softened without detriment to truth or general usefulness. It was his rule to persist in what he in his heart believed to be right, with unflinching firmness, and to avow his belief in spite of the indignant frowns of public opinion.

Mr. Kirkpatrick was therefore in his religion just what he professed to be; and in all your intercourse with him, he made you sensible that there was no concealed hatred ready to burst upon you, when a favourable moment might arrive; that there was no cunning intrigue, nor deeply laid stratagem, to pull you down when it could be done with safety to himself; that there was no disposition in him to palm himself on you or on the world, as possessing religious attainments to which he was a stranger, or which, even if he did possess them, were exhibited before you in an exaggerated form. He rather made you feel that the whole man stood out before you just as he was; and that if you saw the best, you saw also the worst, of his Christian character.

Mr. Kirkpatrick, however, was most remarkable as an eloquent preacher. When his discourses were more carefully prepared, he could exert quite an uncommon degree of power over the passions and imaginations of his hearers.

His manner was at all times vehement and earnest. He was, however, impulsive, and sometimes depended for his highest efforts of eloquence, on that burst of feeling which he only occasionally enjoyed. His sermons, when he made the deepest impression, were for the most part written and committed to memory. His style was ornate and nervous, but always in good taste. He was vehement without bombast, and eloquent without being painfully boisterous. His brilliant imagination enabled him to paint so that his hearers could actually behold the scene he described, as if it were passing before them. I heard him preach a Charity Sermon at Boydton in 1824, which, in point of pathos in the speaker, and excitement in the hearers, exceeded any thing of the kind I ever heard. The first part of the sermon consisted of a well-constructed and elaborate argument in favour of his position, which was the duty of giving our worldly substance to benevolent objects. But when he came to apply his subject, he made an appeal, which, for effect, I have never known to be exceeded under similar circumstances. He transported his hearers to the final judgment, and by what I thought was a just exhibition of their responsibilities, he besought them to do that day what they would wish, in the great day of reckoning, that they had done. It would be difficult to describe the solemn effect of this appeal, and impossible to describe the manner of producing it. It was only on certain extraordinary occasions that he rose to such a pitch of eloquence, as in the case to which I have now referred.

His boldness in the pulpit and out of it, the warmth of his feelings, and the generous openness of his character, made him many friends and admirers; and such was the mutual attachment between him and his people, that though often solicited to do so, he never would consent to leave them. His death produced general regret in all classes of the community.

Very truly yours,

S. L. GRAHAM.

JOHN McELROY DICKEY.*

1814—1849.

JOHN MCELROY DICKEY was born in York District, S. C., December 16, 1789. His great-grandfather emigrated from Ireland. His parents, David and Margaret (Stephenson) Dickey, were in humble circumstances, but sustained an excellent Christian character. They were particularly attentive to the religious instruction of their children, making use chiefly of the Bible and the Confession of Faith. His mother, as she sat at her spinning wheel, was accustomed to gather her children around her, and question them in rotation out of the Assembly's Catechism, explaining the several answers, as far as she could, to their comprehension.

As soon as his mind began to unfold, he discovered an uncommon fondness for books. He is said to have read the Bible through at the early age of four years. He had also a natural turn for Mathematics; which is evidenced by the fact that, as he sat in the corner upon his little stool, with the aid of a coal and pine board, and with such instruction as his father could give him, he became considerably advanced in Arithmetic, even before he had begun to go to school.

* MS. from his family.

At the age of about thirteen, his mind became deeply impressed with eligious truth, and he began to devote himself in earnest to the service of is Creator and Redeemer. The year after this, (1803), he removed with is parents to Livingston County, Ky., where he was occupied chiefly, for he next two or three years, in assisting to clear up and cultivate his father's nd, at the same time availing himself of such means of instruction in ifferent branches of knowledge, as the country furnished. When he was ot far from seventeen, he went to study under his cousin, the Rev. William Vilson, who lived about three quarters of a mile from his father's house; nd, as Mr. W. had a family of small children, and his house consisted f only one apartment, the young pupil built a room a few yards from the oor, where he kept his books and prosecuted his studies. After having ontinued with his cousin about eighteen months, during which time he was tudying Virgil and the Greek Testament, there was a school opened by he Rev. Nathan H. Hall, at Hardin's Creek Church, distant from his esidence about two hundred and fifty miles. As it was understood that he as seeking a liberal education, under manifold disadvantages, a proposal as made to him to become a member of that school; and though his father carcely felt himself able to incur any part of the expense, he placed him n the best young horse he possessed, with a direction that he should ride im to the place where the school was kept, and make him over to a Mr. IcElroy in whose family he was to board, and remain with him as long as he horse would be an adequate compensation. When the time arrived hat the horse was "eaten up," the young man, feeling that he had no ther resource, was making his arrangements to leave the school, and return ome; but he had, by this time, become so great a favourite in the family n which he lived, that they kindly invited him to continue with them free f charge. He accepted the generous offer, and, as a token of gratitude nd respect towards his benefactor, he assumed *McElroy* as part of his wn name.

Having remained nearly two years at this school, he left it, and prosecuted the study of Theology, partly with his cousin under whom he had previously commenced the study of the classics, and partly with the Rev. Mr. Howe* at Glasgow.

* John Howe was a native of South Carolina, and was in part educated there. At the age f about twenty, he removed with his father and family to the neighbourhood of Lexington, Ky. The Transylvania Seminary was then in operation, under the supervision of the Rev. James Moore, an Episcopal clergyman; and here Mr. Howe pursued his classical studies for three years, and subsequently studied Theology under the Rev. James Crawford, then Pastor f Walnut Hill Church. He was licensed to preach by the Transylvania Presbytery in the pring of 1795. For several years, he preached alternately in Glasgow, the County seat of Barren, and Beaver Creek Church, in the same county. Not receiving an adequate support rom these Churches, he was, for several years, engaged in teaching a school. He subsequently emoved to Greensburg, Greene County, where he again commenced teaching in the County Academy, and taught some eighteen years, preaching, during the time, to two small congregations in the neighbourhood. When he was in his eightieth year, he went to reside with his daughter in Missouri. Though now oppressed by infirmity, he still preached occasionally, and continued to do so, as opportunity offered, until the decay of his faculties unfitted him for any further service. He died, December 21, 1856, aged eighty-eight years. He had been in the ministry a little more than sixty-one, fifty-three of which were spent in Kentucky. He is represented as having been an uncommonly amiable man, remarkably unostentatious in his manners, and a very popular and successful preacher.

The Rev. James Crawford mentioned above, was graduated at Princeton in 1777; was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Hanover, October 26, 1779, but was disabled for constant preaching by an abscess in his side; and in 1784 removed with his family to Kentucky. Being ordained the next year, he settled at Walnut Hill, and gathered a flourishing church. There he remained until his death, which took place in the spring of 1803. His last illness was occasioned by an exposure from preaching in the open air, during a Sacramental season, at Paint Lick. He was not a popular, but highly instructive and useful, preacher.

Mr. Dickey was licensed to preach by the Mecklenburg Presbytery, in August, 1814. In December following, he went to Indiana, and, after having spent a few Sabbaths, agreed to settle in White River Church, in the Forks of White River, near what is now Washington, Davis County,—being the third Presbyterian minister who ever settled within the limits of Indiana. He removed his family thither in May, 1815. On the 7th of June, 1817, he was ordained by the Mecklenburg Presbytery, and was dismissed to join the Salem Presbytery, or to help constitute it. From May, 1815, to April, 1819, he preached in the White River Church half of the time, receiving about fifty dollars a year for his labours, and occupying a field about sixteen miles long by ten broad. The other half of his time he spent as a voluntary missionary in various destitute places, receiving barely enough in the way of compensation to meet his travelling expenses. In order to make out a support for his family, he was obliged to resort to both manual labour and teaching sacred music; and, after all his exertions, he became early embarrassed with a debt, and scarcely ever afterward knew what it was to be entirely free from such embarrassment.

In 1819, he removed to the vicinity of Lexington, Scott County, and took charge of three small churches—namely, Pisgah, Lexington, and Graham. Over the two former he was installed on the 9th of August; but of the latter he was only the stated supply, and he withdrew from it after two years. In the summer of 1823, he took a missionary tour of a month up the Valley of the Wabash, as far as Crawfordsville, preaching upwards of thirty times. In 1824, he spent two months as a missionary in the central counties of the State, during which time he preached sixty-three sermons and organized three churches. In 1835, his pastoral relation to the church at Lexington was dissolved; and, after this, his labours were confined to the Pisgah Church, except that he occasionally took a short missionary tour. About two years before his death, he resigned the charge of that church also;—a charge which he had held twenty-eight years; and from this period he laboured, as his health would permit, as an Agent for the American Tract Society, and in preparing a History of the Churches of Indiana.

In the year 1845, Mr. Dickey, having spent three months in travelling as a missionary, and in visiting many of his early friends, published, in the "Watchman of the Valley,"—a religious paper printed at Cincinnati,—a series of Letters addressed to his friends, on various topics which had suggested themselves to him in the review of his tour. These letters had the double merit of containing much valuable information, in regard to the religious state of the country, and much that was adapted to elevate the tone of Christian feeling and the standard of Christian character.

For many years Mr. Dickey was suffering under a pulmonary disease, which finally terminated his life. He, however, continued to preach constantly till the year 1847, when he resigned his pastoral charge; and even after that, until within a few months of his death, he laboured as an Agent, preaching frequently as he found occasion or opportunity. Towards the close of the summer of 1849, he became too feeble to leave home; and early in October, he addressed a letter to the Moderator of the Synod then in session at New Albany, tendering to that Body the most affectionate salutations, and making suggestions to them in regard to the History of the Churches, which he was about to leave in an unfinished state. The Synod replied to the letter in a tone of the warmest fraternal affection, congratu-

ing him upon his useful life and his glorious prospects. He continued to ite upon his History until he became so feeble that he was obliged to linquish even this,—his last employment. He marked the approach of ath with the utmost tranquillity, and spoke of it as he would of leaving me for a journey. "I have no raptures," said he, "but I have no fears; r trust is in Christ alone for salvation." He died at his residence near ew Washington, Ind., November 21, 1849. His Funeral Sermon was eached by the Rev. Harvey Curtis, then of Madison, Ind., from Acts 24.

Mr. Dickey published, in 1828, a History of the Presbyterian Church in diana; and, by request of the Synod of Indiana, had collected the requi- e material for a continuation of the History, and, as already stated, was gaged in writing it, when death took him from all his earthly labours.

He was a zealous anti-slavery man, and at one time published a series of ticles on the subject of Slavery, in the Cincinnati Journal. When the resbyterian Church was divided in 1838, he fell into the New School vision, and was very strong in his convictions that they had the right in e controversy. He wrote the greater part of the Address of the Synod Indiana, on the subject of the *division*, which was published in the Cin- nnati Journal.

Mr. Dickey was twice married,—first on the 18th of November, 1813, Nancy W., daughter of William and Isabel (Miller) McClesky, of Abbe- lle District, S. C. She died October 23, 1816, leaving one child,—a ughter. On the 2d of April, 1818, he was married to Margaret O., ughter of Ninian and Jane (Armstrong) Steel, who died October 4, 1847, ving been the mother of eleven children,—six sons and five daughters. f the sons, one died in his seventeenth year, while prosecuting a course of udy preparatory to the ministry, one is now (1853) a minister in Colum- us, O., and one is in a course of preparation for professional life.

FROM THE REV. HENRY LITTLE.

MADISON, Ind., March 18, 1857.

Dear Sir: I rejoice that you intend to include in your work commemorative f American clergymen, a notice of Father Dickey; for he was a rare pattern of hristian excellence and usefulness. For many a year he was my father, rother, counsellor, and fellow-labourer; and I have most agreeable recollections f him.

It might be said of him as of another John, who introduced the Saviour to srael—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness." The first time since the reat flood that three Presbyterian ministers met in Indiana, he was both the ohn of "the wilderness," and "the disciple whom Jesus loved" among them. le was present and helped build the first Presbyterian meeting house in the tate. It was made of logs twenty feet square, with a floor of split logs, dressed little; with the flat side upward; and he said the occasion called forth much 'armer expressions of interest and joy than a splendid church edifice does now om a city congregation. He often travelled a hundred miles by some "Indian lazed road," to meet a dozen or half a dozen Christians, and administer the ord's Supper, and preach to such a promiscuous congregation as might assemble; nd for a ten days' hard labour in this way, he would not receive compensation nough to pay his ferriage across some stream in his route.

Father Dickey was poor. When he crossed the Ohio River with his wife, on is way to this new field, all their books, clothing, bedding, &c., were packed

upon their two horses; and it was not enough to discommode their riding, w add very perceptibly to the burden of their steeds. The first winter they lived in a partially finished log-cabin, with only one room, and often found it difficult to obtain bread enough, even of the coarsest kind, to supply their table. When I first visited him, in 1830, his whole salary was only a hundred and fifty dollars,—two-thirds of which were paid in produce; and during the first twelve years of his ministry, he received only eighty dollars per annum in all.

He was a remarkably unassuming and modest man. He never did any thing merely to attract attention—never thrust himself forward where his presence and his services were not desired or needed; while yet no man was more ready than he to sacrifice all personal considerations, and go forward to any duty which he believed his Master required of him. The maxim that controlled all his conduct was, to find out what the Lord would have him to do, and then do it. With a thoughtful regard to circumstances he united the utmost diligence and perseverance.

He had an instinctive dislike of controversy; and whenever he differed from a brother, every one felt that he was constrained to do so by a deep sense of duty. Such was his reputation for integrity, piety, common sense, and sound judgment, that when he arose to speak, either in the pulpit or in an ecclesiastical meeting, his proposition was half proved as soon as he had stated it.

He once resolved on leaving his people, because, though able, they did not support him; and he actually preached his Farewell Sermon. He told them that all the time he had been their minister, he had faithfully declared the whole counsel of God to them, except when he came to such texts as these—"The labourer is worthy of his hire"—"So then God hath ordained that they that preach the Gospel shall live of the Gospel"—"These," said he, "from false delicacy, I have passed over too lightly; and as I have failed to preach,—as was natural,—you have failed to practise; and, as a consequence, I have been obliged to turn aside from my work to support my family, and have been by no means the minister I should otherwise have been; and you in turn have suffered in the character and the amount of both preaching and pastoral labour. Now you have acquired such habits in reference to my support, that you cannot change and raise what would be an adequate salary; but let me go, and then call another minister, and support him, as these neglected texts teach, and both he and you may be abundantly prospered." Here he proceeded to expound some of these texts, in doing which he told them some plain truths; but no one was offended by his honest dealing, and before the next Sabbath, four hundred dollars were subscribed for him,—the consequence of which was that he continued their pastor till age and infirmity made him think it his duty to resign his charge.

But Father Dickey had another characteristic which one would scarcely look for in such a pioneer—he had an uncommonly inquiring mind, and was always thinking and studying. He studied and wrote by fire-light, when he was too poor to purchase candles. He acquired the habit of studying on horseback, and sometimes did it with such entire abstraction as to forget to guide his horse, or take care of the articles he was carrying. It is presumed that a brother minister seldom spent a night with him, or rode with him a day towards a meeting of Presbytery or Synod, who did not find his mind waked up in the investigation of some doctrine, or duty, or plan for advancing the best interests of mankind. No man whose early education was so limited, and whose means of support were so small, could act as a pioneer for forty years, and be looked up to with such respect and esteem by ministers who had been the whole round of the best schools, who did not think and study.

We miss Father Dickey every where. In regard to the early history of Presbyterianism in Indiana, he was a sort of Gazetteer or book of reference, from

which we had rarely, if ever, any occasion to appeal; and we miss him greatly in this respect. So too we miss him especially at meetings of Synod and Presbytery, where he was always present with his elder,—sometimes constraining us to remain an extra day or two for our spiritual good. He made no set speeches; but his knowledge of Presbyterial rules and precedents, with his good sense and sound judgment, gave him a controlling influence in these Bodies.

There has been no eloquent eulogy spoken, or costly monument erected, over his grave; but if we had moral scales that could graduate accurately real worth and esteem, it would be hard to find a man in all this region, who would weigh down this worthy father of the Presbyterian Church in Indiana.

With sincere affection and esteem, yours,

HENRY LITTLE.

FROM THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, December 15, 1855.

Dear Sir: You ask me for a short account of the Rev. Mr. Dickey. I cheerfully give you what occurs to my memory; but you will please to recollect that my associations with Father Dickey were during my earliest years in the ministry, and that I looked up to him with a youthful reverence, which may have coloured my impressions higher than sober truth would warrant.

I met him first in Presbytery—I well remember that the impression of his goodness, derived from others, was heightened in me by the first day's observation. He was tall, of a spare form, full six feet high, though from a stooping habit he seemed less. His face was pale, his features strong, his eye clear and piercing, and yet very calm and peaceful. No man could be with him for a day, and not feel the gentleness and humility which characterized his whole conduct. And yet there was that in his bearing which told you that these lovely qualities were the offspring of grace and not nature. Indeed I had an impression that he was a man naturally of a very quick temper, very proud, fearless and firm. These qualities had been transformed and overlaid by a gentleness which was all the more attractive, for the *ground* upon which it rested.

I was never with one whose whole flow of feeling savoured so much of Heaven. My first intercourse with him was at the close of a Synod, which was held in the church where I then preached. Three of us stood upon the porch after the Synod had adjourned and the brethren gone home, conferring together upon the question which Father Dickey had proposed, namely,—How shall we make our ecclesiastical meetings more devotional and profitable to our own piety? We agreed together that we would, after the adjournment of Synod, spend a full day together, in prayer and conference. The spirit of this movement at length so embosomed the whole Synod that, after one or two years, the whole Synodical Session was but a revival meeting, and I have never known any where else such religious meetings as I enjoyed in the annual meetings of the Synod of Indiana.

On all public occasions on which I saw Father Dickey, his bearing was singularly dignified and modest. He spoke freely upon all topics which required discussion, but he seldom spoke more than once. Then, it was simple, direct and honest. However much his views might be controverted, I do not recollect ever to have heard him rejoin, or defend himself. I was very much struck always with this quietness and reserve. Although he was the oldest man in our Body I believe, he suffered contradiction from the most youthful with the utmost placidity. If he had been timid, we should have thought less of it; but all knew that he was bold, fearless, and personally, very independent. And this *repose* of strength and experience was very noticeable.

He always prayed with manifest emotion, and often was obliged to pause, overcome by feeling. I always felt as though God were not far from us, while he prayed. His address, though profoundly reverential, was yet that of one who had a sacred familiarity with the Throne of Grace. He impressed every one with the conviction that his life was hid with Christ. We all knew that he had suffered long and severely in the hardships belonging to those who preach the Gospel among pioneer settlements. We knew that he had chosen to suffer among the people of his adoption, rather than to increase his comforts and conveniencies by removing from them.

In conclusion, I look back upon Mr. Dickey, as a man of great pride of character and native force; clothed with humility and love by the power of God; living, for scores of years, amid hardships and sufferings, with patience and equanimity; not insensible to worldly enjoyments, it was evident that his thoughts and affections were above, where Christ sitteth; simple, truthful, direct, frank, genial, affectionate, his presence always brought light to every circle, without levity; a holy example, without ostentation or formality; a truly pious conversation without the slightest intrusion upon the naturalness of social intercourse. He was not a man whose strength lay in the power of reason or of learning, but in the power of a great heart filled with heavenly love.

I am very truly yours,

H. W. BEECHER.

RICHARD B. CATER, D. D.*

1814—1850.

Richard B. Cater was born in Beaufort District, S. C., in December, 1791. His mother dying when he was eleven years old, and his father when he was twelve,—he was left to the guardianship of his maternal uncle, General McPherson, of Charleston, S. C., who bestowed upon him the most vigilant and faithful care, but was himself soon after lost at sea. When he was in his sixteenth year,—his uncle having now deceased,—he was placed at Willington, S. C., under the tutelage and instruction of that accomplished educator of youth, and eminently useful man,—the Rev. Dr. Moses Waddel. Here his mind was trained and disciplined in a very careful and thorough manner. Naturally of a buoyant and impulsive turn, and eminently social in his feelings, he was now placed in circumstances of no small peril; and he used often, at a later period of his life, to express with deep emotion his gratitude to the Father of the fatherless, for having upheld and preserved him amid all the ensnaring influences to which he was exposed. A short time before completing his literary and scientific course under Dr. Waddel, he became deeply interested in the subject of religion, and gave evidence of having experienced a radical change of character. He resolved now, contrary to the wishes of some of his near relatives and friends, to devote himself to the service of God in the ministry of reconciliation. To this great work he addressed himself with all the energies of

* MSS. from his family, Rev. Dr. Chapman, Rev. E. T. Buist, Rev. T. L. McBryde, and Rev. A. A. Porter.

his mind and heart; and he never relaxed, never grew weary, in the fulfilment of his purpose, till he was called to lay aside his armour and receive the crown. He prosecuted his theological studies under the direction of the same venerable man who had conducted the preceding part of his education; and, on the 4th of April, 1814, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of South Carolina.

Mr. Cater, for many years after he entered the ministry, was occupied in preaching at various points in his native State,—particularly in Abbeville District; but I have found it impossible to trace him throughout his whole course. In the autumn of 1831, he went to Greenville, S. C., to take charge of a Female Academy. There was, at that time, no Presbyterian Church in the place, but he preached on the Sabbath, in his School room, and frequently also to churches of other denominations; and he was not only highly acceptable as a preacher, but was regarded as a man of extraordinary zeal and energy. He remained here, however, not much more than a year; for in November, 1832, he commenced preaching in Hopewell Church, Pendleton, S. C.,—where he continued to exercise his ministry, with great acceptance, for three years,—though he officiated only as a stated supply. He removed from this place in December, 1835, and took charge of the Church in Talladega, Ala. On the 28th of September, 1837, he transferred his relation from the Presbytery of South Carolina to that of South Alabama. He laboured at Talladega with his accustomed efficiency and fidelity, until 1840, when he removed to Church Hill, Lowndes County, Ala., having received and accepted a call from the Church in that place, in connection with another Church, at Lowndesborough. In the year 1845, he commenced preaching to the Congregation at Selma, Ala., as a stated supply—on the 29th of September, 1847, he received and accepted a call to become their Pastor; and his installation by the South Alabama Presbytery took place on the 3d of February, 1848. In 1847, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Oglethorpe University, Ga. He died on the 24th of November, 1850, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the thirty-seventh of his ministry.

The circumstances of Dr. Cater's death were peculiarly affecting. There had commenced an unusual attention to religion in his Congregation, and public religious services had been held for several days successively. While he was thus abounding in labours, and cheered by manifest tokens of the Holy Spirit's presence, he was called to the death-bed of a much loved and honoured minister,—the Rev. Junius B. King.* He obeyed the call, witnessed his brother's triumphant departure, closed his eyes, and returned to his people who were assembled in the sanctuary, to tell them "how sweet it is to die on the walls of Zion, with work well and early done;" while he urged the event, with great pathos and power, as an argument for immediate preparation for death. The next day, he went to preside at the funeral service of his lamented friend, and, while standing beside the grave, remarked that he had just handed his brother across the Jordan of death, and he felt that he must soon follow him. From the Funeral he went to

* JUNIUS BAYARD KING was born in North Carolina, in the year 1810; was graduated at the University of North Carolina, in 1833; studied Theology at the Union Theological Seminary, Va.; was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Concord; was ordained and installed Pastor of the Valley Creek Church, Ala., October 21, 1838; and died of cholera, after an eminently devoted and useful ministry, on the 22d of November, 1850. He was a faithful and zealous minister, and his death was deeply lamented.

visit a vacant church, (Mount Pleasant,) some eight or nine miles distant, where he had engaged to preach the next day, which was the Sabbath. The next day found him at his post; but the same terrible disease to which his friend had fallen a victim, was upon him, and so rapid was its progress that, before the going down of the sun, it had given to the remark which he made the day before, at the grave, the character of a fulfilled prophecy. With his last breath he whispered—"Pray, pray! Praise, praise!" He was buried on Monday, on the same spot on which he had stood the Saturday before, to deliver the Funeral Address already referred to.

Dr. Cater published several occasional Sermons and Addresses, among which were two Discourses on Baptism and one on Temperance.

He was first married, in 1813, to Louisa M. Wrench of Abbeville District, S. C. She died at his residence, about five miles from Abbeville Court House, in 1823. He was married a second time in 1827, to Jemima M., daughter of the Rev. Samuel Younge, of Winnsborough, S. C. The children by the first marriage all died previous to the death of their father—five, by the second marriage, survived him.

FROM THE REV. R. H. CHAPMAN, D. D.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., April 10, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: I cannot decline your request for some brief reminiscences of the late Rev. Dr. Cater; for as he had a very high place in my regard, so I consider it a privilege to render any aid in my power to honour and perpetuate his memory. I knew him well and long. He was my Pastor for several years. I was first a private member of his church, and afterwards became a ruling elder during his pastorate, and he was not without influence in leading me to abandon the legal profession, and devote myself to the Christian ministry. Simultaneously with my licensure to preach the Gospel, he removed from Talladega, Ala., to another field of labour, and I became his successor. He used sometimes to express his idea of the relation we sustained to each other by referring pleasantly to that which existed between Paul and Timothy.

Dr. Cater was naturally constituted to be a man of mark. He was of rather low stature, but compactly built, with a highly expressive countenance, and an eye uncommonly intellectual and piercing. His mind was cast in a superior mould, and its faculties had been trained and developed under a course of skilful and careful culture. And he was not more distinguished in his intellectual than his moral constitution. His feelings were excitable, his sympathies warm and gushing, his impulses generous and noble; and with these characteristics was combined an energy that never slumbered and never faltered under any circumstances. Religion with him was a deep and all-pervading principle—it seized upon and developed all his naturally strong points of character, moulding them for high and holy purposes. His manners were polished, and his whole bearing dignified, and often commanding. Indeed, with the accomplished Christian gentleman, he united those higher qualities that would have made him, if the necessity had existed, a willing Christian martyr. I can recall instances that have come within my knowledge or observation, in which he has marched boldly forward in the discharge of duty, breasting difficulties, which, to minds of a less determined and heroic mould, would have seemed insurmountable.

As a preacher, Dr. Cater was what might be expected from the intellectual, moral and Christian character, which I have ascribed to him. It was manifest to all that his heart went forth in all his solemn utterances, and that his great object was to persuade sinners to be reconciled to God, and to build up Christians

in the most holy faith. He was greatly honoured of the Head of the Church, especially in gathering the dispersed of Zion, and in assisting and strengthening them to build houses for public worship. I have myself heard him say that he had been instrumental in the erection of no less than twelve substantial church edifices.

Dr. Cater was peculiarly devoted, in his ministrations, to the spiritual welfare of the poor slaves. Many of this class were, through his faithful labours, in a judgment of charity, delivered from the thraldom of Satan, and made free men in Christ. In his ability to reach the minds and the hearts of this class of people, I think he exceeded all the preachers whom I have ever known. He could enchain their attention, and move upon their affections, with equal ease; and, as he stood proclaiming, by the hour, with the most charming simplicity, and yet the most intense earnestness, the precious truths of the Gospel, you might mark the effect of his message, often, in the flowing tears, and smothered sobs, of the sable multitude who sat around him. I think he delighted in this part of his work above any other—neither heat nor cold, neither bodily exhaustion nor even ill health, provided it did not absolutely confine him, could keep him from it. I doubt not that many sons and daughters of Ethiopia have already recognised him in Heaven as the instrument of their salvation.

It cannot be denied that Dr. Cater's efficiency as a minister was somewhat diminished by the necessity that was laid upon him, in order to meet the claims of a family, to devote a portion of his time to the business of teaching. Though he received by inheritance considerable property, yet, amidst his varied and self-denying duties, and with his ill-requited services as a Christian minister, it was nearly or quite exhausted; and it was then, and not till then, that he consented to divide his labours between the church and the school-room. His attainments as a scholar were highly respectable, and his efforts as a teacher not without a good measure of success; but he felt that his great work was that of a minister of the Gospel, and deeply regretted the necessity of being obliged even temporarily to engage in another calling, however important and useful.

Dr. Cater has left a large circle of friends, both in South Carolina and in Alabama, to lament his loss. Wherever he lived and laboured, there are many ready to witness to the excellence of his character, and the fidelity and efficiency of his ministrations.

I am, my dear Sir, with great regard,

Very truly yours,

R. H. CHAPMAN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STANTON.*

1815—1843.

Benjamin Franklin Stanton, a son of Nathan and Anna Stanton, was born at Stonington, Conn., February 12, 1789. When he was five years old, his father, who was a respectable farmer, removed with his family to Florida, Montgomery County, N. Y.; and here this son spent several of his early years, chiefly in attending school. In due time he entered Union College, where he graduated, an excellent scholar, in 1811. On leaving College, he commenced the study of Law at Johnstown, N. Y., under the Hon. Daniel Cady,—intending to make that his profession; but, in consequence of a change in his views and feelings on the subject of religion, he resolved to direct his attention to the ministry. He accordingly repaired to the private seminary of the Rev. Dr. Banks, a distinguished Hebrew scholar, and spent some months under his instruction. Late in 1812, he commenced his regular course of theological study in the Seminary at Princeton, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, at Trenton, in April, 1815.

Having spent a short time in missionary labour in the Western part of the State of New York, he accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church in Hudson, then vacant by the removal of the Rev. John Chester to Albany, and was ordained and installed as its Pastor, by the Presbytery of Columbia, November 12, 1815. Here he continued a highly respectable and useful preacher and pastor about nine years,—during which time a hundred and eighty-one were added to his church upon a profession of their faith. There were two revivals under his ministry here,—one in 1817, and a yet more extensive and powerful one in 1820–21. He resigned his charge, on account of ill health, on the 20th of April, 1824.

After leaving Hudson, he spent eighteen months in travelling in the Southern States for the benefit of his health. Not long after his return, in 1825, he became Pastor of the Congregational Church in Bethlem, Conn. In 1829, owing to continued and increasing ill health, he again resigned his pastoral charge. After this, he supplied Dr. Wilson's pulpit in Philadelphia for some time, and then went to Bridgeport, Conn., where he preached as a stated supply for a few months. While there, he received a call from the Church which he was supplying, and about the same time, another from the Hanover Church, Prince Edward County, Va.; and the state of his health decided him in favour of the latter. He accordingly removed to Virginia in May, 1829, and preached to the Hanover Church,—acting most of the time as its Pastor,—until the year 1842. After the death of the Rev. Dr. John H. Rice, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, he delivered a course of Lectures on Theology to the students of the Seminary, in Dr. Rice's place; and afterwards, during a vacancy in the Presidency of Hampden Sidney College, occasioned by the death of Mr. Cushing,† he delivered Lectures to the Senior class in the College.

* MSS. from his family, Rev. H. R. Weed, D. D., and Rev. M. S. Goodale, D. D.—Preface to his Sermons.

† Jonathan Peter Cushing was born at Rochester, N. H., March 12, 1793; was fitted for College at the Exeter Phillips Academy; entered Junior at Dartmouth in 1815, and graduated in 1817; went to Virginia and became connected with Hampden Sidney College, first as a Tutor, then as a Professor, and, after the death of Dr. Hoge in 1820, as President—in which office he continued till the close of his life, April 25, 1835. He adorned every relation which he sustained.

In 1842, he received a call to the Presbyterian Church at Tuscaloosa, Ala., which, however, he did not accept, though he preached there seven months as a supply. He then returned to the North, and died at the house of his brother-in law, Mr. Robert Gere, in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 18th of November, 1843. His disease was pulmonary consumption terminating in dropsy. Though very feeble, he walked about the house, until he was seized with a violent paroxysm of pain, that terminated his life in about an hour. He was perfectly aware of his situation, and gave his parting blessing to the friends who were around him.

Mr. Stanton published a Sermon entitled "The Apostolic Commission," delivered at the ordination of Daniel L. Carroll, at Litchfield, Conn., 1827; and a Sermon on the National Fast occasioned by the death of General Harrison, 1841. In 1848, a selection from his manuscript Sermons was published, in a duodecimo volume, with a Preface by the Rev. P. D. Oakey, containing brief notices of his life.

In 1815, Mr. Stanton was married to Martha B. Rodgers of Schenectady, N. Y. She died in June, 1823, having been the mother of one son, who did not survive infancy. Shortly after he went to Bethlem, he was married a second time to Charlotte, daughter of Thomas Jenkins, of Hudson, N. Y. By this marriage he had one son. His widow was afterwards married to, and is now (1857) the wife of, the Rev. Andrew Hart, of Charlotte Court House, Va.

FROM THE REV. HENRY R. WEED, D. D.

WHEELING, Va. May 1, 1857.

Rev. and dear Brother: My acquaintance with the Rev. B. F. Stanton, concerning whom you ask for my recollections, commenced at Union College in 1809. I was afterwards, together with Halsey A. Wood,* associated with him for some months in the study of Hebrew under the Rev. Dr. Banks; and at a later period still, we were fellow-students in the Theological Seminary at Princeton; and were both licensed to preach, by the same Presbytery, at the same time. I believe I may safely say that I had a longer and more intimate acquaintance with him than any man now living can claim.

In College Mr. Stanton stood high in his class, was a general favourite of the students, and was especially distinguished as a belles-lettres scholar and a writer. This same distinction also he retained while he was a student in the Theological Seminary.

He had a vein of keen wit, which he sometimes brought into exercise with no small effect. An instance now occurs to me, pertaining to the period of his reading Law; and I will state it as adapted to give some idea of his character at that time. He was in politics strongly opposed to the administration in the war of 1812 with Great Britain, and to the antecedent measures of our government that led to it. The spirit of the political parties at that time ran very high. In one

* HALSEY A. WOOD was born September 7, 1793, in Ballston, Saratoga County, N. Y. He was graduated at Union College in 1812, and was a member of the first class that passed through the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He was settled as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Amsterdam, in the spring of 1816, and died on the 26th of November, 1825, in the thirty-third year of his age. He was a man of fine personal bearing, of an eminently genial spirit, of a vigorous and discriminating mind, of admirable social qualities, and of eminent devotedness to his work as a minister of the Gospel. He was greatly blessed in his labours, as is proved by the fact that he received in a single year a hundred and thirty to the communion of his church. The Rev. Dr. Goodale who is now (1857) Pastor of the same church of which he had the charge, says of him—"Though he has now been dead more than thirty years, he liv in the memory of those who enjoyed his ministry, with a vividness which shows that he w capable of making a strong impression."

of the country towns West of Schenectady, a young man of no power of discrimination, who had been his class mate in College, and had received his degree *speciali gratia*, but who had sufficient vanity, and withal a good voice, "sed vox preterea nihil," was invited to deliver a speech before a Democratic meeting; and knowing that Mr. Stanton had sometimes written speeches for students in College, called on him for aid to success in the party which he had adopted. Mr. Stanton, knowing that the vanity of the young man would secure him against a betrayal, accordingly wrote him a speech replete with the keenest irony and satire against the administration, and then, at the appointed time, went into the Democratic crowd to hear his young friend denounce his own principles and party. All were surprised at the ability of the youth; but chagrined at his opposition to the cause which they had brought him out to defend. Stanton alone enjoyed the occasion, and went home convulsed with laughter at the success of the joke.

In a higher sense than Pope probably ever conceived in characterizing his "noblest work of God," Mr. Stanton was eminently a man of truth and honesty. Always without guile, he was unmistakeable in his meaning, and uncovered in his character. He could not practise deceit or artifice. Various afflictions and long bodily sufferings sometimes gave him an air of moroseness and acrimony; but those acquainted with his inner life knew him to be humble and cheerful in his feelings, kind and benevolent in his dispositions, and warm and faithful in his friendships.

In seeking conviction of truth or duty, he was docile as a child; but once convinced, he was inflexible as granite; and had the British statesman known his like, he never could have said without exception—"Every man has his price." In his Theology he was a very Calvin; in the fearlessness of his ministrations, a very Knox. Salvation by grace, in the most extensive sense of the phrase, was his strong tower, both as a man and a minister. Naturally inclined to be rather sarcastic, his style sometimes seemed to have a tooth of venom, and it stung like an adder. In declaiming against sin in high places, and against fashionable vices, he was occasionally facetiously caustic, but oftener solemn as the judgment, and terrible as the retribution. He had no tolerance for brainless arrogance and impudent folly; and wo to the wretched subjects who stood under the scathing fire of his pulpit artillery.

He was a close thinker, a strong writer, and but for some unhappy intonations and modulations of voice, resulting from an enfeebled state of health, would have been one of the most impressive preachers in our whole Church. He was never dull, and always secured the undivided attention of his hearers. His discourses were sometimes highly impassioned, and often contained paragraphs of the highest order of eloquence. His health was always feeble; and for twenty years he was dying, and knew that he was dying, of consumption. Still he never ceased to preach, while he had strength to stand in the pulpit. In a word, he was an earnest, faithful, "painful," and successful minister of Jesus Christ.

Very truly yours,

H. R. WEED.

FROM THE HON. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, LL. D.

NEW YORK, May 15, 1857.

My dear Sir: My recollections of Rev. B. F. Stanton relate only to the early part of his ministry.

I was never one of his parishioners; but in 1815 I heard him preach, in the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Neill, at Albany, one of his first sermons. I was struck by the simplicity and clearness of his style, and the impressive character of his

elocution. I next heard of him as called to the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Church in Hudson, N. Y. During his eight or nine years ministry there, I frequently visited that place, and on such occasions commonly heard him preach. For the first two or three years of this period, Mr. Stanton, with his wife, boarded in a family with which I became connected by marriage. While he resided in this family, I was often brought into his company, and had more than ordinary opportunities of becoming personally acquainted with him.

After he left Hudson, I seldom saw him, and heard him preach only once. This was in the last year of his life, in the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Skinner, in this city. The effects of the protracted disease of which he soon afterwards died, were then very apparent in his enfeebled voice and manner, and though his sermon was marked by the methodical exactness and the weighty thoughts of his better days, I was not surprised to learn that few of those before whom he then for the first time appeared, suspected that they had been listening to one, on whose lips intelligent congregations had often hung with solemn and breathless interest.

It is only of Mr. Stanton in the earlier part of his professional career, that I am capable of speaking, and I proceed to describe him to you, as I then knew him, both as a man and a minister.

His natural abilities were good, and he laboured to improve them by the faithful use of all the opportunities of instruction which came within his reach. He was fond of knowledge in the general; but, after choosing the profession of a clergyman, he made all his studies tributary to his proficiency and usefulness in this calling, and especially in that part of it, which he thought its chief business,—the public preaching of the Gospel. This he deemed a work of such difficulty and importance, as to demand and deserve the entire consecration of his highest powers. This sentiment was deeply inwrought in his mind; it gave direction and tone to his whole character and history. So to preach Christ crucified as to bring men to repent and believe the Gospel, he thought the noblest and most arduous of all employments; and he therefore gave to it his whole heart and intellect. He was not merely a diligent student of the Scriptures and of Systematic Theology, but of the laws of the human mind and the principles of rhetoric and elocution, as connected with the art of preaching.

I mention as illustrative of his carefulness as a student, that, on one occasion, when conversing with him on some topic connected with the evidences of Christianity, he referred to Lord Littleton's "Observations on the conversion and apostleship of St. Paul" as what had seemed to him a well reasoned and unanswerable argument, from a single and comparatively minor point of view, in defence of the Christian Revelation. On learning that I had not seen the work, and after saying that it was not in his collection, he read to me, from a manuscript note book, kept by him when in the Theological Seminary, a very full analysis of the propositions advanced by the writer, and of the reasoning by which they were maintained.

Mr. Stanton's temper was uniformly serious. In his manners he was always grave, and except with persons well known to him, reserved and taciturn. With such persons he conversed freely and with cheerfulness; but though he knew how "to answer every man," and often seasoned his speech with "salt,"—attic as well as apostolic—he was generally sparing—too sparing, as his friends often thought—of his words, and never allowed himself to take part in, still less to encourage, frivolous discourse. He held, and very strictly too, with the great Apostle, that foolish talking and jesting were not "convenient" in any disciple of Christ—least of all in one of his ministers.

His views of his profession and the course of study to which they led, along with the practice of committing his sermons to memory, after first writing them out at large—a practice which he followed until near the end of his residence

in Hudson, when his failing health compelled him to abandon it—necessarily induced, and soon confirmed him in, a very retired way of life. His ability and success as a preacher were promoted by his studious and contemplative habits; but they allowed him little time for mingling in general society, and they hindered the cultivation, and, perhaps, to himself as well as to others, lessened the usefulness of his social powers.

The natural seriousness of his temper and manners was, doubtless, somewhat increased by the infirm condition of his health, and by his habits of seclusion. But it was owing, in a still greater measure, to his solemn views of human life and of his own personal and professional responsibilities and duties. He was, however, entirely free from any affected stiffness or precision; his sobriety was the simple expression of his real feelings; and it was adorned by such meekness and courtesy, as to inspire all who knew him with reverence and esteem for himself and for his office. It should be added that he was one of the most modest and unambitious of men. His ideal of the Christian and of the Minister of the Gospel was a very high one; and he therefore held in very moderate esteem his own gifts and attainments,—had a great aversion to notoriety, and, except at the plain call of duty, was reluctant to appear before the public.

Mr. Stanton possessed some opposing traits of character not often found in the same individual, by which his public ministrations were, in some points, singularly different from what would have been expected by those who only knew him in private life. He, who, in his study or in social intercourse, was so quiet and retiring, became, in the pulpit, always earnest, emphatic and courageous; not unfrequently impassioned and vehement—as often, perhaps, "a son of thunder" as "a son of consolation." It is not easy—for me at least—to give to those who never knew him, a just idea of this side of his character; but some notion of it will, I hope, be gained by those who may read what I have yet to say of him.

In his theological views, Mr. Stanton conformed, *ex animo*, to the standards of the Presbyterian Church as expounded at Princeton; and he was always open and explicit in expressing them. Doctrinal preaching, as I have reason to believe, formed a large part of his instructions from the pulpit, while at Hudson. And when, in 1843, I heard him for the last time, it was easy to perceive that his sentiments, in the particular referred to, had undergone no change. In this I was not disappointed; for among the leading traits of his character were a marked decision and independence of mind, and an uncompromising boldness in the utterance of what he deemed the truth. He was slow and cautious in the formation of his opinions—once formed they were settled and inflexible. He was equally faithful in enforcing the practical duties of the Christian life; always inculcating, in their strictness, the moral precepts of the New Testament, and often drawing from the book of Proverbs, such themes of remonstrance or reproof as he thought were demanded by the sins or follies of the day.

He had no passion for polemics or public controversy. He esteemed it, however, a part of his duty, to declare, in the course of his ministry, the system of doctrine and of discipline set forth in the standards of his Church; and when its ministry and forms were publicly questioned in a neighbouring pulpit, he, as publicly, defended them in his own. In another case, the immediate effects, on the temporal interests of Mr. Stanton and his congregation, of this feature of his character, were quite serious. It deserves to be mentioned because it well illustrates the earnestness of his convictions, and the fidelity with which, irrespective of personal consequences, he performed the duties they imposed.

On becoming acquainted with his congregation, he soon found that several of the most wealthy and influential individuals belonging to it, had adopted the

views of the Universalists, either absolutely, or in some modified form. Thinking these opinions unscriptural and dangerous, he gave no quarter to them in his teachings. The result was, that several families of his congregation left him, and by their own means and those of persons sympathizing with them, soon erected a house of worship, and established in it a preacher of their own persuasion. This circumstance, however, for the sake of the parties themselves, it may have been regretted by Mr. Stanton, and though for a time, it somewhat crippled the pecuniary ability of his people, only stimulated him to the more earnest and faithful discharge of his ministry among those who remained; and its fruits, in the growth and vitality of the Church, were afterwards even more abundant than they had previously been.

Mr. Stanton, at the period to which my sketch relates, possessed many of the requisites of pulpit oratory. In person, he was tall and well formed; a slight but not ungraceful stoop gave to his carriage an air of impressive meekness, without impairing its simple dignity; he had a high, broad and overhanging forehead; a countenance and eye readily expressing the various emotions of his soul; and a complexion not pale, but yet exhibiting traces of delicate health and of exhausting study. His voice, though not strong, was clear and flexible, and by long and diligent practice he had attained to great perfection in its management.

His behaviour in the pulpit was marked by a peculiar solemnity and reverence. The air and manner in which he entered it, plainly showed to the eye and conscience of his people, that their minister had come into the house of God, feeling that it was, indeed, a high and holy place. With the first utterances of his voice, the congregation caught the same sentiment, and retained it until the service was concluded.

His sermon, being perfectly committed to memory and thoroughly studied, was delivered without the help of note or memorandum, and accompanied, throughout, by appropriate attitudes, intonations, emphasis, and gesture. His action was premeditated; but it was yet so judiciously adapted to the different parts of his discourse, that you gave yourself up to the impression that each sentence, with its accompanying tone and gesture, was the spontaneous utterance of the moment—coming, warm and fresh, from a mind and heart big with the momentous themes on which you were addressed. So, in spirit, it truly was; and, so no doubt, as to single sentences, rushing unbidden to his lips, it must oftentimes have been. But he never allowed himself to depend on any such inspiration; he conscientiously devoted himself to the study of his written sermon, with a view to its most appropriate and effective delivery; and while he had health and strength to adhere to this course of preparation, his labour was well repaid by its results. Few men, by the mere manner in which they spoke, could give greater effect to language.

The state of Mr. Stanton's health, while undergoing these heavy demands on his strength, compelled him to limit his sermons to at most thirty or thirty-five minutes' length. This made brevity and condensation an important and habitual study; and accordingly his style was marked by a terse and sententious mode of expression. This characteristic it always retained; but, after adopting a less laborious and exhausting method of preparation and delivery, he did not confine himself to the limit above mentioned.

In stating the subject and plan of his discourse, his manner was simple, plain and distinct: but he always began in a tone so low, as to require, from all who desired to hear him, very close attention. This habit was, doubtless, in part, the result of physical organization and bodily weakness; but to some extent, also, it was the result of system. A monotonous tone and manner, in a public speaker, he thought exceedingly faulty; and among the elements of an impressive delivery, he gave the first place to suitable and diversified intonations and

movements of the human voice. Having secured, at the outset, the attention of his auditors, he kept it until the end. As he proceeded in his discourse, his voice rose, and his countenance and gestures became animated. When he approached its close, his manner, according to the nature of his subject, increased in solemnity and force. He often became intensely earnest—sometimes singularly rapid and impassioned in utterance and gesture. His voice, on such occasions, ran, with surprising facility, through every note; now sinking to a deep undertone or low whisper, but yet heard—such would be the silence—in every part of the room, and now rising to its highest pitch, and startling his hearers, as with unearthly solemnity and awe,—his look, tone, and gestures expressing even more than his words. Passages of this sort must have cost him much previous study; yet they seemed the natural sequence of the discussion which preceded them; and therefore no one felt that there was in them any thing forced or theatrical. They were never protracted to undue length, but were the short and effective application of a solemn and instructive discourse. The impression made by them on his hearers was often such as he most desired; they retired not to praise the preacher, but to ponder his message; to commune with their own hearts; to search the Scriptures; or to call upon their God.

Mr. Stanton had a quick sense of the ludicrous, and an honest contempt of whatever was cowardly or base; and he was capable of giving utterance to these feelings in terms of cutting irony and sarcasm. This power he usually kept in abeyance; but he sometimes felt it needful to give it scope. On such occasions, the dexterity and keenness of the stroke would sometimes provoke a smile; but the habitual solemnity of the speaker and his audience would be soon restored, by the warm expostulations or the stern rebuke which invariably followed these sallies. I remember to have heard two sermons of his spoken of, by those who heard them, as successful examples of this kind;—one, on the passage in Proverbs—"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him"—and the other, on Profane Swearing. In the first, he applied the rod of wholesome discipline, in the second, the lash of unsparing severity; while in the treatment of each class of offenders, he answered the fool "according to his folly."

The reputation of Mr. Stanton as a preacher, like that of so many of his class, rests, almost exclusively, on the fleeting recollections of the comparatively small number of persons, now living, who heard him in his prime. A small volume of his sermons was published, by his widow, some years after his death; but it is impossible to print the attitudes, tones, and gestures—the look and eye—of an earnest and impassioned speaker. Besides the disadvantage of not having been selected or prepared for the press by their author, these sermons were evidently much injured by errors of transcription and of the press. Yet with all these drawbacks, the volume will, I think, satisfy any who may read it, that the sermons contained in it, delivered by the man, and with the action above described, must have been exceedingly impressive. In 1827, he preached at Litchfield, Conn., an Ordination Sermon, which, at the request of those who heard it, he permitted to be published. But he had no ambition of authorship; he well knew that his power as a preacher depended, essentially, on the accessories of utterance and action; he considered preaching his true and sole vocation, and he limited even his attempts to be useful—much more any love of distinction he might indulge—to the public exercises of the pulpit. The single sermon which he published embraces an elaborate exposition of the commission and duties of the Gospel ministry. It is, in many respects, very characteristic of its author; and will bear, if I may judge from my own experience, repeated perusals. To me, at least, it brings up, in lively recollection, the close habits of thought, the clear and pungent forms of expression, the stern fidelity to truth

and, occasionally too, the holy earnestness, by which its author yet lives in my memory and affections.

I am glad to learn that you have received a notice of Mr. Stanton, from one whose acquaintance with him began after his removal from Hudson, and continued until his death. The main elements of his character cannot have been much altered; but his appearance and manner in the pulpit, during this period, must have been very unlike those of his earlier days. This will readily account for any differences which may be found to exist between the two sketches. Taken together, they will, I hope, convey to those who may come after us, some accurate notion of the disposition and qualities, the talents and worth, we have attempted to describe.

Little did I think, when in 1815, I casually saw and heard him, for the first time, that in the good providence of God, he was to become the spiritual father of one, then very dear to my heart; that the sacred rite by which she was to be made the companion of my life, was to be celebrated by him; that he was to baptize the first-born of my children; and that after the lapse of more than forty years, I should be called upon to delineate his character. Its intrinsic excellence makes it worthy of commemoration in your work; and from the circumstances just mentioned, you may readily conceive that my task, however inadequately performed, has been to me a labour of gratitude and love.

I am, dear Sir,

Very affectionately and faithfully yours,

B. F. BUTLER.

FROM THE REV. DANIEL L. CARROLL, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, July 14, 1850.

My dear Sir: I became acquainted with the Rev. Benjamin F. Stanton in the autumn of 1827, about the time of my first settlement in the ministry at Litchfield. He was then Pastor of a Church in the neighbouring town of Bethlem, and he preached the Sermon at my ordination and installation. We were on intimate terms while I remained at Litchfield, and occasionally exchanged pulpits. It is somewhat remarkable that we were dismissed, by our own request, from our respective charges, by the same council, on the same day, and for the same reason—namely, the failure of health. He occasionally visited me after my removal to Brooklyn, while he was supplying Dr. Wilson's pulpit in Philadelphia, and afterwards a pulpit in Bridgeport, Conn.; and when I went to Virginia to take the Presidency of Hampden Sidney College, I found him there, the Pastor of the Church with which the College was more immediately connected. Here our former intimacy was resumed, and continued until my connection with the College ceased. We were on different sides in the great controversy which divided the Presbyterian Church; but our personal intimacy continued notwithstanding, as long as we lived in the same neighbourhood.

Mr. Stanton in his person was of the medium size, rather slender, had light hair and a light blue eye, receding beneath a tremendous brow that would have reminded you of Daniel Webster. He had always, from my first knowledge of him, the air and the gait of a man in feeble health. In his intercourse with society he was somewhat reserved,—perhaps even taciturn; but with his friends he was social and sufficiently communicative. I cannot speak with much confidence in respect to his natural temper; for I doubt not that it had been greatly modified by the influence of disease. From the time that I knew him, it was somewhat more than ordinarily excitable; and I rather think that this characteristic became more strongly marked, as the disease of which he was the subject gradually gained upon him.

His intellectual character was distinguished chiefly by power of conception, and corresponding power of expression. I have scarcely ever known a person who could say so forcible things in so forcible a way. I cannot say that he was distinguished for logical acumen, or for consecutive argumentation, nor yet for the circumvolutions of a brilliant fancy; but for things that would make a deep impression and gain a permanent lodgement in the memory, and that would be thought of and talked about long after they were uttered, you might, I think, assign to him a rank among the very first men of his day.

But I am anticipating my account of him as a preacher. He had an admirable art at securing the attention of his audience at the outset. He would utter the first few sentences in so low a tone as to give an impression of great bodily feebleness, and to enlist the sympathy of his audience, and make them more than willing to lend their whole attention, that he might not be taxed for too great an effort. But in the progress of his discourse, as his mind became excited, his voice waxed strong and loud, his delivery became impassioned, and his intonations effective, in the highest degree. I remember one remarkable instance of the effect produced by his manner, of which, however, it is impossible for me to convey to you any adequate idea on paper. Numbers of families in that part of Virginia were abandoning their lands, instead of reclaiming them by due cultivation, and removing into the far distant West or Southwest, in the hope of thereby making their fortunes. Mr. Stanton was deeply impressed with the folly of thus sacrificing the means of intellectual, moral and religious improvement, at the uncertain shrine of Mammon, and he came forth with a phillipic against it, that was perfectly overwhelming. After a somewhat protracted course of scathing remark, exposing what he regarded the infatuation and criminality of the persons concerned, he said, "My only wonder is that God Almighty will permit such people to live *any where* on his footstool." There was a degree, not only of reprobation, but of absolute contempt, conveyed both in the matter and in the manner, which I scarcely remember ever to have seen equalled.

Mr. Stanton's preaching was decidedly of an evangelical cast, yet in his last years it became, in no inconsiderable degree, controversial. It received its tone, in a great measure, from the lamentable controversy in which he felt so deep an interest, in the Presbyterian Church. His sermons, for the pulpit, as far as I know, were always written out, but they were read with an air of freedom that was not found fault with, even in Virginia. He had good extemporaneous powers, and in a deliberative body, was an earnest, effective, and sometimes to his opponents, a terrible debater.

Mr. Stanton accomplished the objects of the ministry, rather by his efforts in public, than by mingling extensively with his people in private. It is not improbable that he would have performed much more of pastoral duty than he did, but for his uninterrupted ill health, which operated greatly to depress his energies.

Mr. Stanton was always, as far as I know, held in high esteem by his brethren in the ministry, wherever he resided. All felt that he had a commanding intellect, and an honest purpose to serve his Master, while some things which might have appeared as defects, were regarded as fairly attributable to that inveterate and depressing disease of which he was long the subject, and to which he was finally a victim.

Very truly yours,

D. L. CARROLL.

JAMES GALLAHER.*

1815—1853.

JAMES GALLAHER was born in what is now Washington County, Tenn., on the 8th of October, 1792; to which place his grandfather, James Gallaher, who was of Scotch Irish extraction, had removed from Pennsylvania, about the year 1779. He was the eldest son, and second child, of Thomas and Mary (Greene) Gallaher, who were the parents of ten children, three of whom became ministers of the Gospel. Soon after the birth of James, his father removed from Washington to Blount County, where he was incessantly annoyed by the Creek, and especially the Cherokee, Indians. For several years the people lived in block houses, and cultivated their little farms,—some labouring, while others were watching the approach of danger. When James was an infant, not more than six months old, an incident occurred in one of these block houses, which had well nigh terminated his earthly being. A large feather bed had been placed by some of the inmates of the fort upon the pallet where the child was sleeping, and was discovered by the mother just in time to prevent life from becoming extinct—an interposition of Providence which might remind one of that by which was accomplished the preservation of the infant that was destined to be the deliverer and lawgiver of Israel.

The County of Roan to which James Gallaher's father ultimately removed, embraced a portion of the territory purchased by the United States from the Cherokee Indians in the year 1798. Here James was occupied chiefly in assisting to cultivate his father's farm till the autumn of 1811, when he was sent to Washington College, then under the Presidency of its Founder, the Rev. Dr. Doak. Up to this time, his advantages for education had been but limited, though he had lived in the midst of a Scotch Irish population, by whom the Bible was highly prized, and he, in common with most of the other children in the neighbourhood, had been carefully instructed in its sacred contents. This part of his education had doubtless much to do in rendering him in future life, as he was acknowledged to be, "mighty in the Scriptures."

It was not till the year 1800, during the early part of the great revival that occurred at that period, that the parents of James Gallaher were hopefully converted; but from that time they lived an eminently Christian life, and were favoured with many tokens of the Divine presence in their dwelling. This son was deeply exercised with a sense of his sinfulness from the year 1800 till 1810; and not unfrequently was the subject of the most appalling terrors; but in the last mentioned year or about that time, he seems to have gained the joy and peace in believing.

Young Gallaher remained in College through the entire course,—accomplishing the whole, however, in four sessions of five months each,—and graduated in the fall of 1813. The next spring he opened a high school in Knoxville, which he continued five months. During this time he formed an intimate acquaintance with some of the members of the Bar, and through their influence it became for some time a question with him whether he

* Presbyterian Recorder, 1855.

should not make the Law his profession; but, upon further reflection, in connection with the earnestly expressed wishes of his father, he dismissed the idea, and formed a definite purpose, which he never subsequently regretted, to preach the Gospel.

He prosecuted his theological studies under the direction, partly of the Rev. Edward Crawford, and partly of the Rev. Stephen Bovell, D. D., and resided during the time in their respective families. Having completed his course of study, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Abingdon, in December, 1815, and immediately after was invited by the Church of New Providence, in Hawkins County, Tenn., and by the people of Rogersville to become their Pastor. In a few months after, a call having been laid before the Presbytery and accepted, he was ordained to the office of the Gospel ministry, and entered at once upon the broad field of labour to which he was thus introduced. His call to Rogersville was dated June 10, 1816, and was signed by fourteen persons. It was contemplated that he should preach one half of his time in Rogersville, and the other half in New Providence, twelve miles distant, for which he was to receive four hundred dollars a year—two hundred from each church. He lived in Rogersville, and continued in charge of these churches for fourteen years. In the spring of 1830, he was settled over the Third Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, (a colony from the Rev. Dr. Wilson's,) which he had been instrumental of organizing a short time before. In 1835, he removed with his family to Marion County, Mo., to become a Professor in the Theological department of Marion College: he remained here about four years, during a part of which time he was occupied in collecting funds for the institution, and in preaching, through a wide range of country, as an Evangelist. In 1839, he removed with his family to St. Charles, Mo., where he had his home till the close of life. During the first year of his residence there, he acted as stated supply to the Church in that place, making occasional missionary tours through the surrounding country; but, after the division of that Church in the spring of 1840, he preached there only occasionally, and spent nearly his whole time in preaching to the destitute in different parts of the Valley of the Mississippi.

In 1852–53, he was Chaplain of the House of Representatives in Congress. At the close of the session, he resumed his labours as an Evangelist, and was thus employed when death overtook him.

He had just closed a protracted meeting of several weeks' continuance at Brunswick, Mo., and was about to proceed to another place to hold a similar meeting, when he was suddenly prostrated by dysentery, which, after about five weeks, came to a fatal termination. He died on the 19th of October, 1853.

Mr. Gallaher was married in or about the year 1816, to Lucinda Houston, by whom he had eleven children,—five sons and six daughters. Mrs. Gallaher died at St. Charles on the 21st of November, 1850.

Mr. Gallaher's only publications, except what appeared in periodicals, are the Pilgrimage of Adam and David, 1845, and The Western Sketch Book, 1850.

FROM THE REV. FREDERICK A. ROSS, D. D.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Dec. 19, 1856.

My dear Sir: In compliance with your request I give you this familiar letter containing some recollections of my intimate friend, the Rev. James Gallaher, deceased.

They begin in, I think, the year 1819, and in Hawkins County, East Tennessee. I was a mere youth about twenty-two years of age,—a stranger in that country, attending to the estate of my deceased father, who lived, and had recently died, in Eastern Virginia.

My young bachelor home, while in the duties mentioned, was a romantic and beautiful spot, at the junction of the two branches of the Holston River not far from the village of Kingsport. I was a gay young Virginian; and felt myself buried there. I had no society. To spend time, I was wont to attend the occasional ministrations of the Methodist itinerant, and to visit an old Presbyterian and his wife, a few miles away, who took much interest in me,—a Mr. and Mrs. David Kinkeade. This old gentleman and lady were called Hopkinsians, a phase of Presbyterians who then and for a long time before had divided East Tennessee with the Old School; and ultimately became the New School in that region. It was hard to tell whether the husband or the wife was the most thoroughly versed in Edwards, Hopkins, and Emmons, and strange, their society, wholly of this metaphysical tone, became a perfect charm to me. I spent days with them contesting the extremes of Hopkins and Emmons. I see now the little old man with his very short legs, waddling to get the candle-stand, and piling it up with Hopkins' huge volumes—then seated in his great old-fashioned chimney corner, spectacles in one hand, pipe in the other, he would look at me with his piercing little black eyes, and press some "*nice pint*" of disinterested benevolence. The old lady, tall and angular, on the other side of the hearth,—with pipe and spectacles too, would nod assent to the hardest paradoxes of Emmons, and hope and believe from her very heart that some day I would see the beauty of these "*new ideas.*" It was on one such occasion after little Davy, as he was called, had read to me with exquisite delight, a sheet of his own poetry,—in which he made Satan before he fell, consent that God might for his glory influence him to sin—that Polly the wife said with real affection for me, "I wish, Mr. Ross, you would just ride down to New Providence next Sunday and hear Mr. Gallaher. *He* is *my* preacher, and you can't help liking him." "Yes," added the old man, "you must—Gallaher is not quite up to these "*nice pints*" yet; but he is a great preacher."

This was my first introduction to the name of one with whom I was afterwards for a time so intimate. I yielded to this request; and went with some young men a Sabbath or so, thereafter, to the church intimated; which was one of two in which Mr. G. laboured, and about twelve miles from my residence.

It was a small brick school-house, seated for preaching. The pulpit was in the middle of one of the long sides—a door was in the opposite wall, and one in each end; giving four blocks of seats—sufficient for an hundred and fifty persons.

This was the congregation which soon became four hundred church members, and from that number to one thousand hearers. The pulpit was a mere box, with what was called a breast board without cushion, Bible or Hymn Book. On one corner of this board, however, there was a large brown pitcher of water, but no tumbler. The speaker had to drink out of the pitcher,—and it once helped me to recover a lost train of ideas when preaching a memorized sermon.

Soon after I was seated, Mr. Gallaher came—walking with quick nervous step—he was after the time. Not unusual, for he was lazy in every thing but though

and assurance. He, like myself, had come twelve miles, but from the opposite direction. His saddle bags were on his arm, from which he took Bible and Hymn Book—ministers in those days being expected to provide "*the books*" for church services at home and abroad.

I have no recollections of that first sermon except my being pleased,—and still more with the man.

Mr. G. was fully six feet high, and then a spare figure. Years after, he weighed three hundred. His dress was very careless. Neither his hat or coat seemed to have been made for him. His face was eminently handsome, and full of fascination, although his forehead was nowise corroborative of phrenology. For it was very low, and his hair, black and harsh, came over it, just as in Dr. Lyman Beecher's face,—whom in hair, brow and complexion, he very much resembled. His eyes were splendid. His mouth was large, with fine teeth, his voice rich as Henry Clay's; and, as was well, he sang with great natural taste—and just to please, to the highest zest, his Scotch Irish hearers—all the noble, old tunes.

At that time there was an impediment in his speech;—which in him, as in a few others I have known, was not unpleasant to the hearer; for when the word did come, 'twas just the one, and the better for the delay, to your appreciation of it. This defect he overcame in a few years—and then he had the noblest stream of words in swelling tones of music.

His manners, from good sense and native tact, were free and easy,—and he attracted you at once in admiration and affection. He was about four years older than myself—our intimacy did not begin then however—for having an extended land business over the State of Tennessee, I was much from home; but in 1823, after there had been a church organized at Kingsport, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Robert Glenn, Mr. Gallaher came up from Rogersville, some twenty-five miles to assist during a protracted meeting.

It was under one of his sermons, John x. 27, 28, 29—that I was made willing to receive the "Eternal Life." I was licensed to preach in 1825; and from that time until in 1830, he removed from East Tennessee, we were on terms of most affectionate intercourse.

I seldom met with him after that period, so that my personal recollections are all belonging to those seven years from 1823; but during that time we preached and were together a great deal. I married soon after I attached myself to the church; and my house was the preacher's home. Mr. G. had already a family; so, from many motives, we were as one in plans and actions.

In the summer of 1828, in response to invitation from West Lexington Presbytery, Kentucky, we spent four months in Kentucky and Ohio. In that tour we held sixteen protracted meetings and received more than one thousand persons into the church; five hundred of whom were in Cincinnati.

Mr. G. was truly in his glory as an itinerant—he was no pastor—he was no student of books—he never reached those "*nice pints*" which my metaphysical old gentleman and his wife expected him to attain. He read little, but what he did read he thoroughly mastered—made his own, and reproduced it with wonderful power. Like Charles James Fox, without being a student in the usual sense, he was turning over all the time trains of thought for the pulpit—while riding—walking—sitting in conversation, or lying in bed—wherein be it said, he was an intolerable companion—ever tossing about, and talking to himself half asleep.

He took in his sermons the broadest, plainest, most common sense views of the —in listening to which, like unto looking upon the waves of the sea, the st were pleased, and the oldest felt him to be ever free and fresh—often

arly day he frequently wrote out his sermons, and committed them -soon however he used only short notes, and ultimately, in his later

lay, he took no paper at all into the desk. Of course he required excitement; ailed sometimes—but take him all in all, he was one of the most instructive and mpressive preachers the West has ever produced.

What Mr. G. wrote, was in its day very effective; whether narrative or argunent. Some of his controversial articles were never surpassed. In his other ublished productions, "Adam and David," and the "Western Sketch Book," ou will find his ability in narrative, and wit in anecdote. I have not now these ooks, and the publishers' names have escaped me.

Mr. G. resembled Sidney Smith in one respect. He greatly enjoyed his own umour. His laugh was glorious to himself, and most contagious to others. And like Smith, in another thing—he never wounded his friends with the edges of is wit.

I find, my dear Sir, I have exceeded your *paper* limit; and have only begun my ecollections.

I felt them hardly worth your acceptance—kept them back—but send them eluctantly.

Yours very respectfully and truly,

F. A. ROSS.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT J. BRECKENRIDGE, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE DANVILLE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

DANVILLE, Ky., December 8, 1856.

My dear Sir: I knew James Gallaher very well; have been a great deal in his ompany; have heard him preach often; have conducted powerful meetings with mmense results with him. The period of my particular acquaintance extended rom about 1827 to 1847, in the fall of which year I saw him for the last time. After 1837, my intercourse with him was less frequent, as we lived far apart, and were members of different portions of the Presbyterian Church. We had a nutual friend, David Nelson, by means of whom our relations were closer than hey would probably have been otherwise.

He was a man of small attainments and poor early opportunities; but of remarkable gifts in many respects—a great wit, and of infinite complacency and affluence of kindly emotions; an actor of wonderful power; one of the sweetest singers in the world; pathetic, violent, vociferous, pointed, earnest, as a speaker; possessing a fervid imagination, and an intense desire to save souls. He was, besides, of immense activity in his work, and could work without limit; and did work with great results in revivals for many years.

He was no mean writer of fugitive poetry; and published a volume of Theology, in some respects very curious, under a curious title which I now forget. The last time, nearly, that I ever saw him, he entertained a stage full of us, all day, over some of the worst roads in Kentucky, repeating, with great pathos and beauty, some of the finest narratives in it.

He knew very little about doctrinal controversies of any sort, except as they passed before him. But he had been raised a Presbyterian, and though he united with the New School, he was not even tinctured, so far as I ever discovered, with a single dogma of that School. He was, for substance of his sermons, a fair Presbyterian preacher; and for manner, a very popular, and occasionally a most touching and impressive, one. His companionship was extremely agreeable—his friendship warm and lasting. Out of the pulpit as well as in it, he seemed never content, but when excited about something, and trying to excite others; whether to work—to laugh—to walk—to pray—any thing. Every thing like repose, self-concentration, or any of those lofty and quiet and intense states of soul, which belong to the strongest natures, (which David Nelson had so grandly,) were alien from his nature. Take him all in all, he was a man easy to

love, who had himself a loving heart; a man who worked long, hard, with great delight, and great success for his Master: was a man free of all bad and malignant passions, and strongly confided in by some of the best and wisest men of his day.

This is my impression of the man.

With best wishes, your brother in Christ,

R. J. BRECKENRIDGE.

THOMAS CHARLTON HENRY, D. D.*

1816—1827.

THOMAS CHARLTON HENRY was the eldest son of Alexander and Sarah Matilda Henry, and was born in Philadelphia, September 22, 1790. His father was distinguished for his wealth and benevolence, and was for several years President of the American Sunday School Union. At his birth, and during his childhood, his father repeatedly devoted him to the ministry, in the hope that, in due time, he would have the requisite qualifications for the work. But his early years were passed in great buoyancy of spirit and love of pleasure, though he had withal a considerable fondness for books. His father was disposed to indulge his literary tastes by giving him the best advantages for improvement; but he became satisfied ere long that his lighter propensities were so predominant that there was little hope of his becoming a vigorous and successful student. Accordingly, at the age of about eighteen, he placed him at mercantile business. This, however, proved so distasteful to him that, after a short trial, he resolved, with his father's consent, to return to the pursuit of learning.

Up to this time there had been nothing on his part to indicate the probability of his ever being any thing more than a man of the world. But his excellent father, ever intent upon the promotion of his highest interests, omitted nothing that seemed to give any token of a favourable result. Having heard of a remarkable attention to religion in Middlebury College, he sent him thither, in the hope that he might be a sharer in the spiritual blessings with which that institution was then so highly favoured. The revival into which he was thus introduced passed away, without leaving upon his mind any permanent impression. Another revival, however, subsequently occurred, which, at its very commencement, numbered him among the anxious inquirers, and ultimately among its hopeful subjects. He immediately engaged with great earnestness in the promotion of the work, and his labours in College, then and afterwards, were thought to have been eminently useful to many of his fellow students.

Soon after he believed himself to have felt the power of religion, his mind became deeply exercised in regard to what should be his future course of life; and the result was a full conviction that it was his duty to devote himself to the work of the ministry. He was graduated with high honour in 1814; but he had commenced his preparation for the pulpit before the

* Chr. Adv. v.—MSS. from his family.

lose of his college life—he was so much in advance of his class that he vas able to devote a large part of his Senior year to Theology. Immediately after his graduation, he joined the Theological Seminary at Princeon, and remained there, a diligent student, for two years. He was licensed o preach by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, April 17, 1816; but in Octoıer following was dismissed to join the Presbytery of Newcastle, by which ıe was subsequently ordained. For two successive years he performed gratuiously the work of a missionary. Several months of this period were passed at Lexington, Ky., where he had great popularity as a preacher. From Lexington he was unanimously called to the First Presbyterian Church in Columbia, 3. C. He accepted the call, and was installed as its Pastor in November, 1818.

Here he continued about five years; and the Church was eminently prosperous under his ministry. In January, 1824, he accepted a call to the pastoral charge of the Second Presbyterian Church in Charleston, S. C., and laboured in this connection during the rest of his life.

In 1824, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Yale College.

In the early part of 1826, his health had become so much impaired that t was thought necessary that he should allow himself a few months of relaxation. He accordingly sailed for Europe, and, after remaining six months in Great Britain and France, returned and resumed his duties towards the close of that year.

In the autumn of 1827, the yellow fever, of a very malignant type prevailed extensively in Charleston. Dr. Henry's friends urged him to withdraw till the danger should be over; but he resisted their importunity, satisfied that it was his duty to remain with his flock, as long as Providence might enable him to do so. On the morning of the 1st of October, he was in his usual health—in the afternoon he was under the arrest of death. He had just finished correcting a work which he designed for publication, when a sudden chill passed over him, which was the first indication that disease was already in his system; and in less than four days, it had accomplished its fatal work. From the beginning, he manifested unqualified submission to the Divine will; and he conversed with his friends in the most comforting and even rapturous manner, testifying to the power of his Redeemer's love and grace, till he had reached the very end of the dark valley. He died October 4, 1827, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and the eleventh of his ministry. On the Sabbath after his death, his remains were carried into the church where he had preached on the previous Sabbath, and a Funeral Sermon was delivered by the Rev. B. Gildersleeve.

The following is a list of Dr. Henry's publications:—A Plea for the West: A Sermon before the Missionary Society of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, 1824. The Song of Ascent: A Sermon preached on the fourteenth anniversary of the Dedication of the Second Presbyterian Church in Charleston, 1825. Popular Amusements, 12mo., 1825. Letters to an anxious inquirer, 12mo., 1827. [This work was passing through the press at the time of Dr. Henry's death.] Etchings from the Religious world, 12mo. [Posthumous.]

Dr. Henry was married, in July, 1816, to Abbe M., daughter of Samuel Davis, M. D., of Ballston, N. Y. They had three children, one of whom

graduated at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and is now (1854) Assistant Surgeon in the army, in New Mexico.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM NEILL, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, September 20, 1856.

My dear Sir: When you asked me for my recollections of Dr. Charlton Henry, my first impression was that I could refer you to some one whose more intimate relations with him would supply more ample material for such a sketch as you propose than my very general acquaintance with him has furnished. But I found, upon reflection, that nearly all who knew him well, have passed away; and as I am glad to serve you to the extent of my ability, I cheerfully communicate such general impressions as, after the lapse of almost thirty years, remain upon my mind respecting him. I had no acquaintance with him previous to my going to reside in Philadelphia in 1816. From that time, I was on terms of friendship, I may say intimacy, with his father's family; and though he was part of the time at Princeton, pursuing his theological studies, and was afterwards settled as a pastor in South Carolina, yet his frequent visits to Philadelphia gave me the opportunity not only of seeing him in private, but of occasionally hearing him in public. He had strongly marked qualities both of person and of character, that could hardly fail to make him vividly remembered, where he was once known.

Dr. Henry possessed great advantages on the score of personal appearance. He was, according to my recollection, of about the medium stature, had a fine, well formed, even elegant person, and a face denoting great vivacity and energy, and an exuberance of good feeling. His manners were graceful and polished, and he was altogether a highly accomplished gentleman. Few men knew better how to grace a social circle than he; though I never heard of his doing it at the expense of compromitting in the least his consistency or dignity as a Christian or a minister of the Gospel. He was warm and genial in his temperament, and wherever he might be, he could hardly fail to draw around him many earnest and admiring friends.

Dr. Henry, from the time of his first appearing in the pulpit, took rank among the most popular preachers of the day. His graceful form and expressive countenance, his full, pleasant voice, distinct intonation, and appropriate gesture, together with a glowing interest in his subject, constituted him a finished specimen of pulpit elocution. His discourses were written with great care, and were rich in evangelical, practical truth, expressed in a style of more than common force and beauty. The fact that, after having been but five or six years in the ministry, he was called to occupy one of the most important posts of influence and responsibility in the Presbyterian Church, is a sufficient attestation to the high estimate in which his character as a preacher was held.

I believe it was generally conceded that Dr. Henry, in the last years of his life, made increasingly rapid progress in spirituality, and became proportionally more deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his office. It became evident to all that his ruling passion was to do good, and especially to be instrumental in saving the souls of his fellow-men. In a visit which he made to England a year or two before his death, I have been informed that he left a most favourable impression in regard to the tone of his religious feelings; and that many years after his decease, he was spoken of there in various circles as having exhibited a very extraordinary type of Christian character.

Regretting that my recollections are not more extended and satisfactory

I am, with great respect and affection,

Yours in the best bonds,

WM. NEILL.

FROM THE REV. BENJAMIN GILDERSLEEVE.

RICHMOND, Va., April 6, 1857.

My dear Sir: Among the students of Middlebury College, in the Sophomore class, when I joined it in the spring of 1812, were Levi Parsons, Pliny Fisk, Philanthropos Perry, Reuel Keith, Ira Chase, Edward Hooker, Thomas Charlton Henry, and others, to the number of more than thirty,—much the larger part of whom had been gathered into the fold of Christ. There had then been a recent ingathering among the students of the College, and Mr. Henry was among the hopeful converts, so that I only knew him as one who had professedly "put on Christ." But until near the close of our Junior year, I knew him less intimately as a Christian than I did some other of my class mates. We were then brought closer together,—he ready to avail himself of my aid in the prosecution of the exact sciences, and I of his, in belles-lettres, history, and other studies in which he excelled. Occasionally we visited neighbourhoods together for the purpose of holding conference or prayer meetings. In this way, in connection with the daily routine of college duties, and our frequent meetings for religious improvement, I had a very fair opportunity of judging as to his talents, attainments, and character.

In the college studies he was less thorough and accurate than some of his class mates, but in general knowledge he excelled them all. Occasionally he exhibited an air of levity; but none who associated with him from day to day, could doubt that he had the root of the matter in him. The sweet and gentle influence of Parsons did much to mould his Christian character, and to impress upon him the duty of consecrating himself to the ministry of the Gospel; for they were room mates, and Parsons was the model of all that was amiable, devout and excellent. When Henry was graduated, though he attained not to the first, or the second, or the third, honour, as honours were then awarded, he was confessedly the best speaker and writer in his class. I must confess, however, that his speaking savoured more of the theatre, which, in early life, he had been fond of attending, than suited my uncultivated taste. After his graduation, he returned to his parents in Philadelphia, where I soon afterwards saw him,—only, however, for a few moments, while on my way to the South. We did not meet again till after he became Pastor of the Church in Columbia, S. C. And this was only while the Synod was in session in his own church. The most prominent subject then before that Body, was the missions among our Indian tribes; and none exceeded him in the zeal and ability with which he urged the importance of the cause. Indeed, he had been elected Corresponding Secretary of the Association, and was the chief executive agent. This mission, it will be recollected, was some years after merged into that of the American Board. There was still another subject before the Synod,—that of founding a Literary and Theological Institution,—in which also Dr. Henry took a lively interest. As the College of South Carolina, which is located at Columbia, was then under infidel auspices,—Dr. Cooper being President,—an institution combining both the literary and theological departments was regarded as essential to the best interests of the Church in that State. In this enterprise Dr. Henry enlisted with great zeal. The final result of the movement was the establishment of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, which had been the seat of infidelity; the literary department having been abandoned—it being evident that the infidelity against which provision had to be made, had become imbecile and effete, and that the main College of the State must either be remodelled on Christian principles, or become extinct. And it *was* remodelled accordingly, by the very men who had shown favour to the infidel dynasty; and the reforming process took place under the external pressure of public sentiment, which demanded that the

youth of the State should have a Christian, and not an infidel, education. I have no doubt that the ministry of Dr. Henry at Columbia had much to do in bringing about this result. I was with him at a subsequent meeting of the Synod in Augusta; where he appeared still more deeply interested, not only in the schemes to which I have referred, and others of a kindred nature, but in the direct work of winning souls;—a work in which he had been greatly encouraged by the blessing of God upon his labours in Charleston, to which place his pastoral relation had in the mean time been transferred.

Two years later,—in November, 1826, I was led, in the providence of God, and in part through his instrumentality, to make Charleston my home, and the centre of my efforts through the press, to edify, strengthen, and enlarge the Southern part of the Church. And for nearly a year, till it pleased God to remove him from earth, I was much in his society. As he had then recently visited Europe, it might have been expected that, in referring to that visit, he would have dwelt largely on the various objects of interest that had come under his observation. But nearly all that he had to say in connection with it, had respect to the faith, and zeal, and elevated Christian character, of many of his Trans-Atlantic acquaintances. About this time, he commenced a series of evening lectures to his people, which formed the basis of his "Anxious Inquirer." That he might have more time for reading and study, and yet perform faithfully all his parochial duties, he rose early and dined late,—devoting his mornings sacredly to these preparations for the pulpit. His people all knew it, and only in cases of necessity did they allow themselves to interrupt him during his hours of study. But no sooner had he dined, than he was ready to go forth to his pastoral labours,—paying special attention to the poor and afflicted ones of his flock; and never did I hear the complaint that any were neglected. By thus rigidly adhering to method, and persevering in the course he had marked out for himself, I think he performed more pastoral service than any minister whom I have ever known.

Two or three weeks before he was seized with the malady that took him out of life, he sent me an earnest message, as I was living in the part of the city where the yellow fever prevailed, to come to his house, which was thought to be a safe retreat, and share with him his study. Meanwhile he had removed his family to what was regarded as a yet safer place; and the study only was occupied, and that during the day. I accepted this invitation, and was therefore with him during the last days of his life. But nothing could prevent him from visiting his flock in their hour of affliction. One morning he officiated at the funeral of a child in the infected part of the city, and there, it is believed, contracted the disease—a disease which quickly did its work, but left him, during most of the time, with the ability to give full utterance to his religious emotions, and to administer counsel and warning to those around him. I will not dwell upon the closing scene;—for I could only repeat what was detailed in the obituary notices which were soon afterwards published, and which are doubtless within your reach. Suffice it to say, it was one of the rarest instances of death-bed triumph it has ever been my privilege to witness; and though more than a quarter of a century has since elapsed, I often recur to it as among the most solemn, impressive and cherished scenes that are treasured in my memory.

I will only add a single word in regard to Dr. Henry's theological views. The mail had brought us, while we were together in his study, a pamphlet of no small notoriety in its day, which diverged not a little, as Dr. Henry thought, from the line of accredited orthodoxy. He expressed a wish that it might form the subject of an early review; and so it probably would have done, had not his lamented death intervened to prevent it. He took a deep interest in the theologi-

al controversy, that was then beginning to show itself, and was jealous of all novations upon the standards of his Church, in their fair and legitimate construction.

Very fraternally yours,

B. GILDERSLEEVE.

MATTHIAS BRUEN.*

1816—1829.

MATTHIAS BRUEN, son of Matthias and Hannah (Coe) Bruen, was of Puritan extraction,—his remote ancestors having been among the early settlers of New England. His family, for several generations, had resided in Newark, N. J., where he was born, April 11, 1793. He was favoured with a religious education, and, from his earliest years, manifested an unusual tenderness of conscience; but it was not till he was in his eighteenth year, that he considered himself as having entered decidedly on the religious life. He evinced, even from childhood, an uncommon fondness for books; and when he was only six years old, would sometimes lock himself into a room, that he might not be disturbed in his reading. At the age of eight, he went to live with his paternal grandfather, and continued with him till he had reached his fifteenth year, and had become fitted for College. He entered Columbia College in the city of New York, in 1808, and was graduated with high honour in 1812. Shortly after, he joined the Theological Seminary in New York, of which Dr. J. M. Mason was at the head, and passed through the regular course of studies prescribed in that institution. He was licensed to preach by the Classis of New York on the 2d of July, 1816, and was received as a member of the Classis on the 19th of October, 1819. His relation was transferred to the Presbytery of New York on the 15th of April, 1823.

In the year 1812, he was visited with a severe illness, which gave a shock to his constitution, the effects of which were felt during several subsequent years. It was partly, though not entirely, with a view to the establishment of his health, that, soon after he was licensed to preach, he resolved to devote some time to foreign travel; and, accordingly, in the summer of 1816, he crossed the ocean in company with his honoured teacher and friend, the Rev. Dr. Mason. In regard to this important step he writes thus:—"With every means of pursuing my inquiries, and the most flattering prospects, may I never forget that they form the standard of my responsibility. While I am, for a time, relieved from the pressure of public labour, may it be for some better purpose than to satisfy an idle curiosity or an empty ambition."

Having passed two years and a half in travelling in different European countries, during which time he formed an acquaintance with many of the most eminent men of the age, he was on the eve of embarking at Liverpool for his native country, when he received an urgent invitation, to preach in the American Chapel of the Oratory in Paris. Having accepted this

* Obituary notices.—Memoir by Mrs. Lundie.

invitation, he received ordination in London on the 4th of November, 1818, with special reference to his new field. After labouring six months in Paris, he returned to the United States, and reached New York in June, 1819. Circumstances led him to revisit Great Britain in January, 1821. He remained chiefly with his friends in Scotland till the close of the succeeding April, when he again left them to return to his native country. He reached New York on the 11th of June, having made his homeward passage in the ill fated Albion, which, the next year, was wrecked on the British coast, and in which a large number, and among them the lamented Professor Fisher of Yale College, perished.

After his second return from Europe, he was occupied in preaching in various places,—chiefly, however, in the city of New York; and in connection with his other labours, he prepared for the press a little volume, entitled "Essays descriptive and moral of scenes in Italy and France, by an American." The work was printed in Edinburgh, but a part of the impression was sent to New York. It is of a somewhat fragmentary character, but bears decided marks of taste and genius.

In November, 1822, Mr. Bruen was employed as a missionary in the city of New York, by a Committee of Missions appointed by the Presbytery; and, as the result of his ministrations, the Bleecker Street Congregation was collected. and on the 22d of April, 1825, was formally organized by a Committee of Presbytery appointed for the purpose. Of this Congregation he was installed Pastor on the 14th of June following; and here he was privileged to continue his very acceptable labours till within a few days of his death.

In January, 1823, Mr. Bruen was united in marriage with Mary Ann, daughter of the Hon. James Davenport, of Stamford, who, with two daughters, of which she became the mother, survived him.

Mr. Bruen, during the infancy of his congregation, and with a view to increase his usefulness to the utmost, accepted the appointment of Agent and Corresponding Secretary of the United Domestic Missionary Society. In this capacity his labours were highly appreciated by the religious community, and they had no small influence in giving existence to the American Home Missionary Society in which the other was subsequently merged. He held this office for about eighteen months, and then resigned it, that he might give a less divided attention to his pastoral charge. He, however, remained a member of the Executive Committee of the National Institution, and in various ways lent an efficient aid to the promotion of its interests. The last public official duty which he ever performed was the delivery of a charge at Woodbury, Conn., to several young men who were ordained with special reference to Western missions.

It was when the prospects of his usefulness had become the brightest, that his career was abruptly terminated by death. From Woodbury, where he performed his last public service, he returned to New York, with the expectation of occupying his own pulpit on the following Sabbath. He did enter the pulpit, and commenced the service, but found himself under the power of a violent disease, and was obliged to call upon a clerical brother present to go through the usual exercises. From that time, his sufferings were excruciating and almost unintermitted; and it soon became manifest that, unless he were the subject of some extraordinary interposition, his disease must have a fatal issue. When he awoke to the conviction that he

was about to pass to the eternal world, he said;—"God is coming in darkness: Lord, have mercy on my soul." But this temporary agitation of spirit quickly yielded to a calm and childlike trust in the wisdom and goodness of God; and as long as he retained the ability to speak, he continued to utter words of devout resignation, of affectionate counsel, of fervent prayer. Not only his family and immediate friends, but his Congregation, the Missionary Society, and the interests of Christ's Kingdom at large, received from him all the attention in his last hours which it was possible for a dying man to give. With perfect tranquillity he took leave of all things earthly, and entered into his rest on the morning of the Lord's day, September 6, 1829, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. The Rev. Dr. Skinner of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Dr. Cox of New York, both preached Sermons in reference to his death, which were published.

Besides the work already referred to, Mr. Bruen published a Sermon on taking leave of his congregation in Paris, in 1819, and a Thanksgiving Sermon preached at Woodbridge, N. J., in 1821. He was also a liberal contributor to various periodicals.

In 1831, there was published a memoir of Mr. Bruen, which, though anonymous, is understood to have been written by a lady in Scotland, who has since become well known in the walks of Christian literature.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL H. COX, D.D.

Rus Urban, Brooklyn, 19th August, 1850.

Honoured and dear Brother: I trace a very defective sketch or outline, in some aspects of my theme, that may, I hope, do no injustice to an honoured name and a precious memory, and consign it to you for a place in your interesting gallery of American clerical portraits. It is now twenty-one years since I preached the Funeral Sermon of our lamented Bruen; and it seems like a dream of the night. The Master took him as a star from the candlestick, to shine in the firmament of the new creation. May we meet him in Heaven; and by reflection bright, shine with him there to the glory of that uncreated light of the Lamb, which makes all other radiance retire unseen.

"There entertain him all the saints above,
"In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
"That sing, and singing in their glory move—
"And wipe the tears forever from his eyes."

But let us recur to what he was,—to what he seemed,—when with us in this world. His form, his manners, his living character, his unfeigned originality and unobtrusive independence, I love to recollect, as they "gave the world assurance of a man."

He was a person of medium size, symmetrical, of an air elegant and sometimes princely, and all his manners imported no ordinary man. His natural parts were sound and serviceable, his taste exquisite, his education, especially as improved by foreign travel, was quite excellent, and his entire character worthy of the high esteem it every where conciliated,—more remarkably among the enlightened, the elevated and the good. The estimate of such persons, as Dr. John Pye Smith, Robert Hall, John Foster, Robert Lundie, and Hannah More, to say nothing of the first names at home, may put the superiority of his character into bold and credible relief before all men.

As a preacher, however, what shall I say of him? Few of his cotemporaries could enter the sacred desk with more theological wealth, discrimination of truth, general reading, or sincere desire to be useful. And he *was* useful. By him the pulpit was graced with rich and ripe preparation of the Gospel

of peace. No scholar could hear and not honour such a preacher; no Christian, and not love him. There were scriptural truth, piety, sagacity, learning, sincerity, polish, taste and beauty, all combined; and yet something seemed wanting. Instead of characterizing it in words, I will relate the following anecdote which may serve for illustration not only, but also to evince Bruen's just and even rigid comprehension of himself. In a pleasant and confiding colloquy with a co-presbyter on the subject of preaching, and the immense and appalling difficulties attending its full and complete exemplification, as so much above the ordinary powers of human nature, said the latter,—"O, Bruen, I almost fear to preach in your presence, when I remember, as I can never forget, the comparative inferiority of my education, and the rare excellence of your own, in so many ways accomplished and accomplishing its possessor." "Hush," he rejoined, "I cannot affect an audience as I ought, and as others can. It is out of my power to arrest them, to hold their attention, to impress their feelings, to make them sympathize with me in what I preach, and to influence them either to go home to the Bible and the closet, or to come again and hear me, with gratified, and above all, with edified, desire. Could I do this, it would be more than all that I aim or hope ever to do. Others do it; and those I know whose education has not been equal to mine. But could I possess such a gift, and use it well to the glory of our blessed Master, I should consider it as paramount to any thing else this side the world of glory. But I have it not, and you have. Pray be content, and be grateful, and be faithful too forever!" Possibly, indeed, he disparaged his official gifts. His judgment of his own public appearances seems always to have been severe—so much so as to discourage him. His own mind, alive in a remarkable degree to the animating power of eloquence, formed an ideal excellence which he could never attain.

In respect to popular effect, and the best ordinary results of preaching, it must be conceded that there was a deficiency. The tone of his voice was not full and commanding. There appeared a want of power in the manner, and also a consciousness of some quality which should prevent success. There was a fineness of appearance, a sentimentality, and a cultivation, and a superiority about him, which, though regretted and resisted, rather than affected or desired, still characterized him to the people, and thence alienated them at large from that social oneness and sacred sympathy with the preacher, without which the proper traits of his ministrations are not ordinarily realized. Hence he was not popular, in the common acceptation of the word, with the masses; nor was he properly appreciated by them. His very style was so terse, so correct, so chastened, so scholastic, also tasteful and ornate, as to be less directly effective or acceptable to the many, especially at first. It was to his honour, and it might have been for his encouragement, that he gained on his hearers. At first they were not specially taken. Next time they thought better of him. At last they began to think there was more in him and more of him than they had supposed. His own people, however, who knew him out of the pulpit as well as in it, loved him with rich and rare affection. They accredited his worth, and they felt as well as knew it. Their esteem was ever growing and powerful. They were all cordially united in him. He had their entire confidence. That he was truly a good man, there lived not one of them to doubt. That he was well informed, wise, and reasonable in all his ways; that he knew what he was about, and was always about it; that he was a practically devoted pastor, a sincere servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an enlightened counsellor, caring always for the true interests of his people, and that every way and increasingly he was entitled to their confidence, and as copiously enjoying it too, was their common sentiment and conviction; and they loved him more and more till they wept at his funeral.

To the last years of his brief but brilliant life, he lived fast for the time. He grew, matured, and became more extensively related and ready to every good

work. His correspondence was large, and his influence ever widening its circle, so as to be retained in neither hemisphere alone. As his character became better and more understood, the public estimate of his worth proportionally ripened and consolidated. He continually and yet gradually ascended, till, on an honoured eminence, with more elevated prospects before him, he was suddenly removed from the scenes of this world.

Your friend and brother in the Gospel of our common Lord,

S. H. COX.

FROM MRS. M. G. L. DUNCAN.

EDINBURGH, July 1, 1851.

Rev. and dear Sir: The request you have made leads to the revision of twelve years—a task involving many a revived remembrance, and awakening many a sleeping association. But though the revision of a voluminous correspondence sets before me the mind and action of my ever honoured friend, as clearly as if twenty years had not intervened since our earthly communings ceased, it is not easy to place before you what is so brightly mirrored to me. In truth, the memoir of the Rev. Matthias Bruen, to which you so kindly refer, contains all that at the time it seemed expedient to give to the public,—so that I can have little more to say on the subject. It was but a section of his life that came within my range of vision—it is for his fellow-workers, such as my friend Dr. Cox, to delineate the ardent zeal, the abundant labour, and the consistent walk, which they saw, shared, and cheered with their sympathies.

His path, as that of the just must ever do, shined "more and more unto the perfect day." His reviews of his character which were peculiar, not for apology or excuse but for austerity and strictness, exhibit a gradual advance and elevation—an escape from the slough of self-seeking and self-depending to the clearer light that cheers the soul which finds in itself emptiness or evil, but in Christ Jesus fulness and holiness. He refers to a perilous illness which he endured in childhood, "when all the blindness and obstinacy of sin possessed me,—such wilfulness as human nature at every age can exhibit"—again, a few years have elapsed, and he describes himself as solemnized by the stillness of the parental roof on the Lord's Day—speaks of his seeking to be alone, and having a pressure on his soul as though he could not go from the Spirit, nor flee from the presence, of the God who was so near to him; and yet a few years more, and he discovers on review, "the *puppyism* and conceit which must have been unpleasing to every humble minded and intelligent observer." In the sternness of his self-scrutiny he thus expresses himself—"Surely I am greatly changed—I am ashamed and confounded at the power this world had over me to make me imitate its madness amid the profession of so many better motives—my self-conceit, and vanity, and wickedness, and weakness, astonish me. How much have even you known of me to despise! I often ask myself how you bore with my conceit, which certainly to me now would be insufferable in any other person. Madness has been in my heart—may the Spirit of Jesus put me and keep me in a sound mind." He refers to his demeanour when, in 1817, he was introduced to us—such revolution could seven years work in his view of his own character; yet, if the conceit existed, of which he so fiercely accused himself, it was imperceptible to us, who enjoyed the freshness of the views and criticisms of a foreigner the more that his bearing was marked by manly modesty. When difference of opinion led to discussion, it was marked on his part by philosophical enquiry and rational desire to be convinced, accompanied by uniform politeness and deference to his seniors. We sometimes smiled at his fastidiousness, which appears to me a more suitable term than "conceit;" but when we told him the working-day-world would drive that away, as his power of usefulness increased, he met us rather

with meek admission than with defence or denial. Yet there must have been foundation for his self-accusing; for a very intimate and interested observer wrote of him in a similar strain in 1826—"He has improved very much since you knew him face to face—he has gained in energy and efficiency, which will increase his usefulness in the Church; and has banished a great deal of fastidiousness, so that he is enabled willingly to be a servant of any one for Christ's sake. He has a growing influence among the clergy, which I feel he will always use on the best side."

The brief explanation of this improvement was that his faith was strengthened—an enlarged conception of the Divine wisdom and holiness, a closer view of the fitness of the Redeemer for all his deep necessities, a consciousness of being about his Master's business daily, and the comfort in all short-comings and perplexities of feeling that "the name of the Lord is a strong tower into which the righteous runneth and is safe," cut short many unprofitable self-scrutinies and cleared away many a cloud which a very tender conscience was apt to raise between his soul and the perfect work on which he ultimately relied with quietness and assurance. With the strengthening of Mr. Bruen's faith was also strengthened his Christian liberty. At one time in Paris, with much pain to himself, he refused the dying request of his Christian friend to commemorate the Redeemer's dying love privately in her chamber. He seemed to be in bondage to some idea of church order; yet, shortly after, meeting with his friend Dr. Malan at Havre, when he was about to embark for his native land, he concludes the expression of their joyful sympathy thus—"At length we parted—not until we had prayed together—not until we had broken bread together—yes, (and two penitent sinners, I trust,) not until in this land of drought, in the moment of separation from off this table on which I write, we had commemorated the dying of the Lord Jesus. It was no time to settle forms, nor is it now time to explain; but I know that God was with us of a truth; and Jesus, thou wilt be ever with us even unto the end; and the end cometh." When he re-crossed the ocean, two years later, he still retained a sweet savour of that opportunity. He describes his emotions alone in the throng on the docks at Havre, waiting till the wind should change, and his joy at meeting Malan, as he landed from an English packet, the unresting and unthinking hurry of their hotel, the solemnity of their secret devotions in their upper chamber, when the door was shut, and their realizing of the presence of the Lord as on the stained table over which they leaned, they reverently partook of bread and wine in thankful remembrance of his death. That time of refreshing, so independent of the preparations and outward forms which man calls solemn, reminds us of churches in the desert, or of those forty days, apart from the history of the common world, when the Lord stood in the midst of the disciples in their upper chamber, and said "Peace be unto you."

Later still, in his ministerial history, Mr. Bruen mentioned enjoying the ordinance privately in New York with a man in the last stage of consumption. This person had but recently experienced a saving change under his ministrations; and he, without hesitation, joyfully partook with him of the strengthening memorials before the new-born spirit ascended to his God. That the beloved pastor who administered should so soon be summoned to follow his dying disciple, fills my soul afresh with tender regret; not surely that he has been called to go up higher, but that the Church which felt it could not spare him, has been deprived of his services, when he had, after many struggles, attained the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus.

Believe me yours with sincere respect and esteem,

M. G. L. DUNCAN.

OBADIAH JENNINGS, D. D.*

1816—1832.

OBADIAH JENNINGS was born near Basking Ridge, N. J., December 13, 1778. He was the fourth son of the Rev. Jacob Jennings, a descendant from one of the Pilgrim Fathers, who settled at Plymouth. He (the father) was born in Somerset County, N. J., in the year 1744. Having early studied medicine, he commenced the practice of it in a small village, near Elizabethtown, N. J.; but, after some time, removed to Readington, Hunterdon County, where he continued in the practice of his profession, with considerable reputation, for many years. At the age of about forty, he directed his attention to Theology, and became a licensed preacher of the Gospel,—it is believed, in connection with the Reformed Dutch Church. After his licensure, he resided for several years in Virginia. He removed to Western Pennsylvania about the year 1791, and in April, 1792, was received a member of the Presbytery of Redstone. He accepted a call from the Congregation of Dunlap's Creek, in Fayette County, Pa., and retained his pastoral charge there until June, 1811, when, on account of bodily infirmities, the relation was, by his own request, dissolved. He died on the 17th of February, 1813.

Of the early years of Obadiah Jennings, his brother, the Rev. Samuel K. Jennings, M. D., of Baltimore, has given the following account:—

"He was no less amiable when a youth, than benevolent and deserving of affection when a man. I shall never forget the cheerfulness with which he was accustomed to divide his little stores of fruits and nuts with his brothers, when he was at any time better furnished than they, nor the complaisance with which he would undertake the performance of services expected at their hands. He was remarkable for his unqualified obedience to his parents,—an unerring index of his subsequent usefulness in life. His literary attainments were made with great facility, yet he appeared to be unconscious of any superiority of genius. He was naturally disposed to be facetious, and his retentive memory enabled him to collect an unusual stock of anecdotes, in the selection and application of which he displayed uncommon skill."

As he gave evidence, at a very early period, of much more than ordinary powers of mind, his father determined to afford him the best advantages of education that were within his reach. He was accordingly sent to a flourishing Academy at Cannonsburg, which afterwards became Jefferson College. Here he studied the classics and sciences with great avidity and success; and, having acquired the best education which the Western country could then afford, he commenced the study of Law, under the instruction of John Simonson, Esq., of Washington, where he was first admitted to the Bar, in the autumn of 1800.

Shortly after this, he removed to Steubenville, and commenced practice as a lawyer. His very first effort at the Bar attracted great attention, and gave promise of a brilliant career. He remained at Steubenville until 1811, when he took up his residence at Washington, Pa., continuing, however, to practise in the courts of Ohio, as long as he remained in the profession. He had a rare combination of intellectual qualities favourable to success as a lawyer, and in his addresses to the jury particularly, he evinced

* Memoir by Rev. Matthew Brown, D. D., prefixed to the "Debate on Campbellism."—MS. Sermon occasioned by his death, by Rev. C. C. Beatty, D. D.—Appendix to the Memoir of Rev. Elisha Macurdy, D. D.

a skill and power almost unrivalled. He was also exceedingly popular with his brethren of the profession, and enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence of the whole community.

Notwithstanding Mr. Jennings had had the benefit of a religious education, had always been moral in his deportment, and had evinced a respectful regard for Christian institutions, it was not till the year 1809 that he had such experience of the power of Divine truth upon his heart as to justify him, in his own estimation, in making a public profession of religion. What his views were of the nature and importance of the change which he experienced at that period, may be inferred from the following letter which he addressed to an intimate friend, dated "Washington, April 1, 1812."

"Dear Sir: You are pleased to intimate a desire to know my experience, &c. As I shall have no leisure for some weeks, I have concluded to write you at the present though in great haste.

"My experience, my dear Sir, is very small. It is not long, as you know, since I set out in the Christian race, and my attention has been much, too much, diverted by the cares and allurements of this world. Such, however, as it is, I will give with cheerfulness, feeling as I do something of that infinite obligation I am under to Him who, I humbly hope, has called me from darkness to light. And here, my dear Sir, suffer me, once for all, to express my deep sense of my inability to write on this subject, and my earnest prayer that nothing of what I may say, may operate as a stumbling block in your way. The experience of one Christian, whatever may be his attainments, can never be the proper rule for another, though it may serve to encourage, strengthen, and confirm. Did I not then know something of the terrors of the Lord, and of the absolute necessity of a change of heart, in order to obtain durable happiness, and did I not feel myself bound to give a reason for my hope when requested, and thereby to bear a testimony, however feeble, to the power, goodness, faithfulness, mercy, and truth of Him who came not to condemn, but to seek and save that which was lost, I should on this subject be silent.

"I was educated religiously, and had convictions from time to time from my childhood, up to youth and manhood. I, however, still endeavoured to obtain peace of conscience by entertaining a kind of half-way resolution that I would at some future time seek for religion, and it was not until a short time before I was awakened seriously to inquire what I should do to be saved, that I began deliberately to think of giving up all hopes of making my peace with God. I had gone far in the paths of iniquity, and I have reason to look back with shame and horror upon my conduct. While I was in this state of mind, some time in the fall of 1809, while sitting in the most careless manner, hearing Mr. Snodgrass* preach,—"Eternity," upon which he was treating, was presented to my mind in such a way as I cannot possibly describe. It made such an impression on my mind that I began immediately to form a resolution of amendment. This impression was not wholly worn off, when the sudden death of Mr. Simonson was made the means of further alarm to me. I was not long after led seriously to inquire, what I should do to be saved. I began to read the Bible, to meditate, to pray. But all only served to prove my inability to do any thing of myself. I found the Bible to be a sealed book. I could not understand it. I found I was grossly ignorant, stupid, blind, hard-hearted, and unbelieving. Our Saviour appeared to be "a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness." I found I could no more believe in Him or trust in Him for salvation, than I could lift a mountain. How often was I tempted in this state of mind to give up all pursuit! Still however, I felt and secretly cherished an opinion or belief that if I did but try, I could do something effectual. And every new trial, every struggle, every effort, only served further to prove my real situation, my weakness, my miserable condition, and to discover my secret enmity against God. What hard thoughts did I entertain of the Being who is infinite in goodness! What risings of heart against his sovereignty, and what enmity of heart against Himself! I could not see the justice and propriety of casting me off forever, provided I did all I could. I had no proper conviction of my guilt for my past horrid crimes, nor had I any proper knowledge of the spirituality, the holy nature, and inflexibility of that law of God which is immutable in its nature, and by which I was justly condemned. However, after many painful struggles, and

* James Snodgrass was born in Pennsylvania in November, 1765. He was educated at the institution at Cannonsburg before it was a College, and studied Theology under the Rev. Dr. McMillan. He settled in the ministry first in Steubenville and Island Creek in 1800; was dismissed from Steubenville in January, 1817, and from Island Creek in April, 1825. He then removed to Stark County, where he died March 10, 1843.

efforts, and ineffectual attempts to make myself fit to come to Christ,—after passing many dark days, and sorrowful nights, I was at length, as I hope, convinced of my sin and misery;—that if I ever received any help it must be from God; that if ever I was cured, it must be by the great Physician of souls. I was not long in this situation before God, who is Love, "revealed," as I trust, "his Son in me." My views of the Divine character were entirely changed. I could almost say with Watts,

'My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.'

My hard thoughts of God were gone. I could now rejoice that 'the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.' The mystery of God manifest in the flesh appeared indeed great. Jesus appeared altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand. My heart was ravished with his love, (which passeth knowledge,) in assuming our nature to pay that debt which we could never pay,—in rendering that obedience to the Divine law which we could never render,—in giving Himself a sacrifice to make an atonement for our sins, whereby we may draw nigh unto God,—in becoming the end of the law for righteousness to all that believe. In short, my hard heart, which nothing could move, was conquered by his love,—his dying love. He appeared to be the way, the truth and the life; a hiding place from the storm,—a city of refuge where my guilty soul fled for shelter. I was constrained by his love, his kind invitations and his grace, and in a highly favoured hour I hope I was enabled to give myself away to Him in an everlasting covenant, never to be forgotten,—to commence a friendship which I hope will last to all eternity.

Yours, &c.,
"O. JENNINGS."

Mr. Jennings joined the Presbyterian Church in Steubenville, in 1810; and, as he removed to Washington, Pa., shortly after, he was there elected to the office of ruling elder. In this office he continued until he passed from it to the higher office of a minister of the Gospel. Its duties he discharged with marked ability and fidelity; and in the various Church Courts,—the General Assembly not excepted,—he acquitted himself with great credit, and rendered important service to the Church.

It does not appear that, for some time after the change in his views and feelings above referred to, he had any intention of relinquishing the profession of the Law; and he was led first to take the subject into serious consideration by an appeal to his conscience from an obscure Christian, who happened to pass a night in his family. After this, his mind was not a little exercised in respect to the path of duty, and while he became increasingly averse to the collisions and conflicts inseparable from the practice of the Law, he felt that the ministry of the Gospel would be, more than any thing else, in accordance with his new principles and sanctified tastes. While the question was yet undecided in his own mind, he was prostrated by a violent disease, which, for a time, threatened the termination of his life; and while the disease was preying upon his body, an awful cloud of spiritual gloom settled upon his mind. Contrary to all expectation, the malady was arrested before it reached a fatal crisis; and at the same time the cloud passed off, and the joys of salvation were restored to his soul. At this point he formed the definite purpose that if God should spare his life, he would devote to Him the residue of it in the ministry of reconciliation.

Immediately upon his recovery, he made his arrangements to retire from the Bar, and commenced a course of theological reading. In the fall of 1816, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Ohio; and, shortly after, received a unanimous call from the Church in Steubenville to become their Pastor. Another call reached him, about the same time, from the Church in Harrisburg,—the seat of government in Pennsylvania; and, though the latter place was in many respects the more important, and presented more flattering worldly prospects, he decided in favour of the

former,—partly, as it would seem, from his attachment to the people, and partly from a very modest estimate of his own abilities.

He was ordained and installed Pastor of the Church in Steubenville, in the spring of 1817. Here he continued labouring with great fidelity, and a good measure of success, for six years. At the end of that period, the Church in Washington, Pa., having become vacant by the removal of the Rev. Matthew Brown to the Presidency of Jefferson College, they directed their attention towards Mr. Jennings as a suitable person to supply his place; and, notwithstanding there was a very strong attachment between him and his people, he was led to believe that, in consideration of the wider field of usefulness at Washington, it was his duty to make the change. He accordingly accepted the call, and was installed in his new charge in the spring of 1823.

Here he remained, an earnest and efficient labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, five years. He then received a call from the Church in Nashville, Tenn. Though, for a time, he had great doubts in respect to his duty in answering this call, he finally determined to accept it; but his regret on leaving his people was not a little heightened by the fact that after he had answered the call in the affirmative, and before his removal, there commenced in the congregation that he was leaving an extensive revival of religion. He would now gladly have remained at Washington; but his negotiation with the Church at Nashville had gone so far that he could not with dignity and propriety recede.

He removed to Nashville in April, 1828, and continued there till the close of his life. His health, for some years previous to his removal, had been considerably impaired; and it was still more so afterwards, insomuch that there were frequent and sometimes protracted interruptions in his ministerial labours. He, however, exerted himself to the utmost of his ability; and, though the accessions to his Church were not very numerous, his good influence was felt not only by his immediate congregation, but throughout the region in which he lived. In the year 1830, he was unexpectedly drawn into a public controversy with Alexander Campbell on various points of Christian doctrine, in which he discovered great intellectual acumen and logical power. This controversy he subsequently reduced to writing, and it was published some time after his decease, in connection with a brief Memoir of his life.

In 1831, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of New Jersey.

It was when he was growing most rapidly in the affectionate regards of his congregation at Nashville, and in the respect and good will of the surrounding community, that death terminated his career. During his last illness, a hope was entertained that journeying might prove beneficial to him, and his congregation unanimously requested that he would make the experiment; but before he had time to comply with their request, he was called from his labours to his reward. His dying scene was a most edifying example of Christian serenity and hope. A draught of water was given him, and he said, as he received it, "I shall soon drink from the river of life, which issues from the throne of God and the Lamb." And shortly after, his spirit took its upward flight. He died January 12, 1832, aged fifty-four years. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr.

Hume.* Funeral Sermons were also preached at Steubenville and Washington, by the Pastors of the two Churches to which he had successively ministered.

Dr. Jennings' publications are a Sermon delivered before the Synod of Pittsburg, 1818; a Missionary Sermon delivered at the organization of a Mission Family in Pittsburg, 1822; a Sermon delivered on the occasion of the death of David Acheson jr., 1826; [the substance of this was published by the American Tract Society]; the History of Margaretta C. Hoge, daughter of David Hoge, Esq., of Steubenville, who died in the fifteenth year of her age, 1827; [a small volume published by the American Sunday School Union.] He published also various articles in the religious periodicals of the day.

FROM THE REV. DAVID ELLIOTT, D. D.,

WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
ALLEGHANY CITY, February 6, 1849.

Dear Sir: With the exception of a single interview, I do not recollect that I ever met with Dr. Jennings until we met in Philadelphia, as members of the General Assembly of 1820. In 1829, I became his successor as Pastor of the Church in Washington, Pa., where I had the opportunity of meeting him afterwards, and learning something more of him in his private and social character.

I well recollect that, upon my first acquaintance with him, one of the strongest impressions made upon my mind was that arising from his remarkable candour and unreserved frankness. By the easiness and freedom of his manners he divested you at once of the feeling of a stranger, and placed you upon the footing of an intimate friend. There was nothing artificial in his conversation,—no measured stateliness in any of his movements; but all was frank and familiar, inviting you to the most free and unrestrained fellowship. In this respect he partook largely of the characteristics of a *Western* man, who had been trained in the midst of society in that state of progress, to which there belongs less of form and more of animated existence and social harmony. His colloquial powers were of a high order. Animated and sprightly in his conversation, he imparted a charm to the social circle, which he often enlivened by sallies of genuine wit, and the introduction of appropriate anecdotes. In the midst of his liveliest seasons of relaxation, however, he never forgot the propriety of a gentleman, nor trenched upon the sacredness of the character of a minister of Christ. He was as courteous as he was cheerful, and as delicate as he was frank and unceremonious.

It was but seldom that I enjoyed the privilege of hearing him preach, and only when his health was feeble. His discourses were marked by good sense, evangelical doctrine, and an excellent spirit; but his manner was neither so forcible nor impressive as I had expected. This I attributed partly to his want of physical strength, and partly to a slavish dependance on his manuscript, at the time I heard him. For although he was a ready, fluent speaker when at the

* WILLIAM HUME was born in Scotland, August 15, 1770, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh. He was sent as a missionary to this country by the Synod of the Secession Church in 1799, and arrived in Nashville, in 1800, where he continued till his death. He was several years Professor of Ancient Languages in Cumberland College, and also Principal of the Nashville Female Academy. He died in Nashville on the 23d of May, 1833, and his Funeral Sermon was preached by President Lindsley. He was widely known as a man, not only of learning, but of most exemplary religious character. One of his sons, the late *Alfred Hume*, was distinguished as a teacher. Another, the late Rev. *James W. Hume*, was born at Nashville in 1822; was graduated at the University of Nashville, and at the Theological Seminary at Princeton; was settled in the ministry successively in Gallatin, Tenn., and in Tallahassee, Fa.; and died near Smyrna, Tenn., in 1854.

Bar, in the pulpit he generally read his sermons. Upon expressing to him my surprise that one who had been so thoroughly disciplined to speak without writing, should adopt this method, he gave as a reason, that, as he had not been early trained to the arrangement and discussion of theological subjects, he was afraid he might, in the haste and rapidity of extemporaneous speaking, say something which would not be in accordance with the Word of God, and thus endanger both his own soul and the souls of his hearers. When an emergency occurred, however, which threw him back on his former habit of extemporaneous speaking, he is reported to have preached with much more power and far greater acceptance, than when he read his discourses—as the following anecdote, which I received from the Rev. Elisha Macurdy, will show.

On a certain occasion, he went to assist Mr. Macurdy in the administration of the Lord's Supper. Having lodged in the neighbourhood on the night preceding the Communion, in retiring to rest he had left his coat—in the pocket of which were his sermons—too near the fireplace. During the night it fell into the fire, and both coat and sermons were burnt. Having repaired his loss in the morning, as far as his clothing was concerned, from Mr. Macurdy's wardrobe, he went to the church, and entered the pulpit with much fear and trembling, lest, for want of his notes, he should not be able to proceed. The result, however, was very different from what he had anticipated. He preached with uncommon readiness and ability, and every body was delighted. A pious old lady who had often heard him preach before, could not withhold the expression of her gratified feelings; and, as Dr. Jennings passed out of the church, she approached him, and eagerly grasping his hand, said, "O, Mr. Jennings, but that was a fine sermon you gave us to-day—I never heard you preach so well before." "It was a pretty good substitute," said Mr. Macurdy, who was near, "but as for his sermon, it was burned last night," and then told her what had occurred. "Well, truly," said the good lady, after hearing the account of the disaster,—"I wish Mr. Jennings no harm, but I wish he may always have his sermons burned, when he comes to preach for *us*."

As far as my own observation extended, however, it was on the floor of our ecclesiastical courts that he exhibited his greatest strength, and appeared to the most advantage. I recollect to have received a very deep impression of his great power as a debater, on one occasion, in the General Assembly. The question under discussion was a proposition relative to making the Synods the final courts of adjudication in all cases of disciplinary process. In the discussion of this question he appeared to be quite at home, and handled the subject like one to whose mind courts of law, and questions of jurisprudence, were perfectly familiar. And although, in the view which he took, he was not sustained by the vote of the house, all admitted the ability of his argument, and the skill with which he presented it. On such occasions he might justly be said to be eloquent. Not that there was any thing sparkling or brilliant in his speeches, but with a clear, strong flow of thought and language, he riveted the attention of his hearers, and carried them with him to the conclusions which he aimed to reach. His trains of argumentation, when I heard him, were not indeed as compactly logical as those of some other men; but they were sufficiently so for all the purposes of successful conviction. He was quick in discerning the weak point of an argument, and, as a respondent, never failed to take advantage of it, and make his opponent feel that his best constructed defences were in imminent danger of demolition, if indeed they were not actually levelled to the ground. In his celebrated debate with Mr. Campbell at Nashville, an intelligent young friend of mine who was present and heard him, wrote me in terms of high admiration of his skill and power, in this respect. I have often heard it remarked by those who knew him as a lawyer at the Bar, that, in this particular, he greatly excelled.

The piety of Dr. Jennings was earnest, but unostentatious. He seemed to be a man of very humble spirit; and his whole deportment was that of a sincere follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. He had a mild and placid countenance, calculated to win the affection and secure the confidence of his brethren and fellow Christians.

Such are my recollections and impressions respecting this highly gifted and excellent brother. By the ministers and churches throughout this region, he is held in respectful and affectionate remembrance.

Your friend and fellow-labourer in the Gospel of Christ,

DAVID ELLIOTT.

FROM THE HON. JOHN FINE,

MEMBER OF CONGRESS, &C.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., July 6, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: In conversing with you, some time since, upon the peculiar traits of character exhibited by some eminent clergymen of by-gone days, I related an anecdote of the late Rev. Obadiah Jennings, which, in compliance with your request, I now repeat in writing.

Many years ago, (about a quarter of a century,) I met Mr. Jennings, as a fellow-member, in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. He had been ordained a minister a few years before; and this was his first appearance, at least in that capacity, in that venerable Body. I was struck with the plainness of his person, and the simplicity of his manners. He often engaged in debate on matters of business; and though he spoke briefly, it was always with discrimination, clearness, and point. He evidently at first felt himself somewhat a stranger; but from day to day he became more at ease, and his arguments were listened to with attention and respect. They were manifestly the product of a sound, logical and well balanced mind.

Before the close of the session of the Assembly, a circumstance occurred, which exhibited the meekness and self-possession of Mr. Jennings, even more strikingly than his success in debate had shown his reasoning powers. A certain Doctor of Divinity, from the Southwest, of highly respectable standing, and venerable in years and appearance, took the opposite side in an argument with Mr. Jennings, who, with the coolness and skill of an experienced disputant, effectually refuted his antagonist's positions. The Doctor, apparently conscious of being worsted, lost his temper, and asked with great spirit where Mr. Jennings had learned his clerical manners, that he could treat the opinions of his seniors in the ministry with no more respect. He recollected that Mr. J. had spent most of his life at the Bar,—in a profession that foments disputes and wrangling; and he could tell the young minister that it was necessary for him to cultivate both piety and modesty. He continued his remarks at some length; and they were so personal, and severe, and withal so undeserved, as to excite a general sympathy for Mr. Jennings. When he rose to reply, I thought the clergyman would be lost in the lawyer; but it was far otherwise. Mr. J. said it was true that he had spent most of his life in the practice of the Law, and had brought into the ministry much of that independence of thought and freedom of remark to which he had been accustomed in his former profession. He remarked with great humility that much of his life had gone to waste, but that what remained he had devoted to his Saviour. He begged of the fathers in the Church to give him their counsel or reproof, when they saw that he needed either; and when they instructed him to be humble, he expressed the hope that they would do it in such a manner as they would be willing he should imitate. The good Doctor again arose, and was quite overcome with feeling. He said that the strong food

and healthy climate of the West rendered her sons impulsive and impetuous He asked forgiveness of the young minister, and promised that, when he again administered reproof, he would do it in a more Christian manner.

Yours very truly,

JOHN FINE.

SYLVESTER LARNED.*

1817—1820.

SYLVESTER LARNED, whose career was scarcely less splendid or less brief than that of a meteor, was born in Pittsfield, Mass., August 31, 1796. His father, Col. Simon Larned, was a man of no small consideration both in civil and military life; and his mother, who, previous to her marriage, was a Miss Bull of Hartford, possessed a degree of intellectual and moral energy, and withal a power and copiousness of expression, which gave her a prominence in every circle in which she moved. This son is said to have inherited, in no small degree, his mother's peculiarities; and some who were fascinated and overwhelmed by the son's eloquence, did not hesitate to say that if the mother could have appeared in the pulpit, she would have shown herself in no wise his inferior.

The earliest development of young Larned's mind conveyed no equivocal evidence of both brilliancy and power. Even in the intercourse of childhood, he was distinguished for his remarkable control of other minds; and his youthful companions are said to have rendered many an unconscious tribute to his stirring eloquence. It is recorded of him that, on one occasion, he laid a wager with his brother that he would talk to him in a way that should make him weep; and that his pathetic utterances actually proved an overmatch for his brother's power of resistance. His course preparatory to entering College was at Lenox Academy; and his proficiency in every branch to which his attention was directed, bespoke an intellect of the highest order.

In the year 1810, when he was yet only in his fourteenth year, he entered Williams College; but, before he had been there many months, he gave himself so much to youthful indiscretions and irregularities, that it was thought proper that he should be withdrawn from the institution. The next year, however, he was transferred to Middlebury College, where he found strong religious influences pressing upon him, which he seems to have had little disposition to resist; and it is believed that his mother's affectionate and earnest counsels came in aid of his own reflections, to set him forward in the right way. But, notwithstanding he evinced an exemplary respect for Divine institutions, and a disposition to associate chiefly with persons of virtuous habits, there was nothing to indicate a permanent change of character till he had reached his Junior year. Indeed, previous to this time, he seems to have relapsed, in some measure, into the thoughtlessness and levity of preceding years; and if he had moved onward with the current into which he was then falling, not improbably he would have been found,

* Life and Eloquence of Larned, by Rev. R. R. Gurley.—MS. from Rev. W. Allen, D. D.

at no distant period, sitting in the seat of the scoffer. In 1818, however, his mind was fastened intensely and permanently on the things that belonged to his everlasting peace. I am indebted to my friend, the Rev. Reuben Smith, who was a class mate of Mr. Larned, and in the most intimate relations with him, for the following account of the change which, at that time, occurred in his character:—

"It was during one of those memorable revivals of religion with which Middlebury College was, at that early period, remarkably blessed, that Larned became, as there is reason to believe, a subject of renewing grace. The scenes that passed in some of our religious meetings in those days will, I am sure, never be forgotten by any who witnessed them. I remember the place and the hour which marked the first open manifestation of seriousness in Larned, as if it had been yesterday. In one of the lecture rooms in the old College, there was a crowded assemblage of students engaged in a conference or prayer meeting. The scene was one of deep solemnity. It was observed that many heads were bowed during the exercises; but not an individual, I presume, even suspected that Larned was sharing in the impression. But he was there; and that hour undoubtedly marked the beginning of a crisis in his existence.

"After the meeting was dismissed, and Mr. Solomon M. Allen of Pittsfield, (Larned's intimate friend,) with myself, were remaining in the room, we found, to our surprise, that L. was lingering also. He was sitting in profound silence and solemnity, as if the terrors of the Almighty had taken hold of him. And this indeed was really the case. A question that we put to him brought from him the most frank avowal of the state of his mind; and so intense was the agony of his spirit that it seemed almost insupportable. He asked us to pray for him, and we did so; and then left him for that evening, not less astonished than gratified by what we had witnessed.

"This state of deep conviction of sin did not quickly pass away. He struggled on for weeks in 'a horror of great darkness.' It was to have been expected, considering his characteristic ardour, that his exercises, while in this state of mind, would be marked by great strength and pungency; and so it actually was. I can never forget the meeting I had with him, during this period, on my return to College after a short absence—when I inquired of him in respect to the state of his feelings, he made me this frightful answer—'It is an awful thing to say, I know; but I may as well say it as feel it—if I could with this right arm reach up and pluck Jehovah from his throne, I would.' And yet, the rebel yielded at last; and then his soul seemed to be filled with the peace and joy of Heaven. I heard him, shortly after, make his first address in a prayer-meeting—'Oh,' said he, with a perfectly illuminated expression of countenance,—'how easy a thing it now appears to me to become a Christian—it is not more easy to breathe;' and he seemed really to marvel that all the unconverted persons whom he was addressing, did not instantly give their hearts to the Saviour. Here again, his highly imaginative and glowing temperament had full opportunity to display itself; and so intense was his spiritual rapture that I remember his saying, on one occasion, that he should be perfectly willing that the lightning should strike him at that moment, that thus his spirit might immediately be borne into his Redeemer's presence.

"This, of course, in the first fashion of it, did not continue. But his subsequent life clearly showed that he was now the subject of a radical change. In due time, he made a public profession of his faith, and, so far as I know, he always honoured that profession by an exemplary Christian life."

Notwithstanding Mr. Larned gave evidence, throughout his college course, of great comprehensiveness of mind, and a remarkable facility at acquiring knowledge, it cannot be said that he was ever distinguished for intense application. He seemed to have an almost intuitive knowledge of every subject that presented itself; and not unfrequently the most rapid glance at the lesson to be recited, would enable him, in the recitation, greatly to eclipse those who had been doggedly at work for hours in exploring its deep and dark places. He graduated at the Commencement in 1813; and on the occasion delivered an Oration on "the Fall of Poland," which marked the highest order of intellect, and elicited the most intense admiration.

It had been his intention, previous to the change which occurred in his religious views and feelings, to devote himself to the profession of Law; but, in consequence of that event, he changed his purpose, and resolved to enter the ministry. Accordingly, having become a member of the church in his native town, he joined the Seminary at Andover, with a view to prosecute his theological course. His connection with the institution, however, continued only a few months, when he returned to Pittsfield, and was engaged for some time, with great popularity and success, as a teacher. During his residence here at this period, he delivered an Oration on the Anniversary of American Independence, indicative alike of a lofty genius and a glowing patriotism.

Having relinquished his place as a teacher at Pittsfield, he went to Princeton in November, 1814, and became a member of the Theological Seminary in that place. From the beginning, he was greatly pleased with his situation, and it is hardly necessary to say that he was quickly marked as a young man of great power and promise. Perhaps he was not distinguished here, more than at Middlebury, for his diligence in the prescribed course of study; but his facility at acquiring and communicating gave him an advantage which few others have ever possessed; and those exercises particularly which put in requisition comprehensiveness of thought, strength of imagination, and promptness and power of expression, marked him as a star of the first magnitude. Not long before he left the Seminary, he passed some time in Newark and Elizabethtown, during a season of unusual attention to religion in those places; and though he was not yet a licensed preacher, he addressed large assemblies on the subject of the great concern, with surprising ability and effect. His own religious affections seem to have been quickened and improved from mingling in these deeply interesting scenes; and nothing could have constituted a better preparation for his approaching consecration to the ministerial office.

He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York on the 17th of April, 1817; and was ordained to the work of the ministry, by the same Presbytery, about the middle of July following. His exercise before the Presbytery, technically styled "the popular sermon," he is said to have prepared in the course of one night, while the Presbytery was in session. The occasion of his ordination seems to have made a deep impression upon his mind, and a letter to his sister, written shortly after, shows how strongly

he felt his dependance on the Saviour's promised aid, and how highly he valued the privilege and honour of being an ambassador of Christ.

Mr. Larned's first appearance in the pulpit astonished all who had not previously witnessed the exhibition of his wonderful powers. The announcement that he was to preach in any particular church, was the signal for that church being filled to its utmost capacity; while, not unfrequently, a large proportion of those who thronged to the place were unable to get within the sound of his voice. There are many who remember the wonderful excitement that prevailed in respect to him; and probably none who do remember it, can remember any thing that approaches to it in point of intensity, in respect to any other individual.

About the commencement of the year 1817, the Rev. Elias Cornelius, who had undertaken a mission to the South, partly to enlist public attention to our Indian tribes, and partly and especially to ascertain the moral condition of New Orleans,—stopped at Princeton, and, as it would seem, engaged Mr. Larned to become a coadjutor with him in his projected enterprise. Accordingly, after having spent a few weeks, subsequent to his licensure, in visiting his friends, and making the necessary arrangements for his journey, Mr. L. set out, near the close of September,—not, however, without some painful anxieties, and even gloomy forebodings,—to join his friend who had gone before him. He preached at various points on his route, and never failed to leave behind him a powerful impression,—no matter what may have happened to be the character of the audience. On his arrival at Natchez, he received the sad intelligence of the death of his father. He reached New Orleans on the 22d of January, 1818, and was met with a most hearty welcome, not only by his friend Cornelius, but by many others who had been looking for him with great interest and expectation.

Immediately after his arrival, he commenced his public labours, and it seemed as if the first sound of his voice thrilled not only through the length and breadth, but to the innermost heart, of the city. Persons of all classes and descriptions thronged after him, and the purpose was formed without delay to secure, if possible, his permanent ministrations. Provision was made at once for erecting a new and splendid church, and the individuals engaged in the enterprise presented him a call to become their Pastor, which he seems, with little hesitation, to have accepted. He remained in New Orleans, labouring in season and out of season, till the beginning of April, when he set out to return to the North; having, during his brief sojourn there, drawn forth an amount of good will, and gratitude, and admiration, which constituted the most decisive testimony to both his intellectual and moral qualities.

He reached Pittsfield about the middle of June, where he was welcomed of course with every affectionate and congratulatory expression. As the principal object of his visit to the North was to complete the arrangements, already partially made, for the building of his church, he found but little time to devote to his friends; though he travelled somewhat extensively, and preached in several of the most important churches, and never failed to fulfil the highest expectation which had been formed concerning him. He reached New Orleans, on his return, on the 21st of December following, after a journey rendered uncommonly tedious and difficult by the low water in the Western rivers.

Notwithstanding some discouraging circumstances had occurred in connection with the building of his church, they were all successfully met, and on the 4th of July, 1819, the finished building was dedicated to the worship and service of God, which he made the occasion of one of his most eloquent efforts.

In December following, he was married to Sarah Wyer, from Newburyport, Mass.,—a lady of great worth and no small personal attraction.

As Mr. Larned had not yet passed a summer in New Orleans, his constitution of course had not become in any degree conformed to the climate; and hence it was with no little anxiety that his friends heard of his determination to remain there during the succeeding sickly season. Though no one can doubt that his purpose to do so was dictated by the strongest conviction of duty, as he could not but be aware that his life was in imminent peril, yet it may reasonably be questioned whether it was not a mistaken view of his obligations that led him to this course. He seems, however, to have formed the purpose after the most mature reflection, and to have girded himself, from the beginning, for a conflict even with the last enemy. Meanwhile, his conversation and deportment indicated an increased degree of spirituality; and his preaching seemed specially designed to accomplish the *immediate* preparation of his hearers for the eternal world. Among his papers were found the following resolutions, dated New Orleans, July 3, 1820.

"1. I will try, from this time, to be more punctual and fervent in secret as well as in family prayer.

"2. I will try to give up, both in fact and in appearance, my besetting levity of character and disposition.

"3. I will try to study more in my profession, and to preach better.

"4. I will try to bring myself, *upon the whole*, nearer every day to the proper deportment of a serious Christian.

"May the Lord Jesus help me in my effort, for his name's sake. Amen.

"SYLVESTER LARNED."

The pestilence at length began to show itself; and before the close of August it was spreading with terrible effect. Mr. Larned, prompted alike by a naturally humane and generous spirit, and by a high sense of duty as a Christian minister, hesitated not to be found wherever there was suffering to be relieved or want to be supplied. On the last Sabbath in August, he met his beloved flock, bowed as they were under the burden of sorrow, and addressed them (as it proved, for the last time) on these strikingly appropriate words,—words which might seem almost prophetic of the scenes upon which he was about to enter:—"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The sermon, which is incorporated in the memoir of his life by Mr. Gurley, is exceedingly brief and apparently unstudied; and yet it breathes a spirit well befitting the circumstances in which it was delivered.

On the following morning, he was seized with the fever, and it quickly became apparent to both himself and others, that it was assuming its most malignant form. It had a fatal termination on Thursday evening, the 31st of August,—the day which completed his twenty-fourth year.

The following brief account of his illness is from a letter of Mrs. Larned to Mr. Cornelius, written shortly after his death.

"He evinced no alarm, when sensible that the yellow fever had seized upon him. After thirty-six hours, he abandoned all hope of recovery, though, at that time, no apprehension of danger was entertained by his friends. From the commencement of his disease, a most unnatural depression of his spirits was evident, from which no effort could arouse him. When I have bent over him, using every possible exertion to

restore some sign of wonted cheerfulness, he would look upon me with a fixedness and earnestness which seemed to say,—'Call not my thoughts from the contemplation of that scene into which my spirit soon must enter.' The expression of his face at those moments I can never forget, though my years be lengthened to the utmost bound of human existence,—the calmness and resignation of the Christian triumphing over the struggles of nature. He was too well acquainted with the nature of the disease, and marked its progress, and observed each unfavourable change as it appeared. There was entire resignation to his Maker's will, and a readiness to obey the summons, at whatever hour he might be called to depart. When all hope was annihilated, and the last fatal symptom appeared, he beheld it with the most perfect composure, and an unchanged countenance. Death had no terrors for him; it came like a kind angel to bear him to his Father's bosom; and when the heart that clung to him as to life itself was bursting with unutterable anguish, he remained unmoved, for his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord. His reason, except for a few short intervals, was continued to him, bright and unimpaired till life's last hour. A few hours before his death, he took his leave of me, saying that it was all right that we should be separated, and begged I might not come into the room again—he had given up the world, and wished to shut out every object that might fix his thoughts upon it. We parted,—my beloved husband to join the blest above, and enter a blissful and enrapturing scene,—I, to a world which no longer held a charm to entice me,—for the dearest tie that bound me to it was dissolved."

Mr. Larned's death occurred on the day which had been set apart by his church to be devoted to prayer, humiliation, and thanksgiving, and on which they had expected to listen to his voice from the pulpit; but, as it turned out, they had occasion to observe it as a day of the deepest mourning. His remains were carried to his church, where the Episcopal burial service was read by the Rev. Mr. Hull,* after which they were deposited in their final resting place. The shock to the congregation which he had been instrumental of gathering,—to the city of which he was fast becoming the idol, cannot well be imagined; and the sad tidings, as they went abroad through the land, produced everywhere an intensity of grief, as if there had been an all-pervading sense of personal bereavement.

Mr. Larned, in his whole character, bore the unequivocal stamp of greatness. Though he was not above the middle size, yet his erect, symmetrical and majestic form, his open and generous countenance, the lustre of his eye, and the grace of his whole manner, marked him, even in a crowd, as an extraordinary man. And these external characteristics were a true index to his mind and heart. He had a quickness of apprehension that well nigh outstripped the lightning. He comprehended by a glance that upon which others might bestow weeks of intellectual labour, and yet not comprehend it so well. Though his mind more naturally laid hold of a subject in bold and impressive outline than in minute detail, yet, if occasion required, he could grapple successfully with the most difficult problems in intellectual, moral or theological science. His memory was uncommonly retentive and exact, and was always ready to give out with perfect accuracy

* James Foster Hull was born in Belfast, Ireland, on the 15th of May, 1776. His father was a respectable Presbyterian clergyman, and his mother was distinguished not only for her intellect but her patriotism, and was an intimate friend of Lord Castlereagh. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and afterwards travelled extensively under circumstances highly favourable to intellectual improvement. On his return to his native country, he enlisted with great zeal in the memorable struggle of 1798 and 1799, and finally yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and came to the United States, arriving at Norfolk early in 1800. He officiated for a while as a Presbyterian minister at Augusta, Ga., where he was married to an Irish lady of great beauty and elegance. Thence he removed to Missouri and practised Law. He was invited to New Orleans in 1814 to take charge of a congregation, and officiated at first as a Presbyterian clergyman, but, by request of the congregation, took orders in the Episcopal Church. He was a good classical scholar, and established an Academy in New Orleans, which was liberally patronised. He died at New Orleans, after a lingering illness, on the 6th of June, 1833, having been the Rector of Christ Church in that city, nineteen years. He was very intimate with Mr. Larned, and officiated at his marriage as well as his burial.

what had once been committed to it. His imagination was bold and lofty: it revelled amidst images of grandeur and strength, rather than of exquisite beauty and delicacy. His feelings were as strong as his perceptions were clear and rapid; and yet they were under admirable control,—never subjecting him, either in private or in public, to the semblance of embarrassment. He was eminently qualified, by both his intellectual and moral constitution, for great enterprises: with a power of persuasion that was irresistible, an ardour that nothing could damp, an intrepidity that nothing could terrify, and a perseverance that nothing could discourage,—he had only to set about any great work, and it was almost sure of being accomplished. There were difficulties attendant on the project of building his church in New Orleans, that seemed well nigh insurmountable; and yet, before his skilful management and untiring energy, they all disappeared; and he lived long enough (alas! only long enough) to see this favourite object brought to its desired consummation.

But it was in the pulpit that he earned his brightest laurels. He was great everywhere, and in every thing; but it was in his appropriate character as a preacher of the Gospel, that he towered to such a surprising height. His voice was unrivalled, in both melody and flexibility, and accommodated itself with perfect accuracy to the sentiment which he uttered. There was a solemnity, an earnestness, and sometimes an all-subduing pathos; there was the soul kindling in the eye and beaming through the countenance: there was a grace and appropriateness of gesticulation, and an incomparable majesty pervading the whole manner,—all of which combined, constituted him no doubt one of the first pulpit orators of the age. The effects which his preaching produced, were quite in accordance with this representation. I heard him in one of his first efforts in the pulpit; and though his audience was composed chiefly of his fellow-students, and other young men with many of whom he was in habits of most familiar intercourse, yet, for a time, he made them all forget that he was their daily companion, and at the close of the service, they found themselves well nigh overpowered by his eloquence. He was preaching in Philadelphia, (as I was informed by the clergyman whose pulpit he occupied,) when the bells rung an alarm of fire; but, contrary to all precedent, not an individual moved from his seat. A gentleman of high standing in political life, who had no religious sympathies with Mr. Larned, and who rather prided himself upon his power of self-command, was induced by the report he had heard of his eloquence, to go to hear him preach; and he sat struggling with his emotions, and bathed in tears, during nearly the whole service, though he subsequently expressed himself very doubtful in regard to the doctrine to which he had listened.

Notwithstanding all that must be admitted in respect to Mr. Larned's high intellectual endowments, it cannot be questioned that the secret of his marvellous power over an audience, lay chiefly in his manner. One or two facts occur to me which strikingly illustrate this. I remember to have heard him preach a sermon on the text—"He that believeth on the Son hath the witness in himself." During the last eight or ten minutes of its delivery, the audience were well nigh entranced; and well do I recollect to have heard one individual who listened to it, and who had not the reputation of easily falling into ecstacies, remark that, at the close of the discourse, such was the effect produced upon him, he found it scarcely possible, for some time, to rise from his seat; and yet the expressions by which this

effect was chiefly produced were "And can you *sleep? Will* you sleep? *Dare* you sleep?" Dr. Cornelius stated that shortly after Mr. L. went to New Orleans, he (Dr. C.) happened to be in his study on a Sabbath evening, just as Mr. L. was going out to preach; and seeing his sermon lie upon the table, he took it up, and in the midst of an impassioned strain of eloquence, found this expression—

"Death, what a thought!"

He told Mr. L. that it was too tame a remark to be admitted, especially in such a connection; that it would inevitably impair the effect of the sermon; and besought him to omit it in the delivery. He did not, however, agree to the suggestion; the consequence of which was that Dr. C., though delighted with the previous part of the discourse, was anticipating with a painful anxiety what he regarded the objectionable passage. But, when the preacher came to it, he uttered it with such indescribable power, that Dr. C. himself acknowledged that it produced more effect upon himself than the whole sermon besides. And, if I mistake not, my view of this matter will not be doubted by any one who compares the acknowledged effect of his discourses, as delivered, with the actual effect which they now produce, when read. They certainly are characterized by vigorous thought, and occasionally by a high order of eloquence; and yet they are far from sustaining the acknowledged reputation of the preacher. I do not mean to imply that his power lay so entirely in his manner, that there was little besides: doubtless if he had lived, he would have produced discourses which would have done the highest honour to his country and his age; but we are to bear in mind that those which we actually possess, were written between the age of twenty-two and twenty-four, and written too generally with the utmost rapidity, and without the least suspicion that they were ever to see the light. Larned has a reputation for pulpit eloquence which the publication of even the tamest sermons could not kill; but I am constrained to say to those who would know something of what he was in the pulpit, that they must gather it rather from the existing traditions of the effect of his preaching, than from the volume of his discourses that has been given to the world.

Mr. Larned's sermons were generally written and delivered memoriter; though he had a rare talent at extemporaneous speaking, and some of his off-hand efforts were among his most eloquent and effective. When he spoke under the excitement of the moment, and without premeditation, his sentences were as correct, and his utterance as ready, and often more impressive, than when he delivered the results of his most mature reflection.

In the year 1844, an interesting Memoir of this remarkable man, by the Rev. R. R. Gurley, was published in connection with the Sermons already referred to. These Sermons, especially to those who knew the author, must be invaluable; but there is little doubt that posterity would have formed both a higher and a juster estimate of his powers, if the means of forming an estimate which these discourses furnish, had not been supplied to them.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM ALLEN, D. D.

NORTHAMPTON, October 19, 1852.

Rev. and dear Sir: When you have requested me to give you some of my recollections and impressions concerning Sylvester Larned, my answer has been

that, although his family was of my parish, and he was received by me into the Church at Pittsfield, of which I was Pastor, yet that I was not much conversant with him, and could say little in respect to him. This is to be accounted for from the fact that I resided elsewhere until he became a member of College, and that he was very little at Pittsfield subsequently to that period.

Yet I will mention, after the lapse of more than forty years, with what interest I regarded him as a beautiful graceful boy, of a vigorous mind, a noble spirit, and great strength of purpose. You can hardly conceive of a greater contrast of character than existed between his parents. The father, Col. Larned, who had been a soldier of the Revolution, was a calm, quiet, pleasant man, and by no means distinguished for the stronger points of character. The mother was a woman of impulse; yet her impulses were on the side of virtue, order, benevolence, and piety. She had strong sense, and a wonderful fluency and energy of speech; and what she deemed right, she dared to do, whatever might be the opposing influences. Being her young pastor, I was in intimate relations with her; and experienced from her continual acts of kindness which will never fade from my memory. I doubt not that the character of the mother was transferred in strong lines to the son,—not, however, by any mysterious process, but by the intelligible method of maternal influence, transmitted through the eye and ear, by example and teaching, to the growing intellect and susceptible heart.

More than I knew by personal intercourse with Mr. Larned, I knew by means of his friendly connection with my brother, Solomon M. Allen, his class mate at Middlebury, and afterwards Professor of Languages there, and his fellow student in the Theological Seminary at Andover. My brother in one of his letters says,—"Sylvester does well. Rabbi Stuart tells me that he is a plant worth cultivating." But he was not a little embarrassed in his theological course by his inability to meet his unavoidable expenses without personal effort; and he accordingly returned to Pittsfield and engaged in a school at a salary of thirty dollars per month. Afterwards, while a resident at Princeton, he felt the same pressure as to his pecuniary circumstances, as was indicated by the following extract of a letter which he addressed to me in February, 1816:—"Certain circumstances induce me to ask whether if I should wish to spend the ensuing summer at Pittsfield, you will give me a seat in your study. This sentence incloses the whole of my request. I do not solicit the privilege of recitation, or even of particular superintendence, although both of them would be as agreeable as they would be useful; but merely if, in ordinary cases, I can avail myself of your study, and in all cases, of your library. But I find I have said too much, unless I say more. The certain circumstances to which I have alluded are the farthest possible from any thing like dissatisfaction with this Seminary. I am bound to state most explicitly that I have never, for a moment, had a feeling like this. Will you be pleased to bear in mind that it is by no means impossible I may be compelled to spend the summer out of Princeton. As the state of things is uncertain, you will confer a favour by forbearing to mention to any one the subject of this letter. I merely wish to keep an eye on the business, so as not to be thrown at once from all opportunity of prosecuting my studies. Even my parents will not at present, and perhaps at no future time, be made acquainted with my intentions."

This extract reveals at once several traits of his character; his tender regard to the peace and comfort of his parents, whom he deemed unable to provide him with the requisite funds,—his manly spirit of independence, and his determination in no event to suffer his theological studies to be entirely interrupted. I do not remember in what manner his difficulties were removed; but they were removed in some way, and he proceeded with his studies without interruption.

This was perhaps a necessary and useful discipline of Providence, improving his

character, and fitting him for a transition, in a short time, to a very different state in regard to worldly prosperity.

As to the religious controversies of the day, his friend, Professor Allen, having asked him which side he took, he answered (March 24, 1817)—"Strictly speaking, perhaps neither side; but my sentiments, on the whole, are such that I am called a Hopkinsian. From some, however, of the reputed doctrines of Hopkinsianism I revolt as much as any one. I have ever thought it my duty—I think it my duty still—to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in precisely the same way as I should have done, had John Calvin or Samuel Hopkins never existed. And I feel great pleasure in believing that, however the ministers of my adopted Church may differ in minor things, they agree in all those questions which may be deemed fundamental, or even highly important."

It is needless for me to speak of the deep impression which rests upon my mind, in respect to the talents, accomplishments, and eloquence, as well as the high Christian character, of Sylvester Larned. It is one of the mysteries of Providence that his earthly career, which seemed to promise such a vast amount of good, should be terminated at the early age of twenty-four years. A similar mystery attends the early removal of the others of "the group of stars" at Andover, commemorated by Carlos Wilcox, their friend, in one of his poems: they were Solomon M. Allen, Joseph R. Andrus,* Alexander M. Fisher, Pliny Fisk, and Levi Parsons. To these may be added Mr. Wilcox himself, making now, as we may hope, "a constellation of seven stars, like the Pleiades, resplendent in Heaven."

I am, my dear Sir, with very great respect,
Your friend and Christian brother,
WILLIAM ALLEN.

FROM FRANCIS HALL, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

NEW YORK, February 16, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: It was my privilege to know Mr. Larned soon after he became a minister of Christ; and after his settlement in New Orleans, I was favoured with occasional letters from him;—the last of which was written but a few days before his death. In that letter he stated that he had made up his mind to remain at his post, although friend after friend was falling around him. The result of his thus remaining forms one of the sad events in the history of that day.

Sylvester Larned was no common man—though it has been my privilege to know many distinguished young clergymen, I can call only one to memory who had as wide and splendid a reputation as he—that was the celebrated Summerfield, who, a correspondent of yours says, "passed like a lambent flame through the land, shedding along his path a brilliant irradiation of Christian light;"—and the same writer, uniting the names of Larned and Summerfield, says, "both were martyrs to their sense of duty, and fell on the field of their fame with their armour on."

When Mr. Larned left Pittsfield for New Orleans, he took Detroit in his route. I met him at Utica, and as journeying at that time was slow,—being in stage-coaches, which travelled only from fifty to sixty miles a day, I continued in his

* JOSEPH RAPHAEL ANDRUS was born in Cornwall, Vt., in 1791; was graduated at Middlebury College in 1812; studied at Yale College as a resident graduate in 1812–13; at the Andover Theological Seminary from 1813 to 1815; with Bishop Griswold in Rhode Island in 1815-16; received Episcopal ordination; preached in Marblehead, Mass., and in the Northern part of Vermont, in 1816–17; and in Virginia, from 1817 to 1821. In January, 1821, having been appointed first agent of the American Colonization Society, he sailed for Africa with a colony of free negroes, and died at Sierra Leone, July 28, 1821.

company about two weeks. He preached with great power at Utica, the day after his arrival there. The next morning, we proceeded to Auburn, and the following afternoon, reached Canandaigua. In the evening, I called on my old friend Thomas Beales, Esq., and, in the course of our conversation, mentioned that Mr. Larned was at the hotel. He asked whether he would preach in Canandaigua: I replied that, as we should not leave until the next day, I thought he would, if invited. Shortly after, Mr. Beales called with the Rev. Mr. Johns,* and arrangements were made that Mr. Larned should preach at eight o'clock. It was known to Mr. L. that the Rev. Dr. Fitch, formerly President of Williams College, resided at Bloomfield, a few miles West of Canandaigua, and he proposed to visit him the next day. Dr. Fitch was President of the College when Larned was a student, and although the Doctor was very much attached to him, he was obliged to consent to his withdrawing from the institution. He had not seen the good old man since he left Williamstown; and now being so near his residence, he had a strong desire to pay his respects to him. Some time before the service was to commence, I met Dr. Fitch, who was on his way to Bloomfield, and mentioned to him that one of his old pupils was in town, and was to preach that evening in Mr. Johns' Church. Learning that it was Sylvester Larned, he determined to remain and hear him. He returned with me to the hotel, and there saw Mr. L.; and I hardly need say that the meeting was one of much interest to both. At the appointed hour, we went to the Congregational Church, and though the notice was short, there was a very respectable congregation. The venerable Ex-President Fitch was deeply excited during the discourse, and on leaving the church, he remarked—"I was always of the opinion that my wild pupil would make a great man; and I rejoice that that opinion is so far confirmed." Myron Holley, Esq., who was one of the number that heard the sermon, pronounced it one of the most admirable pulpit efforts he ever listened to; and he, with many others, requested and finally prevailed on Mr. Larned to remain and give them *another* sermon the next evening. He did so, and preached to a large and delighted audience.

We proceeded West, and on Saturday reached Buffalo. This was a small village at that time, and had no church edifice within its bounds. The Rev. Mr. Squires was there, and occupied the Court House on the Sabbath. It was in an unfinished state, without regular seats,—temporary benches being used, and the floors not fully laid. Here he preached twice to an admiring assembly.

From Buffalo, we visited Fort Erie, and proceeded on the Canada shore to Niagara Falls, and at Forsyth's Hotel, we celebrated the *twenty-first* birthday of Mr. Larned; and the prayer he offered that evening, I shall always remember. He glanced at his past life, and expressed great thankfulness that his Heavenly Father had dealt so kindly with him, and asked for Divine grace to support him in the labours and trials to which he was destined.

The night after we left the Falls, a portion of Table Rock fell; and so far as we could ascertain, fell from the spot where we had so recently stood. We heard of this before we separated at Buffalo; and immediately after, went to our room, where he poured out his thanksgiving to God for the kind providence that had preserved us from danger; and such was the impression that it made upon his mind, that he subsequently alluded to it in his correspondence with me.

* Evan Johns was born in Wales, in 1763, and migrated to this country about the beginning of the present century. He was settled Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Berlin, Conn., in 1802; was dismissed in 1811; resided for several years at South Hadley, Mass., during which he cultivated a few acres of land, and occasionally preached for his brethren or supplied a vacant pulpit; was installed Pastor of the Congregational Church in Canandaigua, N. Y., October 24, 1817; and died May 3, 1849. His first wife was a daughter of Thomas Harmer, author of a well-known work on Oriental Antiquities, entitled "Observations on various passages of Scripture," &c., and his second, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lyman of Hatfield. He was married a third time, and his widow still (1857) survives. He was a strong-minded man, had considerable learning, and was a somewhat zealous antiquary.

I remember he told me that the greatest trial he ever encountered in facing an audience was when he preached his first sermon *at home*. Here he had to meet not only the fathers and mothers, who knew his wildness when a boy, but those very boys that had been his companions in the frolics and gaieties of youth. He was, however, wonderfully supported on the occasion, and at the close of the day, was enabled to say that it had been one of the most happy days of his life.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

FRANCIS HALL.

FROM ALFRED HENNEN, ESQ.

NEW ORLEANS, February 1, 1854.

My dear Sir: I am more than willing to add my testimony to the tribute you design to pay in your forth-coming work to the late Rev. Sylvester Larned. I was a resident of this city during his ministry here, and co-operated with him in the enterprise from which he was so early called to his final reward. I knew him intimately and loved him dearly; and as an evidence of my affectionate respect, named one of my sons for him, who has since followed his namesake, I doubt not, to a better world. I will present to you, in a few words, both the outer and inner man, as he is preserved in my affectionate and grateful recollections.

In person, Mr. Larned was erect, symmetrical, manly, and strikingly handsome—in dress, plain but neat, and wearing colours that would not mark him for a clergyman—in his gait and motion, quick, graceful and majestic—his face beamed with cheerfulness, and his whole aspect left upon you the impression of an extraordinary man. His manners were simple, winning, and in the highest degree gentlemanly—his conversation was full of life,—at once cheerful, entertaining and instructive. He won the hearts of all without an effort—no man could distrust him,—for he was evidently a stranger to disguise.

His talents, as every body knows, placed him in the first rank of great men. His memory was at once quick and retentive; his imagination brilliant and prolific; and his judgment clear and discriminating. Not only did he possess these several faculties in a high degree, but they were so harmoniously blended as to form a well balanced and symmetrical intellectual character.

As a pulpit orator, I can truly say that he made an impression upon me that no other man has ever done. The elegance of his form, the gracefulness of his action, the power, and compass, and exquisite sweetness of his voice, which he wielded as if it had been a magic wand, gave him a control of an audience which would make us realize what has been said of Bridaine or Whitefield. A proof of this was exhibited in the case of an eminent Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. He had heard much of the great power of Mr. Larned's eloquence; but thinking that the popular representations of it must be somewhat exaggerated, he determined to hear and judge for himself. He did so; and the effect upon him was perfectly overwhelming. His interest in the service increased as the preacher proceeded, and he soon became riveted to his seat—the tears flowed profusely down his cheeks, as he heard him, like the great Apostle, reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; and so irresistible were the appeals made to his conscience, that he afterwards declared that he was resolved never to listen to such preaching again, until he had brought himself to yield a practical obedience to the requirements of the Gospel.

The power of Mr. Larned's preaching undoubtedly lay very much in the remarkable fervour and splendour of his delivery. It was manifest that he felt what he uttered—he entered into his work under a deep sense of its mighty responsibilities. He had little time, while he was here, for study, and none for preparing elaborate discourses—he saw the appalling moral desolations of the

world around him, and his eye affected his heart; and he went forth to the great work of persuading sinners to be reconciled to God with an earnestness befitting his hallowed mission. The themes of his discourses were highly evangelical, and were always luminously presented; though another man might have uttered the same words, and they would have been comparatively powerless. His interest was especially awakened in regard to young men—his own experience of the temptations of the world drew forth his sympathy and his efforts in their behalf; and by his earnest expostulations out of the pulpit, as well as his powerful addresses in it, he laboured to the utmost to bring them to a practical recognition of the claims of Christianity upon their hearts. And his labours in this way were attended with the Divine blessing.

Mr. Larned, during his brief ministry, exerted an influence on all classes of society in New Orleans, greater, I imagine, than has often been exerted by any clergyman on any community, in the same time. His bland manners, and lofty bearing, and sincere piety, united with his remarkable powers as a public speaker, gave him access to every class of minds, and a control over them that you cannot easily imagine. Hence the purpose was early formed to secure his permanent services here by the establishment of a Presbyterian Church; and that purpose, owing to his wonderful influence, was carried out with comparative ease in a short time. The means of building a church edifice and supporting a pastor were quickly provided; and what gave the impulse to the whole was the prospect of having *such* a ministry established in the midst of us. Before Mr. L. came, no funds for religious purposes, to any considerable amount, had ever been raised in New Orleans; but his eloquence opened a channel through which they flowed in at once freely and copiously; and in this respect as well as others, his coming among us may well be considered as marking a bright epoch in the religious history of our city. He was respected and admired by Roman Catholics as well as Protestants. The generation that was contemporary with him has indeed chiefly passed away; but his memory is still fragrant, and is destined to be transmitted gratefully and honourably to a remote posterity. I account myself happy in being able to give you my recollections of such a man. "Take him all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

With much respect, I am your obedient,

ALFRED HENNEN.

FROM THE REV. J. N. DANFORTH, D. D.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., August 5, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: A mournful, yet pleasant duty you have imposed on me, touching our departed friend, Rev. Sylvester Larned. Thirty-seven years this month have fled since he died, after having preached the memorable Sermon, from the text—"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," and with him have gone to the spirit-land the whole of that gifted family,—father, mother, four brothers, and two sisters—an impressive comment on the flight of time and the ravages of death. Through the solemn vista of the past I love to behold his image, to dwell on those brilliant qualities of this extraordinary man, softened, but not obscured, by the medium of time.

In respect to natural genius and temperament, the boy was the germ of the man. Looking at his spiritual life, the man was the reverse of the boy. His mother and mine were immediate neighbours, members of the same church, friends at all times. Our respective fathers served and suffered together during the Revolutionary war, and together enjoyed the triumphs of peace. They were only separated by death. Their children would naturally be thrown together, and among the sixteen, SYLVESTER was always the conspicuous one,—the admired, the caressed, the almost idolized; the life of every company, the

ry of every circle. A deep and flowing enthusiasm was constitutional in him; free and generous temper; a natural eloquence, not forced out in artificial jets, ut bursting from an original fountain within. From a child he delighted in xercising his gifts, as a bird opens its mouth, and instinctively pours forth its ative melody. All the village school bowed to his superiority, all depended on is resources, all were delighted with his skill in creating amusements. If he as mischievous, he was not malignant. If high spirited, he was not haughty. ut he could not comprehend meanness. A narrow soul he scorned. A small ind in his presence shrunk away beyond observation.

How truly may it be said that boys "take after" their mothers! His father, ol. Simon Larned, was a man of dull temperament, though dealing in a kind f amusing wit. His mother was a prodigy of genius and moral courage, and f great force of character. She had a will that would have strengthened any hrone on earth; a flood of utterance, that would have confounded the most aring opposition, and that often did rebuke folly or crime. She was no doting nother, though she loved her children. But she expected from them something trong, salient, efficient. Sylvester copied her energetic traits of character. They grew up with him. They struck forth in evil directions until his conversion; ut when sanctified by the Spirit, were mighty through God to the pulling down f strong holds. It is usual for such splendid intellects as his to overpower the abernacle of clay. But Larned grew up a healthy boy, owing in part to his ncessant muscular activity, the absence of all melancholy in his temperament, nd a bold purpose to be driving at some object. At the Academy he got up a noot-court, and by unanimous suffrage was made attorney-general at twelve ears of age. But the Court did not last long, for he overwhelmed not only his ntagonist and the prisoner, but judge and jury with such a torrent of wit and nvective, that all were glad to escape the destructive energies of his intellect. He studied by intuition, rather than application, reciting well in various classes, though none could say when he got his lessons. At thirteen years of age, he delivered an oration in the town hall at Pittsfield on the Fourth of July, which drew forth the plaudits of wise and thoughtful heads, and no doubt pleased the speaker's young vanity, though that was never an obtrusive feature in his character, as it is not usually in men of true genius. We were all proud of our boy orator, exalting him into a hero. But the propriety of putting forward such precocious youth may be doubted. His mother was gratified, not enraptured, or if so, gracefully concealed the secret raptures of her soul, disguising them by some Spartan observation, as did the mother of Washington, when La Fayette, in the ecstacy of his enthusiasm, hastened to her home in Fredericksburg, to announce to her the victory of her illustrious son at Yorktown. With philosophical coolness she replied to the astonished Frenchman—"George was always a good boy," as if he had done just what she expected, and no more.* Mrs. Larned was often complimented for her brilliant son, but she thought of his dangers rather than of his triumphs. Few young men were more courted, flattered, followed, and feasted. He suspected his own perils, and prayed in secret to be delivered from them. Among the severest trials pressed upon him were the repeated calls from established and attractive churches at the North. He resisted them all with characteristic decision, instead of sending such equivocal replies as might invite a second call. He would neither trifle with the sincerities of a congregation, nor minister to his own vanity. Openness, frankness, cordiality were in him ruling traits.

It may be asked what were the qualities which so impressed people as to carry his fame over the country? Was it any predominance of the imagination? This indeed was a brilliant, but not in him an exaggerated, faculty, though it sometimes showed itself in poetry. But it was not conspicuous even in his boyish

* This I have from Mr. Custis.

oration. At the age of eighteen, while he was teaching school to eke out his scanty funds, his townsmen, proud of his genius, summoned him to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July. An immense assembly filled the large church at Pittsfield. If an orator was ever to be embarrassed, that was the time and place for such a stripling as he—surrounded by those who knew him in his cradle. But he rose to the full height of the occasion, developing that unblenching confidence in his own powers, which never forsook him;—an invaluable trait in a public man, who has a solid basis on which to build that confidence. Peal after peal of thundering eloquence seemed to shake the walls of the old church, while the fascinated, the astonished audience, wild with excitement, greeted him with equal and answering measures of applause. He scattered no gaudy flowers of rhetoric, but maintained a high and noble strain of vigorous thought and patriotic sentiment. I cannot say how much the faultless symmetry of his person, the extraordinary music of his voice, and the energy of his action contributed to the effect of the sentiment, but there was a fine proportion in them all. Calhoun's action was short, quick, sharp, like his "logic on fire." Clay was rich, rotund, amplifying, persuasive in voice and manner, as he was in matter. Webster was massive in all. So in the pulpit Summerfield, without being strong, was the very impersonation of gentleness, grace, purity, and love. The *correspondence* was eminent in Larned. Mortal man could not be endowed with a more quick and grasping memory. But even if it failed him at a casual moment, his fertile mind instantly seized a substitute, and his period was complete. Christians rejoiced that the American pulpit was to have such a champion. More worldly judges mourned the prospective loss the Bar and the Senate-house were to sustain. Dr. Wayland writes you instructively of our lamented WISNER, how his logical mind led so triumphantly in debate. I witnessed it at Princeton. Who was impervious to the glance of his keen, large, dark eye? Now the mind of Larned had a less logical structure, but he was great in debate. I should say the style of his reasoning resembled that of CANNING, who sought to reflect the manner of PITT in presenting his thoughts. But Larned's diction was equally chaste, if more ornamental, as might be expected from and pardoned to a young imagination. Oh! he would have made a great statesman and parliamentary leader, but God reserved for him a higher commission. He was in fact a true missionary. He had a missionary heart, and resolved to die in the missionary field. We believe he has gained the martyr's crown.

Could any thing surpass the devotion with which he tarried in the dull, deadly, and deserted city in the summer of 1820? What a living sacrifice was that! I cannot express the emotions, which even now weigh down my soul at the recollection of that death-scene;—the recent sermon, in fact his own Funeral Sermon; the little band of trembling Christians; the form of his young wife, about to lose such a husband; the mighty interests of his holy enterprise pressing upon his anxious heart; all his brilliant prospects for this world suddenly clouded. the last embrace; the final farewell; the sinking of that noble form in the arms of death; the irreparable bereavement of the Church; the threatened desolations of Zion—what an assemblage of afflictions!

Your gallery of American Divines has many interesting personages in it of all ages, but none so young as Larned. Twenty-four years was his space! Yet he lived a long life, if life be estimated by its true glory! Such an one still lives. He cannot die! These are not Egyptian mummies embalmed in your volume. They are the choicest of the living—princes and peers of the spiritual realm—they stand out before us, disrobed, indeed, of their mortal flesh, but shining like so many stars in the immortal kingdom.

> "Oh, hadst thou still on earth remained,
> "Vision of beauty, fair as brief,
> "Perhaps thy brightness had been stained

" With passion or with grief.
" Now, not a sullying breath can rise,
" To dim thy glory in the skies!"

The crown of perfection is on their brow, decorated with those amaranthine ›wels—souls saved!

I ought perhaps here to conclude my imperfect sketch, but in thinking of arned, I am continually reminded of your own portrait of Rev. Robert Hall, ome features of which you will pardon me for introducing here: "He converses great deal, partly because, when his mind is excited, it is not easy for him to e silent, and partly because there is so much in his conversation to interest and dify, that almost every one who is in his company regards it as a privilege to isten rather than talk, and acts accordingly. We have been struck with the act, that, let the conversation turn upon whatever subject it may, even though t be a subject on which he might be expected to be least at home, he is equally eady, equally eloquent. He possesses, beyond any man we have known, the aculty of bringing facts and principles which are stored up in his mind instantly o bear on any given subject; throwing around it at once, to the mind of the earers, the clear, strong light in which it appears to his own." The parallel olds good still further in your sketch until you say—"But, notwithstanding e converses so much, there is not the semblance of an obtrusive or ostentatious anner, nothing that seems to say that he is thinking of his own superiority." Not that Larned was either "obtrusive or ostentatious" in his manner, but it is ertain that those who surrounded him, as he took the lead in conversation, felt he superiority of his genius, and "bowed with deferential homage" to the upremacy of his intellect. Nor was he insensible to the fact of this superiority. Perhaps like other great men, he virtually claimed it as a kind of prerogative. It was in Johnson, in Jackson, in Webster, and many others that night be named. It was in Larned along with that "strong passion for arcasm" which you ascribe to Hall, but accompanied with as fine and generous a temper as ever adorned a human being. In fine, what Hall himself said of Burke, may truly be averred of Larned: "His imperial fancy laid all nature nder tribute, and collected riches from every scene of the creation, and every walk of art." I drop this wreath, wet, as it is, with some natural tears, on the grave of this extraordinary American youth. The wreath may fade, but not the precious memory of the blessed, the immortal dead. That blossoms in the dust. Nay, it is consecrated in the heart of the Church. It is vital in Heaven. It brings forth fruit on earth. May the blessing of God be upon your labour in gathering and garnering these precious fruits of minds and hearts now enrolled among the sainted in Heaven.

Very cordially, your brother in the Lord,

JOSHUA N. DANFORTH.

ELIHU WHITTLESEY BALDWIN, D. D.*

1817—1840.

ELIHU WHITTLESEY BALDWIN was born December 25, 1789, in Durham, Greene County, N. Y., whither his parents had migrated from Connecticut, shortly after the war of the Revolution. He was the fourth child and eldest son, of Deacon Jonathan and Patience (Lord) Baldwin, both of whom were distinguished for a consistent and elevated Christian character. His early religious education was conducted with great care, and was rewarded by correspondently hopeful religious developments. When he was ten years old, a revival of religion occurred in his native place, during which the serious impressions of his earlier years seemed to have been confirmed, and perhaps some hope cherished, both by himself and his friends, that a principle of religion was permanently fixed in his heart. He had, during his childhood, little relish for youthful sports, but a great fondness for books; and he was withal exceedingly conscientious and careful in the selection of his reading. Shortly after the revival above referred to, his parents determined to give him, as far as their limited means would allow, a liberal education. At the age of fifteen, he was placed under the care of his pastor, the Rev. Jesse Townsend,† with a view to his being fitted for College. Having gone through his preparatory course, he was admitted a member of Yale College, in the autumn of 1807, when he was in his eighteenth year.

In the spring of 1808, there was a powerful revival in College, under the ministrations of President Dwight, in which young Baldwin's experience was of so decisive a character as to leave him in no doubt that it was his duty to make a public profession of his faith. Accordingly, he did this by joining the College Church on the first Sabbath in May. In November following, being straitened somewhat in his pecuniary resources, he left College for a season, and went to live at Bethlem, in the family of the Rev. Dr. Backus, as an assistant teacher in his school. Here he remained till September, 1809; and, after passing about two months in Litchfield, he accepted an invitation to take charge of the Academy in Fairfield, and commenced his labours in that capacity sometime in November,—where he continued five months. In June, 1810, he returned to College, after an absence of about eighteen months, and took his place in the class next below that which he had left. He pursued his studies now with great vigour, and, by an imprudent use of his eyes, brought on a distressing inflammation, which was followed by a confirmed weakness apparently seated in the optic nerve. This occasioned him no small embarrassment; but he was still enabled to maintain an excellent standing in his class, and graduated with high honour in September, 1812. The Senior vacation, immediately previous to his graduation, he spent at Woodbridge, Conn., where he took charge of a small school.

* Memoir by Rev. Dr. Hatfield.

† JESSE TOWNSEND was a native of Andover, Conn.; was graduated at Yale College in 1789; was settled for some time as Pastor of the Church in Durham, N. Y.; and, after his dismission, was installed (August 29, 1817) in Palmyra in the same State, where he continued about three years. He was occupied extensively as a missionary in Western New York in both the earlier and later portions of his ministry. He died in the year 1838.

Though Mr. Baldwin's mind was now fully made up to devote himself to e ministry, he was obliged to defer his immediate preparation for it, for me time, for want of pecuniary means. Accordingly, he accepted an vitation to return to Fairfield as Principal of the Academy. Here he ntinued, discharging his duties to great acceptance, till the autumn of 814, when he became a member of the Theological Seminary at Andover. t the close of his second year in the Seminary, he received, according to age, a temporary and local license to preach; but he seems to have used is but sparingly, though there were calls made for his services from fferent places. He was licensed in due form by the Presbytery of New-ryport, on the 1st of May, 1817. In the course of the summer, he reached at various places in both New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and the 10th of September following, was ordained as an Evangelist at Lon-nderry, by the Londonderry Presbytery. On the 24th of the same onth, he completed his course at Andover, on which occasion his theme the anniversary exercises was "The preaching of President Edwards."

It had been Mr. Baldwin's purpose to spend some time at least, after aving the Seminary, in missionary labour,—beginning in the region of uffalo, and extending his tour as far West as Ohio. Accordingly, he ommenced his journey Westward, and on passing a Sabbath with his old iends at Fairfield, he was strongly solicited to allow himself to be consid-red a candidate for the then vacant church in that place; but he declined ll negotiations on the subject. When he reached New York, however, he as still more strongly urged to accept the place of a city missionary; and o fearful was the destitution of religious privileges in the city, which a hen recent investigation had brought to light, and so earnest the appeals hat were made to his Christian sympathies, that he was finally induced to hange his purpose, and for a season at least to work among the wretched nhabitants of the lanes and outskirts of the metropolis. He had assigned o him a populous, but extremely destitute and immoral, portion of the ity. But his labours were very soon attended with a manifest blessing, nd resulted in the building of a place of worship, and the formation of a hurch, which, in due time, was received under the care of the Presbytery, s the Seventh Presbyterian Church. He was installed its Pastor on the 5th of December, 1820,—the day on which he entered the thirty-second ear of his age.

Mr. Baldwin, in the midst of many discouragements, held on the even tenor f his way, year after year, witnessing, from time to time, large accessions o his church and congregation, until, at length, their place of worship ecame too strait for their accommodation. Meanwhile, however, they were ot a little embarrassed in their pecuniary matters, and there were other nd more commodious edifices being built around them by other denomina-ions, which seemed likely to swallow them up. As little disposition was nanifested by the people to attempt to meet the existing exigency, by uilding a larger and better house, Mr. Baldwin had begun seriously to ntertain the idea of a removal to some other more promising field; and, just at that time, (February, 1826,) he received a call to become the Pastor of the Church at Jamaica, L. I. Almost simultaneous with this call, how-ever, was a movement on the part of his congregation towards the erection of a new house; and this at once determined him against accepting the call from Jamaica. The new enterprise was now vigorously prosecuted; and a

substantial brick structure, more than twice as large as the old church, was completed about the 1st of May, 1827. This edifice was destroyed by fire on the 15th of February, 1831; but, chiefly through the indefatigable efforts of the pastor, it was rebuilt and re-occupied before the close of the year.

Mr. Baldwin's ministry in New York involved great sacrifices and trials, and an amount of labour which it is not easy to estimate; while yet it was instrumental, beyond that of almost any other man, in bringing light out of darkness, and life out of death. In one year, (1832,) no less than one hundred and seventy-four persons were added to his church; and no year passed that did not witness to a large accession. And besides his stated labours at home, he was often put in requisition in revivals of religion abroad—at Newark, Philadelphia, Pittsfield, Hartford, and various other places, he laboured with great zeal, and, in some instances, with remarkable success. The presence of the yellow fever and the cholera never drove him from his field; but he committed himself to God, and kept on labouring as calmly and as diligently as if no pestilence had been abroad. He had learned to contend with every form of evil, and not to be disheartened or intimidated by any; but while he was bold, and firm, and unflinching, when the case required, he was mild and cautious in his ordinary intercourse, and was especially careful that his good should not be evil spoken of.

In the autumn of 1834, Mr. Baldwin was applied to, to become the President of Wabash College. The selection had been advisedly made, and the application was strongly urged on the ground of the paramount claims of the great and ever growing West. On the 27th of February, 1835, he signified to the Trustees of the College his acceptance of the appointment. He left his people on the 1st of May, and, after devoting several months to an agency in behalf of the enterprise with which he had thus become identified, he directed his course towards his new field of labour. His reception on reaching the place of his destination, was every thing he could desire. He entered on his appropriate duties in the early part of November, but was not regularly inaugurated until the annual Commencement, which took place in July of the next year.

In February, 1838, he received a very urgent call from the Manhattan Island Church, in the city of New York, to become their Pastor; but, though he had lost nothing of his relish for a pastor's life, and there was much in the situation that would have been attractive to him, such was the evidence he had of his usefulness in the College, that he felt that he had no right to leave it, and accordingly returned to the call a negative answer.

In the great controversy that divided the Presbyterian Church in 1837 and 1838, Mr. Baldwin's sympathy and action were entirely with the New School party, though he neither indulged nor countenanced any thing like crimination or violent measures.

In the summer of 1838, he made a visit to New York and New England in behalf of the interests of the College; and, while in New York, the intelligence was communicated to him from home that the third and fourth stories of the college edifice, together with the library and philosophical apparatus, had been destroyed by fire. It was a great shock to him, but he quickly recovered his accustomed equanimity, and began to gather himself for an effort to repair the desolation. Having made considerable collections among his friends in New York and some other places, he returned to

Crawfordsville, the seat of the College, where he still continued his efforts, in various ways, to repair the loss to which the College had been subjected. About this time, he received a pressing invitation to become the Pastor of the Second Church in Indianapolis; but such was his interest in the fortunes of the College that he scarcely gave to the matter any consideration.

In July, 1839, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Indiana College, Bloomington;—a mark of distinction the more flattering, from the fact that it came from a rival College of his adopted State, and from one that was understood to be favourable to the views of the Old School branch of the Presbyterian Church.

He visited the East again in the summer of 1839, in the hope of doing something for his College, but so great was the pecuniary pressure that he was able to accomplish but little. He returned home in November, and immediately resumed the active duties of his office. After the next Commencement, which occurred in July, he made a long and tedious journey into the Northern part of the State, in behalf of the College, preaching frequently, as opportunity offered, and addressing the people on the subject of education. Shortly after his return home in September, he attended a meeting of the Presbytery, thirty miles distant from Crawfordsville, and returned to his family, apparently in excellent health. On the 12th of September, however, it became apparent that the bilious fever of the West had fastened upon him. For a few days, his case was not considered specially alarming; but, after the first week, it evidently changed for the worse, and he himself indulged but faint hopes of recovery. From that time his mind became intensely fastened upon eternal realities. Such, however, was the nature of his disease that he had not, during the greater part of the time, the entire possession of his faculties; though, in his lucid intervals, it was evident that he was deeply absorbed in communion with God. When it became evident that he must die, the students of the College came to take their final leave of him. The scene was one of most tender and overpowering interest. After having lain unconscious for some time, he suddenly revived, and, with a cheerful smile, recognised the friends who stood around him, and assured them that he enjoyed great peace. After this, he gradually sunk away, and on Thursday, the 15th of October, 1840, finished his earthly course.

The following is a list of Dr. Baldwin's publications:—A Tract on Fashionable Amusements. A Sermon on the Final Judgment, published in the National Preacher, 1827. A Tract entitled "The Five Apprentices," 1828. A Tract entitled "The Young Free-thinker sustained." An Address on "Liberal Education," delivered on occasion of his Inauguration as President of Wabash College, 1836. A Sermon at the Dedication of the Presbyterian Church in Madison Street, New York, 1837.

On the 12th of May, 1819, Mr. Baldwin was married to Julia C., daughter of Elias Baldwin, of Newark, N. J. They had seven children.

FROM THE REV. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, D.D.

New York, April 28, 1850.

Dear Sir: It affords me no small pleasure to comply with your request, and communicate my personal recollections of my excellent predecessor, the Rev. Dr.

Baldwin, illustrative of his character. Of one whose memory is so precious to all who knew him, it is pleasant and profitable to write.

Dr. Baldwin was so much my senior that I can have almost nothing to say, of my own knowledge, respecting the earlier years of his ministry. It was my privilege to hear him occasionally as a preacher before I became personally interested in religion, and I always listened to him with pleasure. My acquaintance with him commenced about twenty-five years since, at the time of my becoming a candidate for the ministry. It was peculiarly gratifying to a timid youth to be taken by the hand with so much gentleness, kindness, and cordiality, as were manifested in all his interviews with me, from that time until I entered the ministry. His manner towards his younger brethren was ordinarily so unassuming, so fraternal and frank, as to win their confidence and secure for himself a warm place in their affections.

A peculiar providence very unexpectedly brought me, early in the summer of 1835, into a relation of considerable delicacy and intimacy with Dr. Baldwin. He had just resigned the pastoral charge of the church over which he had watched for seventeen years and more, in order to take charge of the new College at Crawfordsville, Ind. I had just returned to New York from a residence of nearly two and a half years in St. Louis. We met on the platform of the American Home Missionary Society at Chatham Street Chapel, during the May anniversaries,—each of us having been invited to make addresses on the occasion. That interview resulted in my nomination as his successor in the pastoral office with his cordial approbation. From that period until his death, it was my privilege to enjoy his friendship and confidence as fully as I could possibly have desired. His removal to the West occurred some four months later, and, during the interval, we were much together in counsel and in pleasant social intercourse. Thrice we were favoured with his gratifying and edifying visits during the next five years. They were always seasons of unrestrained fellowship and delightful recollections.

He was eminently fitted, in my estimation, both to enjoy and bless the social circle. He was of medium stature, somewhat slightly built, especially in his earlier life, sprightly in conversation and action, of pleasant aspect, almost always wearing a smile upon his face, with a quiet humour beaming from his dark and mellow eye, indicative of the uniform kindliness of his generous and noble nature, and without the least approach to moroseness, vanity, or pride. So winning was his look, and so bland his demeanour, that the stranger was at once inspired with confidence in approaching him, and the child would spring to his arms, and quietly repose on his knee. He had a pleasant word for the poorest and humblest of the flock, whose hearts were drawn to him with fond and confiding affection. He knew well the blessed art of condescending to men of low estate. He made himself one of them—without assuming the air of a superior, he entered fully into their varied experiences of care, and toil, and grief, and trial. He was a faithful friend and trusted counsellor of his flock, in all their troubles, both worldly and religious. A deportment so mild, so kind, so condescending, so lively withal and sprightly, gave him peculiar power over the young in the Academy, the Church, and the College.

For the particulars of his useful and honoured life, as well as for a fuller appreciation of his character, I must refer you to the Memoir of his Life in which I have recorded my estimate of his qualifications for the responsible positions that he occupied. You yourself, dear Sir, while associated with him in the charge of the Academy at Fairfield, Conn., must have had abundant opportunities to observe with what diligence he devoted himself to the duties of his office: how carefully he had improved the opportunities of his *curriculum* at College; how faithfully in particular he had applied himself to the study of the ancient classics; how accurately he had investigated the arts and sciences, and with

what success he had sought to furnish himself with stores of useful learning. In later years also, his brethren in the ministry, and especially they who knew him best,—the members of the Presbytery of New York, and of the Third Presbytery of New York, delighted to honour him as a scholar. It was this appreciation of his literary qualifications, as well as their knowledge of the other strong points of his character, that led them to recommend him afterwards to the Presidency of Wabash College.

His attainments were less showy than solid. He loved knowledge for its own sake, and pursued it *con amore*. He sought rather to *be*, than to *seem* to be, a man of literary ability. He was too modest a man, and too diffident of his own resources, and had too high an estimate of the talents and scholarship of his brethren, to make any parade of what he knew. He was neither brilliant nor strong in his style of writing or address. The language of his public discourses was ordinarily so pure, so free from foreign admixtures, so plain and direct, as to reach the most ordinary capacity. He sought to be understood, rather than to dazzle and confound by gorgeousness of diction, splendour of imagery, or intricacy of metaphysical and transcendental discussion. The fathers of the New England pulpit, Edwards, Bellamy, Backus, West, Strong, and Dwight,—but chiefly the last, were the models of his religious discourses.

All his attainments, moreover, were made tributary to his holy calling. From the time of his personal consecration to Christ, he steadily and manifestly set himself to be a Christian indeed. A very slight acquaintance with him sufficed to induce the conviction that he had learned the Divine art of self control. He had his passions in subjection. He had schooled himself under the tutelage of his Lord and Master, into a prompt and cheerful obedience to the requirements of the Gospel. No one that knew him after he became a Christian, could hesitate as to the reality of his conversion. Probably no one, either saint or sinner, ever questioned it. In this portion of our city, where he was universally known, no one among the hundreds with whom I have conversed respecting him, has ever, in my hearing, breathed even the remotest suspicion of his Christian sincerity and piety. He was a Nathaniel, of whom an admiring community delighted to say,—"Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Not even the tongue of slander could find aught against him. His morality was as pure as his piety was sincere. Not a stain of reproach rested on him during the whole of his pastoral career. The bitterest foes of religion, and the most earnest opposers of his theological views, failed to discover in his daily life any thing to constitute the ground of accusation. They were all constrained to admit that he was an honest man, a true hearted friend, a most estimable citizen and neighbour, a lover of mankind, and a sincere Christian.

Animated with the high and holy purpose, therefore, of making all his powers subservient to the good of men and the glory of God, he sought to make full proof of his ministry. It appeared in his conversation, in his correspondence, in his literary efforts, and especially in his public discourses. He aimed at clearness of exposition, correctness of interpretation, simplicity of address, directness of application, fervour and persuasiveness in utterance, and so at the winning of souls to Christ. He seldom preached what the world would call "great sermons;" was never regarded as a "great gun," and rarely drew the multitude to throng the house where he preached. But he as rarely failed to interest and please an audience, and to make an impression on the minds of his hearers, favourable to truth and godliness. He preached with an unction that always made him welcome to the pulpit in a season of the outpouring of the Spirit, whether in city or country. Many were hopefully converted through his instrumentality. I was told by a worthy Christian, in one of the villages of New Hampshire, some twenty-four years ago, that he was brought to Christ through the ministrations of Dr. Baldwin there, while connected with the Andover Theo-

logical Seminary. More than five hundred converts were added to his own church, as the seals of his ministry.

You would naturally gather from this imperfect description of his qualifications for the ministerial office, even if you had not known it from your own observation, that he was eminently fitted for the work of a pastor. Of this fact the first few years of my ministry, as his successor, furnished me with abundant evidence. Everywhere his people were delighted to speak of his labours of love among them. They would entertain me with the story of his early sacrifices and self-denying exertions, when the field which he cultivated was rough and stubborn, and when immorality, profaneness, and every vice abounded in what was then a struggling suburb of the metropolis. Of his demeanour among the families of his charge I have already written. I need not add that it was such as always made him, in sickness and health, in adversity and prosperity, a most welcome visitor and guest.

I have seldom known a man of such uniform equanimity. As you saw him once, you were sure to see him when you met him again. In this as well as in other respects, he was an admirable model for the young. His eccentricities were few and never prominent. The ardour with which he was accustomed to pursue a favourite topic sometimes occasioned an absent-mindedness, that probably was observed by only a few of his most intimate friends. He had been conversing one morning in my study on some of his plans of usefulness, and as he rose to depart, so full was he of the subject, that he instantly raised the umbrella that he carried, without the slightest consciousness of what he was doing, until he was arrested by the posts of the door. Among his very harmless peculiarities was an intense dislike for butter in the preparation of his food. He could not endure it apparently in any form. I never met with one who had the same antipathy in the same degree.

What he was in the Professor's chair, and as the presiding officer of a literary institution, others can inform you better than myself. I will only add that whether as a Pastor of a Church, or a President of a College, he was one of the most indefatigable men that I ever knew. It has often been a matter of wonder to me how he could have undergone the protracted toils and trials of the first thirteen years of his ministry in this section of our city. Thrice, during that period, was he called to erect a house of worship for the people of his charge, and at no time was he sustained by any adequate pecuniary ability among them. Similar trials awaited him at Crawfordsville, and yet he pressed through and over them all, living to accomplish the purpose of his heart in both localities, and dying in the midst of his useful labours.

Of such ministers the Church has special need, in this busy, worldly age. God grant us many Baldwins to build up the waste places of Zion.

Yours in the Lord,

EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

FROM THE REV. JOSEPH HURLBUT.

New London, Conn., January 20, 185

Rev. and dear Sir: There are memories of friends, which are in our minds like beautiful poems; and in those calm, thoughtful moods which sometimes come over us, we love to dwell upon them, and feel their happy influence. Such are my recollections of the Rev. E. W. Baldwin,—one of the most gentle, guileless, godly men I ever knew. President Dwight, whom he served as an amanuensis, after leaving College, said of him, that if there ever was one who deserved the title of the "beloved disciple," it was he.

My first acquaintance with him was in the year 1823, when, calling with a clerical brother, on a fine morning, we found him in his study, with the lower

utters closed, and his manner appearing subdued and solemn. After sitting a
w minutes, he kindly apologized for the manner in which he had received us,—
ying they had reason to hope that God was about to visit them with the influ-
ces of his Holy Spirit, and were observing a day of fasting and prayer. He
en asked us to stay and unite with them; but, as we did not feel prepared,
e took leave. And as we came away, my friend remarked,—"Here is good
other Baldwin, toiling, and fasting, and praying, in the true spirit of his Mas-
r, and in straitened circumstances, while many other ministers, who are much
ore liberally supported, do not perform half the labour." At a later period,
hen we had become more intimate, he told me that, during the whole of his
inistry in New York, where he gathered one of the largest congregations and
urches, with a Sabbath School more than double any other at that time,—
ere was hardly a period when he was not often at his wit's end, to meet the
cessary expenses of his most economical family.

When he was invited to the Presidency of Wabash College, and urged by
iends to accept it, I did all I could to dissuade him from the undertaking. I
ld him God had made him by nature, and grace, for a Pastor; that all his
lents were happily adapted to that most important office; that he lacked the
lf-reliance and pioneer spirit requisite for a President of a Western College;
ıd never did I feel the force of this, as much as when he fell an early victim to
ıe climate, in the midst of his usefulness, and left a large, dependant family and
reaved College to mourn his untimely end. I have alluded to his qualifica-
ons for the pastoral office; and I have no hesitation in saying that they were
ırely surpassed. His constitution was good, his habits self-denying and simple,
is temper amiable, his disposition hopeful and cheerful. No ambition, or envy,
r avarice, or discontent, ever disturbed his mind; but, like the beloved disciple,
e delighted to repose his aching head on his Saviour's bosom, and then with
ınewed vigour go forward in his Master's service. His labours were, by no
ıeans, confined to his own church; and especially in times of sickness, he went
ıto the garrets and cellars of the most abject poor, and administered to their
piritual necessities. When the cholera first appeared in New York, and the
toutest hearts were appalled, he remained at his post, calm and faithful. He
old me that he daily visited from house to house, and preached on the Sabbath;
hat he had, before breakfast, officiated at three Funerals of poor Catholics, and
thers not connected with his Church; and that he never changed his diet, or
bstained from fruit, or took a particle of medicine.

It was my privilege to make a journey with him in the fall of 1838, to attend
a meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions in Maine. Being detained by a
storm in Boston, it was gratifying to witness the influence of his pleasing
ıddress and benevolent spirit on a promiscuous assembly of strangers at a public
ıouse. It was the custom at that hotel to have a blessing asked at the table,
with morning and evening devotions in the parlour; and never can I forget the
ıubdued and respectful attention of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, both young
ınd old, to the services he performed. This reminds me of the very happy and
mpressive way he had of presenting the subject of religion,—especially to the
young,—without giving offence. I knew instances myself, and have heard of
others, in which such conversation was blessed to the conversion of youth
of both sexes—no doubt the revelations of eternity will bring to light many
more. His spirit was emphatically the spirit of Christ, and he breathed the very
ıtmosphere of Heaven. His style of preaching was simple and scriptural, with
pleasing animation, and expressive language and action. He never sought to
display himself, or produce an effect by arts of eloquence; but he kindled with
his subject, and carried his audience with him, rarely failing to leave a good and
lasting impression.

Few ministers have been blessed with more revivals, or a greater number of hopeful converts among their own hearers. He used to say that he was careful to remember the injunction of Christ to Simon,—"Feed my lambs," and one related to me the following interesting fact. A dear little girl about fifteen,—the only child of her parents, impressed with Divine truth from his lips, gave her heart to God, and exhibited most pleasing evidence of piety. But, alas! sudden disease attacked her, and the angel of death spread his dark wing over that happy dwelling. From day to day he visited her, and was comforted to find her not only resigned to the will of God, but animated with the hopes of Heaven. After a very affecting interview with her, she said to him,—"My dear Pastor, I trust I have the hope and faith of a Christian in some humble degree, and am willing to leave my parents for my Saviour, if it be his holy will; but sometimes I fear to go down into the dark valley, *all alone*." "O, my dear child," said he, "you will not go alone, for Christ has promised to go with you." "I know *that*," said she, "but I am a poor, weak, timid creature, and I dread the last struggle with the king of terrors." "Daughter," said he, "can you believe that your dear Saviour, who died for you, and now sheds upon you the light of his heavenly countenance, will leave you in darkness in the trying hour? O, no! Trust Him, and He will grant you dying grace in the dying hour." She looked up with a heavenly smile, and simply said, "I will trust Him;" and on his taking leave of her, she fell into a sweet slumber, with her mother sitting by her side. He tarried a few minutes in the parlour with the afflicted father, but soon they were summoned to the room above. There lay the dear child, as if in a sweet sleep—without a sigh, or even the movement of a muscle, or the slightest sign of consciousness, the released spirit had taken its upward flight.

In the autumn of 1820, he visited me in company with the Rev. Matthias Bruen. It was one of those angel visits,—"few, and far between,"—that we love to remember. Most delightful was our Christian intercourse, while they scented, with a high relish, our sea-breezes, and enjoyed our ocean scenery. But alas! little did we apprehend the sad blow that was so soon to fall upon us. We all returned to New York the last of the week, and on the Sabbath Mr. Bruen was attacked with disease in the pulpit. He lingered in the most excruciating pain through the week, and died on Saturday night following, in joyful hope of a blessed resurrection. On Sabbath morning, I went down very early to engage Brother Baldwin to supply the vacant pulpit of our deceased friend. "Ah," said he, as he took my hand, "I see that our beloved brother has gone home." "Yes," said I, "and I have come to ask you to preach in his place to day." He paused a moment, and while his breast swelled with deep emotion, he raised his eyes filled with tears, and said, "I will come and preach, from the very text we both heard him preach from a fortnight ago to day in New London,—'I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness;' and I will tell them *he is satisfied*." Never can I forget that service. There, in that dear Bleecker Street Chapel, dedicated "Christo et Ecclesiæ," and over the door of which was the beautiful inscription,—"The Lamb is the light thereof,"—there he poured out his overflowing heart, while such men as John Aspinwall and James Roosevelt, Knowles Taylor and Marcus Wilbur, John McComb and Joseph Brewster, and many of the choicest spirits of New York, (all of whom have passed away to their reward,) were weeping before him. How often have I regretted that the Bleecker Street Church, founded by the refined and lamented Bruen, and consecrated by the services of the unselfish, high-minded, and talented Erskine Mason, where the ashes of the former slept beneath the altar, and the beautiful tablet of Faith, Hope, and Charity, adorned the walls, should be swept away by the spirit of speculation, and degraded to the service of Mammon.* How refreshing, and yet how affecting, it is to those that remain, to call to mind the

* A Savings Bank.

ire and bright spirits, that ministered at the altar in New York, about that riod, but who have passed away (alas, too early) to those Heavenly mansions epared by the Redeemer for his ransomed ones. And as the names of Sumerfield and Christmas, Bruen and Baldwin, Joseph Sanford and Erskine ason, pass before me, I am reminded of the saying of the heathen sage,—Those whom the gods love, die early;"—or more appropriately, of the affecting id beautiful prayer of our Saviour, "Father, I will that they also whom thou ast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

With sentiments of regard,

I am yours very truly,

JOSEPH HURLBUT.

JAMES LONG SLOSS.*

1817—1841.

James Long Sloss, a son of Robert and Ann Sloss, was born in the arish of Bellaghy, County of Derry, Ireland, on the 13th of March, 1791. lis father, who was a cloth merchant and manufacturer, gave him good pportunities for early education, while in his native country. In June, 803, the family migrated to the United States, with a view of finding here permanent home. The ship in which they embarked having landed at altimore, they remained there a few months, and then removed and settled t Lexington, Va. It seems to have been the earnest desire of his parents, t an early period, that he should be devoted to the work of the ministry; nd one of his earliest recollections was that his father placed his hand pon his head, and said,—"My son, I would rather see you a faithful min-ister of the Gospel than a crowned monarch." But as they were not in ircumstances to meet the expense of his necessary preparations, he was, in ie spring of 1804, bound out as an apprentice for seven years to learn the art and mystery of printing." After being thus engaged for four ears at Lexington, he was obliged to make new arrangements in conseuence of the determination of his employer to abandon the business; and ccordingly, at the suggestion of the Rev. William F. Turner, then of laleigh, N. C., with whom he had become acquainted, he went thither, and erved the remaining years of his apprenticeship under Messrs. Jones and lenderson, Printers of the Raleigh Star. After this, he removed to Briery ounty, Va., where he was, for a while, under the instruction of the Rev. Ir. McElhenny, and at the same time was an assistant teacher in his school. t a still later period, he went to South Carolina, and was engaged successively as Tutor in an Academy, and as teacher in a private family.

Mr. Sloss' religious character seems, by this time, to have been in a good egree developed; and now he forms the purpose of endeavouring to carry ut the early wish of his parents, as well as his own wish, in becoming a inister of the Gospel,—the obstacles to it, which had hitherto existed, aving been, in a great measure, removed. Some of his friends were very

* MSS. from his family.—Minute of Presbytery.

desirous that he should study Law,—thinking that he was eminently fitted to shine in that profession; and he was not himself without some leaning to it; but, upon mature reflection, he determined in favour of the ministry. He accordingly placed himself under the care of the Rev. Dr. Moses Waddel of Willington, S. C., and there completed his preparatory course. On the 18th of November, 1817, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of South Carolina.

The next day after his licensure, he received a commission from the Presbytery as a missionary through portions of Georgia and the newly formed settlements of what was then called the "Alabama Territory." On the 3d of October, 1818, he was ordained as an itinerant on the Southwestern frontier.

Not long after his ordination, he accepted a call from the Church at St. Stephens, Clarke County, Ala., where he remained for three years, preaching very successfully, and having charge of an Academy at the same time. He then removed to Selma, in Dallas County, and took charge of the three Churches of Selma, Pleasant Valley, and Cahawba. After another three years, he accepted a call to Somerville in Morgan County, and while there divided his ministerial labours between Somerville and New Providence, again adding to his duties as a minister those of a teacher, and being eminently successful in both departments. Having remained here six years, he was called to Florence in Lauderdale County, and here he spent the last eleven years of his life. Nearly the whole of his ministerial life was passed in Alabama. It was characterized by great activity and devotedness, and much of it by great self-denial.

In the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1838, Mr. Sloss was decidedly and actively with the Old School.

In 1841, he attended the sessions of the General Assembly at Philadelphia, and shortly after his return home, was attacked with a bilious fever of which he died on the 5th of August, aged forty-nine years. His last days and hours were an edifying scene of Christian serenity and triumph. When his attending physician announced to him that his recovery was hopeless, his reply was—"Let the will of the Lord be done—I am content." To a brother in the ministry who visited him, he remarked that no man had more in his domestic relations to render life desirable than himself;—but that he could cheerfully leave all to go to his Saviour. He then offered a fervent prayer for his family, for the Church at large, and especially for his own beloved congregation. He had a word of Christian counsel for all who came into his chamber, and conversed most affectionately and faithfully with each of his children and servants. He would often say,—"No place is *home* but Heaven." The day before his death, he sung three verses of the Hymn,—"When I can read my title clear," &c.; and, being unable, on account of exhaustion, to proceed, he requested one of his elders, who was present, to finish it. His eldest daughter, by his request, sung and played on the piano—"Jerusalem, my happy home." A few moments before he expired, one of his physicians began to converse with him,—when he suddenly exclaimed—"Be silent, my brother—I wish to commune with my Saviour." His countenance, which had not, during his illness, lost its lustre then became surprisingly illumined; and having, with an unearthly expression, uttered the words—"Flesh, flesh—it can't prevent it—I am coming—I am coming"—his spirit departed for the better country.

On the 22d of May, 1821, Mr. Sloss was married in Cahawba, Ala., to Letitia O., youngest daughter of the Hon. Judge David Campbell. He had nine children, seven of whom, with their mother, survived him.

FROM N. ROWELL, M. D.

ALBIN WOOD, near Florence, Ala., April 4, 1857.

My dear Sir: Your request that I should furnish you my recollections of the Rev. James L. Sloss touches a tender chord in my heart; for while we sustained to each other the relations of Pastor and Physician, we were also bosom friends. From the time that he came to Florence in 1830 till his death, I had every opportunity of observing his life, and forming a judgment of his character, that constant intercourse with him could furnish. In the pulpit and in the family, at the fireside and on the street, in social circles and benevolent associations, in the house of mourning and at the bed of death, I had the privilege of meeting him often, and noticing how admirably he adapted himself to every exigency that could occur. His memory is most gratefully cherished in this whole region, and I am sure that all who knew him well, must think him worthy of an enduring record.

Under all the various phases of life in which I ever saw Mr. Sloss,—whether as a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian minister, he was so unexceptionable, and honourable, and exemplary, that it would not have been easy to suggest any considerable improvement in his character and bearing. He was naturally a man of high spirit, but it was delightfully softened and controlled by the influence of a consistent and enlightened piety. His mind was decidedly of a superior order—his taste was highly cultivated; his general as well as scientific knowledge was extensive; he had a great amount of practical good sense; was an attentive and accurate observer of men and things: and had an almost intuitive discernment of whatever pertained to moral fitness and beauty.

As a preacher of the Gospel, I think there were few of his contemporaries, at least in this part of the country, who could claim an equality with him. His sermons were admirable expositions of evangelical truth, delivered in a manner well fitted to aid in securing their legitimate effect upon the heart and conscience. I never heard him read a sermon in the pulpit, but he usually preached from short notes; and the most appropriate language always seemed to come to him without effort. His thoughts, as they were presented to his audience, were logically consecutive, and were evidently the result of much previous reflection. He reasoned powerfully, but his arguments were drawn chiefly from the word of God; though he did not disdain to employ, as occasional auxiliaries, history and philosophy. He had naturally a fine imagination; and though this was often apparent in his preaching, it was manifestly his aim to keep it in check, and to deal with his people chiefly through the more sober medium of reason and judgment. His voice had ample compass, but was rather harsh; his gesticulation was easy and natural; and his whole manner, by its fervour and boldness as well as propriety, fitted to make a deep impression. He was peculiarly happy on Sacramental occasions—some of his addresses at the table, for richness and depth of pious thought and expression, I have never heard surpassed. There are not a few who still remember them as having contributed not a little to their spiritual comfort and growth.

If Mr. Sloss' labours were eminently acceptable in the pulpit, they were not less so out of it. As a Pastor, he showed himself intensely devoted to the spiritual interests of his people, always discharging these more private duties with marked fidelity. He was especially welcome at the beds of the sick and dying—few knew so well as he how to meet each particular case, and to present to the mind of the languishing patient the most appropriate themes. His good sense,

tenderness, delicacy, and piety, all combined to qualify him in a remarkable degree for this department of pastoral labour. It was a principle with him to discharge every duty that devolved upon him, at the proper time, and in the best way he could. No matter whether the call was to some benevolent association or to some religious meeting connected with his own church, or any other occasion in respect to which he was satisfied of his own obligation to be present,—neither the darkness of the night, nor the inclemency of the weather, nor any other obstacle, was suffered to stand between him and his convictions of duty.

Mr. Sloss was zealous for the standards of the Presbyterian Church; though he was by no means disposed to press the Calvinistic doctrines to an extreme. During the conflict which resulted in the division of the Church, he was greatly tried by the sacrifice of harmony and good feeling which it involved in its progress, and he had been anticipating the result for some time before it was realized. He was, however, fully satisfied that it was for the best, and had no misgivings in sustaining the Old School party in their decisions and measures.

Owing to an affliction in my own family at the time, I was not permitted to witness the dying scene of this excellent man; but it was the testimony of all who were present, that his death was worthy of his life. His bench of elders, and many others whom he assisted to train for glory, have already entered with him into the fulness of joy.

I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

N. ROWELL.

FROM THE REV. J. O. STEDMAN.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 29, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Sloss commenced in the spring of the year 1837. I was at that time residing in North Carolina, my native State; but having received a call to become Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Tuscumbia, Ala., it had been arranged, by mutual friends, that I should meet Mr. Sloss in Philadelphia, and accompany him to my new home. He had been appointed a Commissioner from the Presbytery of North Alabama to the General Assembly of our Church, which met in that city at the time above mentioned. I shall never forget the warm and fraternal cordiality with which he greeted me on my introduction to him, and the constant and unwearied attention and kindness bestowed upon me and mine during our journey Westward, and ever afterwards. Had I been the nearest relative, he could not have shown me greater marks of favour and friendship. Our charges were only four miles distant from each other, in adjoining counties of the same State, and separated by the Tennessee River. I had constant opportunities of the most familiar intercourse with him; ourselves and families were on terms of the most affectionate intimacy, and in the habit of visiting each other as though we were relatives; and after an interval of many years, I know of none of my acquaintances and friends with whom are associated more tender and hallowed reminiscences. We always assisted each other on Sacramental occasions, which, according to the custom of that part of the country, were held quarterly, and invariably commenced on Friday evening, and continued till over the Sabbath, and sometimes till Tuesday; and if there were unusual impressions made, or any special interest manifested, the services were protracted even a week or more. We also frequently accompanied each other to the meetings of Presbyteries and Synods, and, occasionally, we laboured together in protracted meetings, in some destitute or scantily-supplied portions of our territory. As he was older than myself, and had been long in the ministry before I knew him, I, as a young and inexperienced preacher, was accustomed to go to him for advice in my difficulties and trials, and was always sure of the tenderest sympathy on his part, and of such coun-

els as could be safely relied upon. Situated as I then was, in my first ministerial charge, and encompassed about with peculiar perplexities, I cannot feel sufficiently thankful to that gracious Providence which threw me in such proximity to so kind-hearted a man, so generous and sympathizing a friend, so warm and devoted a Christian, so experienced and able a minister, and so judicious and safe a counsellor.

Mr. Sloss was rather below than above the medium size—with a mild, pleasing and intelligent face—high and projecting forehead—keen and penetrating black eyes, which flashed and danced about with a peculiar expression, when any thing particularly interested or excited him—a mouth rather large, and nose small. The whole contour of his face was somewhat peculiar, and cannot well be described even by those who knew him most intimately. He was particularly neat in his personal habits, and in dress and general demeanour, never approximated to any thing like slovenliness or carelessness. And yet there was not the least appearance about him of formality or stiffness. He was exceedingly social in his disposition, and manifested, at all times, and in all places, the manners of a refined and cultivated Christian gentleman, being perfectly at home in the highest and most intelligent circles of society, and rendering himself accessible and acceptable to the poorest and humblest of his acquaintances by a uniformly kind, obliging, and courteous deportment. He was not only known by every body, but seemed to know every body most familiarly, within the limits, not only of his Presbytery, but of the Synod. And in travelling with him in private conveyance to and from our ecclesiastical bodies, I have known him to recognise almost every one he met on the road; and it was his invariable practice to stop and detain them for a few moments with kindest inquiries after their health and prospects, and the welfare of their families, relatives, and friends. I have often wondered how he could so readily recognise persons; and especially, how he could with so much particularity inquire after each member of different families, whom he might not have seen for a long while, as though he had special and peculiar interest in each and all, and looked upon them as part of his own endeared household. But this very trait in his character, as may be readily imagined, gave a wide-spread and wonderful influence to the man, and caused his name every where to be spoken with the profoundest respect and the most ardent enthusiasm. And a letter of recommendation from him was a sure passport to the warmest hospitalities and attentions of all who knew him.

Mr. Sloss was literally "given to hospitality." I never knew a man to enjoy more the society of his friends, or to put himself to greater pains to entertain and render them comfortable. Almost every thing he had was at their disposal; and it was to him and his estimable family a real luxury to keep an open house for the passing stranger, and especially for the wayfaring servants of Christ Jesus. His house was emphatically the minister's home; and those who know the habits and customs of our Southern and Southwestern people, will be able to understand and appreciate the term. Blessed with a warm-hearted, intelligent, energetic, sympathizing, cheerful and pious wife; affectionate and dutiful children; and well-trained servants; to cross their threshhold was to be sure of the warmest Christian reception, and of every attention that kindness and generosity could prompt, to make the stay of the friend or the stranger agreeable. None ever entered his hospitable home who did not receive favourable impressions of his character as a gentleman and Christian, nor did any one ever leave it without a desire to return again, if Providence should afford the opportunity. No where did he appear to more advantage than in his own family circle,—guiding and ruling them in the fear of God, setting before them a godly example, and shedding around continually the light of a cheerful and pious conversation. With limited worldly means, he managed, nevertheless, so prudently to dispose of the things he possessed, as to contribute even largely to the com-

fort of those more immediately around him, and of hundreds who had no claims further than were required by the ties of a common humanity and religion.

The manners of Mr. Sloss were remarkably bland, dignified and courteous. He was always accustomed to greet his friends, however frequently he might meet them, with a cordial shake of the hand, a pleasant smile, and a slight and respectful inclination of the head and body peculiar to himself. Nor is he believed ever to have made any invidious distinction of persons in his outward treatment of them, showing equally to all, even the humblest, the same kind and respectful attentions. In this respect, he greatly excelled any man I ever knew, exhibiting, at all times and in all places, the dignified yet easy deportment of a polite and refined Christian gentleman. He was particularly fond of, and attentive to, children and young persons, and drew them around him by a sort of easy and delightful confidence, which gave him almost unbounded influence over them, won them without reluctance to his instructions, and inclined them to seek his counsel and guidance, as children of a father.

He interested himself very much in pious young men, whom he thought qualified for and disposed to the Gospel ministry; and, in every proper way, encouraged them to consider the matter of personal duty in this respect. And when any had decided to prepare themselves for this good work, without the means successfully to accomplish their wishes, he was always sure to put their minds at rest, and provide for the prosecution of their studies. One of our most useful young ministers, who is now labouring successfully within the bounds of the Presbytery to which Mr. Sloss was attached, and within a day's ride of his old homestead, where his venerable father, an estimable elder of the church that witnessed his first espousals to Christ, taught him from earliest infancy to fear and honour God, dates his first distinct and permanent religious impressions to a tract that was put into his hands, at an opportune moment, by his watchful and judicious pastor. And he remembers, with heartfelt gratitude, the marked kindness of Mr. Sloss, his ready encouragement and assistance, and his wise and wholesome admonitions and counsels, in the days of his inexperience and serious inquiry after truth and duty. And such would doubtless be the testimony of many, if we had the opportunity of discovering and making known their sentiments. But the record of such a man is on high.

The intellectual powers of Mr. Sloss were of a high order. He was not a brilliant man—nor what may be called a "*genius;*" but every development of his mental exercises evinced a clear, sound, logical, discriminating mind, and sober judgment. He was a good scholar, well read in history and general literature, and was ready to give an intelligent opinion on any subject that was introduced in general conversation. He was possessed of remarkable conversational powers, and was as fluent and easy in language, as he was graceful and dignified in manners. Every one might be sure that an hour's intercourse with him would be both agreeable and profitable. He had the happy art of introducing interesting subjects of discussion at all times, and of keeping up the discussion with great animation. And so candid and free was he himself, that no one felt any reluctance to express an opinion in his presence.

He was fond of argument, and was a ready debater. He would sometimes join himself to debating clubs, attend the meetings regularly, and discuss with considerable zest literary and scientific subjects. Whenever he rose to speak, there was marked attention, and something pertinent, sensible, and striking was always expected. His opinions on all subjects were always received with consideration and deference.

The moral character of Mr. Sloss was above reproach or suspicion. He frowned upon vice and immorality, under whatever forms they appeared, or whatever names they assumed. He was the earnest advocate and promoter of virtue's cause, and strove conscientiously to avoid, in habit, conversation, and

general behaviour, even the appearance of evil. I have never known a man to set himself with a more determined will, against the usages and practices which he conceived to be prejudicial to the interests of morality and religion. He was noted for his rigid and uncompromising opposition to the vices of our fallen nature, which he rebuked daily by his own consistent and exemplary Christian life, and which he did not fail faithfully and sternly to reprove in words, when the time and occasion seemed to call for it. And yet, he was no dreamer, nor enthusiast, but planted himself upon the true and safe principles of the Gospel, and acted accordingly.

He was mightily opposed to what are called "worldly amusements," and dreaded their influence upon Christian character and the interests and prosperity of religion. If invited to officiate at a marriage, it was understood by his friends that the sound of the viol and the merriment of the dance, were not to be heard till he had left the house. Out of respect to his opinions and feelings, such a thing was seldom attempted even by those who were not influenced by religious considerations, or whose views on the subject were different from his own. And if, at any time, there should be any deviation from this course, he would immediately show his disapprobation by taking his hat, and with his family, if present, marching out of the house, even before the entertainment had been served, in spite of the most earnest entreaties and remonstrances of his friends to the contrary. He has been known to do this more than once; and he always gave as a reason for it, that every body knew his feelings, and that he considered it as disrespect shown to his character as a minister, and that he could not witness or in any wise countenance a practice which he believed so contrary to the Word of God and detrimental to true piety, and which his mind, and conscience, and heart, so unequivocally condemned. He was a man of great decision, and did not waver a moment as to any opinion or course of conduct that had the approval of his own conscience, and in which he felt himself to be sustained by the authority of God's Word.

Notwithstanding Mr. Sloss, during perhaps the larger portion of his ministerial life, was obliged to add the cares and labours of a Teacher to those of a Preacher and Pastor, he found time for general and specific reading, and was at all times a diligent student. The labours of the day, and interruptions by company, were such, that he read and studied mostly at night, even after the family had retired to rest—sitting up often till three o'clock. He had a small, but well selected, library, of which he made good use. He commenced his preparations for the pulpit usually on Friday evening, and was accustomed to devote the first part of the week to the school, to his friends, or to pastoral visitations.

He did nothing more than take down the heads of his discourse, but studied his subject thoroughly; and, from the time of commencing preparation, whether in the family, or among friends, appeared thoughtful, as if intent in turning over in his mind the selected matter. He always went into the pulpit with a serious and sober countenance; and though kindly greeting every one he met on his way to church, or at his entrance, any one could readily perceive that his mind and heart were upon his message and work, and that he did not feel them to be of small import.

As a preacher, he was plain, practical, instructive and earnest, systematic and logical. He did not deal much in flights of fancy, but was satisfied to present the truth of God in its scriptural simplicity. But so clear and discriminating was he in the enunciation of truth, so earnest and impressive in manner, and so easy and fluent in his utterance, that he never failed to secure the attention of his audience; and when, at protracted or Presbyterial or Synodical meetings, it was known that he would preach, he was always sure of a large and interested congregation. He dwelt much in his preaching on the terrors of the law, and was very faithful in reproving sin; but he could linger too with

much effect about the Cross, and would often touch, melt, and win by his impassioned and tender appeals, while his constantly flowing tears would tell the story of his own delightful and tender experience. He was particularly happy on Sacramental occasions, and hundreds now living can bear willing testimony to the edification and comfort they have experienced at such times, as he spake to them so clearly, touchingly, and earnestly, of the love of Christ that passeth knowledge.

Although his preaching was altogether *extempore*, he is never known to have failed, faltered, or even hesitated. He was an uncommonly *ready* man. In the pulpit, the lecture room, or in debate, he was the same. Words expressive of his ideas, seemed to flow from him as naturally and easily as streams from a full and living fountain. In his sermons, he usually adopted the *textual* plan of treatment; and begun, advanced, and ended with uniform fluency and ease. Such indeed was the freedom, grace, and precision with which he expressed himself, that a stranger, unacquainted with his habits, might very naturally have supposed that his sermon had been carefully written out and committed to memory. I well remember the first time I ever heard him preach. It was in the city of Philadelphia, at the time of our first acquaintance, (1837,) in the Church on Spruce street, then under the care of the Rev. Mr. Winchester. His text was taken from I. Pet. iv. 17—"What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?" He had not a single note; yet he spoke with so much ease and felicitousness, and had so sprightly and earnest a delivery, that the attention of every one of a large congregation seemed to be absorbed, and at the conclusion of the services, there was an almost involuntary expression of admiring commendation. At that time, he did not preach more than twenty-five minutes. But a great deal had been said in that short time, and very much to the point. His sermons were usually from thirty to forty-five minutes in length; and I believe I seldom, if ever, knew them to exceed the latter.

I have already said that Mr. Sloss never entered the pulpit but with a serious and solemn air, showing that his heart was in his work, and that he felt deeply the tremendous responsibilities involved in his office. His most familiar friends knew him to be a man of deep and ardent devotion. And as he grew in years, he seemed daily to grow in grace and consecration to his work. For some time previous to his death, he repeatedly told me, when in familiar conversation with him respecting the duties and trials of a minister, that he scarcely ever went into the pulpit without a deep impression that it might be for the last time. On his return from the General Assembly in 1840, he seemed to be fired with a zeal, even more than ordinary, for the prosperity of Zion, and was actuated by the intensest desire to get and to do good. The last service in which he engaged previous to his last sickness, was the regular prayer meeting. It was one of unusual interest and solemnity. Those present thought there was uncommon animation in his countenance, and that he was unusually energetic and fervid. With much affection and power he pressed upon them the claims of Christ's love, and the duty of immediate and united consecration to his service. This was the last public demonstration he was permitted to give of his faithfulness to Christ and his cause, and of his earnest desire for the edification and revival of his Church. And it illustrates the feeling expressed in the sickness that soon followed:—"I love the Church. It is near my heart. O, the love of Christ! Strive to have the love of Christ to live and reign in your heart. To get the heart away from every thing else but God! *This is the point! This is the point!*"

As a pastor, few men were more faithful. I presume hardly a day passed, that he did not, when not otherwise particularly engaged, visit some of his flock. He was specially attentive to the poor and the afflicted; and was prompt and skilful in binding up with precious Gospel ointment any wounds that sin or

sorrow had made in the hearts of his people. Within a few days past, I have found a sorrowing child of God, who, looking back over an interval of fifteen years or more, remembers, with tenderest emotions, his kindly sympathy in the hour of trial, and how beautifully and sweetly he opened up the Scriptures to her burdened, disconsolate heart.

As a Presbyter, Mr. Sloss was invaluable. He was a wise and experienced counsellor, with a fine business talent, prompt, energetic, and untiring—never evading legitimate responsibilities, or shrinking from any duty his brethren might see fit to impose upon him, and submitting to almost any amount of toil, inconvenience, and even sacrifice, in order to carry out the wishes of those whom he had promised to obey in the Lord, and to advance and strengthen the interests of Christ's Kingdom.

He was one of the most punctual men in observing his appointments I ever knew. Whether those appointments were made by himself, or by the order of Presbytery, nothing hardly, short of a miracle, could prevent their fulfilment. He was strictly a *man of his word*, to be relied upon and trusted even when difficulties and obstacles seemingly insurmountable would be in the way. He was not the man to stop at trifles, when duty was to be done. He attached great importance to punctuality. To be late at Divine service on the Sabbath or through the week, was what, I suppose, never happened in the whole course of his ministry. And he had trained his family and all connected with him to be ready to the minute.

He never disappointed me in a single engagement to assist me at a Sacramental meeting, during a period of six years. Several times, I remember, he had been delayed coming, as had been his custom, and I began to get uneasy, as it was always expected that the minister assisting would do all the preaching; but presently the dear brother would be seen riding up, just in time for the service. He had been detained, perhaps by some special emergency; but he managed to keep his appointment.

At the meetings of Presbytery and Synod, it was always expected that he would be among the first to arrive. And his counsel and experience were valuable in organizing, and in marking out the order of business, and in the general proceedings and arrangements.

As illustrative of his punctuality, I may relate the following incident—On one occasion, he had an appointment to preach nine miles from home. At the same time, one of his children was lying seriously ill, with scarcely a hope of recovery. He remained with the child until the last moment, allowing himself just time enough to fulfil his engagement. Then commending the child to the protection and care of its and his Heavenly Father, he departed and fulfilled his appointment. On his return home in the evening, instead of finding his child dead, as he had anticipated, he was rejoiced to discover that it was better; and it was ultimately spared to him as a monument of the goodness and mercy of God.

According to the custom of the country, he was in the habit, for several years, of holding a camp-meeting nine miles distant from his residence. He would take his entire family, and pitch his tent, with others, on the ground where they were accustomed to meet, and for a week give himself up to special and untiring efforts for the spiritual good of his people, without any care upon his mind respecting his home or his domestic concerns. Such occasions, at that period, in a sparsely settled country, were looked forward to with peculiar interest. Some would come from a distance of thirty miles to enjoy the services. And hundreds of those gathered on such occasions, would date their first religious impressions, and perhaps their conversion, to those seasons. For often the Spirit of God was poured out in great power, and the natural and unfelled forests would resound with the praises of God's revived people, and of those

especially, who for the first time felt the efficacy of the Saviour's precious blood, applied to cleanse their souls from guilt and shame.

I have spoken of Mr. Sloss as a ready debater. He was sometimes called out very unexpectedly, to oppose views and plans that he considered erroneous and of dangerous tendency. But he always acquitted himself with honour, and satisfaction to his friends—never halting, or hesitating, but going on in a direct, manly, free and dignified discussion, proving that he had quick discernment and abundant resources, was always ready, and was not to be taken by surprise. Occasionally, when roused, he would indulge in burning sarcasm—but, ordinarily, he was free from this; and while he was firm and fearless in maintaining and defending his own opinions, he was courteous, both in manner and language towards his opponents and was careful not to offend needlessly any who differed from him.

It was my privilege to see Mr. Sloss several times during his last illness; and I can truly say that I have never witnessed a more striking illustration of the all-sustaining power of the Gospel in the last and most trying exigency. While his devoted attachment to his family and friends came out in the most beautiful and impressive manner, his faith triumphed over even his natural affection, and rendered him far more eloquent in his death than he had ever been in his life. None, I am persuaded, who witnessed that scene, will ever lose it from among their most cherished recollections.

The name of Mr. Sloss is very precious to many of his surviving ministerial brethren, who, after the lapse of fifteen years, cannot think of him but with the tenderest emotions. And there are hundreds of persons, scattered throughout the Southwest, who formerly knew him, and were instructed and comforted, and perhaps, convicted and converted, by his faithful, earnest preaching, who cannot hear his name mentioned without a flood of the most grateful and delightful recollections.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours truly,

J. O. STEDMAN.

JEREMIAH CHAMBERLAIN, D. D.*

1817—1850.

The grandparents of Jeremiah Chamberlain, on the father's side, emigrated from the North of Ireland to America, about the year 1742, and settled in Lancaster County, Pa., not far from Slate Ridge. They removed from that place between the years 1750 and 1760, with a family of three sons and two daughters, to York County, (now Adams,) in the same State. Colonel James Chamberlain, their second son, and the father of the subject of this sketch, was born, during their residence in Lancaster County, in 1745. He early imbibed the spirit of '76, was appointed a Captain, raised a company in his neighbourhood; and marched with it to Chester County, Pa., to join the main forces. He continued in the army during the greater part of the war. In 1777, he was appointed Major, and about the close of the war, was appointed Lieutenant Colonel. After Peace was declared, he returned to his father's farm, near great Conewago, and married Ann Sample

* Presbyterian for 1850.—MSS. from his family, and Rev. Zebulon Butler, D. D.

of York County; and there they raised a family consisting of five sons and four daughters. They were both earnest Christians, and members of the Presbyterian Church; and Jeremiah, their eldest son, is said to have been solemnly dedicated to the Church by his parents, in his infancy, in accordance with a vow made by his mother.

JEREMIAH CHAMBERLAIN was born January 5, 1794, and continued at home, labouring more or less upon his father's farm, until the year 1809. Being then in his fifteenth year, he was sent to Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa., and placed under the care of the Rev. David McConaughy, who, at that time, kept an excellent school for the preparation of young men for College. Here he remained not only a pupil in Mr. M.'s school, but a boarder in his family, until the year 1812, when he joined the Sophomore class in Dickinson College. During his connection with College, he made a profession of religion, and united himself with the Presbyterian Church in Carlisle. He graduated in 1814; and immediately after became a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where he remained three years. He is represented as having been a vigorous and successful student throughout his whole course, both academical and theological.

He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Carlisle in the year 1817. The same year he accepted a commission from the General Assembly's Board of Domestic Missions, to travel as a missionary in the West and South. His appointment to the mission is in the following words,—extracted from the Minutes of the General Assembly of 1817—"Mr. Jeremiah Chamberlain, six months through the Southwestern Counties of Pennsylvania to the Ohio River, and down that river to St. Louis, where he will join Mr. Larned, and then visit the destitute towns on the Mississippi between Natchez and New Orleans, and, if practicable, visit the settlements on the Mobile." He commenced this mission in November, 1817. At Bedford, Pa., he found the church without a Pastor, and overtures to remain were made to him, which, however, he felt obliged to decline, with a view to the prosecution of his mission. As he was on his way down the Ohio River, he received a formal call from the Bedford Church; and, after accomplishing his mission at Natchez, New Orleans, and Mobile, he returned in the summer of 1818, and accepted it. He entered immediately upon his labours at Bedford; and besides preaching regularly in that church, he preached occasionally at Schellsburg, and conducted a flourishing classical school the whole time he remained there.

In the winter of 1822–23, he removed to Danville, Ky., in consequence of having received and accepted a call to the Presidency of Centre College. Here he entered upon a new and difficult field of labour, as every thing pertaining to the institution was in an incipient state; but, by a vigorous co-operation of several philanthropic individuals with himself, an important change was soon effected—the College was placed upon a firm basis, and the buildings filled with students. The new College charter, obtained during his administration, included the important feature of authorizing the establishment of a Theological Seminary in connection with it. He preached regularly, besides conducting a Bible class, during the whole time of his residence in Danville. In connection with his labours, a powerful revival of religion took place in the College, which extended many miles into the country; and not a few of the students, who were numbered among its subjects, afterwards became ministers of the Gospel.

In the winter of 1824–25, he resigned the Presidency of Centre College, and removed to Jackson, La.,—having accepted the same office in a State Institution in that place. Here he found every thing yet to be done in organizing and establishing the College; and, after struggling with great difficulties for about two years, with little hope of accomplishing his plans, and little sympathy and encouragement from the State authorities, who had control of the institution, he resigned his office in 1828, and opened an Academy for the instruction of youth, in a church edifice which he had erected in the same place, at his own expense, and especially for the students who withdrew with him from the institution over which he had presided. He preached regularly while he was connected with the College, and organized a Presbyterian Church, where none had existed before.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Centre College, in 1825.

During the summer and autumn of 1828, he matured a plan for the establishment of a literary institution, to be under the care of the Presbyterian Church, and to be located somewhere in that Southern country. After presenting his views very fully to the Presbytery of Mississippi, that Body adopted his plans, and took under their care and control the projected institution. The establishment of Oakland College, in Clairborne County, Miss., was the result of the enterprise. He removed to the grounds of the College in 1830; and, as the exclusive control of the institution was to be vested in the Presbytery, that Body appointed him to the Presidency the same year. Here, doubtless, he accomplished the most important work of his life. He laboured in season and out of season, spared no expense, and shrunk from no sacrifice, by means of which the interests of this favourite object might be advanced. A charter for the College was early obtained from the Legislature of the State, with ample privileges for a theological department; and funds, buildings, and friends were continually added, until the day of his death, when Oakland College had become a noble monument of his untiring zeal and Christian philanthropy.

Dr. Chamberlain's eminently useful life was terminated by a fearfully tragical death, on the 5th of September, 1850. The circumstances, as detailed by a writer in the "Presbyterian," a short time after the event occurred, were these:—

"Under the excitement connected with the late election for a State Convention in Mississippi, a card was published in Fort Gibson, asserting that a student had been expelled from Oakland College, for expressing disunion sentiments in a speech. This charge was at once contradicted by Dr. Chamberlain, and one of the Trustees. Mr. G. A. B. was then mentioned by the author of the first card as his informant. In an excited state of mind, owing to his position in the affair, B. on the 5th of September, was in Rodney, and armed himself with a bowie-knife. After drinking freely through the day, he started for home, driving up to Dr. Chamberlain's house, as he passed. The Doctor met him without suspicion, and stood talking with him at the gate. His two daughters from the house observed what followed. They heard B. call their father repeatedly a liar; to which the latter replied—'You must prove that;' when B. immediately struck him to the ground with a loaded whip: and, upon his rising the last time, stabbed him with his knife to the heart. Upon being asked if he was hurt, Dr. Chamberlain replied—'I am killed.' He entered the hall where his daughters and wife met him, and to the exclamation from one of them—'Lord Jesus, receive his spirit,' returned a smile full of the serenity and hope he could not utter with his lips, and fell and expired. On the Sabbath, 7th of September, his remains, attended by a large concourse of people, were laid in the College burial ground. Little was said, for all hearts were pervaded with a sorrow that could not be expressed in words.

"On the afternoon of the same Sabbath, B. was found by a negro in a thicket, in a dying state, giving every indication of having poisoned himself. He lived a few hours after being found, and then passed to the bar of his Judge!"

Dr. Chamberlain's life was so much a scene of active labour, that he very rarely spoke through the press. Some of his Inaugural and Baccalaureate Addresses, and Circular Letters on Education, and Letters to the Churches designed to awaken a spirit of Christian enterprise, were printed; but only in the newspapers of the day. In 1831, he published a Sermon on the sanctity and perpetuity of the Sabbath. The last Sermon he ever preached, was published after his death.

On the 29th of July, 1818, he was married to Rebecca, daughter of Robert and Susan Blaine of Carlisle. She died very suddenly in 1836, in the forty-third year of her age. She was a lady of rare intellectual, social and Christian qualities, and was an efficient helper of her husband in every good work. In 1845, he was married to Catharine, daughter of Jacob Metzger, of Hanover, Pa., who still (1855) survives. By the first marriage he had eleven children; by the last, none. He had one son, of much promise, who graduated at Oakland College in 1851, but soon after fell a victim to the yellow fever, at Warrenton, Miss., at the age of twenty-one.

FROM THE REV. JOHN N. WADDEL, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, March 21, 1854.

Rev. and dear Sir: The opportunities which were afforded me of knowing the late Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, were the occasional meetings which occurred between us at Presbytery, at Oakland College, and other places in the State, together with a correspondence of some extent by letter, joined with the fact that we belonged to the same Synod, and resided both of us in Mississippi, during the last ten years of his life. And from these opportunities of becoming acquainted with him, I give you the following as my impressions of his personal appearance, manners, and general character.

His person was tall and dignified—the prevalent expression of his countenance was that of mild benignity, mingled with a very perceptible vein of humour. A man of more amiable disposition I never have known; and his propensity to humour and pleasantry was never indulged at the expense of the feelings of another. And yet few men were more ready in repartee, which, though uttered in a pleasant way, would often silence an antagonist, by exposing the weak points in his position. An anecdote illustrative of this trait in his character occurs to me—Dr. C. was dining in company with a large party, among whom was a man noted for his infidelity, who assumed a conspicuous place in the conversation. He presently entered into a debate with the Doctor, in which he was profuse in his eulogy of human nature—its perfectibility, its many virtues, its superiority in freedom from priestcraft, its native love of truth, &c. The Doctor, with a pleasant smile, replied to all this—"Well Colonel, the Psalmist states that, on a certain occasion, he said *in his haste*, 'all men are liars!' but for my part, I think if he had lived in our day, he might have said so *at his leisure!*" A laugh was raised at the expense of the Colonel, and he was silenced.

His manners were courteous and easy, and his solicitude seemed ever to be that all around him should be happy and contented.

He was a man of more than ordinary intellectual power. His mind was comprehensive and quick in its grasp of a subject, while his judgments generally showed mature thought and profound wisdom.

He was a man not only of incorruptible integrity, but of distinguished benevolence and public spirit. The sacrifices which he made to sustain various benevolent

and religious institutions, among which Oakland College stood prominent, it is not easy adequately to estimate. As a preacher, he was clear and logical in the treatment of his subject, and set Christ forward always as the great theme of the Christian system. His views of doctrine were fully in accordance with the standards of the Church to which he belonged. Though he never rose to what would be called a very high pitch of eloquence, he was always sensible, earnest, and affectionate, and there was so much of sincerity manifest in all he said, as to disarm prejudice, and win confidence at once.

He was distinguished in ecclesiastical bodies for his success as a queller of disturbances, and a restorer of peace. Many instances of this kind will occur to the memory of those who were once associated with him.

But it is perhaps as President of a College, that Dr. Chamberlain was most favourably known and most eminently useful. He seemed to be constituted by nature for a governor of youth. There was such a combination of kindness and firmness in his discipline, that, while the subject of it saw there was no moving him from his purpose of enforcing his rules, he could not find it in his heart to be offended, or at any rate to cherish towards him a malicious temper. He was considerate of the students' feelings—never harsh or hasty in his language. He had the entire confidence of all who were entrusted to his care; and the student knew that his paternal counsels were always ready to be afforded to him, whenever they were sought. Indeed he was the sole,—the father, of the College. The good he effected in his Presidency, can never be fully estimated; but his influence, beginning with the young men sent out from Oakland, (among them several prominent ministers of the Gospel,) will, through them, be continually widening and deepening, and will be perpetuated to eternity.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

JOHN N. WADDEL.

FROM THE REV. GEORGE POTTS, D. D.

NEW YORK, December 23, 1858.

My dear Brother: I wish your request in regard to our excellent brother Chamberlain had been addressed to some one better qualified to do justice to his memory. But you are pleased to commit the duty to my hands, partly, I suppose because those who held the longest communion with him during life, are at a great distance, and partly because you know that I was, for many years, his co-presbyter and friend, in that distant region in which he laboured. Without making any further apology for the imperfection of the memorial, accept what I shall say as the sincere tribute of my heart.

My personal recollections of him commence with his arrival in the South to take charge of one of the Southern Colleges in Louisiana. The infancy of the institution, and the want of unity of sentiment in its governing council, made the task one of great difficulty—too great indeed, even for his great patience and executive ability. Abandoning this post, after suffering untold trials, he willingly assented to the proposal made by a few of us, to undertake the organization of a College, which should be placed under Presbyterial supervision, and which should thus insure at least unity of purpose, based on unity of religious principle. It was a project, however, that required great patience and perseverance, because, at that time, the Presbyterian interest in all that region was very limited. But there were a few gentlemen connected with our congregation who felt that the interests of education could best be promoted by establishing an institution that should not be subject to the change of masters,—one of the pernicious effects of sectarian differences among the Trustees. We were rejoiced to have the experience of one so highly principled, so active, and so ready to encounter labour and self-denial in this difficult undertaking. In that region,

he very name of *College* was, by many, considered almost a synonyme for failure. But the zeal and quiet decision of Dr. Chamberlain shamed the reluctant prulence of those who feared failure. To him mainly, is the credit due for canassing the friends to whom we must look for funds, in doing which, he travelled nuch and far, and for giving force and even direction to the thoughts of many on the general subject of education, in its bearings on the Church. We all admired his quiet, cheerful, resolute zeal in the matter—his great good-sense and practical wisdom. He might, at any time, have commanded a settlement as a pastor, but he seemed to have made up his mind that his service to Christ and his cause was to be mainly in this field, and from the commencement of his work to its untimely close, he devoted himself to it with patient ardour.

Dr. Chamberlain was a good preacher: sensible, scriptural, and full of unction. I knew no one who kept more steadily in view the great end of all labour in the ministry,—the conversion of souls. He was a simple-hearted believer and preacher, amidst all his practical cares. My congregation in Natchez always heard him gladly. He was a thoroughly sincere and frank, though a courteous, man. A gentleman, not in the way of outward pretension,—for in this he was rather negligent,—but in his careful regard for the feelings of others. There ran through his nature a strong current of cheerfulness, when in company with kindred minds, and the humorous always had attractions for him.

Of his skill as a teacher, I thought highly,—although he had had too much executive labour thrown upon him for many years before I knew him, to allow of his becoming a learned man. His erudition was that of one who had laid a good foundation in early life, and who kept an eye upon the subject of education, with a view to the benefit of others, rather than for the pleasure and advantage of a learned fame.

In short, he was one of those hearty, energetic, self-denied workers, who find their resemblance in the pioneers of civilization—men who subdue the forest, and open the fields, and build the log-houses and fences, thus preparing the way for more enlarged and careful results. In doing this work, I do not think he had a superior. An obscure, laborious, thankless, self-denying work—it is to be feared that it would not have been begun, or carried on as it has been, but for his great administrative ability.

The institution to which he devoted so much labour, and for which he encountered so much self-denial, has been sustained by the gifts and prayers of many. It has had some staunch friends, to whose liberality it owes the respectable and permanent character it has now assumed. But I am not detracting from the merit of any of these, when I say that our friend was the rallying point for their gifts and prayers, and that to him, more than any other, is due the praise of its ultimate success. He died by violence, but even his death was overruled of God to the confirmation of the institution in the regards of the public. Under its present auspices, it promises benefits even greater than those it has already conferred.

Trusting the numerous friends of our excellent friend and brother will pardon this imperfect testimony,

I remain ever yours,

GEORGE POTTS.

ELIPHALET WHEELER GILBERT, D. D.*

1817—1853.

ELIPHALET WHEELER GILBERT was a son of Elisha and Ellen (Vanderpoel) Gilbert, and was born at Lebanon, Columbia County, N. Y., on the 19th of December, 1793,—the eldest of ten children. He was educated by his grandfather, Elisha Gilbert, a man of great worth, who came to the State of New York from Hebron, Conn. His grandmother early devoted him to the ministry, and his grandfather educated him for this express purpose. At the age of thirteen, he was placed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Nott, of Schenectady, though, owing to his youth, he did not immediately become a member of College. He remained at Schenectady about six years, and graduated at Union College in 1813, at the age of twenty.

The year after his graduation, he went to spend some time with a relative in Philadelphia. He was not at this time professedly pious, though he seems to have had the ministry always in view; but it was not long after this, that he experienced, as he believed, a radical change of character, which he attributed, under God, to his own study of the Scriptures. In the autumn of 1814, he joined the Theological Seminary at Princeton. In the course of that year an extensive revival of religion commenced in Wilmington, De., which continued with great power for more than two years. A number of students from the Princeton Seminary visited the place, and among them Mr. Gilbert, whose appearance excited much interest, and whose labours were attended with a manifest blessing. He was licensed to preach in the year 1817, and, shortly after, accompanied the Rev. Backus Wilbur on a mission of six months to the West. Returning from this mission at the close of 1817, he was with great unanimity elected Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Wilmington, De.

Mr. Gilbert found at Wilmington, at the time of his settlement there, a large number of persons who were strongly opposed—some of them heretofore—to that system of religious doctrine, which was identified, in his own mind, with true Christianity. Regarding the views which these persons held as fundamental error, he attacked them with great boldness, and the result was a controversy through the public prints which was afterwards published in a volume called "The Letters of Paul and Amicus." At a later period he engaged in an oral controversy with a similar class of persons, in all which he showed great power, and secured the respect even of his opponents. When very ill, the person who had taken the most active part against him in the written controversy, was his physician; and he watched over him with unusual care. Others of his opponents frequently inquired concerning him with great interest; and one of them said—"He is such a generous opponent, I hope he will not die."

He was in the habit of making missionary visits, sometimes in company with other brethren, to different towns and neighbourhoods in the Peninsula. Great good was accomplished by means of these visits—new churches were established, feeble churches were encouraged and strengthened, and some of the more prominent men in the region, who had before been neglectful of

* Wallace's Fun. Serm.—MSS. from his daughter,—Mrs. Crawford, and Mrs. A. M. Jones.

eligion, were, through this instrumentality, brought to reflection and epentance.

On the 21st of October, 1819, he was married to Lydia, the eldest aughter of Dr. George Munro, (an elder in the church,) a lady of great ntelligence and consistent and elevated piety. She proved a most efficient uxiliary to him in his work. She became the mother of six children,—ve daughters and one son. She died at Newark, De., February 10, 1843, ged forty-nine years.

In 1829, the building of a new place of public worship (the Hanover treet Church) caused a division of the Congregation, though a large ajority followed their pastor to the new edifice. Here he continued until pril, 1834, when, by his own request, he was released from his pastoral harge. In May following, he engaged in an agency for the American ducation Society, and laboured in that cause, with his accustomed energy, or more than five months. But this department of labour was not con-enial with his studious habits; and being chosen President of Delaware ollege, he accepted the office, and entered upon its duties on the 29th of ctober, 1834. An extensive revival of religion occurred in the College oon after his connection with it as President commenced, some of the ubjects of which have since occupied prominent places in the different pro-essions.

After a few months, circumstances occurred which led Mr. Gilbert to hink that it was his duty to resign the office of President; and, accordingly, e did resign it on the 8th of June, 1835.. In September following, he was ecalled to the Hanover Street Church, Wilmington, where he was cordially nd gratefully welcomed by the flock he had already served so long and so cceptably. His second connection with this church continued more than ive years,—making his whole ministry at Wilmington upwards of a quarter f a century.

In the great controversy that divided the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Gil-ert's convictions and acts were uniformly and strongly with the New School.

In May, 1841, he was called back to the Presidency of Delaware College, nder circumstances in which he recognised the voice of Providence; and e accordingly accepted the call. In the autumn of the same year the degree f Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Ver-nont. During his residence here at this time, he formed a second matri-nonial connection with Mary Ann Singer of Philadelphia, who survived im. By this marriage he had no children. After holding the office of President, at this time, for nearly six years, he resigned it in April, 1847, o accept a call from the Western Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. He removed thither in July following, and was installed Pastor of the Church, and continued in that relation till the close of his life.

Dr. Gilbert's labours were continued without interruption till the com-nencement of his last brief illness. He was attacked, while absent from ome, with bilious diarrhœa, but was not at first so seriously ill as to excite larm either in himself or in his friends. He had been ill a week when he eached home, and he lived but a week afterwards. His dying scene, which was somewhat protracted, was characterized by many striking remarks, illustrative at once of his peculiar intellectual constitution, and his joyful confidence in the Saviour. He died on the 31st of July, 1853, aged sixty years.

Besides the "Letters" already referred to, Dr. Gilbert published two Tracts—one on "Regeneration," and one on "Perseverance," and three articles in the Presbyterian Review,—the subjects of which are "Geology," "the Apocalypse," and "Millenarianism." All these productions indicate talent of a high order.

FROM THE REV. BENJAMIN J. WALLACE,

EDITOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION HOUSE,
PHILADELPHIA, December 12, 1854.

Rev. and dear Sir: My acquaintance with Dr. Gilbert would warrant me in complying with your request, however unfit in other respects. I was a member of his Faculty when he was President of Delaware College at Newark, and afterwards was associated with him as one of the editors of the Presbyterian Quarterly Review in this city.

In an article in the Review, and a Funeral Sermon which I preached on his death by request of the Session of his Church, and subsequently by that of the Synod of Pennsylvania, I have exhausted, by no means, his merits, but entirely my power of expression in regard to them. I wrote under deep feeling, and I can say nothing better or so well in regard to him. I shall take the liberty, therefore, to repeat some of the most characteristic parts of these, disregarding quotation marks.

Dr. Gilbert was "mighty in the Scriptures." A minister who knew him intimately says,—"He read the Bible more than any man with whom I have ever been acquainted." He believed that a minister should have a transparently clear knowledge of God's truth, and that his main office-work is to give his flock the same knowledge. His aim, in accordance with his idiosyncrasy, was not so much to produce in his people special emotions, as to give them clear ideas. He was a doctrinal preacher, but his preaching was never dry. Systematic though he was in every thing, from gardening to reading Bacon, and a man to whom the most compacted thoughts were as easy and almost as amusing as a tale, yet in preaching he preferred to draw short outlines, and throw in a vivid illustration, and to speak, as he wrote, pointed and epigrammatic sentences, rather than to present systematic discourses, or laboured arguments.

Dr. Gilbert was a warm friend of revivals of religion. He was at the farthest possible remove from any thing heated or fanatical—he was active, acute, versatile, rather than emotive; a critic rather than an author; an analyzer more than a swayer of crowds. Perhaps there hardly ever lived a man whose testimony to the reality and importance of revivals of religion was more valuable than his;—for it was an intellectual apprehension rather than a bias of feeling. There were several revivals under his preaching at Wilmington. To these he gave himself "with all the energy of soul and body." He entered with similar energy and success upon missionary tours, especially in the Peninsula.

He was eminently public-spirited. He loved his own Church, he loved the whole Church of Christ, he loved his country, he was interested in the welfare of all mankind. No one read the newspapers with more zest. Their minutiæ were not so interesting to him as isolated facts, as illustrative of principles.—as way-marks in the progress of God's grand plans.

It was a great privilege to hear Dr. Gilbert discuss theological questions. He delighted in them; his eye sparkled, the soul came through into his expressive countenance, his voice seemed made for acute and subtle distinction; he analyzed thought with microscopic accuracy, his wit kindled at a confusion or an absurdity, and a lambent light played over the entire surface of the subject. It was like

he picture of Correggio, called Notte, where the light, by the painter's skill, omes from the infant Saviour; so,—not to say it irreverently, there played a ight around him in fine discussion which fell upon the whole circle; bringing nto the countenances of the bright their finest expression, and wavering and lickering around even the dullest, so that they appeared intellectual.

Dr. Gilbert came nearer to mere intellect than any man I have ever known. Ie was almost pure intellection. I do not mention this in entire eulogy. Symnetry in character no doubt implies a more even balance of heart and mind, of pirit and matter. A strong body, a clear mind, deep feeling, a powerful will, bright imagination—all these are essential as the basis of the ideal man. His special characteristic was a keen, active, inquiring, investigating, analyzing pirit. In regard to his learning, it is necessary to distinguish. His mind was emarkably rapid and versatile, his memory so tenacious that he seemed never o forget any thing. But he did not undertake comprehensive schemes of learnng, such as reading the whole of the Christian fathers, or all the Greek classic uthors. He loved, in reading, to keep in view some salient human interest. His aste led him strongly to biography and travels—like the wandering Ulysses, he oved to study men. He analyzed every thing, but especially the human mind, nd the mind rather in action than at rest. He kept a list of the works he read. *They average nearly a volume a week, read through and digested.* Yet a more riginal man scarcely lived. Every expression was from his own mint, obverse nd reverse, sharply struck, motto and device clearly defined.

There was something playful in Dr. Gilbert's manner at home, not very easily lescribed, but perhaps more easily understood, which diffused a charm through his household. His countenance was very expressive; the soul had but little materialism through which to make its way, and his expression, when pleased and half-mirthful, was delightful. The eye brightened and softened, and the whole countenance which, in sorrow or rigid thought, was too sharp for beauty, seemed to become more rounded, and to fall into a pleasant light and shade, like the quivering image of the foliage waved by the wind, when it is daguerreotyped around your pathway by a bright sun shining through it. He was one of the most agreeable members, too, of the editorial corps of our Review, and of our Pastoral Association. One reason of this was his entire freedom from vanity and egotism. He was singularly careless about his literary reputation. He threw out rich thoughts in the most ordinary conversation; suggestive ideas in almost every sermon. The hived information gathered from twenty books, he would bestow on you for the asking; and when he agreed to write, it would be with extreme rapidity, little correcting, and not much heed to fix every thing so as to make the best impression. Not that he could not do this, but he was too impatient, too anxious to acquire new information, too eager to read another book, to do it, so that we sometimes had a half-thought that his appetite for knowledge was morbid.

Perhaps no man was ever more absolutely free from envy. He revelled in the greatness of great men. He did himself injustice; he looked up to his fellowmen too much. He thought too highly of the verdict of present popularity in others; he had a weakness for the "magic of a name," the more remarkable when we think of his acuteness. But it did not seem to have occurred to him that he might be overshadowed by the greatness he loved. It lay in the nobleness of his nature not to be anxious about fame, and to be glad when any one else was appreciated.

There is one thing that, if possible, ought to be made prominent in his life, for it is itself a lesson of priceless value. I never knew so clear and learned an intellect, so acute a dialectician, a man of so large experience in dealing with the human heart, who yet had so simple, absolute and childlike a faith in the verities of Christianity. So far as can be ascertained, for thirty years he never had a

struggle with even a latent doubt. He laughed to scorn the feeble attempts of infidelity; he could see absolutely nothing in the fears of weak Christians arising from alleged discoveries in science. He understood every objection to Christianity; he saw, at a glance, that there was nothing in them. One ascertained sentence from God, and the opposition of a thousand millions of men were to him but the foam of the ocean breaking against granite rock. Regard for God infinitely more than for man was the key-note to his deeper character, and the element of his higher existence.

Religion was to him vastly more than any thing else. It was his *point d'appui*. It was settled. All else was comparatively trifling. If, on the journey to Heaven, there was a pleasant book at hand, or an agreeable companion, well; but the journey was the main thing, and this unquestionably, like the necessity of a vital atmosphere.

He had settled it as a fact so plain that it could not be made plainer, that an unregenerate sinner is so foolish that language fails to describe his folly. It was the undoubted conviction in regard to such facts in his own mind, that sometimes made it seem that he cared not to talk of the common-places of religion. It is thus I explain the fact that Dr. Gilbert could be so calm and bright, with such awful realities of Heaven and Hell, and God, and the Church, settled within him. The vessel rode quietly at anchor. Other barks are forever tossed on the unquiet sea.

There was something in Dr. Gilbert that makes us think of his intellectual joy in Heaven. The clearing up of mystery and the bright vision of light, we cannot doubt, impart a peculiar delight to his acute and inquiring intellect; and we are all glad that he is so blessedly employed.

It is indeed the glory of intellect, especially when combined with moral worth, to rest, like a sunset haze, hallowing all things. The traveller can hardly tell why he lingers around the Acropolis, and walks all day over Marathon, and watches wave after wave, as it rises and swells and breaks at Salamis. It is the glory of human mind, in its bright developments, that it is deeply interesting to all men. So do we linger around Dr. Gilbert. Like nature, he never wearies; the play of light and shade is infinite.

I feel, my dear Sir, how imperfect this sketch is. You must accept my desire to honour Dr. Gilbert for the accomplishment of it.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN J. WALLACE.

JAMES WHAREY.*

1818—1842.

JAMES WHAREY was born in Rutherford County, N. C., June 15, 1789. His parents were Thomas and Letitia (Denney) Wharey, both of Scotch Irish extraction. They were in barely comfortable worldly circumstances, but were eminently pious members of the Presbyterian Church, and much devoted to the spiritual interests of their children. While he was very young, he had a severe illness; and, after all hope of his recovery had been abandoned, his excellent mother resolved once more to make intercession for him at the throne of mercy. And while she wrestled earnestly for his recovery, she solemnly vowed that if his life might be spared, and the means of his education secured, she would devote him to the Christian ministry. She returned to his sick room, greatly cheered by a conviction, for which she could hardly account, that he would recover. He did recover, and she was mindful of her vow.

The precise time when he made a public profession of religion is not known, but it is supposed to have been when he was very young. He continued to live and labour with his parents till he had reached his twenty-first year. About this time, a clergyman by the name of Morrison, came to preach in the neighbourhood, and lodged at his father's house. In the course of conversation, he incidentally inquired concerning his plans for the future; and this led to a candid statement of his wishes, and of the hindrances which existed to their accomplishment. The result was that Mr. Morrison proposed to take the superintendence of his education, promising to teach him without charge, if he could get boarding in his neighbourhood; and the proposal was received by both himself and his parents with gratitude and joy. Accordingly, at the age of about twenty-one, he became Mr. Morrison's pupil, and so diligent and vigorous a student was he, that he committed his Latin Grammar to memory in a single week. After pursuing his studies here for a year, Mr. Morrison accepted a call from another State, in consequence of which Mr. Wharey was compelled to look out for another teacher. He accordingly placed himself under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Kilpatrick;† but as he lived in an unhealthy part of the country, Mr. Wharey's health soon began to suffer, and, after remaining there a year, he returned to his father's house. Here he spent another year, seeking to regain his health by active exercise on the farm; but his constitution had already received an injury from which it never fully recovered. He still, however, adhered to the purpose of preparing for the ministry.

At this time, the Rev. Dr. Moses Hoge held the double office of President and Professor of Theology in Hampden Sidney College. Mr. Wharey

* MSS. from Rev. William S. White, D. D., and Mrs. Dr. J. H. Rice.

† JOSEPH D. KILPATRICK was ordained by the Orange Presbytery in 1793, and became Pastor of the Third Creek Church, which was formed from the middle ground between the Churches in Iredell and Thyatira. He was a zealous friend of the great revival, so distinguished for the "bodily exercise," and saw nothing seriously objectionable in the irregularities by which it was marked.

repaired to this institution; and while he pursued his studies under Dr. Hoge, he paid for his board by teaching several children in the family of the steward. It is supposed that he never graduated; but prosecuted both his literary and theological course simultaneously. Here he spent about five years, being employed, during part of the time, as Tutor in College.

He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Hanover, at Lynchburg, in the autumn of the year 1818, when he was in the thirtieth year of his age. He commenced his ministry in the Counties of Amherst and Nelson,—a part of the country deplorably destitute of the means of grace, and where he was compelled to spend a portion of his time as Principal of an Academy. His home was in the little village of New Glasgow,—the County seat of Amherst. Among the few who sympathized with him in his evangelical labours was Dr. James Brown, an eminent practitioner of medicine, and brother of Dr. Thomas Brown, the Scotch metaphysician. He and his accomplished and lovely family contributed much to cheer and help Mr. Wharey in the discharge of his arduous and self-denying duties.

On the 22d of April, 1819, Mr. Wharey was married to Elizabeth Fisher, daughter of Major James Morton, of Prince Edward County, Va., and sister of Mrs. Doctor John H. Rice. The connection was in every respect a most suitable one, and proved to Mr. Wharey and their children, the richest of earthly blessings.

He continued to labour in Amherst but a year and a half. Finding himself unable to obtain there a competent support, and imagining at least that little good was accomplished by his labours, he felt constrained to relinquish the field. Just at this crisis of distressing perplexity, when he knew not which way to turn, his excellent father-in-law, Major Morton, invited him to bring his wife and daughter to Willington,—for so the old homestead was called,—to remain there, while he should look about for employment. He gratefully accepted the invitation; but scarcely had the removal been effected, before Mrs. Wharey was prostrated by a severe, and as it proved, protracted, illness; and when she had only begun to recover, he was himself seized with the same fever, and brought to the gates of death. During this scene of severe trial, he is said to have been one of the most beautiful examples of calm, cheerful, Christian endurance.

His health was so far regained by the following spring, as to enable him to attend the meeting of his Presbytery which was held in the town of Petersburg. At the close of this meeting, he resolved on visiting his friend and brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Rice, who was then settled at Richmond; and the result of this visit was that he left Mrs. W. and their infant daughter in Doctor Rice's family, and went on a missionary tour through the Eastern portion of the State, having received a commission from the Young Men's Missionary Society of Richmond. He spent two months in exploring a region in which the Presbyterian Church was almost wholly unknown, and, although he had reason to believe that he had not laboured in vain, he saw no good reason to seek a permanent settlement there, nor even to prolong his labours as a missionary.

He returned with his family once more to Willington, and, soon after their arrival, their little daughter—their first-born—was attacked with a fever, which, after a long and tedious course, had a fatal termination. He subsequently attended a meeting of Presbytery, in the hope of hearing of

ome field of usefulness where he might be advantageously employed; but ere again he was disappointed. Shortly after this, however, an opening resented itself, which occasioned an auspicious change in his circumstances. Mr. J. P. Cushing had succeeded Dr. Hoge as President of Hampden Sidney College. But as Dr. H. had also held the offices of Professor of Theology, and Pastor of the College Church, and as Mr. Cushing was not a clergyman, it became necessary for the congregation to secure a pastor. Just at this time, Mr. Wharey returned to the house of his father-in-law, Major Morton, who was a Trustee of the College and a ruling elder in the Church. As soon as Mr. Cushing was apprized of his arrival, he called to see him, and proposed to employ him, at his own expense, as Chaplain to the College. Mr. W.'s extreme modesty led him at first to hesitate about accepting the proposal; but when he found that it met the opposition of none, and the approval of all, immediately concerned, he did accept it, and entered at once upon his labours,—with a distinct understanding, however, that the engagement was but for one year. The congregation soon united with the College, and insisted on assuming the payment of the salary, and seldom has any man served a people more to their comfort and edification. His audience steadily increased in numbers, in attention and solemnity, until his engagement terminated; and the effect of his labours was visible long after he had withdrawn from the field.

Near the close of the year 1822, just as the period of his service at the College closed, he acceded to a proposal to go to the village of Cartersville, in Cumberland County, about fifty miles distant from Hampden Sidney. Here there were a few pious and intelligent Presbyterians, but no organized church, and he was again forced to eke out a scanty support by teaching a school. It was not long, however, that he was suffered to remain in this position. His able and useful ministry at the College was "known and read" of many. The Churches of Bird and Providence, in Goochland County, near the place where he now resided, had become vacant, and they gave him a unanimous call to become their Pastor. He accepted the call, and in 1824 was installed, and took up his residence among the people, with whom, after eighteen years of useful labour, he ended his days.

These were old churches so near to each other that he could easily serve both of them; but they were neither numerous nor strong. Hence he was compelled, even here, during the earlier part of his ministry, to resort to teaching in order to make out an adequate support. But this he soon relinquished, purchased a small farm on which he wrought with his own hands, and by his manifold efforts for the good of his people, attached them to him to an extent seldom equalled.

Mr. Wharey was never otherwise than an invalid from the time of the illness that obliged him to leave the family of Mr. Kilpatrick. But his complaints became more serious in the latter part of his life, and his physicians were of the opinion that he suffered from an ulcerated or cancerous affection of the stomach. Though his decline was gradual, it was steady, and he preached regularly until within two weeks of his death. As soon as he was confined to his house, his physician deemed it necessary to administer to him freely of opiates, to moderate the incessant and violent pain suffered in the region of the stomach. This rendered it impossible for him to converse, or even to attend to the conversation of others. The last day of his life he was comparatively free from pain, without being under the

influence of opiates, but he was so feeble that he found it very difficult to speak. Still he was able to assure his family and friends that in the faith he had long professed and preached he was now most willing to die. He was always distinguished for a tranquil and peaceful, rather than a rapturous, state of feeling. And so it was now. He died, just as all who knew him expected him to die, calmly and serenely, on the 29th of April, 1842. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. E. D. Saunders, who had founded a classical school in the bounds of Mr. Wharey's congregation.

Mr. Wharey had ten children, five of whom survived him. One daughter is married to the Rev. Archibald Curry, of North Carolina, and one son is now (1855) a member of the Union (Virginia) Theological Seminary, and another a member of Hampden Sidney College.

Mr. Wharey wrote for the religious periodicals of the day on a variety of topics. A series of articles which he furnished for the Southern Religious Telegraph on the subject of Baptism, and another series in the same paper on Church History, were so popular, that their publication in a more durable form was called for. They were accordingly collected and published in separate volumes. These volumes may be found among the publications of the Presbyterian Board. They are highly esteemed, and have had an extensive circulation.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM S. WHITE, D. D.

LEXINGTON, Va., January 18, 1855.

Rev. and dear Sir: I am pleased to learn that you intend to give a place in your forth-coming biographical work, to the life and character of the Rev. James Wharey of Goochland, Va.; and cheerfully comply with your request to furnish you with my views of his character.

My acquaintance with Mr. Wharey commenced in the spring of 1819. I had then just entered College, and he had very recently been licensed to preach. I met him first at his own wedding, which occurred in the vicinity of Hampden Sidney College. Through the whole of my course in both the College and Seminary, I often met and had such intercourse with him as is common with persons thus relatively situated. During a year of this time, I sat regularly under his ministry, and derived as valuable instruction as I ever received from the ministry of any man. From my licensure to preach, until his death,—a period of fifteen years,—our relations and intercourse were intimate and agreeable.

Mr. Wharey's person was tall,—not very symmetrically formed, nor very graceful in its motions. He had blue eyes, fair complexion, and sandy hair. His voice, originally feeble, was rendered still more so by long continued ill health. This detracted very much, in the estimation of some persons, from the effectiveness of his preaching. But in churches of ordinary size he was heard distinctly, and the sound instruction embodied in his discourses, delivered in a manner so solemn and tender, abundantly compensated, with all well-informed people, for any deficiency of voice, or mere oratorical display. Upon the whole, his person was prepossessing,—especially to those who knew him well.

In a large or mixed company he was silent; but with a few friends, and still more, with only one in whom he fully confided, and whom he really loved, he

as in the highest degree communicative and agreeable. A stranger or casual bserver might think he was of a melancholy turn. But nothing could be fur-ıer from the truth. It has fallen to the lot of few in this world to enjoy more ɔnstant serenity and peace of mind. When fully engaged in conversation with is friends, he was often both humorous and witty.

He was remarkable for his hospitality—he was not "forgetful to entertain trangers." His residence for many years was near to a much frequented road, long which there were very few houses of public entertainment. In conse-uence of this, his hospitality was often heavily taxed. In some instances he ras much imposed on—sometimes as many as four or five would call at one time, sking a night's accommodation for themselves and horses. Such applicants rere never rejected, and of such imposition he never complained; but he would ay very good-naturedly,—"Who knows but in this way we may entertain ngels unawares?"

His mind acted slowly, but safely and vigorously. He was not distinguished ɔr imagination, and yet he highly relished the writings of our best poets, and he speeches of our most eloquent orators. His own style of composition often ose to a high degree of beauty, nor was it wanting in poetical merit. He was ather remarkable for the accuracy of his knowledge, than for its extent or ariety. He owned but few books, because the smallness of his salary and the argeness of his family would not allow him to procure much of a library—an nconvenience which too many of his brethren have to share with him.

Perhaps there never lived and died a man more free from pride and ostentation. Weaknesses of this sort he regarded only with disgust. He was emphatically f a "meek and lowly mind." And yet there was nothing vassal-like or mean n his spirit or manner. He despised all affectation of great sanctity, said little bout himself, and always seemed pleased when, in our Church courts or else-vhere, the precedence was given to others. But he loved to preach, to serve on ommittees, or to engage in any service, however humble, or however arduous, to vhich the voice of his brethren or the voice of Providence might seem to call him. He was a very industrious man.

Mr. Wharey bestowed much time and labour upon the distribution of evan-gelical books. Our own Board of Publication did not then exist; nor, during he first ten years of his ministry in Goochland, had the "Volume enterprise" ɔf the American Tract Society been undertaken. He was accordingly obliged to urnish himself from the booksellers in Richmond, who permitted him to return such works as he could not sell. He was allowed a small discount on the retail ity prices, which enabled him to sell at such advances that he could in this way pay for those he gave away. There is no doubt, however, but he gave many for which he paid from his own scanty purse. His labours in this depart-ment were abundant, wise and useful, long before the American Tract Society, ɔr any Ecclesiastical Board, had thought of the admirable system now in such general and useful operation. In his pastoral visits to the sick and others, which were frequent, and whenever he preached, as he often did, on other days than the Sabbath, he always took with him a supply of these books. I sometimes assisted him on Sacramental occasions, and commonly reached the church at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning. As I approached the church, I rarely, if ever, failed to see the excellent pastor, with his books spread out beneath the spreading branches of the venerable forest oaks which shaded the yard, and many of his people around him, making their purchases, as he, with calm and solemn dignity, indicated the book best suited to this or that purchaser.

In this way he greatly contributed to the development and cultivation of a taste for reading, and at the same time ministered to the taste thus cultivated, appropriate nutriment.

So unpretending and noiseless was he in this as well as in all his other methods of doing good, that the casual observer would suppose that he was really doing very little; and yet, by a silent process, he was laying the foundations so deeply, and scattering the seeds of truth so widely, that after his death it became obvious that his life had been one of eminent usefulness. This was proved by the fact that, after his earthly labours ceased, the Presbytery deemed it advisable to divide his charge, and install two pastors over the people whom he alone had served.

In the year 1834, a controversy arose on the propriety of ministers of the Gospel engaging in secular pursuits. Three or four writers took part on opposite sides in this controversy. A good deal of ability, and more warmth, was exhibited by both parties. Instead of coming nearer together, they got farther and farther apart, until the two parties found themselves on opposite extremes. When the contest had lasted long, and waxed very warm, a new writer appeared over the signature of "Spectator." The style of this writer was lucid, and his spirit eminently pacific. He professed, as his signature imported, to be only a witness of this contest, equally the friend of both the belligerent parties, and very anxious to make peace. He soon made it apparent that all concerned were giving forth more heat than light, and that the cause of Christian truth and charity would be promoted by a cessation of hostilities. This result was soon reached, even before the discovery was made that the peace-maker was the Rev. James Wharey.

In the troubles which arose from the division of our Church into Old and New School Presbyterians, he could not be called an active partisan. Many of his warmest and best personal friends took sides with the New School. His kind and generous heart made him very unwilling to separate from such. Yet when he became convinced that there was much of Presbyterian doctrine and polity involved in the controversy, he took his position firmly with the Old School. In establishing a paper for the defence of Old School views, he took an important part; and when established, he contributed his quota to its columns. But nothing he ever did, or said, or wrote, was characterized by bitterness or wrath. He spoke what he believed to be the truth plainly and fearlessly, but always spoke it in love. When party feeling had risen very high, he preached a sermon, as Moderator of Presbytery, on the words—"If ye bite and devour one another, take heed lest ye be consumed one of another;" and the impression made by it was eminently salutary.

The interest he took in behalf of the coloured people, and the Christian kindness which characterized his conduct towards them, were just such as the wise and good everywhere admire. He was not skilled in extempore speaking, nor did his voice or manner display great warmth. And on this account he was not much admired as a preacher by this class of persons. In their ignorance, they think him the most pious who *displays* the most feeling, and him the wisest who makes the most noise. Judged by this rule, Mr. Wharey would have been regarded as a cold and weak preacher; and so the coloured people generally esteemed him.

Still, in his personal intercourse with them, his manner was so condescending and kind, his instructions so appropriate and faithful, that many of them greatly admired and loved him. In travelling with him, as I often had occasion to do, I never knew him pass on the highway one of these people without a very respectful salutation, and, if the time permitted, a word of encouragement or instruction. He often preached to them, but, for the reasons above stated, was not successful in this way. But this difficulty he sought to obviate by securing, whenever he could, the services in their behalf of his brethren in the ministry, whose extempore powers, and whose vehemence of manner, made them more popular among them than himself.

Mr. Wharey was a model husband and father. He was perhaps never exceeded in the tender love and faithful care with which the duties flowing from these relations were discharged. He had seven daughters before he had a son; and the good man, who was not wanting in harmless humour, used to say he was "concerned to know where seven good husbands could be found." He lost two charming daughters, who died of scarlet fever within three days of each other, at the ages of twelve and fourteen years. It devolved on me to preach the Funeral Sermon of these two lovely girls. When the sermon was closed, the father rose, and though almost crushed by the weight of sorrow which had come upon him, addressed the congregation for about ten minutes in a strain which literally bathed every person present in tears. The occasion was one never to be forgotten. He spoke of the great goodness mingled in the bitter cup of which he was then called to drink; of a Father's hand distinctly seen in this deep affliction; of the merciful design in all such chastisements; until it was impossible to say which was most conspicuous,—his grief as a father, or his submission as a chastened child of God. When he resumed his seat, silence reigned for some minutes, unbroken save by the audible expression of grief, which came from every part of the house. It was that peculiar sorrow which is felt by a confiding, affectionate people, when sympathizing with a deeply afflicted pastor, whom they honour and love as a father.

His children were chiefly taught by himself. He conducted the education of his daughters much as he would have done, had they been sons. He took particular pains in teaching them the ancient languages. He was an excellent classical scholar, and placed the study of the classics in the front rank of means for the development and strengthening of the intellectual powers. When in the midst of his family, he was always teaching. The questions he asked and the communications he made to them were all framed and directed with a view to their intellectual and moral improvement. In doing this, there was a careful avoidance of every thing like stiffness of manner. The greatest simplicity and freedom from ostentation characterized him every where, but more especially when, with a child on each knee, and several others at his side, he sought to guide their thoughts aright, and to store their minds with matter which might have an important bearing on their course in this life, and fit them for the higher services and purer joys of a better. He greatly delighted to have his children with him, and took great pains to introduce them at an early age to the wise and good. He also thought it a matter of some importance that the children of ministers especially should be made as extensively acquainted as possible with the Church of their fathers. Impelled by such views, he would take such as were old enough with him to the meetings of our Church judicatories. By the way, these meetings in Virginia are great occasions for the gathering together of God's people. Not only the members, but others—old and young, male and female, go in great numbers. So when the Presbytery to which Mr. W. belonged was about to hold its semi-annual meeting, in the autumn of 1837, at Lynchburg, and the Synod of Virginia their annual meeting, on the following week, in Lexington, he determined to take his two eldest daughters along with him. Neither was fully grown, but both just at that age at which the attention would be most fully arrested, and the feelings most strongly interested in what would be seen and heard.

The Presbytery closed its sessions on Saturday evening, and the Sabbath, which, with us, is always the last and the great day of the feast, was devoted with unusual solemnity to the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Early in the week, a very large company took up their line of march to Lexington, where the Synod was to meet on Wednesday evening. The road was circuitous and rugged, and the day was rainy. Some on horseback, and others in vehicles of different sorts, with covers and without covers, all went merrily on. Mountains were to

be passed, and rivers crossed. Dr. G. A. Baxter, with his large body and still larger soul, might be regarded as the leader of the caravan. At the distance of twenty-five miles from Lynchburg, James River had to be crossed in a small ferry-boat. The day was far spent, and the night was at hand. To take over so large a company, it was necessary for the boat to cross and recross many times. The ladies, and all in any way connected with ladies, were first put over. As I had the good or ill fortune to have no lady in any way dependant on my care, I was reserved for the last to be accommodated, and accordingly when I reached the opposite shore of the river, it was growing dark. The rain had ceased, and was succeeded by a very dense fog, which threatened as dark a night as ever came. The place of rendezvous for the night was still eight miles distant, and the Blue Ridge chain of Mountains had to be crossed. To add to the dreariness of the prospect, the end of the road last to be travelled, for two or three miles, was known to be in so unfinished a state, as to be very dangerous. I travelled in a vehicle then common, and very appropriately called a "sulky," drawn by a good horse. After proceeding a mile or two, I came up with a barouche drawn by a feeble horse, through many rocks and much mud, slowly ascending one of the steepest parts of the mountain. It was too dark at once to recognise the carriage, and supposing all my company to be far ahead, I attempted to pass. As I did so, a voice issued from the carriage, saying, in a somewhat plaintive tone, "Brother, you will not leave us?" It was good Brother Wharey, and his two daughters. The reply to his interrogatory was instant and earnest—"Why surely not." So, on we went together. In a little while, his carriage broke, and we were stopped. The darkness was now so great as to render the sense of sight useless. We had almost concluded that the dark night must be passed just there in the mountains; when, recollecting how much the loss of one sense improves the power of those that remain, we determined to resort to that of feeling. Thus we soon discovered that the fracture could be temporarily repaired by the help of our trunk straps. This being done, we moved slowly on, relying chiefly on the instinct of our horses. Mr. Wharey insisted on leading the way, partly, he said, because his horse was the more quiet, and partly because he was the better driver. The last reason was given with a good-natured laugh. Presently he stopped suddenly, and exclaimed,—"We are at the water's edge, and at the end of the road." He left his carriage, and reconnoitered with his whip-staff, and recollecting his geography, said,—"O, this must be North River, which just here enters into the James,—the two forming a right angle; and we must keep along the side of the latter." He advanced, feeling his way, sweeping his whip-staff in front to trace the road, and holding above his head a white handkerchief as our guide,—this being the only visible object. Neither of us had ever travelled this road before, and we were now just in the unfinished and most dangerous part of it. On our left the North River rolled and dashed furiously, and on our right rose the high and rugged cliffs of the mountain. The road was extremely narrow,—barely wide enough for a single carriage to pass. Just here we met the stage. Mr. Wharey, being ahead, first encountered the driver, who rudely ordered him to "*give the road to the mail.*" The kindness with which the good man bore with this rudeness, and the Christian gentleness with which it was met and conquered, furnished an admirable illustration of overcoming evil with good. But one thing could be done. The road was too narrow to turn our vehicles, and guided by the lights attached to the stage, we disconnected the horses from our carriages, *lifted* them round, *hitched up* again, and drove back to the angle formed by the two rivers, and thus gave the stage an opportunity to pass. Then turning again, we resumed our dismal journey. The light we had temporarily enjoyed from the stage lamps had only served, now that they were gone, to add to the dreariness of our condition. They had just given us such a view of the perils which surrounded us, as greatly to increase our fears. A devi

tion to the right or left of even a few inches would have thrown us over the recipice into the river. But soon a bright light was seen in the distance, mov- ig rapidly towards us. It proved to be in the hands of a messenger, mounted n a fleet horse, and dispatched by our friends, who had reached the hotel,—in earch of us. We were soon safely in the midst of them. A comfortable sup- er was already growing cold,—for our dear brethren had said they could not eat ntil they knew our condition, or had us with them. The repast being over,—all ssembled in the largest room of the hotel, and led by the good Dr. Baxter, the ymn of praise was sung, the word of God was read, the prayer of faith offered, n which the dear man of God did not fail to give thanks, even with tears, for he safety of the brethren who had been left behind.

I have related this story as furnishing a specimen of the difficulties and dan- ers often encountered by those who labour in the uncultivated and mountain- us portions of the Lord's vineyard; but more especially to illustrate one or two oints in the character of Mr. Wharey. Through all these difficulties, it was mpossible to detect a discontented or murmuring spirit in this eminently good nan. In no part of the journey was he more cheerful. "The Lord reigneth." 'I will guide thee with mine eye." "The Lord God is a Sun and Shield." These, with kindred passages, seemed to live, and burn, and rule, in his heart.

And then, there were the dear girls shut up in that barouche—the eldest driv- ng, as the father walked before, holding up his white handkerchief in one hand, nd sweeping his whip-staff across the road with the other. They were often heered by kind inquiries as to their condition and feelings. But no tear fell rom their eyes, no complaining word escaped their lips. So effectually had the ather infused his own meek spirit into his daughters, that they submitted to all he inconveniences and dangers of their situation with something of a martyr pirit.

Mr. Wharey formed his opinions cautiously and slowly, but when formed, he held and expressed them with a tenacity and fearlessness which could not easily be overcome. And the same was true of his friendships. He was cautious, but candid. When his confidence was once gained, it was not easily lost; and when trusted, it never deceived. In a word, he was altogether too unpretending and childlike, too modest and self-sacrificing, to attract, to much extent, the public gaze, or to call forth popular applause. He was more than content to occupy the place, and serve the purpose, of those parts of a building, which, though never seen, are yet indispensable to its permanence and utility. Such men are rare in this bustling, noisy age, but all the more valuable because rare. If not duly appreciated while they live, they never fail to leave, when they die, a name which "is as ointment poured forth." Being dead, they yet speak. Unseen, they are still felt, and known, and valued, as they were not while they lived. Such was this good and useful man. May the Church be blest with many such sons!

Yours truly and affectionately,

WILLIAM S. WHITE.

WILLIAM JESSUP ARMSTRONG, D. D.*

1818—1846.

William Jessup Armstrong was born on the 29th of October, 179[illegible], at Mendham, N. J., where his father, the Rev. Amzi Armstrong, D. D., was Pastor of the Presbyterian Church. He was the eldest of nine children. He spent his earliest years at home, in acquiring the common rudiments of an education; and at the age of thirteen was fitted to enter College. But, in order to the more effectual development of his physical constitution, his father, instead of sending him immediately to College, placed him on a farm, where he spent about five years, dividing his time between manual labour and general reading.

In 1814, when he was eighteen years of age, he entered the Junior class of Princeton College. His father, whose heart had, from his son's earliest childhood, been set upon his becoming a minister of the Gospel,—in the prospect of his leaving home, addressed a sermon to the youth of his congregation, which was prepared with special reference to his son's case. And the sermon was not without its effect. It left a strong impression on the mind of the young man, which indeed was afterwards partially effaced by the new scenes into which he was brought, but was subsequently revived and deepened during an extensive revival of religion in the College, from which he dated the first formation of his Christian character. In the spring of 1815, he made a public profession of religion.

In the autumn of 1816, Mr. Armstrong completed his college course, having sustained throughout a highly respectable standing as a scholar. He returned immediately to live with his father, who then had charge of a large and flourishing Academy in Bloomfield, N. J. Placing himself under the care of the Jersey Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry, in October succeeding his graduation, he commenced the study of Theology under his father's direction,—at the same time acting as an assistant teacher in his father's school. He also, in his theological studies, occasionally availed himself of the aid of Dr. Richards, then minister at Newark, and afterwards Professor in the Theological Seminary at Auburn.

After spending two years in this manner, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Jersey, on the 8th of October, 1818; but, instead of entering at once fully on the duties of the ministry, he repaired to Princeton, where, for a year, he availed himself of the advantages furnished by the Theological Seminary. When the year was completed, he received a commission from the General Assembly's Board of Missions, to proceed to Albemarle County, in the central part of Virginia. Here he spent two years, labouring principally in Charlottesville and its vicinity,—a region distinguished at that time for the prevalence of irreligion and infidelity. His labours here were attended with marked success; and several infidels were hopefully converted through his instrumentality.

In 1821, Mr. Armstrong was recalled to New Jersey by the declining health of his father. On his arrival at Bloomfield, he found an extensive and powerful revival of religion in progress, into which he entered with

* Missionary Herald, 1847.—Memoir prefixed to his Sermons.—MSS. from his family.

great zeal and interest. His labours were highly acceptable in the surrounding country, and in October of this year, he accepted a unanimous invitation from the First Presbyterian Church in Trenton to become their Pastor. Here he continued labouring with great fidelity and success nearly three years.

In the spring of 1824, the Rev. Dr. John H. Rice, having resigned his charge of the First Presbyterian Church in Richmond, Va., with a view to enter upon a Professorship in the Union Theological Seminary, recommended Mr. Armstrong as a suitable person to succeed him in the pastoral office. A call was accordingly made out for him, and he felt it his duty to accept it. Here he laboured with untiring assiduity for ten years, during which time his influence was constantly increasing throughout the State. He was Secretary of the Home Missionary Society of his Presbytery, Trustee of the Union Theological Seminary, Manager in Temperance, Sabbath School, Colonization, and other, Societies, besides being a most efficient member of the different ecclesiastical bodies with which he was connected.

Mr. Armstrong had, from the commencement of his religious life, taken a deep interest in the subject of missions; and that interest was constantly becoming deeper during the period of his residence in Richmond. On the first Monday in January, 1833, at a meeting of the ministers and churches of Richmond, he seemed to receive a fresh and remarkable baptism of the missionary spirit, the influence of which he doubtless felt to the close of his life. "I am ashamed," said he, "my brethren, that there are so many of us in this Christian land; we must go to the heathen." At the next meeting of the East Hanover Presbytery, measures were taken, which resulted in a new missionary organization, under the name of the "Central Board of Foreign Missions." At the first meeting of this Board in March, 1834, Mr. Armstrong was unanimously elected its Secretary. He accepted the appointment, and his church, though devotedly attached to him, recognised the higher claims of the missionary cause, and cheerfully consented to give him up. His connection with his congregation was dissolved on the 6th of May.

Agreeably to an understanding with the newly organized Society, Mr. Armstrong was immediately appointed General Agent of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for the States of Virginia and North Carolina, and he entered on his labours, in this capacity, about the beginning of June, 1834. In fulfilling the duties of this Agency, he met with great encouragement; was everywhere most cordially received, and obtained liberal contributions to the missionary cause.

After the death of Dr. Wisner in February, 1834, Mr. Armstrong was immediately thought of as a suitable person to fill the place which had thus been rendered vacant; and, at the annual meeting of the Board in the following September, he was appointed one of its Secretaries for Correspondence. He accepted the appointment, and removed to Boston in November. His department of labour was the Home Correspondence, including the superintendence of Agencies. In April, 1838, by advice of the Prudential Committee, he removed his family to the city of New York, where he remained during the rest of his life. His relations with the Prudential Committee, however, and his associates in office, were maintained by constant correspondence, and by his attending their meetings once a month.

During his residence both in Boston and in New York, he was constantly occupied by his official engagements. Nearly every Sabbath he was employed in pleading the cause of missions; and particularly after he removed to New York, his Sabbath-day labours took a wide range. His preaching was of that earnest, stirring, and yet intellectual, character, that carried with it both the understanding and the heart; and some of the most impressive appeals in behalf of missions that have ever been made in this country, undoubtedly came from his lips.

In 1840, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of New Jersey.

On Monday, the 23d of November, 1846, Dr. Armstrong left New York, to make his monthly visit to Boston, and attend the meeting of the Prudential Committee of the Board of Missions. Having accomplished his object, he set out at five o'clock on Wednesday P. M., to return to New York; though the prospect of a violent storm led his friends in Boston to urge him to remain, on the ground that it would be perilous to spend the night upon the water. He travelled by rail-way to Norwich and Allyn's Point, and at the latter place took passage in the Atlantic for New York. The boat was detained for some time at New London, and did not proceed on her course until between twelve and one o'clock on Thursday morning. About nine miles out of the harbour, the steam-pipe burst, rendering the engine useless; and, immediately after, the wind changed its direction and increased in violence. The anchors were thrown out, the decks cleared, and every thing done that could be to lighten the vessel; but all to no purpose—the anchors were dragged, and the wreck continued to drift towards the leeward shore,—the waves continually breaking over it. The fires too were extinguished, and the passengers suffered much from wet and cold, as well as from anxiety and terror. This state of things continued till about four o'clock, Friday morning, November 27th, when the wreck broke upon the reef, and the falling deck, and the raging billows, swept Dr. Armstrong and many others into the sea. During this season of extreme anxiety and agitation, he maintained great composure, endeavouring to administer warning and consolation to his fellow-passengers, in view of the peculiarly solemn circumstances in which they were placed. But a moment before the scene closed, he remarked—"I hope we may be allowed, if God will, to reach the shore with our lives; but if not, I have perfect confidence in the wisdom and goodness of Him who doeth all things well."

The remains of Dr. Armstrong were recovered from the water, and conveyed to Norwich on Friday P. M., where they were immediately recognised, and the next day were taken to New York. The Funeral solemnities were attended on Monday, at Dr. Adams' Church, in Broome Street, with appropriate addresses and devotional exercises. The Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, by request of the Prudential Committee, subsequently preached a Sermon in commemoration of their beloved and honoured colleague, which was published.

Dr. Armstrong was married in April, 1824, to Sarah Milnor, daughter of Horace Stockton, of Trenton, N. J., and a niece of the Hon. Richard Stockton, of Princeton. She was a lady of uncommonly interesting qualities, but died in less than a year after her marriage, leaving one child, who also died at the age of about seven. In August, 1828, he was married a second time, to Charlotte, daughter of Samuel Pleasants, of Rich-

mond, editor of the Virginia Argus. By this marriage there were six children. Mrs. A. still (1856) survives, and resides in Richmond.

A selection of Dr. Armstrong's Sermons, in connection with a Memoir of his Life by the Rev. Hollis Reed, was published in 1853.

I first knew Dr. Armstrong when he entered the Seminary at Princeton, and always maintained a pleasant acquaintance with him till the time of his death. In his person he was short and thick set, and had a face that indicated a vigorous mind and great strength of purpose, while yet it was easily lighted up with a smile. He walked more rapidly than gracefully, and always had the appearance of a man who had something to do. From the first of my acquaintance with him, I was struck with his remarkably tender, earnest, conscientious and devout spirit. His performances in the Seminary were always highly respectable, though they scarcely gave promise of so much eminence as he reached in after life. After he became one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions, he preached several times in my pulpit, and never failed to leave a powerful impression. His sermons were evidently designed to produce an effect in favour of his cause, and not in his own favour. They were always thoroughly elaborated, and showed a comprehensive and vigorous mind, and a large, warm, Christian heart. His voice was not the most agreeable, and his manner in the pulpit was far from being polished; but yet there was a simplicity, a directness, a melting and glowing fervour, that would have made his manner eloquent, even if it had lacked much of the general propriety and dignity that belonged to it. In his private intercourse he was modest and unassuming, and yet was a most agreeable and edifying companion. I never knew that he had an enemy.

FROM THE REV. DAVID MAGIE, D. D.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. J., December 15, 1849.

Dear Brother: I cheerfully comply with your request that I should furnish you with some estimate of the character of our lamented friend, Dr. Armstrong, founded on a somewhat intimate personal acquaintance with him.

My acquaintance with Dr. Armstrong commenced soon after he had made a public profession of Christ's name. The impression which I received of his character from the very first, was distinct and deep, and though modified by time and circumstances, was never materially altered. He was one of those bold, ardent, independent young men, who are sure to make themselves felt wherever they are. His impulses were naturally strong, and his feelings impetuous. There was an air of decision and energy about him in those earlier days, which marked his whole deportment, and adhered to him to the very last. His was no mere negative existence, either before or after conversion.

There was something in his very appearance,—his form, his features, and his motions, which conveyed an idea of energy and perseverance. As the result of habits acquired while very young, he possessed uncommon physical strength, and he delighted to put it forth on every fit occasion. Few men could endure hardness so well—there was a firmness and a compactness in his frame, which betokened extraordinary force and power. No student of the College, of the same size, could at all cope with him. Labours and exposures, under which most constitutions would have sunk at once, he was able to bear for years in succession, with seeming ease.

Equally marked and decided were the qualities of his mind. He was blessed with a temper delightfully cheerful and buoyant, leading him frequently to indulg

in playful remark, and rendering him a most pleasant and desirable companion. Deeply serious as he generally appeared, there was not a particle of asceticism in his feelings. Those who knew him well are aware that he had a vein of wit and irony, which would now and then spontaneously show itself, though always in a quiet and harmless way. Few ministers of the Gospel have better understood how to blend the pleasing and the useful in the ordinary intercourse of life. He had a clear understanding, a solid and correct judgment, a fervid imagination, and as large and warm a heart as is perhaps ever given to man. His qualifications, both mental and moral, for efficient service in the cause of Christ, were of a high order.

Still the chief beauty of Dr. Armstrong's character was unquestionably the beauty of holiness. No one could be acquainted with him at all, without receiving the impression that he was a man who had really tasted of the good word of God, and felt the powers of the world to come. Everywhere and on all occasions, he was a kind, devout, faithful Christian minister. It was impossible to tarry with him for a night, join with him in a prayer, hear him deliver an address, or travel with him on a journey, and not feel the truth of this statement.

His preaching had in it a happy mixture of close argument and fervent appeal, well adapted to produce the impression that he spoke in demonstration of the spirit and with power. Never, while memory lasts, will his solemn warnings, his beseeching looks, and his earnest expostulations, be forgotten. It often seemed as though he could not come down from the pulpit without some encouragement that his hearers would become reconciled to God. Besides the best advantages of education, he had a higher and nobler training for the work of the ministry, than could be furnished by any school of Gamaliel. His preparation was such as had grown out of the fears and hopes, the remembrances and anticipations, the conflicts and conquests, of his own bosom. He was deeply conversant with human wants and woes, and felt the adaptedness of the Gospel to supply the one and remove the other. This made him one of the most effective and successful preachers of his day. No one could love the pulpit more.

During the years that he served the American Board in the capacity of financial Secretary, his feelings were in a perpetual glow. He had found it hard to give up his pastoral charge, and there were times when he sighed for the hour when he might again take the oversight of some flock of God. But there was no faltering, no holding back, no sparing of himself in a work to which, for the present, a wise and holy Providence had called him. He gave himself up to the business of his Agency. Eternity alone can reveal what feelings he had, what toil he bore, what supplications he offered, what entreaties he used, while presenting this great subject to the churches. It seemed as if he was under a constant pressure. He lived and laboured as if the case of the whole heathen world was upon him.

The work, as he felt its obligations, and sought to perform its duties, was too much for him. It is impossible for flesh and blood to bear such a burden for a long time together. I saw that he was rapidly wearing out. Had it not been for the dreadful catastrophe which hastened him out of the world, he must soon have retired from active service in the cause of Christian Missions.

In reference to the manner of his removal to a better world, it is sufficient to say that, of all the ministers and men of God of my acquaintance, I know of no one better fitted to stand on the decks of the Atlantic, amidst the agitated and awe-struck company, and lift up his voice above the roar of the ocean, to speak of Jesus as the Resurrection and the Life, and dissipate the gloom of the sad scene, by pointing his anxious auditors to the calm and quiet of the celestial city.

Yours very truly,
DAVID MAGIE.

NORRIS BULL, D. D.*

1818—1847.

NORRIS BULL, the son of John and Martha (Rogers) Bull, was born in Harwinton, Litchfield County, Conn., October 24, 1790. His father was a respectable farmer, and served as a minute man in the war of the Revolution. Both his parents had an eye to the highest interests of their children, and gave them, in the best sense, a Christian education.

The son, who is the subject of this sketch, evinced, from the first unfolding of his faculties, a remarkable thirst for knowledge. Though he spent his earlier years upon a farm, and was destined in the intention of his father to agricultural pursuits, his passion for books was so strong as materially to interfere with the successful prosecution of his daily labours. A portion of the time usually given to sleep he was accustomed to devote to reading; and it was not easy to propose to him any amusement so attractive, but that he declined it unhesitatingly, for the sake of his favourite employment. So decided was his preference for intellectual pursuits, that his father yielded to his wishes to obtain a collegiate education; and, having gone through the usual preparatory studies, he entered Yale College, when he was in his nineteenth year.

During his collegiate course, he was distinguished for sobriety and diligence, and was much above mediocrity in his acquirements, and that too in a class of more than ordinary reputation for both talent and improvement. He was never a superficial thinker from the beginning—he was always bent upon knowing the reason of things, where it was within the range of his comprehension; and hence, as might be expected, he excelled in the severer, far more than in the lighter, studies. He neglected nothing that formed part of the prescribed course, and uniformly acquitted himself with honour in his recitations; but he was most in his element when he was penetrating into the depths of Mathematics and Philosophy.

Previous to his being graduated in September, 1813, he engaged as Principal of a school in Lansingburg, N. Y., and actually commenced his labours as a teacher immediately after the final examination of his class in July. He left his school long enough to attend Commencement, and receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and then returned to it, without any definite purpose for the future, other than to continue in the same employment. He was eminently successful as a teacher, and the school which had previously been not a little depressed, quickly increased in numbers, so that an assistant was necessary for the performance of the requisite duties. He was admirably adapted to teach, not only by his perfect familiarity with the various branches of study, but by the discriminating estimate which he formed of the capacities of the young, and his ability to make himself understood by the humblest of his pupils.

It is not easy to define the period of the commencement of his Christian life. He had been the subject of religious impressions, in a greater or less degree, from his childhood; but they had never been, during his earlier years, of so decided a character as to give him any confidence that he had

* MS. from his family.

really felt the sanctifying power of the Gospel. It was during his residence in Lansingburg that his mind became deeply and permanently impressed with the great concern; and for a long period he was subject to the most painful struggles, and then to alternations of feeble hope and overwhelming anxiety, until at length his mind reposed in the joyful conviction that he had become an adopted child of God. The late Dr. Blatchford, within whose congregation he lived, was his spiritual counsellor during this period, and in due time he received him to the Communion of the Church.

In connection with the change of character which he believed himself now to have experienced, he formed the purpose to spend his days in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. And, in accordance with this purpose, he relinquished his place in the school, and joined the Theological Seminary at Princeton, in the autumn of 1816. Here he maintained the reputation of having a well balanced mind, of being a thorough student, and a consistent, exemplary Christian; and those who were most intimate with him, knew that he had a keenness of discernment, an energy of purpose, and withal a depth of spiritual feeling, that would scarcely have been imagined from meeting him in the ordinary intercourse of life. His connection with the Seminary continued until sometime in 1818, when he was licensed to preach at Catskill, N. Y., by the Presbytery of Columbia.

Shortly after receiving licensure, he went into the Western part of the State of New York, as a missionary, under the patronage of the New York Young Men's Missionary Society. His first stated ministerial services were at Warsaw, in the County of Wyoming, where he continued about two years, labouring much to the edification and acceptance of the people. In 1821, he received a call from the Presbyterian Church in Geneseo, N. Y.; and, though he did not immediately accept it, he consented to remove thither and labour among them for some time, as a stated supply. The next year, however, (1822,) he formally accepted their call, and was regularly inducted into the pastoral office.

His connection with the people of Geneseo continued for eleven years. During this period, he was most earnest and laborious in the discharge of his duties, and was privileged to witness the highly gratifying results of his ministry, in large and hopeful accessions to the Church. After some time, however, he became entangled in a perplexing and painful controversy, which threatened to put in jeopardy both his comfort and his usefulness. The details of that controversy could not be brought within narrow compass; and I have neither the disposition nor the ability here to record them; but this much may safely be said,—that, whatever difference of opinion may have existed in regard to the expediency of any of the measures which Mr. Bull felt constrained to adopt, all impartial persons were agreed in the opinion that his conduct displayed the most far reaching and sagacious mind, and the most inflexible adherence to his own honest convictions. It was probably owing, in a measure at least, to the change in some of his relations, occasioned by this unhappy controversy, that, in 1833, he accepted a call from the Presbyterian Congregation at Wyoming, distant a few miles from Geneseo, to become their Pastor.

In connection with his pastoral charge at Wyoming, he also held, during the greater part of the time, the place of Principal of an Academy; and for three years he discharged the twofold duty of pastor of a flock, and teacher of youth. The Academy of which he had the charge was eminently

prosperous under his direction; and his congregation had no reason to complain of any lack of ministerial fidelity and zeal. But, after having sojourned there about three years and a half, which, so far as his relation to those around him was concerned, were years of great quietude and comfort, he accepted, in 1836, an invitation to Clarkson, to become, as he had been at Wyoming, the minister of a congregation, and the head of a public school. His extensive experience and high reputation as a teacher rendered the school at once eminently popular; and, during the period of his connection with it, it is said to have sent forth a larger number to the different Colleges, than almost any similar institution in Western New York. At the end of six years, however, he retired from the school, with a view to devote himself more entirely to the work of the ministry. From this time till 1846, his whole energies were directed to the promotion of the spiritual interests of his people. But, in the early part of that year, he came to a determination,—owing to some peculiar circumstances in his congregation, which he thought demanded such a step,—to resign his pastoral charge; and this he did at the next meeting of Presbytery. He, however, continued to reside with his family at Clarkson, greatly respected and beloved by the community at large, till some time in the succeeding autumn, when he accepted an invitation to supply the then vacant Church in Lewiston, in the neighbourhood of Niagara Falls. Here his services are understood to have been highly appreciated, and his situation to have promised much of both comfort and usefulness, until his career was terminated by his sudden and lamented death.

In 1845, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College.

Dr. Bull possessed a naturally vigorous physical constitution, and enjoyed uninterrupted health during almost his whole life. And his health and spirits were never better than during the months and weeks that immediately preceded his unexpected departure. His last sermon was preached on Thanksgiving day, (1847,) from Isaiah lx. 12. His system became somewhat excited by the exercise of preaching, and he found, on returning home, that he had taken cold. The next day he was still more unwell, and resorted to medicine for relief; but without effect. The physician came, but his skill, too, was unavailing. A violent inflammation of the stomach had commenced, which it was found impossible to arrest. In the progress of his disease, his mind was considerably affected, though he was able, to the last, to recognise the different members of his family, and manifested great patience in suffering, and a serene and humble confidence, in the prospect of the scenes which were about to open upon him. "Happy, happy, happy," he whispered with his dying breath; after which, his lips moved no more. He died on the 7th of December, 1847. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, and was published.

Dr. Bull was married, June 9, 1819, to Mary Ann Henry, of Saugatuck, Conn., who became the mother of four children,—one of whom,—a young man of extraordinary powers and promise, who was graduated at Union College in 1842, died at Rochester in 1844. Mrs. Bull survived her husband several years.

As Dr. Bull shared the same room with me, during the whole time that he was in the Seminary at Princeton, and I was always in intimate and

endearing relations with him till the close of his life, I think I cannot have erred seriously in the estimate which I formed of his character.

In several respects he was highly favoured in both his intellectual and moral constitution. If his mind operated with less rapidity than some other great minds, there are few that combine the same degree of clearness with the same degree of force. He had the rare faculty of holding a difficult subject to his thoughts for a long time, in earnest and patient investigation, keeping every window of the soul open to the light,—no matter from what direction; but when once his opinion was maturely formed,—so far from being at the mercy of every opposing influence, it was almost certain to withstand any force that could be brought to bear against it. He united strong common sense, an intuitive perception of the springs of human action, with an acuteness of intellect that qualified him to traverse the remotest regions of metaphysical abstraction. He had a power of self-control that enabled him to maintain his accustomed tranquillity, when the elements around him were wrought into the fiercest commotion. He had a natural gravity of disposition, and yet he was habitually cheerful, and often even playful and buoyant, in his intercourse with his friends. He had a heart that was always awake to generous impulses, and had no communion with a contracted or disingenuous spirit. He was not prone to unworthy suspicion or jealousy, and yet his eye was always open to what was passing around him; and whoever attempted to circumvent him, was sure to do it to his own cost. But, above all, he had a native moral heroism,—an integrity as high and firm as the mountains,—a spirit which, under some circumstances, would have figured gloriously amidst scenes of martyrdom. Such unyielding resolution as he possessed, if it had been associated with a different set of qualities, might have deserved no better name than obstinacy it might have been, in some of its operations, revolting,—even terrific. But joined, as it was in his case, with a disposition to inquire calmly and to judge impartially, with a single eye to the discharge of duty and with a deep sense of accountableness to God, it may perhaps be regarded as forming the crowning attribute of a noble character.

It was a striking feature in his character that he reduced every thing in the economy of his life to perfect system. No matter how great might be the pressure of his cares, he always addressed himself calmly to each duty in its proper place, and never allowed himself to feel in a hurry. The arrangement of his books and papers was so perfect that he could always lay his hand upon any thing he wanted, even in the dark. The same systematic regard extended also to his financial concerns. So rigidly exact was he in this matter, that, from the time he entered College to the day of his death, he never received or expended a shilling for which he could not show a written account. Such a habit as this might in some minds have generated or fostered an avaricious spirit; but it was quite otherwise with him; for he always met the claims upon his charity, both private and public, promptly, cheerfully, liberally.

As a preacher, Dr. Bull would be judged very differently by different classes of hearers. Those whose errand at the house of God is merely to gratify a refined taste, or to be amused by the eccentricities of the preacher, would be likely to go away, saying that Dr. B. was not the preacher for *them*. But those who have in view the higher object of substantial Christian edification, would not hesitate to set him down among the best preachers in

hom they ever listened. His sermons displayed but little imagination;—
r perhaps he possessed less of that than any other faculty; but they were
stinguished for logical accuracy and great perspicuity of style, and were
ninently rich in well digested scriptural instruction. His delivery was
r from being what would be commonly considered attractive; and yet
ere was an air of deep sincerity, and sometimes of awful solemnity, about
, that was far more impressive, especially in seasons of unusual serious-
ss, than the most finished oratory. His sermons were generally written
it and read; and yet he was capable of a highly respectable extempora-
eous effort, if the occasion required it. His prayers were characterized
y great reverence, humility, and spirituality: it was not easy even for the
areless listener to resist the impression that he was really holding com-
union with a Being of infinite purity.

His views of Christian doctrine were indicated, not only by the fact that
e was in connection with the Presbyterian Church, but by the well known
art which he took in the controversy by which the Church, during his
inistry, was agitated. Though it cannot be said that his views ever
nderwent any strongly marked change, after he made a public profession
f his faith, yet there is no doubt that, as he advanced in life, he rather
eeded from certain forms of phraseology on some points, to which he had
arly been accustomed, and received the Confession of Faith of the Pres-
yterian Church in a somewhat more rigid construction. As an index
o the particular shade which his theological views finally assumed, I
emember to have heard him, not long before his death, express the opinion
hat there was no periodical in the country that took ground so entirely in
ccordance with the word of God as the Princeton Repertory.

Dr. Bull's forte no doubt lay in management;—not management in the
ow and unworthy sense of that word, but in the sense of a skilful, manly
nd dignified conduct of human affairs. His extraordinary sagacity brought
ithin his view all the circumstances that had a bearing upon a difficult and
omplex case, and enabled him to give to each its legitimate direction in
eference to the end which he designed to accomplish. His great reputa-
ion in this respect was the occasion of his being often resorted to as a
ounsellor; and it rarely, if ever, occurred, that those who put his services
n requisition, were not satisfied that the best possible thing had been done
or them. In a deliberative assembly, especially in an ecclesiastical court,
t were scarcely too much to say that he was the invincible champion of any
ause he undertook. The clearness of his perceptions, his perfect self-
ossession, his indomitable perseverance, and his acknowledged incorrupti-
le integrity, constituted him almost of course the master spirit of the Body,
nd rendered him not unfrequently even a terror to his adversaries. He
arried his points,—not by disingenuous artifice, or studied appeals to the
nterest or the passions of those whom he addressed, but by dealing hon-
stly, though skilfully and powerfully, with their understandings and con-
sciences, and throwing the strong points of the case which he had to conduct,
into the very light of noonday.

That which, perhaps more than any thing else, gave complexion to Dr. Bull's ministry, was the resolute opposition with which he breasted the tide of innovation, that at one time set in so strongly, especially upon the portion of the Church with which he was more immediately connected. When the system of "new measures," as it was commonly called, first came in, it

was something so unlike what the men of this generation had seen, and withal claimed an alliance to such superior sanctity, and pointed so triumphantly to such speedy and glorious results, that many even of the most discreet and sober were half ready to subscribe to the opinion that possibly they were called upon to make a sacrifice of some of their established convictions, and that the wonderful doings of the day really betokened the commencement of a more glorious state of the Church. Dr. Bull held himself, for some time, in the attitude of observation and inquiry; and, on one occasion, at Geneseo, he even made some approach to the adoption of the new system, in one or two of its features; but he quickly became convinced that it was evil, and only evil. And from that time, he not only gave it no support, but everywhere met it with a vigorous and stern resistance; and that too, at the expense of being held up as opposing revivals and strengthening the hands of the ungodly. The course which he thus adopted, from honest conviction, he persevered in without scruple and without wavering; and there is no doubt that he exerted a very important influence in checking the prevailing extravagances, and restoring the order and purity of the Church, in the region in which he lived.

Notwithstanding Dr. Bull was as keenly sensible to existing evils in the Church as any other person, and had been long waiting for some efficient remedial agency, he was not prepared for the measures which the General Assembly actually adopted, terminating in the disruption of the Church. He, however, was disposed to make the best of the case, as it then existed; and it is understood to have been chiefly through his influence that his own Presbytery, which was reached by the Exscinding Act of the Assembly, assumed, and as long as he lived, continued to hold, a neutral attitude. Some of his brethren, whose general views of doctrine and church polity were in accordance with his own, differed with him in his notions of expediency on this subject; but I have reason to know that the course which he adopted was the result of the most mature deliberation, and that his conviction of the rectitude of it had not been impaired a short time previous to his death.

It is not unlikely that the estimate here given of Dr. Bull's character may appear to those who knew him but slightly, or to those who knew him only in his earlier years, as somewhat tinged with extravagance. So indeed I should myself be obliged to pronounce in respect to it, if I were to speak only from the impressions received concerning him during a considerable period of the most unreserved intimacy; but the truth is, there was that in him which it required a powerful influence to evolve; though that influence ere long came, and it was found that modesty had been mistaken for mediocrity, and the man of supposed ordinary intellectual stature expanded to the dimensions of a giant. Some who have differed most widely with him in his religious views, and have even arrayed themselves strongly in opposition to some of his measures, have still acknowledged that for the ability to plan and execute, they have never known his superior.

The only acknowledged publication of Dr. Bull is an Address delivered before the Kappa Phi Society of Wilson Collegiate Institute, at its first Anniversary, 1846. It is appropriate, well reasoned, and of excellent moral tendency; but it gives no adequate idea of the ability of the author.

FROM THE REV. JOHN C. LORD, D. D.

BUFFALO, January 19, 1857.

My dear Sir: It is with pleasure that I comply with your request to give you me of my recollections of our late lamented friend, the Rev. Dr. Bull. Having cceeded him in the pastoral office, in the Church at Geneseo, in the year 1833, id having been in habits of the closest personal intimacy with him from that me to the period of his death in 1847, no one out of his own family has known m better; and the large share I had in his confidence and affection is one of ose grateful remembrances which I shall cherish to the last hour of my life.

Dr. Bull in person was erect and dignified; his countenance was expressive of s high intellectual character; he was courteous in his manners, and fond of the mpany of his brethren in the ministry. He possessed unusual conversational wers, and it was impossible to enjoy his society even for a brief period, with- t a decided impression of his great ability. As a counsellor, he was one among thousand, and many a clergyman in difficulties has had occasion to thank God at he was led to ask counsel of Norris Bull, and had the grace to follow it. e possessed a penetrating judgment, a calm temperament, and a large heart; id his younger brethren in the ministry always found in him a firm friend, and most judicious and affectionate adviser.

Firm in his opinion, inflexible in his decisions, he was yet modest and unas- aming. His piety was marked by conscientiousness, sobriety, and uniform nsistency of life. He was particularly regardful of ministerial reputation, and ever suffered an imputation upon any of his brethren to pass without rebuke. le was a man of extraordinary prudence, and I do not know that he ever, in the ourse of his ministerial life, uttered a hasty or injudicious word, or was betrayed nto an act of levity or folly.

As a preacher, he was exact, logical and evangelical, and though his pulpit fforts were never equal to those called out by discussion and debate, yet he was lways heard with pleasure and profit. His style was chaste, simple and *Saxon*—every thing said in the pulpit was fully and carefully written out, and ew or none of his discourses would need any revision or correction for the press. His handwriting had all the accuracy of type, and a printed page is hardly more xact and legible than are his sermons and letters addressed to his friends. There is something of his character to be seen in his bold, uniform and beautiful hirography.

In debate, the great powers of our friend were seen in their highest develop- nent. He chained the attention of his auditors, even when he was assailing heir prejudices. He was both logical and eloquent in his extempore efforts,— clothing his thoughts in language distinguished for precision, clearness, and classical elegance—unruffled amid the excitements of the stormiest discussion, he always commanded the attention of his hearers, however excited or confused— when he arose to speak, all voices were hushed, all ears attentive. Calm yet orcible, he touched the question in hand, without circumlocution, upon the pre- ise points at issue. His manner was dignified and impressive, his voice full nd melodious, his argument consecutive, and generally conclusive in convincing or silencing those of a contrary opinion.

Dr. Bull's ability as a debater was felt and conceded by all. Many good judges who have listened to the discussions in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and who have heard the ablest speakers in our National Congress, have not hesitated to express the opinion that our departed friend was one of the strongest men on the floor of a deliberative body, in the United States. The late James Wadsworth, Esq., of Geneseo, a man of superior ability and great wealth, who had a long controversy with Dr. Bull, during his settlement as Pastor of the

Presbyterian Church in that village, was heard to express the opinion that if Norris Bull had been a civilian, he would have made one of the most eminent jurists in the State;—thus bearing a generous testimony to the ability of his opponent.

I rejoice that you have given a place to this excellent and eminent minister of the New Testament, whose praise is in all the churches of Western New York, in your Pulpit Sketches. It has been with me a labour of love to furnish the brief recollections of a brother in the ministry, by whose counsels I was instructed, and by whose friendship I was honoured, during a period of fifteen years.

Yours in the Gospel,
J. C. LORD.

SAMUEL LYLE GRAHAM, D. D.*

1818—1851.

Samuel Lyle Graham was born in the town of Liberty, Bedford County, Va., on the 9th of February, 1794. His father, Michael Graham, was a native of Lancaster County, Pa., and migrated to Virginia during the Revolutionary war,—an elder brother, the Rev. William Graham, well known as the Founder of Liberty-Hall Academy, afterwards Washington College, having preceded him a few years. He (the father) was actively engaged in the Revolution, and participated in the battles of Long Island and White Plains. Having spent some years, after he went to Virginia, in mercantile business, he purchased a farm, distant about seven miles from the village in which he had resided, and continued to cultivate it till his death, which occurred in 1834. He was an intelligent, honest, pious man, and for more than forty years an influential elder in the Presbyterian Church. The mother of the subject of this sketch was Elizabeth, daughter of John Lyle, of Rockbridge County, Va., and was distinguished alike for vigorous and cultivated intellect and elevated and fervent piety. Both parents were of Scotch Irish extraction, and inherited and cherished a strong attachment to the Presbyterian Church.

Their son, *Samuel Lyle*, passed his early years under the watchful eye and benign influence of his parents. As a youth, he is said to have possessed quiet, unobtrusive manners; to have been cheerful and kind-hearted; industrious and persevering in his habits; seldom, if ever, in his deportment, departing from the rules of the strictest propriety. He was very fond of music, both vocal and instrumental; and though he had but moderate genius for either, yet by dint of untiring perseverance, he learnt to play with some facility on the violin. He was apt to learn, and diligent in his studies. His boyhood was chiefly spent in attendance on the common neighbourhood schools of the country, termed in Virginia, "Old Field Schools." In those days, these schools are known to have been rather unedifying contrivances for educational ends. They were mostly under the superintendence of persons who were either very ignorant, or very tyran-

* MSS. from William L. Graham, M. D., Rev. James Naylor., R. R. Howison, Esq.

ical, or both. Young Graham had not unfrequently to groan under the oppressor's wrong," yet he was abundantly exercised in the elementary ranches of reading, writing, and arithmetic. When there was no school to tend,—as it was a household maxim that idleness was a most unbecoming perversion of youthful energies,—he was actively engaged in aiding the perations of the farm,—sometimes following the plough. In this manner ne years of his boyhood passed away until he reached the age of fourteen r fifteen, when it was determined to give him a liberal education. He was ccordingly entered as a pupil to the Rev. James Mitchel, a Presbyterian inister, who opened a private school in the neighbourhood, and taught a mall Latin class. His first feat at this school was to commit to memory ne Latin Grammar in five days. After continuing here for at least a year, e was transferred to the New London Academy, then a well established lassical school, about nine miles from his father's,—under the care of Dr. Thomas P. Mitchell. Here he remained about two years, and in May, 1812, ecame a member of Washington College, at Lexington. During the latter art of his term at New London Academy, an incident occurred, in connection with which he was in imminent danger of losing his life. There ras night preaching in the Academy building. It being a warm summer vening, young Graham had seated himself, for greater comfort, in a second tory window, and as the exercises proceeded,—not being deeply interested n the discourse, he dropped to sleep, rolled out of the window, and fell to he ground,—a distance of ten or twelve feet. He was severely stunned, ut not, however, seriously injured. When, on his next visit home, he elated the dangerous accident, his mother was exceedingly agitated; and s soon as she could leave the family circle, as she herself afterwards stated, he retired to her closet, and there poured out from an overflowing heart her hanksgivings to God for having thus preserved the life of her son; and hen and there, too, like Hannah of old, she solemnly made a new dedication of her Samuel to the Lord, entreating that He would accept him, nd train him for the service of his sanctuary. In subsequent years, he looked back upon this act of dedication as one of the most sacred and bligatory of her life.

It was during his connection with Washington College that his mind nderwent a decisive change on the subject of religion. His attention was irst roused by a sermon from the Rev. Andrew B. Davidson; and, subsequently, under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Baxter, his impressions were confirmed and deepened, and his mind gradually led to repose in the gracious promises of the Gospel. The tidings of this happy change carried great joy to his father's house, and especially to the heart of his devoted and excellent mother, who recognised therein an answer to her earnest and persevering prayers. Shortly after this, he made a public profession of religion, by uniting with the church in Lexington.

He graduated in April, 1814, at the age of twenty,—receiving at the time a premium awarded by the Faculty to the best scholar in the class. After leaving College, he was engaged for six months as a private tutor in the family of the Hon. Judge Nash of Hillsboro', N. C. Having determined to enter the ministry, he joined the Theological Seminary at Princeton in 1815, where he continued to the close of the prescribed course. He was licensed to preach the Gospel, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, on the 29th of April, 1818.

After his licensure, he was occupied for some months as a missionary on the frontier in Indiana, and during this period was effectually taught to endure hardness as a soldier of the cross. Finding that his health would ill endure the climate, and withal that the field of labour was less promising than he had expected, he returned to Virginia, and for nearly two years following, was engaged in missionary labours in Greenbriar and Monroe Counties.

In 1821, Mr. Graham removed to Granville County, N. C., and was ordained by the Presbytery of Orange on the 7th of September of that year. His first labours in North Carolina were divided between the Congregations of Oxford and Grassy Creek, both of which he found in a languishing state, though they rapidly gained strength under his ministry. He established a female school at Oxford, which, though it promised well, he soon found it necessary to discontinue, on account of its interfering with his professional engagements. In the latter part of the year 1828, he removed into the country, resigning his charge of the Oxford Church, and assuming the pastoral care of Nutbush Church, in connection with Grassy Creek. He was installed Pastor of these Churches on the 3d of November, 1822.

In 1830 and 1831, extensive revivals occurred in his churches, as the result of which upwards of eighty new members were added. His labours during this period were so severe as materially to affect his health—he would often go from his bed to the pulpit, and from the pulpit to his bed; but so intensely was he interested in the passing scene that all personal considerations seemed to be forgotten. He was accustomed ever afterwards to recur to this, as perhaps the most successful, as well as the most delightful, part of his ministry.

In 1832, he was elected to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History in the Union Theological Seminary, Va.; an institution under the care of the Synods of Virginia and North Carolina. This appointment occasioned him great doubt in respect to his duty; but, after having seriously considered it for several months, carefully weighing every consideration that had a bearing upon the case, he reached the conclusion that it was better that he should remain with his pastoral charge; and, accordingly, he returned a negative answer.

In 1833, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

The same year he resigned the pastoral care of the Nutbush Church, and gave the portion of time he had devoted to that, to the Church in Clarksville, Va. In 1834, he relinquished the care of Grassy Creek Church, and his labours were now divided between the Churches of Clarksville and Shiloh, in Granville County, over which he was installed in July, 1835. Nutbush, Grassy Creek, and Shiloh are all in the same neighbourhood.

Dr. Graham was a delegate to the General Assembly from the Orange Presbytery in 1836 and 1837,—both memorable years,—the one as having immediately preceded, the other as having witnessed, the division of the Church. He acted promptly and efficiently with the majority throughout that great struggle, and had no doubt that the Exscinding Acts were justified and demanded by the then existing state of things.

In the spring of 1838, he was again called by the two Synods to the Professorship in the Union Theological Seminary; and so harmoniously was the appointment made, and so urgent were his brethren that he should

accept it, that he was finally brought to regard it as a call of Providence, and treated it accordingly. He had served his people in the ministry of the Gospel with great fidelity and acceptance seventeen years, and the separation from them did not take place without occasioning a severe and mutual pang. He removed to Prince Edward in the autumn, and entered on the duties of his Professorship; but, while faithfully discharging these, he spent most of his Sabbaths in supplying vacant churches within a moderate distance of the Seminary.

During the last few years of Dr. Graham's life, he is understood to have been painfully affected by the fact that the number of students in the Seminary was so small, and to have expressed the apprehension that perhaps a favourable change in that respect might be effected by his withdrawing from the Professorship, that some person might succeed to the place, of higher qualifications than his modesty allowed him to claim for himself. In the spring of 1851, his views and feelings on the subject had become so much matured, that he tendered his resignation to the Directors of the Seminary. In the mean time, he had made the necessary preparations to return to the duties of a Pastor, in which he had always found so much of serene and elevated enjoyment. The Presbyterian Church of Amelia County, Va., had made an earnest application for his services, and he seemed favourably inclined to their call. But it was not the will of his Master that his labours should be continued on earth. Immediately after his return from Charlotte Court House, where he had been preaching by invitation in October, 1851, he showed symptoms of fever, which increased until he became seriously ill. He was sedulously attended by several physicians; but every effort of skill and affection proved unavailing. When he knew that the time of his departure was at hand, he called around him all the members of his family, and took leave of each, with a few words of appropriate, affectionate counsel and admonition. The Rev. Dr. B. H. Rice,* who was then Pastor of the College Church at Prince Edward, coming into his room a short time before his death, said to him—"Dr. Alexander has

* Benjamin Holt Rice was born near New London in Bedford County, Va., on the 29th of November, 1782. He was hopefully converted under the ministry of the Rev. James Turner, and received the whole of his education under the direction of his elder brother, the Rev. Dr. John H. Rice, with whom he lived six years. He then went to North Carolina, where he taught a school, first at Newbern, and afterwards at Raleigh in connection with the Rev. Dr. McPheeters. While at Raleigh he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Orange, on the 28th of September, 1810. In the spring of 1811, he was sent as a missionary to the sea-board counties of North Carolina, under an appointment of the General Assembly. On the 3d of April, 1812, the Presbytery that licensed him, ordained him, *sine titulo*, and appointed him a Commissioner to attend the approaching meeting of the General Assembly in Philadelphia. In December following, he commenced preaching at Petersburg, Va., then one of the most difficult and unpromising fields that could have been selected. But, by the blessing of God upon his labours, he succeeded in soon organizing a Church, of which he was installed Pastor by the old Hanover Presbytery, in the spring of 1814. Here he remained seventeen years, and had an eminently successful ministry. In 1829, he was Moderator of the General Assembly. In the autumn of the same year, he accepted a call from the Pearl Street Church, New York, and was installed on the 3d of December following. In 1832, he resigned his charge, and became Associate Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society. In September of the same year, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of New Jersey. In the summer of 1833, (August 15,) he was installed Pastor of the Church in Princeton, N. J. After remaining here nearly fourteen years, he again resigned his charge, on the 26th of April, 1847, on the ground that he felt himself inadequate to discharge properly any longer his pastoral duties. He then proceeded to Virginia to visit his friends, and a few months after became the Pastor of the Hampden Sidney College Church, in which connection he continued till the close of life. He was attacked with paralysis in the pulpit on the 17th of January, 1856, and died on the 24th of February following, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His wife, who was a sister of Dr. Archibald Alexander, and one of the excellent of the earth, died at Princeton on the 6th of March, 1844. Dr. Rice possessed superior talents and an admirable spirit and was capable of a very commanding effort in the pulpit.

got home before you,"—alluding to the death of that venerable father, t news of which had then just reached him. Immediately the dying m raised himself in bed, and in a tone, triumphant even in its feebleness, cri out,—"Oh, is it possible—is it so—I had almost shouted 'Glory.' Heav has seldom received from earth such an inhabitant. A great and go man! His society in Heaven will be invaluable." After this he lived h a few hours. The fever which had prostrated him, left him so weak as t forbid reaction, and calmly and peacefully he passed away." He died o the 29th of October, 1851, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

In May, 1821, he was married to Elizabeth Lockhart, daughter of Ca tain Charles Arbuckle, of Lewisburg, Va., and neice of General Arbuckl late of the U. S. Army. She became the mother of four daughters,—onl two of whom survive—one is married to the Rev. James Naylor, a Pre byterian minister in Mecklenburg County, Va.,—the other, to R. R. How son, Esq., a lawyer residing at Richmond, and the author of a History o Virginia. Mrs. Graham, who was a lady of great excellence, died on th 22d of October, 1834. In April, 1836, Dr. Graham was married a second time to Mrs. Judith Christian Watkins, widow of Joel Watkins, and daughter of James B. Daniel of Mecklenburg County, in whom he found a most fitting companion, as well as an excellent mother to his children. By this marriage there were two children, who, with their mother, now (1857 reside in North Carolina.

Dr. Graham published a Sermon entitled "Beginning at Jerusalem" preached before the Central Board of Foreign Missions, 1835; and th Address delivered on occasion of his Induction to the Professorship, 183

Dr. Graham was my fellow-student at Princeton for about two years but I never saw him after he left the Seminary. I remember him as rathe below the middle stature, of dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, and of an expression of countenance more than ordinarily intellectual, but at the same time exceedingly modest and quiet. In his manners he was retiring even shy; though his reserve gradually yielded as one became acquainted with him. He was pleasant in his social intercourse, and would sometimes say a very witty thing, apparently without knowing it, but was never very prodigal of words. I think the reputation was generally conceded to him of being a man of a decidedly vigorous intellect, and much given to profound reflection. His exercises in the Oratory were always highly respectable; but his bashful manner of speaking was unfavourable to a strong impression. I used to think that he could more advantageously exercise his ministry among my countrymen than his own; for whereas the Yankees at this day were, to say the least, very tolerant of a staid and quiet manner, it was understood that the people of the Old Dominion demanded in their preachers a liberal proportion of freedom and fire. I have understood that his manner afterwards gained much in animation. He was always a great favourite of Dr. Alexander; and that of itself is no mean praise.

FROM THE HON. A. W. VENABLE,

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

Brownsville, Granville County, N. C.,
19th March, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: In asking for my recollections of the Rev. Dr. Graham you ask of me a service, which it is alike easy and pleasant to me to perform

for I had the best opportunity of knowing him, and regarded him with high esteem and affection. My intimate acquaintance with him commenced in 1817, while I was a student in Princeton College, and he a student in the Theological Seminary. A few years after that time, I married and settled in his congregation, and enjoyed his pastoral care and his edifying public ministrations, until he accepted the Professorship in the Union Theological Seminary. It was to me a great individual privation, when he was removed to another sphere of labour; and yet, believing as I did that it was a field of higher usefulness, and one for which he possessed superior qualifications, I felt constrained, both as a member of the Synod of North Carolina, and as a Director of the Seminary, to forego all personal considerations, and do what I could in aid of his being transferred to the Professorship. My relations with him were of an intimate and endearing kind, till he passed from his labours to his reward.

Dr. Graham's personal appearance, though far from being imposing, was indicative of a thoughtful, earnest and decided character. Without possessing a high degree of imagination, or being distinguished for the rapidity of his intellectual movements, his perceptions were clear, his judgment sound, and his power of nice discrimination somewhat remarkable. His opinions were not hastily formed, but were generally the result of much sober and mature thought; and when formed, they were not easily surrendered. He was cautious and far-seeing,—a wise and judicious counsellor in matters of private interest, as well as those pertaining to the welfare of the Church.

As a preacher, Dr. Graham was deservedly held in very high esteem. He certainly could not be called, in the higher sense, a pulpit orator, and yet he was to me a highly pleasant and interesting speaker. His sermons, instead of being mere unpremeditated effusions, were carefully and devoutly elaborated, and were enriched with much evangelical, striking and original thought. Indeed I have known few preachers who had so happy a faculty at combining illustration and argument, of rendering prominent the great truths of the Gospel, and at the same time keeping out of the beaten track, as Dr. Graham. And then he was remarkable also for condensation—he never preached long sermons, though each sermon always contained as much matter as the intelligent hearer could profitably digest, and much more than many preachers contrive to spread over double or triple the same space. His preaching was eminently scriptural, and his proofs were generally derived from Scripture, and were so clear that the humblest intellect could feel their force. His prayers were short, comprehensive, and remarkable for simplicity and childlike reverence. Indeed there was an admirable fitness and congruity in all his public services.

Dr. Graham combined economy with benevolence. His contributions to the cause of religion and of education were very liberal in consideration of the amount of his property; but such was his prudence in the management of his financial concerns, that he was a stranger to pecuniary difficulties. Independent but not wealthy, he was always unembarrassed, and ready to do his part towards helping forward any good object that had a reasonable claim upon him. He provided comfortably for his family, and was thus saved from those anxieties concerning them which so often embitter the last days of ministers of the Gospel, who have not considered, during health and life, the necessity of combining some of the wisdom of this world in the management of their temporal concerns with the higher duties of their calling. Much of painful history would have been unwritten, if more of such prudence had been practised by many whose bright and useful lives present scarce any other thing to mar that brightness and curtail that usefulness.

No man had clearer or more definite opinions upon the passing events of his time; no one was more settled in his convictions upon subjects involving the social and political welfare of the country; and yet no man more fully appre-

ciated the dignity of his station, or revolted more instinctively at ministers of the Gospel becoming mixed up with the party politics of his day. He regarded it as nothing less than sacrilegious presumption for a preacher to select a passage of Scripture as a text, and subsidize the pulpit and the Sabbath to the purpose of pouring out a torrent of bitterness and railing,—such as might be expected from some half phrenzied political demagogue. Though fully sensible of his rights and duties as a citizen, he did not forget that he was an ambassador of Christ, and as such was bound, if need be, even to forego what he might reasonably claim, if thereby he might extend his own influence for good, and do honour to Him from whom he had received his commission.

In the judicatories of the Church he was judicious and conciliating, but firmly and immovably attached to the principles of the Presbyterian Constitution. Opposed to any alteration of our system of responsibilities, he demanded of every candidate for licensure or ordination, the adoption, in their true intent and meaning, of all the doctrines of our Church, in respect to both faith and polity. Believing in the necessity of high intellectual culture in the ministry, he was zealously opposed to any relaxation of the existing standard. He believed that the progressive age demanded an increase rather than an abatement of literary qualifications. But, after all, he gave to an earnest, devoted piety the highest place; and he laboured to impress all candidates for the ministry with the paramount importance of this, to the extent of his ability. It was a favourite opinion of his that there is danger of appropriating an undue proportion of time to the study of other branches, to the neglect of the study of the Scriptures themselves.

Dr. Graham, though by no means what you would call a great talker, possessed social qualities that made him very attractive, especially in the circle of his more intimate acquaintance. He was particularly popular with young men; and among them were some of his most devoted friends. He always took a kindly interest in their enterprises and pursuits, was ready, when occasion required, to meet them with a word of counsel, and sometimes contributed not a little to their amusement by his keen, but quiet and innocent, humour. Moreover, he sometimes extended a helping hand to those who were in need, and, by a timely contribution from his own purse, assisted them over difficult places, which otherwise might have discouraged them from any further effort.

I have thus, my dear Sir, given you as briefly as I could, my general impressions of the character of my lamented Pastor and friend. I assure you, there was no necessity for an apology in calling upon me for this service, for it is only a labour of love, and I rejoice to be able to render this tribute to his memory.

I am, with sincere regard,

Yours most truly,

A. W. VENABLE.

WILLIAM NEVINS, D. D.*

1819—1835.

WILLIAM NEVINS, the son of David and Mary (Hubbard) Nevins, was born in Norwich, Conn., October 13, 1797, and was the youngest of twelve children. His father was a highly respectable man, and an officer in the war of the Revolution; and his mother was a lady of uncommonly estimable qualities. Though neither of his parents were professors of religion, previous to his reaching mature years, his mother particularly seems to have evinced a regard for the higher interests of her children, and to have bestowed much attention upon their moral and religious culture.

William was originally destined, in the intention of his father, to mercantile life; and, at the age of fourteen, he commenced a clerkship in a counting house in the city of New York. But both he and his friends quickly found that this was not the sphere in which he was likely to move most easily or most advantageously. His unquenchable thirst for knowledge led him to aspire continually to a collegiate education; and, accordingly, at the end of one year, by the consent of his parents, he withdrew from his employment as a clerk, and returned home with a view to prosecute his studies in preparation for College.

He entered Yale College in 1812, and graduated in 1816. Without being a very laborious student, he held a highly respectable standing in his class, and received one of the higher honours at his graduation. He was distinguished for quickness of apprehension, and a very keen perception and love of the ludicrous; and this latter quality, though afterwards greatly modified and restrained by religious influences, was always more or less perceptible till the close of life. During the earlier part of his college course, his favourite element was in circles of gaiety; and there was nothing to indicate that he was not destined to live and die a mere man of the world; but, during an extensive revival of religion, which occurred in the spring of 1815, his mind became deeply impressed with eternal realities, and ere long imbued with the joy and peace in believing. The friend to whose instrumentality, I believe, he felt more indebted in connection with this event, than any other, was Mr. Samuel B. Ingersoll,† then an under-

* Presbyterian, 1835.—Memoir by the Rev. William Plumer, D. D.

† SAMUEL B. INGERSOLL was born at Salem, Mass., October 13, 1785. At the age of seventeen, he entered on sea-faring life, in which he continued about ten years, till he was advanced to the post of Commander. Though he had had a religious education, he was regardless of his spiritual interests till the year 1809, when, in consequence of being placed in imminent jeopardy from a fearful shipwreck, he was roused to serious reflection, and resolved that if he should ever see land again, he would devote himself to the service of God. On his return home, his friends noticed that his spirits seemed depressed, but he did not reveal to them the cause. Having a lucrative offer, he sailed again for Europe, and soon after leaving the port, he lost the mate of his vessel,—an event which strongly affected his feelings. He now prayed for the first time in the presence of others, performed the funeral rites of his friend, and committed his body to the deep; and from that time, morning and evening prayers were regularly offered on board the ship. When he came home again, he avowed the change in his feelings, and his whole demeanour showed that he was living for new objects. In June, 1811, he joined the First Congregational Church in Beverly, to which his father's family belonged, then under the care of the Rev. Abiel Abbot. Shortly after this, he resolved to devote himself to the ministry; and having gone through his course preparatory to entering College, partly at New Ipswich, N. H., and partly at Farmington, Conn., he joined the Sophomore class at Yale in the autumn of 1814, and graduated in 1817. Immediately after this, he placed himself as a theological student under the instruction of Professor Fitch, and in May, 1819, was licensed to preach by the West-

graduate, and afterwards settled in the ministry at Shrewsbury, Mass. This change gave a new complexion to his life; and, after much serious deliberation, he resolved to give himself to the work of the ministry.

In accordance with this resolution, immediately after having completed his collegiate course, he became a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. Here he exhibited a strongly marked, and in many respects an exceedingly interesting, character. The faculty which seemed predominant in most of his written exercises was imagination; insomuch that few, if any, of his contemporaries in the Seminary gave him credit for the amount of strength and discrimination which he actually possessed. He sometimes showed himself capable of very high efforts in the dramatic; and some beside myself will remember one of his exercises in the Oratory, in which he described the terrible negotiation between Judas and the murderers of our Lord, with such graphic and startling effect, that it seemed as if the sound of the thirty pieces of silver, as they were counted out, fell upon every ear. His natural fondness for the ludicrous, already referred to, came out not only in his private intercourse, but not unfrequently in the weekly discussions of the Theological Society; and perhaps it is not too much to say that he rarely rose to speak, but that it was a signal to a large part of his audience to get ready for a hearty laugh. Those who only met him in the ordinary intercourse of the institution, and who were never admitted to the interior of his experience, were likely to form a very partial view of his Christian character. Indeed, it cannot be denied that his keen wit and good-natured sarcasm were sometimes indulged, at too great an expense; but those who knew him best, knew that these very exhibitions of cheerfulness,—degenerating perhaps into levity, were not only the occasion of bitter repentance, but sometimes of the deepest spiritual gloom. No one could hear him pray without being convinced that his utterances at the throne of grace were from a heart accustomed alike to self-communion and godly sorrow.

Having completed the prescribed course of three years in the Seminary, Mr. Nevins was licensed to preach by the New London Association, at Lisbon, Conn., in September, 1819, and preached his first Sermon the next Sabbath in the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Waldo* of Griswold. In a letter which I received from him, written immediately after, he remarked that he got very calmly and comfortably through the service, and that so far as he knew, the only complaints made against him were that he spoke too low.

ern Association of New Haven County. In December following, he was married to Miss Whittlesey, a very respectable lady of New Haven. On the 14th of June, 1820, he was ordained as Colleague Pastor with the Rev. Dr. Joseph Sumner of Shrewsbury. When he had preached but a single Sabbath, he was taken ill, returned to his friends at Beverly, and, after languishing about five months in extreme suffering, died on the 14th of November, 1820. His introductory (and as it proved his final) Sermon at Shrewsbury was published. A more lovely, beautiful, or elevated Christian character than his I have never known. His good influence in Yale College it is impossible adequately to estimate.

Dr. Sumner, referred to above, was a native of Pomfret, Conn.; was graduated at Yale College in 1759; was ordained Pastor of the Church at Shrewsbury, June 23, 1762; received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard College and the College of South Carolina in 1814; and died December 9, 1824, aged eighty-five. He published a Sermon at the ordination of Samuel Sumner, at Southborough, Mass., 1791; a Thanksgiving Sermon, 1799; a Half-Century Sermon, 1812.

* Horatio Waldo was a native of Coventry, Conn.; was graduated at Williams College in 1804; was a Tutor in the College in 1806–07; was settled as Pastor of the Church in Griswold, Conn., in 1810; resigned his pastoral charge in 1830; and went to reside in Portage, N. Y., where he died in 1846, aged sixty-nine.

and with too little animation; both of which faults he trusted he should live to correct.

The great question that now urged itself upon him, had respect to the choice of a field of labour. About this time his attention was particularly drawn towards the rising Republics of South America; and he had well nigh formed the purpose of giving himself to the missionary work in that dark part of the world. Meanwhile he travelled as far South as Virginia; and in Richmond particularly made a brief sojourn, and occupied himself for a time in endeavouring to carry the Gospel among the wretched inmates of the penitentiary. On reflecting more maturely upon his South American project, he was induced to abandon it, from a conviction that the state of the country was not ripe for the contemplated enterprise.

In August, 1820, he commenced preaching as a candidate to the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, then vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Inglis; and on the 19th of October following, he was ordained and installed as its Pastor. The Sermon on the occasion was preached by his friend, the Rev. Dr. Miller of Princeton; and, as it contained some statements in respect to Unitarianism, that contravened the judgments and feelings of the advocates of that system, it became the subject of animadversion, in a long series of articles in the "Unitarian Miscellany," which were ultimately enlarged into an octavo volume.

On the 13th of November, 1822, Mr. Nevins was married to Mary Lloyd, daughter of the Hon. Philip Barton Key, of Georgetown,—a lady of fine qualities and accomplishments, and well fitted to grace the important station to which her marriage introduced her. They had five children, only three of whom survived their parents.

Few young ministers have assumed such weighty responsibility, or placed themselves in circumstances of so much peril, as did Mr. Nevins, in taking upon himself such a pastoral charge. Not only was it one of the largest and most respectable congregations in the country, but it was rather distinguished, at that time, for the prevalence of the spirit of worldliness; and what greatly increased the difficulty of the case was, that the youthful pastor was conscientiously attached to the strict plan of baptism;—in other words, he maintained that baptism should be administered only to children, one of whose parents at least was a communicating member of the Church; whereas the prevailing doctrine and practice of that Church had always been of an opposite character. When his views of this subject, and his purpose to carry them out, came to be made known, it was natural that they should be looked upon in the light of an offensive innovation; and accordingly no small dissatisfaction was expressed, and some few individuals, it is believed, actually left the Church, while others remained in a state of some disquietude. Mr. Nevins, however, was so evidently conscientious in his views and earnest in his purpose, and withal was so capable of making a vigorous defence of the position which he had taken, and was so respectful and conciliatory towards those who differed from him, that the opposition which was at first awakened, gradually died away; and ere long the Church settled down in the adoption of the principle which he had so strenuously urged. With less firmness or conscientiousness he would have yielded to the opposition; or with less sagacity or forbearance he would have been swept away by it; but it happened that there was in his character an assemblage of qualities that singularly qualified him for

such an emergency, enabling him at the same time to hold his principles a hold his place.

For several years no remarkable results were apparent from his ministr though there seemed to be a gradual improvement in the spirit and hab of the people. But in the winter of 1826–27, a general attention to religi prevailed throughout his congregation, in consequence of which the numb of communicants was considerably increased, and the Church great advanced in spirituality and efficiency. He evinced not only great zeal b great discretion in connection with this most welcome revival; and neith then, nor on any subsequent similar occasion, did he even connive at th workings of that fanatical spirit, which, for several years, swept, with suc desolating effect, through many of the American Churches.

In the summer of 1832, the city of Baltimore, in common with nearly a the large cities of the United States, was visited by that overwhelmin scourge, the cholera. The following extract from Mr. Nevins' diary, date the 28th of August, shows what was the state of his mind in view of thi fearful visitation.

"The cholera is raging in the midst of us, but praised be God, I and mine ar spared, not for our deserts, but for his great mercies. I feared that when I should b called to visit a subject of this disease, I should be appalled at the prospect; but whe the summons actually came, I was enabled to obey it without the smallest hesitation o trembling, and to determine at once to comply with every similar call in future, thi which I have been aided to do. God gives his servants grace just when they want; no in anticipation of their necessities."

A little before the close of September of this year, Mr. Nevins wa attacked with a violent bilious fever, which kept him out of his pulpit fo many weeks, and for some time excited serious apprehensions lest it should terminate his labours and his life. And indeed it may be said that his days of active service were now nearly numbered; for though he preached sub sequently to this, yet, early the next spring, we find him travelling for the benefit of his health, and labouring under the malady (an affection of the throat and voice) from which he was destined never to recover. Having stopped for a while at various points, he reached home in the early part of September, with his health apparently a good deal improved, and with strong hopes that it would soon be entirely restored. We find in his diary at this period a most grateful recognition of the Divine goodness towards him, particularly as manifested in the strong attachment of his people, to whom for some time he had been able to give at best but an interrupted service.

When he returned to the bosom of his rejoicing family, he little dreamed that he was on the eve of the most distressing bereavement that could occur to him. The cholera, which had made such terrible ravage two years before, came back in the autumn of this year, to fill up its measure of desolation, and at a most unexpected moment his own beloved wife was numbered among its victims. The following affecting record of the event, and of his exercises in connection with it, is dated November 2, 1834:—

"Last night at a quarter before twelve o'clock, the desire of my eyes, my beloved wife, was taken from me to God. He took her. I had often consecrated her to Him. And He but claimed his right. He took her, and took her I believe, to Himself, and now but for God, I should be desolate indeed. I record it to his praise that, during her sickness which commenced on Friday evening, and even until now, I think I have had much of his presence and have been supported by Him. Though my heart has bled, it has not rebelled.

"I thank the Lord for all I have to comfort me in her death. I began early to ask her questions, and was always satisfactorily answered. She said she did love Jesus, and trusted that she was going to Him. She prayed sweetly that God would take her to Himself, not because of any worthiness in her, but alone through the merits of Christ. She spoke much of her unworthiness and of her wanderings from God. She asked once to have a hymn sung, and when I asked what hymn, she said that about crossing over Jordan,—which one of our sisters sung. She said she had always expected that the prospect of death would almost frighten her out of existence, but now she saw no terror in death, and she trusted it was grace that took away that dread. Oh, I trust it is all well with her. Only Friday afternoon I made a renewed and special consecration of her unto God, and my prayer for her has always been, *first* sanctify her for thyself, and only secondarily have I prayed, spare her to me. That she might love Jesus more than me I have always desired, and often have expressed to her that desire. That prayer, I believe, has been heard, though, as she said, she loved Him not enough. When I asked her if her reliance was on Him, she said,—'Yes, *entirely*.'"

But he had not yet exhausted the cup of sorrow. In December succeeding the death of his wife, her mother, who was at that time an inmate of his dwelling, suddenly sickened and died. In a letter to a friend, written on the day of her death, he says:—

"Just forty days after my dear Mary left me, her mother followed. Two deaths in this house, within six weeks! What a new state of things! I have seen not only the daughter but the mother die. I have heard the death groans of her that bore and nursed my Mary. It was enough for me that she was the mother of my all. She died not so easy as my dear one did; but I confidently believe that she has gone, through grace, to glory. They have met in Heaven. * * * I must have done with earth, and look away towards Heaven."

In 1834, Mr. Nevins received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of New Jersey.

Notwithstanding Dr. Nevins evinced much of the dignity of Christian submission under his sore bereavements, it was apparent to his friends that his health, which had previously seemed somewhat improved, was now rapidly upon the wane. He preached his last sermon on the 1st of January, 1835, on Micah vii. 8,—"Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity?" Shortly after this, he passed a little time with his friends in Philadelphia, and also in New York, and then embarked for St. Croix, to try the effect of a milder climate. After passing several weeks on that Island, without experiencing the benefit he had hoped for, he returned home, not doubting that the time of his departure was at hand. Having stopped a short time at Germantown, he passed on to Baltimore, desirous that that should be the resting place of his mortal remains till the resurrection.

After he reached home, his decline became more rapid; but, the nearer he approached to the grave, the more he seemed to have of the spirit of Heaven. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was in session in Baltimore during some of the last days of his life; and, having sent for one of his brethren in the ministry, who was a member, to come to his room, he gave him one hundred dollars for the Board, and added,—"It is, I suppose, the last donation I shall ever make to the cause of Christ. If you see any suitable way of saying it, I should like to have it known that the nearer I get to Heaven, the dearer is the cause of missions to my heart." Three days after this, it became manifest that death was just ready to do its work. His spirit, however, sustained itself amidst his dying struggles with dignified and joyful confidence. Indeed it was not merely a tranquil,—it was a triumphant, death. It was a glorious testimony to the power and grace of the Saviour and the Comforter in the dark

valley. To his family, and friends, and congregation, the loss seemed irreparable; but no one doubted that what was lost to earth was gained to Heaven. He died on the 14th of September, 1835, wanting twenty-nine days of being thirty-eight years of age.

Dr. Nevins' only acknowledged publications in his lifetime were two Sermons in the National Preacher, and five Tracts, published by the American Tract Society, entitled—"The Great Alternative"—"What have I done?"—"What must I do?"—"I will give liberally"—"Don't break the Sabbath." Shortly after his death, there was published a duodecimo volume composed of selections from his manuscripts, entitled "Select Remains," which was introduced by an interesting Memoir written by the Rev. William S. Plumer, D. D. His contributions to the New York Observer, over the finals M. S., were published about the same time, in two small volumes, under the titles, "Thoughts on Popery" and "Practical Thoughts." A volume of Sermons, (thirty in number,) selected by himself, was printed in 1837.

The leading features of Dr. Nevins' character have been made sufficiently apparent in what has been already said of his brief but brilliant career. One thing, however, in respect to him, deserves more particular consideration,—namely, the regular, progressive development of his faculties; the rapid and yet symmetrical growth of his intellectual, moral, and religious character.

It has already been remarked that, while he was a student of Theology, he was especially inclined to the imaginative and poetical; and there were not wanting those who thought they saw in this peculiarity of his constitution that which augured inauspiciously for his future usefulness. But, as years passed over him, this feature of his mind became less prominent, while his other faculties were advanced to a vigorous maturity. And there was a similar change in regard to his moral and Christian character. Though it was always manifest to his intimate friends that his heart was deeply imbued with the spirit of piety, yet it cannot be disguised that, in the earlier stages of his religious life, his conversation was not always sufficiently tempered with the sobriety of the Gospel, and he sometimes gave occasion to others to *say* what in turn furnished occasion to him to *weep*. But here again, as he advanced in the Christian life, his religious character acquired a consistency, and dignity, and strength, far exceeding all that had been promised by its earlier developments; and it may safely be said that few persons, who have died at so early a period, have left behind them a savour of such exalted piety.

As might naturally be expected from the highly favourable change which his character underwent in his progress to mature years, he reached an eminence in his profession, which disappointed perhaps the most sanguine of his friends. His earliest efforts in the pulpit were characterized by such an exuberance of beautiful imagery, that, though they were listened to by multitudes with almost boundless admiration, the more judicious and serious class of hearers sometimes expressed the fear that the imagination was cared for at the expense of the heart and conscience. The experience of a few years, however, wrought a wonderful change in the character of his ministrations. His preaching became as remarkable for its directness, and pungency, and thrilling power over the innermost soul, as it had been for its profusion of the ornamental and fascinating. There was withal an increased earnestness and unction in his manner, that fastened upon every

hearer the conviction that his own spirit was overwhelmed with a sense of eternal things. And there was a corresponding improvement in his character as a Pastor—there was a tenderness, and zeal, and fidelity, in his intercourse with his people, which, while it drew him constantly more closely to their hearts, carried with it a benign and quickening influence, and gave additional effect to his more public ministrations.

It sometimes happens that an individual, in attempting to bring to its proper place some intellectual or moral quality which he regards as having undue prominence in his constitution, rushes from one extreme to the opposite; and, instead of producing the harmony at which he aims, renders his character possibly more unsymmetrical and unlovely than before he attempted the improvement. Thus it was not with Dr. Nevins. While he chastened his imagination into a servant of the higher intellectual powers, he did not drive it into exile, or do any thing to cripple its energies—on the contrary, he let it perform its appropriate work; and it gave additional impressiveness to every sermon that he preached. Nor did he feel constrained to suppress entirely his never failing fund of good-humour and vivacity. He was aware, indeed, that this was a point at which he was specially in danger; and he exercised a scrupulous vigilance in regard to it, lest his innocent cheerfulness should degenerate into unbecoming levity: still, he did not believe that he was called upon to work himself into artificial or sanctimonious attitudes, or to refrain from cheerful, or as the case might be, even playful, intercourse with his friends. Every one who was much in his company, saw that his constitutional tendencies were regulated, and in some degree repressed, by the influence of Christian principle and feeling; while, on the other hand, it was equally manifest that his Christian character was rendered even more attractive, from its combination with his natural fascinating qualities.

Dr. Nevins, in both his private and public relations, evinced, in an uncommon degree, an amiable, benevolent and peaceable spirit. Susceptible himself of uncommonly strong attachments, he attracted to him a large number of devoted friends. In his intercourse with them, and indeed in all his intercourse, he manifested not only the most cordial good-will, but the most delicate consideration. His heart was open as Heaven to all the wants and woes of humanity; and he cheerfully lent the influence of his character, his eloquence, his pecuniary means, to every good object that came within his range. He was decided and earnest in his convictions of religious truth, but he would not make a man an offender for a word; and wherever he detected any indications of the rising spirit of controversy, unless he regarded some important truth or principle as involved, the language both of his lips and his conduct was, "Peace, be still." He valued purity indeed above peace; but he would sacrifice peace to nothing short of purity.

As a writer, it may safely be said that Dr. Nevins—as it would seem, unconsciously to himself—attained an eminence which few of his contemporaries have reached. The most striking characteristic of his productions, perhaps, is originality. Even common thoughts could not pass through his mind without gathering fresh brightness; and then many of his thoughts were peculiarly his own; and it seemed sometimes as if his invention were boundless. There is wonderful *condensation* also in his writing; and to this no doubt it is greatly indebted for its singular power. He gives us in a short sentence what other writers would have spread over pages,—only

that the magnificent idea would probably never have occurred to them. In short, in respect to both thought and expression, he combines in a remarkable degree beauty and point; though the former is always kept subordinate to the latter. There is perhaps no writer whom, in many respects, he more nearly resembles than Cecil; and yet I cannot doubt that an impartial reader would find in "Nevins' Remains" evidences of a brighter intellect than in the "Remains of Cecil." A higher testimony to his character as an author none of his friends could desire than was rendered by the late Dr. Abercrombie, the celebrated Scotch philosopher and physician. He asked me *who* was the author of the articles signed M. S. in the New York Observer; and when I told him that it was Dr. Nevins, he replied,—"He is one of the very finest writers of the age."

I have written the above concerning Dr. Nevins without any doubt or misgiving; as I have testified from an intimate personal knowledge. We were members of Yale College together for three years, though I knew little of him till a few months before my graduation, when he passed suddenly from the ranks of the gay and thoughtless into the bosom of Christian society. His conversion, during a revival of religion, awakened great interest, as well from the strongly marked character which it assumed, as from his naturally attractive qualities, and the high intellectual promise which he had previously given. In the autumn of 1816, we met as class mates in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where we were in close relations nearly three years; and my intimacy with him was never interrupted till his death. In the autumn of 1827, I passed a Sabbath in his family at Baltimore, and heard him preach one sermon. Though I recognised in him all those qualities which had been so prominent at an earlier period, some of them appeared in a subdued and chastened form, and his character, on the whole, had manifestly undergone a great improvement. The sermon which I heard from him bore the marks of extraordinary genius, while it was delivered in a manner, which left no one at his option whether or not to be an attentive listener. The last letter I had from him, which was not very long before his death, showed that his mind was intensely fastened upon the interests of Christ's Kingdom, while it showed also, by its playful allusions, that his relish for the ludicrous still lingered.

FROM STEPHEN COLLINS, M. D.

BALTIMORE, March 5, 1856.

My dear Sir: My acquaintance with Dr. Nevins began at the time he commenced his theological studies at Princeton, and continued during the two years I remained in connection with the College. After his settlement, I heard him preach in Washington city where I then had my residence; and also when I made visits to Baltimore. On these occasions, I was often privileged to see him in his domestic circle. Some years before the close of his ministry, I removed to Baltimore, and became a member of his church.

The reputation of Dr. Nevins as a writer, and a man of attainments, placed him among the first in the Seminary. This reputation was increased after his engagement in pastoral duties. Imagination vivid and inventive, judgment remarkably matured for his age, correct taste, rhetorical—perhaps rather too ornate—style of composition, with a delivery natural, earnest, animated and forcible, made his sermons very attractive. I have seldom known a writer farther from being diffuse or common-place. He had something to say, and he said

it—tersely and concisely. When the thought was fairly presented, he passed on to the next in succession; and thus avoided the too common fault of causing weariness by repetition. His mind did not work with rapidity, and he required time for preparation. This absence of high-susceptibility of intellectual emotion did not allow him to become an effective *extempore* speaker; and hence, as far as I am informed, he never aspired to prominence in the judicatories of the Church. In the last years of his ministry, his style of preaching was essentially changed—less rhetorical and more practical. He gave much more of his time to pastoral visitation. Not long before his death, he said,—"I have sacrificed my reputation as a preacher, that I might have time to visit the poor, the sick and the dying." With men of this world it is true that "the love of fame is an honourable impulse, and the keenest stimulant to great exertions." But he had a far more honourable impulse, and a much more efficient stimulant, in a holy desire for the salvation of men.

In the discharge of more strictly pastoral duties he was very faithful. For this, his energy and decision of character, tempered by amiability and gentleness, rendered him peculiarly fitted. In taste and manners he was very refined; and in these respects attained the common standard to which intellect always aspires. His simplicity of manners—without assumption yet always with dignity—made his social intercourse very attractive. Whatever acerbities may have belonged to his disposition, were subdued by the influence which Lactantius said changed a lion into a lamb—a more efficient power than the philosophy by which Socrates told his disciples he had overcome his tendencies to evil. The expression of his countenance was sometimes almost melancholy; but always benevolent and calm like real goodness. In the correct sense of the word, he had sympathy for the afflicted—he suffered with them. Hence it will readily be inferred that he was greatly beloved by his people; and that, after twenty years have passed, he is fresh in their memory, and green in their affections. They loved him while he lived; and when he died they mourned for pastor, brother, friend. The tolling of the church bell which announced his departure, excited sorrowful emotions in many bereaved hearts.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.

An incident will illustrate his pastoral faithfulness. Shortly after my removal to this city, I attended a social evening party, without having been previously informed as to the character of the amusements. I had not long been present before I discovered that duty forbade me to be there; but previous arrangements prevented my departure before an appointed hour. My mind dwelt on the question to the Prophet,—"What doest thou here, Elijah?" I immediately resolved to decline future invitations to such scenes; and carried the resolution into effect before the close of the evening. A member of the Church, without having sought from me an explanation of the circumstances, reported the case to Dr. Nevins. He wrote me a most kind note expressing surprise and sorrow—concluding with, *Tu quoque, Brute!* I called on him, and explained to his entire satisfaction. In all his relations to the transgressor, he was careful not to incur the penalty,—"His blood will I require at thine hand."

The increase of his piety in the last years of his life was very apparent. The traveller who

"Drags at each remove a lengthening chain,"

as he increases the distance from friends and home,—approaches the land which holds all he loves on earth with impatient affection; and in imagination sees the dwelling and the inmates, and hears their voices. So the Christian, as he draws near to the New Jerusalem, turns his eyes towards her walls of jasper, her gates of pearls, and her street of gold; and almost hears "the voice of harpers harping with their harps." Personal and domestic afflictions pressed heavily upon

him; yet no complaining word was spoken. He seemed to aim after that most difficult attainment in Christian experience—submission to the will of God; in imitation of the faith of Abraham, who, when he received the command to offer in sacrifice the child of promise on a mountain of Moriah, "rose up early in the morning," without complaint or inquiry, to present the sacrifice, "accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead." As fire gives visibility to sympathetic ink, so his faith, when "tried with fire," appeared "more precious than gold." He did not look for earthly support, as he felt that in death man rests on his individuality; but turned his eyes to the Cross. He did not adopt the Catonic sentiment, "The contempt of death is the beginning of virtue;" but looked at death as the entrance into a better state. This was indicated by his last words: "Death; death; now; come Lord Jesus; dear Saviour."

In 1826, there was a general awakening in the Northern Churches; at which time Dr. Nettleton particularly exercised his ministry in Connecticut and the State of New York. The report of these revivals incited Christians in other portions of the country, and especially in Washington and Baltimore. The heart of Dr. Nevins received a new unction; and his efforts were aided by Dr. John Breckenridge. They established a union Bible class, which was conducted by them on alternate weeks. Early in March, 1827, Dr. Nevins preached a very pungent and practical sermon from—"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" In the afternoon many cases of religious impressions were found in the Sabbath School; and, on the succeeding day, he was greatly delighted to discover, during pastoral visitation, that there was evident seriousness among his people. The result was a revival, very marked in its features, abiding in its results, and which added largely to the membership of the Church. Many of the most precious fruits of that revival were found in the union Bible class. About this period the sainted Summerfield was induced, by the instrumentality of Dr. Nevins, to visit Baltimore; and by his eloquence of the heart—the oratory of nature; by his prayers marked with humility so unaffected, importunity so earnest, intercession so urgent, and adoration so profound, produced such remarkable impressions on enraptured audiences.

In 1829, there was another revival, but not so marked or general as that which preceded; and Dr. Nevins says in his Diary under date May 12, 1831: "Some drops of mercy have fallen. Some dozen souls, I hope, have recently been converted to God. Glory to Him for this. But is this all?"

The character of Dr. Nevins was beautifully manifested in his domestic relations. He married one who possessed womanly graces and accomplishments; and his attachment was proportioned to her worth. His intercourse with his children secured affection, while it enforced obedience. Friends who entered that circle found him all that would be expected from a man so refined in mind and manners, and from a Christian so meek and gentle. After twelve years of this happy domestic life, he was deprived of her to whom he had been

"Her more than brother, and her next to God."

He bowed to this dispensation with the submission of a Christian, but cherished her memory with all the fondness of manly love. The early close of his mortal life did not allow "Time the Comforter"—in commemoration of whose power to console the mourner, a French philosopher proposed to erect a monument—to heal the wound of his bruised spirit. At his death he had attained but little more than half the period allotted to man. But the life of man is measured not by years, but by deeds—

Non annis, sed factis, vivunt mortales.

With great regard, I am, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

S. COLLINS.

FROM THE REV. JOHN N. CAMPBELL, D. D.

ALBANY, July 25, 1857.

My dear Doctor: My first interview with Nevins occurred, I think, not long after his settlement at Baltimore, and laid the foundation of a warm friendship on my part, which was confirmed and augmented by all my subsequent intercourse with him. He was to me very attractive,—his nature so frank and genial, with a strong dash of humour breaking forth all the while,—his manner so kind and cordial, of such unaffected modesty, and such genuine and unostentatious piety. You know, for I have often told you, how truly I loved and respected him. . . .

Your own early, long and intimate acquaintance with Dr. Nevins qualifies you, better perhaps than any one else, to prepare such a sketch of his character and life as shall be appropriate for your "Annals." You do not, therefore, I am sure, expect or desire me to attempt any extended notice of either. I propose merely to relate some incidents that occurred during the period of our acquaintance, and to give an extract from one of his letters, in the hope that they may prove not uninteresting additions to your own account of him.

I never heard Dr. Nevins preach except once, and that some years after my first acquaintance with him. It always happened, except on this occasion, that when I visited Baltimore, which I did nearly every year, during the whole period of his residence in that city, I could not resist his urgency to occupy his pulpit for him. On the occasion I speak of, however, I steadfastly refused to do more than perform the service of the morning,—my private reason being that I might hear him in the afternoon. I went over on the morning of the Sabbath, after breakfast, from my lodgings to his house, that I might use his study in the preparation I had yet to make. I had been sitting there about half an hour, when Nevins entered hastily, and asked me to step into another room, and leave him in his study. The explanation of this sudden movement was, that he had expected to procure some one else to preach in the afternoon, as I would not,—but, being disappointed in his expectation, it became necessary that he should occupy the pulpit himself, and, as he told me, he had but a half-written sermon. I left him, and he finished his discourse before we went to the church, and after dinner, and before the bell rang for service, he committed it to memory so perfectly as to deliver it with the utmost fluency, and without the slightest hesitation. The discourse was full of his peculiarities, and, though so rapidly written, was admirably arranged, and was a most pungent, affectionate and impressive exhibition of Divine truth.

I was with Nevins once after his health began to fail, and he had for some time been unable to discharge any of the active duties of the ministry. It was a Communion occasion, and I preached for him. He said,—"I will go with you to church, and serve the second table." When the moment came, he rose and looked round, was evidently profoundly moved, stood for a little while, and then dropped into a chair. He said to me in a whisper,—"I cannot—it is too much for me." I was greatly disappointed, for I felt sure that, in the peculiar circumstances of the occasion,—his illness, which, as he thought, and his friends feared, was to be his last, his reappearance among his people, his earnest desire to address them once, and the solemnities in which we were engaged, no ordinary thoughts would be uttered by such a man as our friend. Yet, after all, his manner, his look, his evident emotion while he struggled in vain to speak, were perhaps more eloquent than any words he could have spoken. The people were greatly moved, and for my own part, it was with difficulty I proceeded with the service.

Dr. Nevins was remarkable for his fidelity as a Pastor, as I had occasion to know in more than one instance; but one came within my knowledge, which

was peculiarly striking, and now that both parties have been called to their rest, it may perhaps be mentioned without indelicacy. In the year 1831, Mr. Wirt proposed to make a public profession of religion by uniting with Dr. Nevins' church. Knowing my intimacy with Mr. W., and the deep interest I felt for him, Nevins wrote to me soon after that event, and in the letter, now before me, gave me the substance of his conversation with Mr. W. on that occasion. It is very interesting, and honourable alike to Nevins as a wise, judicious and most faithful Pastor, and to Mr. W. as a sincere and humble Christian. His solicitude that Mr. W. should be "decided," as he expressed it, amidst the peculiar temptations of his position, is earnestly and beautifully manifested, and he urges me, in my correspondence with him, to "regard him as a Christian, and tell how much I expect from him as such."

In this connection an incident occurred which may be not without its interest. The fact that Mr. Wirt had made a public profession of his faith found its way into the papers, greatly to the annoyance of Dr. Nevins. It annoyed Mr. W. no less—these are his own words in speaking of it: "I am grieved to learn that my having gone to the Lord's table has got into the papers. It is no fit subject for a paper. Of what consequence is it to the cause of Christ that such a poor reptile as myself should have acknowledged Him before other worms of the dust like myself. I feel humbled and startled at such an annunciation."

You will take occasion, no doubt, in your notice of our friend to speak of his deepest sorrow,—the death of his beloved and truly lovely wife. I will close this communication by an extract from a letter he addressed to me with reference to that affliction. The letter is dated November 29, 1834. He says—

"My dear Campbell: I thank you for your kind remembrance of me in my sorrows, and for your letter of condolence. It is no dream—I wish it was, though perhaps I ought not to say so—it is a sad reality that I am a poor desolate *widower*. I always had a horror of the word, and now it is fastened on me. I mean not to complain—I do not complain of God. What am I, that I should sit in judgment on his acts? What He has done is right; and if it were mere justice, what right should I have to complain, who deserve his wrath? But how know I that there is not more of mercy in it than of justice? There may be—I will believe that there is. And perhaps the *manner* was merciful, as well as the thing itself. It was *short*, it was *easy;* it was without ache, anguish, or dread. Yet my wish would have been for a longer illness, and another disease. But I am not qualified to choose. Let God have his way, though it be in the sea—I have been supported, composed, comforted—yet suffer indescribably—unlike what I have ever done before. It seems to me as if all previous sorrow had been joy, in comparison with this. I have the best reason to believe that my precious wife is with Jesus—with that I ought to be satisfied. My judgment is—but my heart is not so easily brought to repose. There has been but little cholera here, though much alarm. Only seventy-one deaths have been reported to the Board of Health—and to think that my wife was one of that small number! * * * * Remember me to your dear wife—I have no longer one to send the message of love. How strange it seems to me when I come to the close of a letter."

Dear Nevins! His work was soon done and well done.

Very truly yours,

J. N. CAMPBELL.

WILLIAM ASHMEAD.*

1820—1829.

WILLIAM ASHMEAD, a son of William and Margaret Ashmead, was born in Philadelphia in the year 1798. His grandfather, though a sea-faring man, had considerable taste for literature, and wrote his own epitaph in verse, in which he beautifully alludes to the remarkable fact of his having completed one hundred voyages, in connection with the hope which he cherished of reaching the haven of eternal rest. The subject of this sketch, from his early childhood, discovered a great fondness for books, and a proportional disrelish for youthful amusements. Dr. Rush, who was a frequent visiter at his grandfather's, is said to have had his attention drawn to him as a boy of remarkable promise. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, he became a clerk in a bookstore, where he industriously devoted his leisure to reading; and, as the books which he read were chosen without any regard to system or method, he afterwards considered this exercise of his faculties as having contributed little to his substantial intellectual growth.

Having gone through the studies preparatory to entering College, he became a member of the University of Pennsylvania, where he had a high standing as a scholar through his whole course, and graduated in the class of 1818. He determined to devote himself to the Gospel ministry, and with a view to this put himself under the theological instruction of the late Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson, of Philadelphia,—eminent alike for his logical power and his extensive erudition; but, as he was at this time without the means of support, he was compelled to resort to the business of teaching in order to defray his expenses. The labours of the day in superintending his classes, and the labours of the night in prosecuting his studies, proved too much for his constitution; and his pallid countenance, and frequent headaches, and shattered nerves, soon admonished him of the necessity of relaxing from the severity of his intellectual toil.

In 1819, he was married to Clara Forrester of Lancaster County, Pa.

In the spring of 1820, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Philadelphia; and his first efforts in the pulpit were received with high approbation, and were considered as giving promise, if his life should be spared, of eminence in his profession. His youthful appearance, his benignant countenance, his persuasive manner, quickly rendered him a favourite, wherever he was known.

Shortly after he was licensed, he made a journey on horseback into the mountainous region of Northumberland and Sunbury, chiefly for the benefit of his health. On his return, he preached with great acceptance in New Brunswick, N. J., and was afterwards requested to allow himself to be considered as a candidate for settlement; but, as a portion of the congregation, on account of his extreme youth, doubted the expediency of the measure, he declined the application. About this time, he was invited to take charge of the Congregation in Sunbury,—a small town on the Susquehanna, which he had visited a few months before; and this invitation he would probably have accepted, but that a call now reached him from the

* Memoir prefixed to his Sermons.—Chr. Adv., 1830.—MS. from Rev. Dr. J. P. Wilson.

Presbyterian Church in Lancaster, Pa., which he justly regarded as opening a wider field of ministerial usefulness. Accordingly, he accepted the latter call, and for upwards of eight years served that highly influential church with great ability and fidelity. He exerted an important influence here, as well upon the intellectual as the religious interests of the community, and especially in establishing an Academy, in aid of which, after some difficulty, he succeeded in obtaining a donation from the Legislature. In 1824, he received a unanimous call from the Church in New Brunswick, to which he had preached two years before, to become their Pastor; but his congregation earnestly resisted the application, and his answer was in accordance with their wishes.

In consequence of an impaired state of health, induced by excessive labour in connection with a sedentary habit, he journeyed to the South in the autumn of 1828, in the hope that change of climate, and a few months' relaxation from professional cares, might restore to him his accustomed vigour. And the desired effect seemed in a good degree to be realized. He passed some time in Charleston, S. C., where he preached occasionally, and with great acceptance. Whilst at Washington, in the winter of 1829, on his return to Lancaster, he received a unanimous call from the Second Presbyterian Church in Charleston, which had enjoyed the benefit of his occasional services during his visit there, to become its Pastor. Mr. Ashmead, convinced that he could not long endure the climate of Lancaster, and that the more genial climate of Charleston would in all probability be the means of protracting both his usefulness and his life, regarded this as a call of Providence which he had no right to decline; and, accordingly, he resigned his charge at Lancaster, and reached Charleston,—the scene, as he supposed, of his future labours, on the 25th of April. Here he was received with every expression of the most cordial regard, and was installed Pastor of the Church, May 17, 1829. About five weeks after his installation, he returned to Pennsylvania, with a view to make arrangements for the removal of his family. He had a serious attack of bilious fever before leaving Charleston, and another shortly after his arrival at Lancaster; from both of which he slowly recovered. While he was waiting with his family at Philadelphia to take passage for Charleston, the fever again returned upon him, though apparently in a mitigated form; and at the end of two weeks, his physicians declared that it was subdued. It was a sore disappointment to him that he was not able to return to his people at the time appointed, and he requested that they should be apprized of the cause, and of the changes that occurred in his situation from time to time. Shortly after this, he seems to have had little hope of recovery, though his friends did not despair concerning him till a very short time before his death. He spoke of an inward feeling which admonished him that his disease would be fatal. At first he seemed to cling to life with some tenacity: he said, "O my God, spare me to praise thee, and serve thee with more ardour than I ever have! Spare me to my dear wife and children. I trust it is not inconsistent for me to desire to live. Dr. ——, who is a holy man and lives near to God, once reproved me on that subject, after I had preached a sermon, in which I had painted in glowing colours the desire of the righteous man to die, and the triumphs of a death-bed. I believe there have been a few good men who have desired to die,—such as Brainerd, Edwards, and Baxter,—but in general there is no instinct so strong as that with which we

cling to life. But," he added, "if I am to die at this time, dying grace will be given me. God can make me willing to leave all." And this remark was delightfully verified. His last days furnished a most edifying exhibition of Christian faith, humility, and triumph. A few moments before he ceased to breathe, he said to his wife,—"You can come to me, though I cannot return to you." He then desired that his head should be raised, and the moment it was done, the conflict was over, and the spirit had gone to its rest. He died after an illness of six weeks, December 2, 1829, in his thirty-second year, leaving a widow, and six children all under ten years of age.

Mr. Ashmead, considering his age, was an accomplished and thorough scholar. He read with ease the French, Spanish and Italian languages, and had made some proficiency in the German also, when his declining health obliged him to relinquish it. In the winter of 1825, he commenced a translation of Saurin's Historical, Critical and Theological Discourses; but in this labour also, after he had made considerable progress, he was arrested by ill health. He was alive to the beauties of poetry, though it is not known that he ever attempted that kind of composition. He was also familiar with the different systems of moral science and metaphysics; but the longer he lived, the more the sacred volume became endeared to him above all other books. He read the Scriptures daily in the original languages, and found in them beauties which he looked for in vain in the most perfect of uninspired productions.

In 1826, he published an Essay on Pauperism, addressed to the Legislature of Pennsylvania then in session, in which was displayed great ingenuity and power of argument. Besides nearly two hundred sermons neatly written out, he left several valuable manuscripts of a miscellaneous kind, which have never been given to the public. Some of these are theological, some moral, and some strictly literary. It is somewhat remarkable that the only unfinished sermon among his manuscripts, and the last probably that he ever attempted, breaks off abruptly, with these words, which seem to have been prophetic: "Then, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory."

Mr. Ashmead published the Sermon which he delivered on assuming the pastoral charge of the Second Presbyterian Church in Charleston, 1829. The next year after his death, a selection from his manuscript sermons was published in connection with a brief Memoir of his Life, in an octavo volume,—dedicated to his two congregations, in Lancaster and Charleston.

FROM SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON, M. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, December 28, 1848.

Dear Sir: In fulfilling the promise I made to you some time since, I am surprised and a little mortified to find how indefinite and vague are my reminiscences of Mr. Ashmead. Yet it is many years since his death, and during the interval I have been occupied with much care, and gone through great suffering both of mind and body.

My acquaintance with Mr. Ashmead was not of long duration, but his character was so frank and open that I have always felt nevertheless that I knew him

well. Our intercourse, gradually becoming more intimate, was, I believe, fast ripening into friendship: its abrupt termination by his deeply lamented death, I trust, is not final.

He was born to be loved and esteemed, respected and confided in. With great clearness and force of expression, in the utterance of his thoughts he always mingled much courtesy and forbearance. Yet he was occasionally warm and enthusiastic, giving abundant proof of an ardent sincerity. With every gentlemanly anxiety to avoid offence, he was incapable of sacrificing an iota of principle, tenacious of opinions carefully formed, and prompt at all hazards to maintain whatever he believed to be right.

I remember a striking incident which occurred during his brief pastorship in Charleston, and which, if I can relate it correctly, at this distance of time, will, I think, exhibit some of the traits to which I have alluded.

It was the custom in the church over which he was minister, that persons, when about to commune for the first time, should make a solemn profession, standing in the broad aisle, before the attentive and silent congregation. Any one might be excused for regarding this species of notoriety with anxiety and apprehension; but to a modest and retiring woman, or a bashful girl, it must needs have been a sore trial,—enough to arouse the strongest sympathy and pity. It was always a scene painful to me to witness.

On the occasion of which I am writing, there was but one candidate for admission to church privileges,—a tall, graceful, accomplished and modest young lady, who has since become the wife of a distinguished clergyman. Her hands clasped before her, her cheeks crimsoned, her eyes suffused with tears, she stood trembling and alone, fronting the pulpit with the devouring gaze of the Assembly fixed upon her. The usual formula of question and mute reply being concluded, she retired to her father's pew, with a dignified effort to recover herself, but evidently profoundly overcome. Then Mr. Ashmead, lifting up his head, which had been bent down towards the catechumen, and raising his voice hitherto softened by his emotion, declared warmly his repugnance to the whole ceremony, denouncing it as obsolete and unadapted to time and circumstances; and proclaimed with some vehemence his fixed resolution never again to take any part in its performance. He ended by presenting in strong and condensed language a view of the reasons of his repugnance and dislike to it.

It soon became known that he had yielded in this matter, very reluctantly and under protest, to the strong will and determined purpose of one or more of the elders of the church, whose inflexible adherence to all ancient usages had long been matter of remark and annoyance. The severe censure of these influential persons was unavoidably incurred by the step he had taken, and he was destined, if he had lived, to pay a heavy penalty for having opposed their wishes. Of this he was fully aware; but however painful the anticipation, his sense of duty did not permit him to shrink from the consequences of the course of conduct which seemed to him to be the proper one.

I fear you may think this incident of too little interest to be of any avail in your proposed sketch. In the absence of any thing of more importance, however, I put it at your disposal, and remain,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON.

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE, D. D.*

1822—1841.

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE was born at Cabell's Dale, on North Elkhorn, Ky., July 4, 1797. His father was the Hon. John Breckenridge, Attorney General of the United States under the administration of Jefferson. His mother, whose maiden name was Cabell, was a lady of high intellectual and moral qualities, and belonged to one of the most respectable families in Virginia.

The subject of this sketch lost his father when he was nine years old, and from that time he was reared under the care of his widowed mother, and of an elder brother who was appointed his guardian. Having enjoyed, during his childhood and early youth, the advantages of the best schools in Kentucky, he entered Princeton College at an advanced standing in 1815, and graduated with high honour in the autumn of 1818, at the age of twenty-one. His family had designed him for the profession of the Law; but, during his residence at Princeton, his mind received a decidedly religious direction, and he became a member of the Presbyterian Church; in consequence of which he resolved, contrary to the wishes of his own immediate family,—not one of whom, at that time, was a professor of religion,—to devote himself to the Gospel ministry.

In 1820 and 1821, he was a Tutor in Princeton College, and at the same time was prosecuting the study of Divinity, in the Theological Seminary. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, August 1, 1822. He served as Chaplain of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, during the session of 1822–23. On the 22d of May, 1823, he was received from the Presbytery of New Brunswick, as a member of the Presbytery of West Lexington, Ky., and on the 10th of September following, was ordained by the latter Body to the work of the ministry, and installed pastor of the M'Chord Church in Lexington. Here he made a vigorous stand against the influence of Dr. Holley, then President of the Transylvania University, and of the party by which he was sustained; and with a special view to this controversy, he established the well known periodical called the "Western Luminary." In 1826, he removed to Baltimore, and became associated with the Rev. Dr. Glendy in the pastoral charge of the Second Presbyterian Church in that city. In 1831, he took up his residence in Philadelphia, as Secretary and General Agent of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church. In 1836, he was appointed, by the General Assembly, a Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He accepted the appointment, and held the office until 1838, when, upon the organization of the Board of Foreign Missions, he was elected its Secretary and General Agent. This appointment also he accepted; and continued at the head of the operations of that Board from 1838 to 1840. At the period of his death, he was the Pastor Elect of the Presbyterian Church in New Orleans, and the President Elect of Oglethorpe University in Georgia.

* Spirit of the Nineteenth Century, 1841.—Davidson's Hist. Presb. Ch. Ky.—MS. from Hon. Henry Clay.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College in 1835.

Dr. Breckenridge's health had been gradually declining under the weight of his multiplied cares and labours, for a considerable time previous to his death. At the time his death took place, he was on a visit to his friends in Kentucky; and he died August 4, 1841, on the spot where he was born,—having just completed his forty-fourth year. One of the last sentences that he uttered was—"I am a poor sinner who have worked hard, and had constantly before my mind one great object—the conversion of the world."

He was married in January, 1823, to Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Miller of Princeton, who died in 1838, leaving three children. In 1840, he was married a second time to a daughter of Colonel Babcock of Stonington, Conn., who, with one child, survived him.

The following are Dr. Breckenridge's publications:—A Sermon preached at Harrisburg before the Synod of Philadelphia, 1827. An Address before the Literary Societies in the New York University, 1836. Controversy with Bishop Hughes, 1836. Memorial of Mrs. Breckenridge, 1839.

Dr. Breckenridge's collegiate course at Princeton was contemporaneous with my own theological course there; and it was then and there that my acquaintance with him commenced. I think the first time I over spoke with him was while he was bowed like a bulrush under a sense of his own sinfulness, and before the first ray of hope had dawned upon his troubled spirit. It was deeply interesting to mark the struggles of a mind of so much capacity and power,—naturally lofty in its impulses and ambitious in its aspirations,—while it was groping its way in thick darkness in search of the Cross. And it was still more interesting, at a subsequent period, to observe the vigorous and strongly marked exercises of the spiritual man,—modified as they were by a natural nobility of mind and heart, as rare as it was attractive. For a few years after I left the Seminary, my intercourse with him was interrupted; but after I became connected, as a minister, with the Presbyterian Church, it was renewed, and led, I think I may say, to a strong mutual friendship. He preached several times in my pulpit, presenting different objects of benevolence, and while his efforts, when I heard him, were always remarkable, I think, in one instance, it was uniformly conceded that he attained to the highest effect of pulpit eloquence. His presence in the family was always a bright sunshine, that cheered every one that came within its influence. Even the little children anticipated his visit as a jubilee; and it was hard for any of us to say whether we loved or admired him the more. Once and but once I saw him when his spirit was greatly ruffled; and he spoke sharp and scathing words, when a milder tone would have suited me better; but it was in defence of what he believed to be truth and right, and he, unconsciously to himself, passed the boundary, which his own sober judgment would have fixed. He was a fine specimen of a devout and earnest Christian, engrafted upon a splendid man, and a noble-spirited Kentuckian.

FROM THE HON. HENRY CLAY.

SECRETARY OF STATE, &C., &C.

ASHLAND, July 14. 1848.

Dear Sir: I received your favour of recent date requesting from me some expression in regard to the character of the late Rev. Dr. John Breckenridge, with reference to a work which you are engaged in preparing for the press.

Although I was acquainted with Dr. Breckenridge from an early period of his life, and with his family before him, our spheres of action were so different and often so distant, that I had not the happiness of much personal intercourse with him, or of often hearing him in the pulpit. He has, however, left on my mind impressions of his piety, his zeal, his great powers of persuasive eloquence, and of his blandness and sweetness of disposition, that will never be effaced. I deeply regret that my knowledge of him does not allow me to bear a more ample and extended testimony to his great worth and high merits.

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

FROM THE REV. JOHN M. KREBS, D. D.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1852.

Rev. and dear Sir: I fear that you have overrated my opportunities of intercourse with the late Rev. Dr. John Breckenridge. The few remarks I made to you orally in regard to his character as a man and a preacher, and which, at your request, I shall now put to paper for you, were the recollections of occasional interviews, some of which were official, and others simply social, but occurring during a space of fifteen years or more, although always characterized by a good degree of friendly intimacy.

My acquaintance with Dr. Breckenridge began at his own house in Baltimore, while I was yet a student in College. Being on a visit to that city, I called upon him, with the friend who introduced me, to pay our respects. I could not fail to be impressed with his engaging aspect,—I might say, indeed, the manly beauty of his countenance; an impression never lost, and still justified by the accurate engraved portrait in my possession. There was a combination of dignity and gentleness, of purity and candour, intellect and firmness, mingled with all a woman's tenderness and sympathy, that played upon his speaking face, which, added to his gracious condescension—utterly remote from the slightest air of patronizing—to two mere lads, instantly won upon my heart, as it did on many others that cherish his memory with fond affection. There was nothing austere and ungenial about him, and certainly nothing merely put on. You were attracted as to a man, but to a holy and a good man. I always felt myself, when with him, in the presence of a man of God, and one whom I could love as a father or an elder brother.

In person, he was of medium height, lithe and active, but apparently not of robust frame: there was nevertheless that vital energy about him, which prompted and sustained abundant labours, until it prematurely exhausted and wore out his strength and life.

His temper was ardent, generous and frank; his manners refined and polished, partaking and expressing the noble courteousness of his nature, the suavity and delicate considerateness of a Christian gentleman. If you have ever seen that fine commentary on the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which reveals it as the portraiture of a true gentleman, I am sure that you will appreciate the estimate which leads me spontaneously to associate it with Dr.

Breckenridge. Indeed, this trait was so well known, at least in its outward expressions, that even where partisan prejudices transferred their hostility to the persons whose principles they opposed, they nevertheless implied an acknowledgment of it. A person who was strongly prejudiced against that party in the Church with which Dr. B. was identified, speaking with some disapprobation of his position and deportment in the controversy, and comparing him with another minister, equally distinguished and no less agreeable in private life, yet thrown more prominently into the front of the conflict, and more obnoxious on account of a certain pointed invective in debate, said, too energetically for her sex, that for her part she had as lief be beheaded with the broad axe of the one, as have her throat gently cut by the smooth, keen razor of the other.

As might be inferred from what I have said of him above, he was a very hospitable man; and his hospitality was, like himself, frank and unostentatious. It was not from any thing he said, but from all the cordiality and kindness of his reception, the evident enjoyment he took in the society he welcomed to his roof and table, that you felt yourself at once at home and at ease. In this respect, it was like that fine and unaffected welcome you meet in the best homes of the South and West, in which the guest is made to feel himself more an obliger than obliged.

In the controversies within the Presbyterian Church, he took a decided and earnest stand with the Old School. All his sympathies led him that way. In the darkest periods of the great conflict, he shrunk not, neither was he disheartened. Sink or swim, he periled reputation and position in the issue, and ever stood firm to his convictions. This is not the place to discuss or to assume the merits of that controversy; but it is due to the truth and history of the case to state the estimate of his position in it, which was formed by those who were associated with him in the conferences and consultations of that momentous time.

Notwithstanding the vehemence with which the debates of that period were conducted, and,—making all due allowance for the imperfections of the best men, and for the infirmities that appear in the arena of fervent controversy,—I cannot recall an instance in which he ever forgot the amenities of the occasion, or lost his self-possession. I remember one occasion, indeed, which, at the time, and to one unacquainted with him and with the circumstances of the case, might have appeared like a display of unduly excited feeling; though it really was not so. Without attempting to describe the scene, I will only say that it reminded me of one, in which, some years before, another minister from the same State figured. After an ardent debate, on an ecclesiastical trial, in which he had taken part, he overheard, but mistook the purport of, some angry threats of certain friends of the party arraigned. Supposing, however, that these persons were, as if in sympathy with himself, meditating injury to one, who, in the debate, had dealt him some unkind reproaches, he interposed, saying,—"Gentlemen, I beg you to forbear; I feel no ill-will to those persons, and have no wrongs to be avenged; I am a Kentuckian, indeed, but I am a Christian too." But he was speedily undeceived, and found himself to be the object of their purpose;—when he rejoined,—"Gentlemen, I beg you to beware; it is true, I trust I am a Christian, but you must remember, that I am also a Kentuckian!"

His intrepidity of character needs no special illustration. It was a part of himself, and he would not have been himself without it. He never feared the face of man, and as a bold and uncompromising advocate of what he believed to be truth, he exhibited not only the *suaviter in modo*, but the *fortiter in re*. Once, when he was making a speech at an Anniversary of the Colonization Society, of which he was one of the stanchest friends, at a time when the public meetings in this city were often the scene of great excitement, some of his remarks on the subject, in its relation to slavery, were received with peculiar

expressions of disapprobation, by the opponents of that scheme who were present. The speaker was assailed with hisses; angry looks and gestures menaced him; and he was interrupted for a moment by the outcries and the confusion that reigned in the audience. Drawing himself up to his full height, he cast around him a look of undaunted firmness, while a slight flush suffused his countenance, and even a smile played around his mouth, and said,—"I am not to be put down by hisses or by threats. I was cradled where the Indian war-whoop yet mingled with the infant's lullaby, and trained by a mother whose earliest lessons taught me, next to the fear of God, not to be afraid of any body." The effect of this speech, uttered with such serene composure and heroic dignity, was electric. The audience subsided into perfect calm, and he finished his address without further interruption, than that of enthusiastic applause. On another occasion, in making the annual Address before the literary societies of the University, speaking from short notes,—a usual practice with him,—he advanced some sentiments which were not well suited to the popular sympathies of the time. A slight buzzing in the audience attracted his attention, and recognising in it a dissent from his opinions, he paused, then uttered with majestic calmness these words—"I was born a freeman, and by the grace of God, I mean to live and die one." The assembly was hushed in a moment to audible silence, but then there arose such a thunder of applause as overwhelmingly indicated its sympathy with the manly sentiment and avowal of a freeman's right to speak all his thoughts. It was as when a Roman theatre received that utterance which spoke to the heart of humanity,—"I am a man, and nothing that concerns man is alien to me."

Quick in repartee, he was often very happy,—still so bland and courteous that he did not give offence. One day on the street, he was met by a lady and gentleman, the latter of whom dissented strongly from Dr. B.'s Calvinistic sentiments, while he yet greatly admired his character and talents. He introduced the lady as his wife, adding sportively,—"Dr. B., my wife is just one of your sort of folks. She believes that what is to be, will be." "Ah," said he, "and I suppose I am to understand that you are one of the sort which believe that what is to be, won't be." It was a poser.

Devoted to the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, he was their uncompromising expounder and advocate. His influence was visible in the greatly improved tone of piety attained by his Congregation in Baltimore, and in the happy results of his ministry, cotemporary and affiliated with the excellent Nevins in that city. His memory is cherished there to this day. His people were trained, and instructed, and of one mind with him. I once heard a distinguished person, whose ecclesiastical politics were opposed to Dr. B.'s, say that he had so thoroughly imbued his people with his views, that, even some years after he had left them, (at a time when it was desired and hoped that they might be enlisted in an opposite interest,) not the least impression could be made upon them.

As a debater in the Ecclesiastical Courts, or on the platform, he always spoke without any notes, and apparently without studied preparation. On these occasions, he was sometimes discursive, yet he never abandoned his point. And there were times when lofty bursts of eloquence told with fine effect on the delighted hearers. I think I may apply to him what has been lately written of Thomas Lord Lyttleton as a *Senator*, though alas! of him *only* as a parliamentary orator.* "His tone in the Senate had been pure, moral and high-principled. Even his opponents acknowledged the harmony of his periods, the force of his declamations, and the ingenuity of his arguments." He was often in request for public occasions. And there are those who still remember his masterly dissection, at an Anniversary of the American Tract Society, of Gibbon's

* London Quarterly Review, January, 1852.

insidious but sophistical explanation of the causes of the remarkable spread of Christianity in its primitive period; and the splendid peroration, wherein, describing the magnificent enterprise which he commended to the Society, even at the risk of failure, he concluded in words like these:—"Let the spot be marked with enduring stone, bearing this suggestive and memorable inscription—*'Here fell the American Tract Society, in attempting to achieve the conversion of the world!'*"

In the pulpit, he was distinguished equally for copiousness and felicity. He never read his sermons, and I believe he very seldom wrote them. I have known him to be called upon to preach without any opportunity for preparation. Sometimes his mind rapidly chose his theme, and arranged his thoughts around it, and he then spoke with great point, clearness, and force. At other times I have heard him, when it seemed as if he had started with some inkling of a point which eluded him, so that he could not yet seize it, and for a while he exemplified what, upon such an occasion, was very pertinently said of him by a loving relative, that "Mr. B. appeared to be hunting something." But when he caught the theme, his form dilated, his eye kindled, and his eloquent features all aglow, he would pour out a strain of admirable argument and burning illustration. Sometimes he wrote, and then curiously enough. Even for a special occasion I once knew him, after being much engaged otherwise up to his departure for the place where he was to speak, attend to the completion of his preparations for it while on the way, occupying the intervals of his journey when the coach stopped for meals or for the night, by retiring to his room and writing out his discourse. There are few men, however well-furnished, who could or ought to venture on experiments like these. But commonly he preached from a "brief," carefully arranged, and the construction and management of this was something of a curiosity. His habit may be learned from my first observation of him in this respect, when I regarded his proceedings, as I sat with him in my own pulpit, not without some wonder. Drawing forth a small packet of what I supposed to be "skeletons," he selected some three slips of paper, not written precisely like the prophet's roll, "within and without." These were quarters of sheets, of letter-size apparently, folded lengthwise so as to make four pages. The inside pages were blank, while one or both, as he might need, of the outside pages were covered with his bold and careless manuscript. Next he produced a thin, round, pocket pin-cushion, well filled. Then, selecting one of the slips, he pinned it so as to lap the leaf on which his text was, so that when the first page should be exhausted, he might turn the leaf of the Bible, and proceed with the second. Carefully selecting quite another place in the Bible, he there pinned another paper in like manner; and so on with the third. Each of these slips, I afterwards learned, as it was not difficult to guess, contained a distinct head of remark, with brief hints to be filled up in speaking, and concluded with a reference to a topic that required the use of a text elsewhere; and following the reference, he turned over to the page thus indicated, where he found his further hints and proceeded as before. My old pulpit Bible bears many a mark of these perforations. This peculiar method was suggested solely by regard for his own convenience, and was by no means intended to "blind the eyes of galling critics;" for the aggregate of all that was thus written might easily have been read off in less than five minutes.

His style and delivery were sometimes very grand, flashing with intellect and power; and then again he changed to the tender and melting mood. Though not unmethodical, nor talking against time, or for talk's sake, he was often excursive and episodical,—more so perhaps than in extempore debate—for whereas there, he rose to speak under the impulse of some thought that struggled for utterance, and revolved around some single point,—in the pulpit there was more of previous leisurely intention, and the calmness that is not stimulated by

controversy, nor pressed by want of time. And it sometimes happened that, tempted by his very fulness, he poured out rich stores of thought and imagination, till the exhausted hour required him to stop,—not without disappointment to the hearers, both for the balking of their willingness for more, and for the brief treatment of the latter points announced in his plan,—leaving in some cases the impression of incompleteness. But his manner was chaste, and his fine imagination was not undisciplined. You saw no rant, nor start theatric; you heard no thunder let off to make people stare; no trickery to please gaping sides and benches. You would not say of him exactly

"Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full:"

For he was not always "calm," but on the contrary impassioned and sublime. And he did sometimes "overflow:" but it is no disparagement of the Mississippi to say it is not in all respects like the Thames.

You may think I have written herein with too strong partialities of friendship on me. But I stand not alone in my estimate. And I could not write otherwise and write truly. Would it were worthier of a man whom living, I was happy in numbering among my friends, and dying, I lamented with no affected grief.

I cannot forget that when I was almost overwhelmed with sudden and sore trial, he wrote and he came to me, with counsels most judicious, comforting and salutary. It was not long afterwards that I was called upon to requite, by reminding him of timely consolations he had ministered to me. I remember how he bore sorrow like a man of grace and faith. Yet afflictions and labours wore him out, and too soon for the Church he loved and served so well, he entered peacefully into rest. I was his friend, and I am

Affectionately yours,

JOHN M. KREBS.

ALEXANDER AUGUSTUS CAMPBELL.*

1822—1846.

Alexander Augustus Campbell, a son of Captain Francis and Nancy (Barnet) Campbell, was born in Amherst County, Va., December 30, 1789. He spent his early years at home, and had only the advantages for education furnished by the common schools of that day, until, at the age of about eighteen or nineteen, he commenced the study of medicine. Having studied for some time under the direction of Dr. Patton of Danville, Va., he went to Philadelphia, and completed his studies at the Medical School in that city, where he graduated in the year 1811.

In his boyhood he was, at one time, much concerned in regard to his eternal interests; but, while he was studying with a view to his profession, he became sceptical, and tried hard to divest himself of a belief of the Divine existence. While attending the Lectures at Philadelphia, he was attacked with the yellow fever, and his case, even in the judgment of his physicians, became hopeless. Of his experience at that time, he has left in manuscript the following remarkable record:—

* MS. from Rev. E. S. Campbell.

"I knew from every symptom under which I laboured that I must die; for, from the first attack of the disease, I never had my mind so clear and comprehensive before or since. All nature appeared within my grasp. I disposed of my affairs, and gave such direction to my friends as I wished, and gave my body to my room-mates to dissect after death, requesting them to examine particular parts that I supposed were diseased. My friend, Dr. Rush, having asked me if I was prepared to die, and having received an affirmative answer, had left me, as he supposed, for the last time. I had indeed no fear of death, and was perfectly willing to die any moment. At this juncture, when I expected that every breath would be my last, I placed myself in a posture to be laid out, thinking thus to give my friends as little trouble as possible. I waited impatiently to stop breathing. In this situation, the remark of Dr. Rush came to my mind, as well as the name of Sydenham, and others eminent for piety; and I could not but ask myself whether, if these truly great men believed in a God, it was not the height of presumption in me,—a mere stripling, to disbelieve. But then I concluded that the mind of man only possessed a certain degree of excitability or power to be acted on; and if it was greatly improved at one point, it was proportionally weakened at another; and, therefore, though these were great men, and had advanced far in science, it was a necessary consequence that in the same ratio their power of appreciating moral truth was weakened, and of course they must be mere fools in respect to religion. After many reflections upon my situation, I came to this conclusion with great seriousness and solemnity—that, as it was then too late to turn to God, if there ever one, I would make the best of my old theory,—it being all I had to depend upon; but that, if I should recover, I would abandon my principles, for I should feel assured that nothing but a Divine power could restore me. At the same time, I solemnly lifted up my soul to Heaven in an earnest prayer that, if I was in an error, God would be pleased to make it manifest to me by restoring me again to health, and then I would serve Him during the rest of my days. No sooner was this resolution made than I began to amend, and in a short time it became manifest to all that I was on the recovery. I soon wrote to my infidel friend, who had been instrumental in leading me astray, that I had abjured my principles, and had become satisfied that religion was a reality." After a long period of trial and conflict, during a part of which he imagined that he had committed the unpardonable sin, he was enabled to repose in the gracious promises of the Gospel, and made a public profession of his faith.

On his return from Philadelphia in 1811, he settled as a medical practitioner in Leakesville, N. C.; but in 1814, he removed back to Virginia, and settled in Goochland County, where he remained between two and three years. In 1817, he removed to Huntsville, Ala.

As he grew in Christian knowledge and spirituality, he began to cherish the desire, and ultimately formed the purpose, to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel. He at length abandoned the practice of medicine as a profession, studied Theology under the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of North Alabama, on the 2d of April, 1822. He was ordained by the same Presbytery, as an Evangelist, on the 29th of September, 1823.

Mr. Campbell performed his earliest labours in the ministry as an itinerant; but in 1824, he removed to Tuscumbia, Ala., and officiated as a stated

supply at that place and at Russellsville, for about four years. In 1828, he was invited to take charge of the Church at Florence, Ala., but declined the call on the ground that the salary that was offered him was inadequate to the support of his family; and besides, he had already made arrangements to remove to the Western District of Tennessee, where he had actually purchased lands, and made preparations for opening a farm. He, however, remained two years at Florence, and his labours there were greatly blessed, not only in restoring harmony to a distracted church, but in bringing about a revival of religion by means of which the church was not a little strengthened,—forty persons being added to it in two months. He left Florence in the winter of 1829–30, and removed to Haywood County, in Western Tennessee, where he preached as a missionary, traversing almost the whole District, organizing churches, and sowing seed which has since yielded a rich harvest.

In the autumn of 1832, he was invited to take charge of the Church in Jackson, Tenn. He accepted the invitation, removed thither, and was installed Pastor of the Church on the 3d of October, 1833. Here he remained labouring most diligently and faithfully, until his ministrations were suddenly broken off by death. During this period, he not only preached twice, and often three times, on the Sabbath, and lectured in the week, but edited a newspaper, (the Jackson Protestant,) and attended considerably to the practice of medicine. He rarely retired to rest until the clock was at least near striking the small hours. He paid frequent visits, as a physician, to the missionaries at Creek Path in the Cherokee nation, as well as those in the Creek nation; and while these visits had more particular reference to the health of the body, they contributed not a little to encourage and help forward the missionaries in their self-denying work.

Mr. Campbell's last illness was sudden and brief. About the middle of May, 1846, he was violently attacked with malignant erysipelas in a masked form. His sufferings from the commencement were excruciating, but he bore them with great fortitude and submission. He conversed freely with his friends who called to see him, expressing his full confidence in the Master whom he had served, and leaving a cheerful and earnest testimony to his all-sustaining grace. About twelve hours before his death, an anodyne was administered to him with a view to alleviate his sufferings; and under its influence he fell into a sleep from which he passed, as was confidently believed, to a better world. He died on the 27th of May, 1846, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Campbell wrote thus in his diary under date of December 30, 1828:—

"This day brings me to my thirty-ninth year; and how have these years been spent? Twelve of them in childhood; five of them in resting on my own self-righteousness; four in open infidelity; two in serving God in my own strength; six in horrid despair from believing that I had committed the unpardonable sin, in openly opposing God and religion, contrary to my conscience; and since I have been brought to rely on Jesus for salvation, what an unprofitable servant have I been!"

On the 12th of December, 1812, he was married to Sarah, daughter of Daniel and Margaret Boyce. They had seven children,—five sons and two daughters;—all of whom he lived to see in the Communion of the Church. Two of his sons became ministers of the Gospel. The elder is now (1857)

stated supply of the Church in Brownsville, Tenn. The younger, *George Alexander*, was born July 27, 1824, at Tuscumbia, Ala.; was graduated at West Tennessee College, Jackson; was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of the Western District of Tennessee, July, 1853; and died of a pulmonary affection on the 27th of May, 1855. He was a young man of lovely character and high promise. Mr. Campbell's widow still survives, and resides in Jackson, Tenn.

Mr. Campbell published a Tract on the design and use of Baptism; and another work on the same subject, entitled "Scripture Baptism," 1844.

FROM THE REV. JAMES HOLMES, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE WEST TENNESSEE COLLEGE.

JACKSON, Tenn., April 18, 1857.

My dear Sir: On account of my long and intimate acquaintance with our deceased friend, Rev. A. A. Campbell, I have been requested to communicate to you some of my recollections illustrative of his character.

On the first Monday evening in November of 1824, I approached his dwelling in Tuscumbia, Ala., assured of a cordial welcome. For weeks I had been prosecuting my tedious journey from the Theological Seminary in Princeton to my missionary field among the Chickasaws, meeting with few comparatively who cared for the souls of the Heathen. How rejoiced I was, therefore, to learn from my new acquaintance, a few minutes after my arrival, that the hour for the Monthly Concert of Prayer had come. We went together to the log school-house and church, and I soon discovered that I had met with one who cordially sympathized with the missionary. Before we parted, he kindly proffered his services as a physician, if, at any time, they should be needed: of which we availed ourselves on several occasions, especially in 1829, when he spent nearly three weeks in my family, travelling alone through the wilderness, about two hundred and thirty miles, in going and returning. During this visit, he preached the Gospel to our Indians with great fervency, and from day to day he visited among them, embracing every opportunity to instruct them in the way of life. His was truly a missionary spirit, as all can testify, who were favoured with his intimate acquaintance.

The injunction,—"Use hospitality," exerted its full force in our deceased friend. He was emphatically a lover of good men, and his house and heart were ever open for their entertainment. In several tours for missionary purposes, embracing many thousand miles, and affording ample opportunities of witnessing the development of this principle in the various latitudes of our country, I am free to say that its brightest illustration I found beneath his roof. Catharine Brown,—the Cherokee convert, spent the last four months of her life in his family.

Gentleness and decision were combined in an eminent degree in his character. His countenance usually exhibited the benignant smile; and yet when vice was to be reproved, or principle defended, sternness marked his every feature. His personal appearance was dignified, and his manners conciliatory. In ecclesiastical and other assemblies, he was always listened to with marked attention Strength, rather than accuracy, characterized his diction.

Owing to sparseness of population, and other causes existing in a newly settled country, camp-meetings were frequent among Presbyterians; and here his presence was earnestly sought, and his most effective pulpit efforts exerted. Revivals of religion were the joy of his heart, and in such seasons he was peculiarly judicious. He was one of the pioneers of our Church in the Western District of Tennessee: many of the churches were organized by him, and he had the privi

lege of seeing several of them strengthened and edified through his instrumentality.

Like every man of decision and earnestness, he had some enemies during his lifetime; but this feeling was hushed at his death, and his loss is deeply mourned by a large circle of acquaintance.

Yours with great respect,

JAMES HOLMES.

JOSEPH SANFORD.*

1823—1831.

JOSEPH SANFORD, the youngest child of Joseph and Achsa Sanford, was born in Vernon, Vt., February 6, 1797. His parents were originally from Southbury, Conn., but removed to Vermont shortly after their marriage. Soon after the birth of this son, they transferred their residence to Galway, Saratoga County, N. Y., where they remained till the summer of 1816, when they made another remove, and settled in Cayuga County in the same State. They were both persons of exemplary religious character, and were careful to train up their children in the way they should go. His father died in the year 1826; his mother about the year 1847.

The subject of this sketch, from his earliest mental developments, manifested great susceptibility to the influence of religious truth; and it is supposed that when he was not more than eight years old, his mind had received a permanently serious and pious direction. At the age of thirteen, he became a communicant in the church, and evinced ever afterward a strength of religious principle and feeling, which would have been worthy of the most advanced stage of Christian experience. At fourteen he was the teacher of a district school, in which he acquitted himself with much honour, and to the entire satisfaction of his employers.

From an early period there is reason to believe that his heart was fixed upon the ministry as his ultimate profession. When he was eighteen or nineteen years old, he commenced his classical studies with a view to entering College. Part of his preparatory course was at Granville, Washington County, and part of it at Ballston, Saratoga County: in both places his diligence was most exemplary, and his success fully answered to his diligence. He was also earnestly engaged, not only in the cultivation of personal piety, but in the promotion of religion in the hearts of those around him; and though there was nothing in his deportment that approached to ostentation or extravagance, he always stood ready to lend a quiet but efficient aid to every good work that might solicit his regard.

He became a member of the Sophomore class in Union College in September, 1817. It was during his college course that the memorable revival occurred in the County of Saratoga, and some adjoining towns, in which the labours of Mr. Nettleton, Dr. Nott, Dr. Macauley, and others, were so prominent. Sanford drank deeply into the spirit of the work; mingled with those who were trembling with apprehension, and those who were rejoicing in hope, as he had opportunity; and not a few were supposed to have been

* Memoir of his Life.—MS. from Mrs. Sanford.

permanently benefitted by his fervid and impressive addresses. His college course was somewhat embarrassed by feeble health, and by one or two somewhat protracted seasons of absence in consequence of it; nevertheless, his standing for scholarship was highly respectable, and his conduct in his relations to both officers and students was most fitting and exemplary. He graduated at the Commencement in 1820.

In the early part of November succeeding his graduation, he joined the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where he passed the next three years in immediate preparation for the duties of his profession. His course here, as in College, was marked by a most diligent and conscientious discharge of all his duties. He was greatly respected for his intellectual powers and acquisitions, but his high moral qualities, especially his earnest and devoted piety, constituted his more important distinction.

In April, 1823, Mr. Sanford was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York. Immediately after this, he went to Montreal, L. C., and for several weeks supplied the American Presbyterian Church in that city. Here his services were received with the warmest testimonies of approbation, and vigorous efforts were made by the congregation to procure his permanent settlement among them. But, though the call which they gave him was entirely unanimous, and in the highest degree cordial, he felt himself constrained, after much deliberation and inquiry concerning his duty, to decline it. He returned from Montreal to Princeton, about the last of June, where he remained till September, when his connection with the Seminary ceased.

A call from the new Presbyterian (now the First) Church of Brooklyn was before him, at the same time with that from Montreal; and both were urged with so much importunity, and both presented such strong claims upon his regard, that his mind was, for a long time, in a state of painful perplexity. He decided, however, at length, in favour of Brooklyn, and was ordained and installed Pastor of that Church on the 16th of October.

In the interval between leaving the Seminary and commencing his pastoral duties at Brooklyn, he was married to Anna Jackson, then of Philadelphia, but formerly of Trenton, N. J.,—a lady distinguished alike for natural loveliness and devoted piety. It turned out, however, in the mysterious providence of God, that the union was only for a few weeks. An insidious disease had been at work for some time in her system, on account of which it was thought proper that she should submit to a surgical operation; but, to the utter consternation of all her friends, it issued fatally. She died on the 6th of December. Mr. Sanford's diary, during this period of overwhelming affliction, as well as the testimony of many of his friends, proves that, while his heart was deeply bruised by the rod, he felt the quiet submission of a child, and his Christian graces shone out with a greatly increased lustre.

The Congregation in Montreal, being unwilling to relinquish the idea of having him for their Pastor, and hoping that perhaps something might have wrought a change in his mind in their favour, presented him with another call towards the close of this year, (1823,) accompanied with letters from several most respectable individuals, designed, if possible, to secure his acceptance of it. He felt obliged, however, again to return a negative answer,—being convinced that the place in which Providence had already placed him, was, on the whole, a field for more extensive usefulness.

Mr. Sanford continued to labour with great acceptance,—his church and congregation both rapidly increasing under his ministry,—till October, 1828, when he received a call from the Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. The question that now presented itself to him was one of great difficulty;—the Church at Philadelphia being acknowledged to be one of the most important in the United States, while the ties which bound him to the Church of which he was then Pastor, were of the strongest kind, as it had risen, under his ministry, from a mere handful to a large and respectable body. And what added to his embarrassment was, that, about the same time, his friends in Montreal,—nothing discouraged by previous refusals, renewed their application to him, enforced by the judgment of some men of distinguished name, particularly his friend, President Nott.

On the 6th of November of this year, he was united in marriage with Margaret H. Boardman, then of Albany, daughter of the Rev. William Boardman,* formerly a Presbyterian clergyman at Newtown, L. I. As she still survives, it would be indelicate to bear what would otherwise be an appropriate testimony to her character; but it may be pardonable at least to say that he himself speaks of her in his journal as a "friend congenial, sympathizing, and suitable to be the companion of a minister of Jesus Christ."

The question of his removal was before him for about three months, before it was finally settled. His own judgment was in favour of an acceptance of the call; and though his brethren of the Presbytery were generally of a different opinion, they finally yielded to his wishes, and, on the 30th of December, he was allowed to resign his pastoral charge. On the 11th of January, he took leave of his people in a discourse of great pathos, evincing the most affectionate solicitude for their spiritual interests. It was published. His installation at Philadelphia took place January 21, 1829. He was received by his new charge with every expression of good-will, and entered at once with great zeal upon the discharge of his appropriate duties.

In May, 1831, Mr. Sanford received a call from the M'Chord Church, Lexington, Ky. He felt that there were imperative reasons forbidding his acceptance of it; and, accordingly, without much delay, returned to it a negative answer.

During the succeeding summer, he was absent a good deal from his congregation on account of the illness of his only child, and his mind, from various causes, was subjected to great anxiety. Indeed his own health, from the time of his settlement in Philadelphia, was so much impaired that he was but ill fitted to bear the burden of responsibility and care that rested upon him. About the middle of December, he took a violent cold, which was followed almost immediately by a yet more violent fever. The best medical skill was put in requisition, but all to no purpose. His disease was attended with great bodily suffering, and, during a considerable part of the time, with delirium also; but in every lucid interval, it was manifest that the Sun of Righteousness was pouring beams of joy into his soul. He died

* William Boardman was born in Williamstown, Mass., in 1782; was graduated at Williams College in 1799; was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1803; was settled in the ministry successively at Duanesburg and Sandy Hill, N. Y., and was installed as Pastor of the Church at Newtown, L. I., in October, 1811, where he died March 4, 1818, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. Dr. Prime, in his History of Long Island, says of him,—"He was a man of ardent and active piety, and died deeply regretted."

on the 25th of December, 1831; and the Funeral solemnities were performed on the 28th. The Rev. Dr. Macauley preached on the occasion from Revelation xiv. 13. His corpse was deposited in the vault of Alexander Henry, Esq., but was subsequently removed to Brooklyn, and buried beside the grave of his first wife.

The only publication of Mr. Sanford was his Farewell Sermon delivered at Brooklyn in 1829.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Sanford was in September, 1824, on the occasion of his coming to Springfield, Mass., to represent the American Bible Society at the Anniversary of the several Benevolent Associations in Hampden County. As he was to pass the preceding Sabbath in that neighbourhood, I asked him to occupy my pulpit in the afternoon, and he consented to do so. I had never heard him spoken of as an eloquent man, and was not looking for any thing from him particularly exciting or attractive. He laid his manuscript sermon before him, and read with sufficient freedom for about half an hour; and if he had stopped then, I should have said that the performance was just about equal to my expectations. But though he had got to the end of his manuscript, he had, by no means, finished his sermon; and the part that remained made all that had gone before seem tame and frigid. The change that came over the preacher was like a transfiguration—from reading with no remarkable animation, though with great propriety, he passed, by an almost instantaneous transition, to the most impassioned style of extemporaneous address; and his splendid diction and impressive appeals, taken in connection with the fervour of his manner, were quite irresistible. I afterwards heard him deliver an extemporaneous address in his own church; but it left me with the impression, which was confirmed by some of his stated hearers, that there was great inequality in his off-hand efforts.

At the time of the visit to which I have referred, Mr. Sanford was a deep mourner for the then recent death of his wife; and, though he was exceedingly interesting in private as well as in public, his whole appearance and manner showed that there was a heavy burden upon his spirit. During his brief stay with me, he was placed in circumstances that seemed to render it almost necessary that he should be present at a wedding. He did not decline, but I saw him turn away from the joyous scene, looking as if his heart would break. He talked of his bereavement in a manner that seemed to me to evince an extraordinary depth of sensibility. I never had many opportunities of seeing him, but that one visit to West Springfield left upon my mind an enduring impression.

FROM THE REV. J. B. WATERBURY, D. D.

Boston, May 9, 1848.

My dear Sir: There are some faces which painters tell us it is almost impossible to sketch. The reason is that the countenance in repose is so unlike the same countenance in its more excited and expressive aspects. To exhibit such, the artist must have a skill like that which paints the lightning in its nimble flight, or its blinding corruscations. So, in a moral sketch, there are characters which it seems to me we can never truly delineate. The lights and shades are so intermingled as to defy the powers of the most graphic pen. Such I am inclined to think is the case with my much esteemed, but now departed, friend, Joseph Sanford.

There was nothing very striking about him; nothing that would catch and detain the eye of a stranger. He would have passed almost unobserved among the crowd. Survey his exterior. You behold a frame somewhat large, but loosely joined, and ill-suited to great muscular effort; a countenance of marble paleness, but expressive, I may say, of almost heavenly purity. Look again, and in that face, especially in that eye, you will discern an intellect, not indeed of colossal dimensions, but well balanced, thoroughly equipped for action, and ready to move at the bidding of the highest moral impulses. You will observe also a scrupulous neatness of the outward man, in perfect keeping with his profession and his character. Whitefield used to say,—"*First* holiness, then neatness." The inner and the outer man should in this respect present no incongruity. Cowper talks of the "heavenly mind's being indifferent to its house of clay." *I* think differently; and cannot but regret that he ever wrote that line; for where it has reformed one clerical dandy, it has encouraged and confirmed in their habits a dozen clerical slovens. How *can* one who wears the linen ephod, and who may be supposed to be familiar with the symbols of moral purity, applied in the Bible to his official character, be "indifferent to" even his "house of clay?" I always admired the exact and admirable dress of my friend Sanford; on whose garments, as well as on whose character, it would be difficult to find a speck.

In the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where I first became acquainted with him, he led a very retired life. His habits were almost those of a recluse,—probably from an instinctive love of retirement in part; and in part from the fact that his social affections found scope enough in a correspondence, where the heart was at least as much concerned as the intellect. Alas! the early spring-time of nature's affections was destined soon to feel the chilling blast of death. All who knew him in the Seminary, however, will bear witness to his calm and heavenly demeanour, and will remember especially his devotional exercises,—those ardent prayers in which his own soul, taking wing, would bear us along with him in his upward flight.

His early settlement at Brooklyn I have always regarded as unfortunate for him; as I think he should have taken time for a larger survey of the field of clerical labour, and for more extensive intercourse with the business world. He needed, as appears to me, an interval of rest from study, and an opportunity of social contact with the scenes of active life, ere the duties of the pastorate were entered upon. But, considering the call as one from Heaven, he accepted it, and entered at once upon his ministerial labours.

It was an auspicious period for the infant church, then the only one of that denomination in what is now called "the City of Churches." The Congregation grew rapidly by accessions from the neighbouring city, of influential church members who came to reside on the beautiful "heights," and also by the blessing of God on his labours as a Pastor in the immediate vicinity. The place at length became too strait for them; and to accommodate the increasing congregation they were obliged to enlarge the church edifice.

His marriage, which occurred shortly after he left the Seminary, was an event which gave promise of the highest earthly enjoyment. The lady was every way fitted to grace the new station which she seemed destined to occupy. Her character, as represented by those who knew her, was a model of excellence; especially of that excellence requisite in the wife of a clergyman. But alas! there was a worm at the root of this prospective bliss. Scarcely had the nuptial wreath been placed upon her brow, ere it was exchanged for the fillet of death. Poor Sanford was smitten as by a thunderbolt. All his visions of happiness for this world seemed, for the time, to vanish with her expiring breath. For a long time after, deep sadness rested upon his brow; and though, for a moment, the shadow might be chased away, yet it would quickly gather again and settle there,—

the enduring signature of blasted hopes and lacerated affections. With a temperament such as he possessed, and with sensibilities so keen, nothing less than the power of Divine grace could have sustained him. But terrible as the blow was his faith failed not; and the event that severed his heart from earth, sealed it dear to Heaven. He rose from the pressure to an elevation of purpose and a purity of life, such as one might covet, even at so great an expense of suffering as that by which, in his case, they were purchased.

It was after this sad event that circumstances brought me into more intimate fellowship with this excellent man. The friendship which began between us was founded on a basis that promised not only endurance, but the purest enjoyment. Similarity of tastes made us brothers in the highest sense of the term. The social element I found to be warm in his breast. As if forbidden by the sacred recollections of the past to allow his affections for years to fix upon one of the other sex, he seemed to feel at liberty to indulge this new formed friendship, which, though no compensation for his loss, was at least some alleviation under it.

Mr. Sanford's separation from his people at Brooklyn was as sore a trial to *him* as it could have been to *them*. For never was a pastor more beloved, nor a place more consecrated by past recollections, both painful and pleasing. On this as on other important occasions, he acted, I have no doubt, from a high and solemn sense of duty.

Many are ready with their censures, and even their suspicions of sinister motives, when a minister accepts a call from another congregation. Especially is this the case, when the translation is to a higher station, and the compensation for his services is relatively greater. As ministers are not angels in the sense of absolute sinlessness or pure spirituality, they may possibly sometimes be influenced by motives which ordinarily influence the rest of mankind. I am not sure that it would be an unpardonable sin in a minister, other things being equal, to accept a station which could place his family in more eligible circumstances, or afford to himself additional intellectual stimulus.

But Mr. Sanford's removal to Philadelphia could scarcely have been occasioned by either of the above inducements. Whatever may have been the *particular* considerations that influenced him, he, or rather *they*, (for by this time he was married to his second wife,) seem to have made the change with reasonable hopes of usefulness and happiness. But there was a "crook in the lot." Some things between himself and a portion of his congregation occurred, that served to depress his spirits; and just at this critical juncture, death came to translate him to a better world. I am not sufficiently informed to say much concerning his last hours; nor is it material,—since his life, the best criterion of Christian character, was so luminous. Such was the brief career of a man who made little noise in the world; who never spread his sails to catch the popular breeze; who was characteristically modest, even retiring; but who nevertheless had a vein of moral and mental excellence, the purity and richness of which none could know, who did not go beneath its surface to discover it.

He was, in my opinion, a model pastor. His *appearance*, without being stiffly clerical, impressed you with the idea of a pure and elevated character. His manners were kind and conciliatory. When he spoke, his countenance would naturally brighten into a smile; and yet there was nothing like affectation or levity. His chastened aspect forbade all undue familiarity; but he was neither harsh nor repulsive. Men would approach him with respect; and upon a more intimate acquaintance, that respect would be very apt to grow into admiration. His intellect partook more perhaps of the imaginative, than the logical;—a trait the more valuable in a minister, when we recollect that ordinarily it is accompanied with deep feeling and earnestness. The gigantic intellect, like that of Hall, or Chalmers, or Mason, may dazzle and enrapture; but in general, the mind that assimilates more nearly with our own, is best adapted to impart permanent edifi-

sation. We want some sort of sympathy even in the *intellect* of a pastor. I maintain, therefore, that congregations, even our city congregations, are not always wise in seeking some great intellect that shall minister as much to their pride as to their improvement. The pulpit may be well sustained, and for years *has* been, where there was neither great depth of learning, nor brilliancy of genius.

Mr. Sanford had an ardent mind,—one that took fire by its own action; communicating warmth and light to the congregation, and ever and anon flashing upon them some brilliant thought or some burning sentence. His method of preparation for the pulpit, I understood him to say, was to write out the body of his discourse. He then made himself master of the ideas, and trusted to the suggestive principle for language. There was thus a freedom and warmth in his delivery, which a servile adherence to a manuscript does not admit of. By this method also, he had his *best* and *worst* aspect as a preacher. Sometimes the mind would be at fault, and not answer to the wishes of the speaker, or the expectations of the audience. In such a case, the struggle would be apparent in a vain endeavour to waken the sympathies of his hearers. The people are very apt to know when a minister fails, and when he succeeds. But at other times, his whole soul,—intellect, heart, and fancy, would move in a path of light, as if he had borrowed the strong wing of a seraph, and meant to bear us away to his bright abode. He had unction,—a word expressive of strong natural sensibility allied to a manner that gives it electrical effect. He spoke *from* the heart, and *to* the heart. Beginning in a serious but earnest strain,—generally in the way of exposition, he would wax warm with his subject; and ere long his soul would begin to overflow upon the people, until, as he approached the close, he would rise into what I should term a radiant atmosphere; and then he began to shine. Every individual felt, in the closing appeal, that there stood before him an ambassador of God. What heart could steel itself against the tender and startling appeals which then burst upon the ear? In the application he was powerful,—a point as truly indicative of excellence in the preacher, as it is rare in the exemplification.

But his prayers, if the comparison be not out of place, were better than his preaching. Rarely, if ever, have I heard in the pulpit more appropriate, fervent and affecting prayers;—prayers that seemed so to take hold of the very gates of Heaven, and struggle to open them. Here was seen the man of God,—one who lived on the mount, "seeing God face to face."

This good man had pastoral talents of the highest order. In the hour of affliction, at the bed of death, *who* could speak appropriately, if *he* could not? Greatly in this respect did he endear himself to his people. But I am running on with the ardour of an admirer and friend, and in a strain which to some may savour of exaggerated eulogy. If so, let them pardon something to the spirit of friendship. I am not conscious, however, of exalting too highly the virtues of my friend. I am glad, moreover, to have had the opportunity to join you in an effort to rescue from forgetfulness a character, which ought never to *be* forgotten in a world where modest merit has so little chance for immortality.

Yours truly,

J. B. WATERBURY.

JOSEPH STIBBS CHRISTMAS.*

1824—1830.

JOSEPH STIBBS CHRISTMAS, a son of John and Elizabeth Christmas, was born in Georgetown, Beaver County, Pa., April 10, 1803. His parents had thirteen children, of whom he was the eighth. His father, who was descended from an ancient family in the North of England, removed to this country and settled in Pennsylvania, shortly after the close of the war of the Revolution. His maternal grandfather, Joseph Stibbs, emigrated from London, and settled in Virginia, at a still earlier period.

His early years were marked by decisive indications of a beautiful and versatile mind. He had an uncommon taste for rural scenery, and delighted greatly in drawing and painting, and occasionally exercised himself very successfully in writing poetry. Having gone through his preparatory course at an Academy in Beavertown, Pa., he became, in 1815, a member of Washington College, in the same State, where he maintained the highest standing as a scholar, though he still indulged his passion for the fine arts, and intended then to devote his life to them. In the summer of 1819, however, his mind became deeply impressed with religious truth, in consequence of the death of two of his fellow-students; and, after a somewhat protracted season of reflection and anxiety, he was enabled, as he believed, to consecrate himself to the service and glory of his Redeemer. He graduated, with the highest honours of his class, in September; and, immediately after, returned home to Georgetown, and thence removed with the family to Wooster, Wayne County, O. There he commenced the study of medicine; for, though his own feelings were strongly in favour of entering the ministry, yet there were obstacles then in the way of it, to which he thought it his duty to yield; and it was not till the spring of 1821, that the way was made clear for him to engage in the study of Theology. It was in May of this year, shortly after he had relinquished the study of medicine, that he made a public profession of his faith, and was received into the Presbyterian Church in Wooster, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thomas Barr. He was now a little more than eighteen years of age.

Shortly after this, he went to Princeton, and became a member of the Theological Seminary. Here he continued during the usual period of three years, acquitting himself most creditably in the various departments of study, and availing himself of the many opportunities for usefulness which his situation presented. During his connection with the Seminary he became deeply interested in the state of the Protestant Churches in France and the Vallies of Piedmont, and had resolved to devote his life to a mission among them. But immediately after his licensure by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, in April, 1824,—a messenger from the then new church in Montreal came to him, with a view to secure his services in that important position. Though he was exceedingly reluctant to listen to the proposal,—having previously made up his mind in favour of another field of labour, yet such were the arguments by which the application was enforced, and so unanimous were his brethren in advising him to yield to it, that he finally deter-

* Memoir by Eleazar Lord, Esq.—MSS. from Mr. Lord, and Mr. Christmas' family.

mined to proceed to Montreal, that he might be able to form a more intelligent judgment in respect to his duty. He reached there on the 5th of May; and at the end of three weeks the Congregation gave him a unanimous call. He accepted the call, and, having become a member of the Presbytery of New York, was ordained and installed by a committee of that Body, on the 1st of August. Here he entered a field of labour to which his health was very inadequate; though the strength of his resolution and the vigour of his good affections, achieved, for a time, no inconsiderable triumph over his bodily infirmities.

In June, 1825, he was married to Louisa, daughter of Perez Jones, of the city of New York,—a lady eminently qualified to occupy with dignity and usefulness the situation to which her marriage introduced her.

Mr. Christmas remained in Montreal a little more than four years; during which time he not only discharged with great fidelity his duties as a Pastor, but engaged in many other important services having a bearing on the cause of Christ. In 1827, a revival of religion took place under his ministry, in the issue of which about one hundred were added to the church. He made a number of vigorous and well directed efforts through the press, which exerted an important influence in favour of both piety and morality.

Early in the summer of 1828, he left Montreal, with his health greatly reduced, though not without some hope that it might be restored; but, finding himself little benefitted by travel, he felt constrained to ask for a dissolution of his pastoral relation; and his congregation, though devotedly attached to him, were so well persuaded that his removal was probably essential to the continuance of his life, that they could not oppose the measure. The Presbytery accordingly released him from his charge in October; and, immediately after, he and his family took up their residence in the house of his wife's father, in the city of New York.

In December, he made his arrangements for a voyage, as Chaplain of one of the public ships, in the hope that his health might thereby be improved. But, in consequence of the unexpected delay of the vessel in which he had intended to sail, he took passage, early in January, 1829, for New Orleans, as Agent for the American Bible Society. Finding, on his arrival there, that he was unfavourably affected by the climate, and too feeble to prosecute his Agency to advantage, he returned almost immediately to New York. On reaching his family, he found that his youngest daughter, an infant six months old, had been dangerously ill during his absence, and was then apparently near the close of life. She died on the 7th of April; and a few days after, the other daughter, and only remaining child, nearly three years old, was taken ill, and was also removed by death on the 3d of May. The health of Mrs. Christmas had become seriously affected by the fatigue and anxiety incident to her repeated bereavements; and partly from the hope that she might experience benefit from breathing a different air, and mingling in new scenes, he accepted an invitation from his friend, S. V. S. Wilder, Esq., to pass the summer at his residence in Bolton, Mass. There his own health was considerably recruited, and he preached to a newly formed congregation in that place, and was invited to take the pastoral charge of it. Mrs. Christmas, however, was steadily declining under a pulmonary disease; and, after a few weeks, little hope was entertained of her recovery. They returned to New York early in July; and on the 9th of August she died in the exercise of a triumphant faith.

With such exquisite sensibilities as Mr. Christmas possessed, nothing less could be expected than that he should feel most deeply this desolating stroke; but, instead of allowing himself to become paralyzed with sorrow, and to sink into a state of hopeless inactivity, he girded himself anew for his work, resolved to devote to the service of God whatever of life and strength might still remain to him.

About the beginning of October, he accepted a unanimous call from the Bowery Congregation, New York, to become their Pastor; and his installation took place a week or two afterwards. His health had now considerably improved, and strong hopes were entertained that it might be permanently established; but scarcely had he entered his new field, before death terminated his earthly career. He died after a brief illness, and in the confident and joyful hope of a glorious reward, on Sunday morning, March 14, 1830, aged twenty-seven years, wanting one month. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Spring, and was published.

The following is a list of Mr. Christmas' publications, exclusive of his contributions to periodicals:—A Poem, in two Cantos, entitled "the Artist," 1819. Report of the Montreal Bible Society, 1826. Tract on Repentance: No. 183 of the American Tract Society, 1826. A pamphlet on Romanism. A Discourse on the nature of that Inability which prevents the Sinner from embracing the Gospel, 1827. An Appeal to the inhabitants of Lower Canada on the disuse of ardent spirits, 1828. A Tract published by the American Tract Society, entitled "Mary Le Fleur." A Farewell Letter to the American Presbyterian Society at Montreal, 1828. An Address to Physicians on Temperance, 1829. An Appeal to Grocers on the same subject, 1829.

A Memoir of Mr. Christmas, by Eleazar Lord, Esq., was published in 1831, to which are appended some of the more important of his writings.

FROM THE REV. EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D.

Boston, December 27, 1848.

Dear Sir: My recollections and impressions of Mr. Christmas are summarily these:—

He was more than ordinarily beautiful in complexion and expression; but of only medium stature. The beauty of his face would have been of feminine softness, but for the manliness of the intellect and sentiment which redeemed it. His understanding was penetrating, clear and sound. His memory was uncommonly retentive. His social qualities were of a high order; a constant sunshine of cheerfulness accompanied him; a meek and unambitious spirit allied to great firmness formed the basis of his character. He was one of a little group of twelve in the Seminary, who together practised extemporaneous debating on the profounder questions of Theology and Metaphysics. His rank among us there was high. Of his religious character I retain no other recollections than that I always regarded him as a peculiarly spiritual man.

I am sorry to have reached so meagre a result in answer to your inquiries concerning my old friend.

I am yours most affectionately,

EDWARD N. KIRK.

FROM THE REV. HENRY WILKES, D. D.

MONTREAL, L. C., December 10, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: To note down some recollections of the gifted and now sainted Christmas, is a task affecting, yet pleasant. It is fitting that your forthcoming work should contain a sketch of the character and course of this young American clergyman, who, though early removed to his reward, was distinguished by no ordinary qualities, and was favoured with more than usual success during his brief ministry. Lovely in his life, his memory is still fragrant after the lapse of eighteen years. One loves to recall his dignified and graceful mien, his blameless life, his powerful utterance of the truths of God, and his untiring, earnest consecration of all his faculties to the one object of his life,—the glory of Christ in the salvation of souls. Most profitable is such an exercise of the memory, too often encumbered with things of little value. It is refreshing to dwell awhile on one "who feared God above many," and who has left behind him a bright example of devotedness to Christ's cause.

A calm review, at this distance of time, gives rise to the conviction that his was a special mission to this Northern frontier of American Christendom,—designed to begin a work of spiritual amelioration, which, receiving then an impulse and an impression, has steadily advanced until this present, through various channels, and in quarters, and by instruments, then unlooked for. A quarter of a century has passed away since that mission was introduced, and truly wonderful have been the results. As your space will not admit of enlargement on a merely collateral topic, it may suffice to notice that there were then only four Protestant places of worship in the city, and that the aggregate number of those who "loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," was lamentably small. There are now nearly twenty Protestant houses of prayer. In most of these there is an intelligent and earnest ministry, while the aggregate of those who "know the truth in the love of it," is large. It is not my purpose to trace the influence of the short ministry of my loved friend, as giving impulse and impress to this movement—*that* would be to write the history of religion in Montreal during the last twenty-five years; but the opinion may be recorded that He who orders all things well, and who knows the end from the beginning, has made use of that ministry in a very marked manner in the achievement of the progress, imperfect as it still is, over which we now rejoice.

Mr. Christmas was the first pastor of a small church, formed of individuals who had been connected with a congregation, gathered by a clergyman from Scotland, belonging there to a Dissenting Presbyterian Body, whose place of worship in Montreal had been erected chiefly by pecuniary aid from the United States. On the demise of that clergyman, a bare majority of the owners of pews determined to become identified with the Established Church of Scotland, and, as a consequence, the above mentioned persons,—chiefly natives of the United States, seceded, and formed themselves into a Church and Society, having at length the corporate designation of "the American Presbyterian Church." This infant body had enjoyed the temporary services of several able young clergymen, but at length received the pastoral labours of the subject of this notice. Not personally identified at the time with the church, I have yet a distinct recollection of his first appearance in this sphere of labour, and of the attractiveness of his ministry, notwithstanding the absurd prejudice which then existed in the minds of the English-speaking people generally against every thing and every body not of British origin. My impressions are of his personal gracefulness and manly beauty, as he appeared in the pulpit, attired in clerical vestments,—as also of the finished style and forcible character of his discourses. Quite young, he was yet manifestly "a scribe well-instructed,"—a workman who "rightly divided the

word of truth." His literary and theological advantages, which had been great, he had used to good purpose, so that he appeared on all occasions "thoroughly furnished."

The people of his immediate charge, not having yet completed the erection of their place of worship, were indebted to other congregations for the use of theirs', at hours during which they did not occupy them. This was in some respects a disadvantage in the work of organization; yet it had the effect of bringing the young minister to the notice of many, who might otherwise have never heard him. There were at the time scattered through the other churches, certain well-instructed and devout adherents of several of the Dissenting Churches in England and Scotland, of which there were no representatives here. There were Baptists, Independents, and Presbyterians not of the Church of Scotland—men and women of intelligence and piety. Some of these were drawn around Mr. Christmas, because of sympathy with his doctrinal views, and with the forms of Divine worship adopted,—as, for instance, the use of Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns. Part of them united with the church, while others merely became identified with the congregation. With much that was excellent and effective, however, this was not the characteristic period of our friend's ministry. It was the Lord's purpose ere long to vouchsafe to him a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit.

You are doubtless informed from other sources of the fact that, after labouring a number of months, it became needful that he should visit the neighbouring States, and his own native region, partly for the purpose of obtaining aid in the erection of the large place of worship in which he was to minister; and that, during this visit, he met the late Dr. Nettleton, and enjoyed the unspeakable advantage of beholding one of those wonderful works of grace by which the ministry of that remarkable man was at this period attended. During his absence, the little flock was much in prayer, while the Sabbath School was maintained with unwonted vigour. By uniting with that institution as a teacher, I became, at this time, connected with the congregation, and was also, I humbly hope, "found" by that Good Shepherd who seeketh and saveth the lost.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, Mr. Christmas returned to his charge under the influence of what might perhaps be denominated, not inappropriately, a second conversion. Truly has the German poet sung

"Earnestness is life."

And it has been recently well said by a Quarterly Reviewer,—"The acorn is a quiet little nut; but let it be nourished in the bosom of its mother earth, silently building up its massive trunk amid the passing generations of trees and of woodmen, and you behold the living oak that wrestles stoutly with the storm. The lion's whelp, reposing in his lair, is a gentle creature: but give him time, and he will show you what is in him. The lightning sleeps in the thunder-cloud, but when it tears its prison, how it scathes and blasts the works of nature and of man! How cold a thing is gunpowder,—only let the *spark* touch it! Even so is it in the world of mind. Let a man's soul be quickened, called forth by some great principle, some grand ambition, and up to the measure of his strength, and according to the fashion of his inward thought, what deeds will he not do, for good or for evil, just because he is in earnest, believing strongly, and so acting out what he believes."* This "great principle," this "grand ambition," this master passion, in Mr. Christmas, was henceforth the conversion of sinners, and the advancement of our Lord's Kingdom. Devout before, and devoted, he had served the Lord in a manner superior to many of his contemporaries; but now it was absorption: "this one thing I do" was his practical motto; and everything was subordinate to this great object. In him "earnestness was life," and

* British Quarterly Review, No. XI., p. 244.

a noble life did it prove. Would that such impulses quickened us all—how great then our effectiveness!

My impressions are distinct of the unwonted solemnity and power of his pulpit exercises. His preaching was doctrinal for purposes of instruction, and occasionally controversial for the important end of discrimination. He "chose acceptable words," and handled the weapons of this warfare with the skill of a master. I have sketches of many of his discourses taken down at the time: they bear the marks of adaptation to the existing wants of the people, as well as of much beauty and force. Usefulness is obviously the design according to which they were composed. Some of the practical appeals are remarkably pungent and searching; others are full of earnest tenderness. He understood the sentiment in its highest sense,—"Omnia vincit amor." And yet I recollect one or more instances of individuals becoming so infuriated by the scorching discrimination of some of his sermons, that, as confessed afterwards, temptation was felt to shoot the preacher. I do not remember ever leaving the house of prayer, with the impressions, in some quarters so common, which suggest the remarks,—"that was a well written sermon"—"there was much originality of thought in that discourse"—"that minister's style is very chaste." No. It was all home work—the preacher was forgotten in the truth, and so earnest was he that people should hear and feel *that*, that he stood modestly behind it, not desirous of himself being noticed.

Yet his style was easy and graceful, and frequently of a high character. I think you will agree in the opinion that "Valedictory Admonitions,"—a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, octavo, is beautifully and vigorously written, and, so far as I recollect, such was his accustomed style. Many of his discourses were written fully out, but he never read them in the pulpit. He appeared there usually, and I think uniformly, without notes. His delivery was chaste and very solemn; but too unimpassioned for the higher flights of oratory. His public prayers were quite remarkable for scriptural phrases happily introduced, as also for fervour and solemnity. I never heard him use a coarse, or familiar, or slang, expression in prayer. My impression is that he frequently composed prayers in order to improvement in this part of public worship. Occasionally, after the introductory devotional exercises, he would pronounce the text of his discourse, and then pause, saying,—"Christians, I am about to address the unconcerned (or some other class) from these words; it will be in vain without the Divine blessing—let us spend a minute in united, silent prayer." That minute or two of stillness, only here and there broken by the sigh of the earnest petitioners, was an affecting preparative for a discourse full of "Christ and Him crucified." Truly did he say in "Valedictory Admonitions,"—"During four years, I have testified to you the Gospel of the grace of God. I have sedulously avoided all curious questions, doubtful disputations, and every subject whose radiations do not branch into the very heart of Christianity. The Heart-searcher is witness that I have been anxious to engrave such truths upon your mind, as it were worthy an immortal spirit to bear recorded on the tablets of the heart, and such as I knew must one day be exhibited as evidence of what was written on my own." "When I think that perhaps a little more pains-taking on my part, a little more travail of the heart in prayer, a little more labour of the intellect in the presentation of motives, a little more toil of the body in following you with entreaties of solicitude to your dwellings, might possibly have saved some one, I feel that there may be a propriety in adopting the Psalmist's petition,—'*Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation.*'" What earnestness!

His character was simple, childlike, spotless. He knew comparatively little of the world—occasionally this was a disadvantage in the midst of a mixed and busy population like ours. Still, whatever observers or opponents may have said

of his enthusiasm, or even of his fanaticism, they could not question the sincerity and consistency of his godliness. Into the details of the blessed revivals of religion which occurred here and in the neighbouring town of St. Andrews, your limits will not permit me to enter. But it may be noted with respect to his own course, that while he laboured untiringly and to exhaustion, he also found employment for others. Christians were instructed in their responsibility as stewards, and they were earnestly enjoined to be faithful. Although a personal matter, it may not be without interest for me to state that, having united with the church some months after Mr. C.'s return from the visit to the United States above alluded to, he ere long kindly but solemnly called my attention to the Christian ministry. He was only two years my senior, but I well recollect the impression his appeal produced upon my mind. At the time, I did not yield, having doubts as to the matter of duty. It may be well to state, however, for the purpose of exciting others to "go and do likewise," that he was authorized by a gentleman in Philadelphia of whose name I was then and still remain ignorant, to offer me the needful pecuniary advances in the way of loan or otherwise. At the time, I was just entering into new commercial relations. But the suggestion of my beloved friend never left me; the path of duty gradually opened to my own mind; and, having acquired sufficient pecuniary means in business to pay my own expenses through a course of study, Mr. Christmas had the gratification of seeing me abandon profitable commercial engagements for that higher work to which he had been the first to direct my attention. You will pardon this allusion to a personal affair—it is made in order to illustrate the fact that the subject of this notice endeavoured to press all into that department of the Lord's service, for which he supposed them respectively qualified.

I have already exceeded your limits, and must not extend my remarks. It is now more than twenty years since we parted, to meet no more, until the Father's house is opened not for one only, but, if it may be, through grace, for both. He, prostrated in health, and compelled to relinquish his charge, was on the eve of returning to his native South—I, on the eve of sailing to my native East on the other side the Atlantic, there to pursue literary and theological studies. In two years more, after laying his lovely babes and his admirable wife in the grave, this gifted, useful servant of Christ was called home to his rest and reward. But he lived much and long in a short time, if life is to be measured by effective service. Some of us would joyously hail the comforting assurance, could we know that as much hath been done for Christ's glory in the salvation of men, during a ministry of three or four times the length of his, as he was honoured to achieve in a very few years. The Lord make us faithful; and the results may be safely left with Him.

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY WILKES.

JOSEPH IVES FOOT, D. D.*

1824—1840.

Joseph Ives Foot, the eldest child of Joseph and Abigail (Baldwin) Foot, was born at Watertown, Conn., November 17, 1796. His parents, who made a profession of religion shortly after his birth, maintained a consistent Christian character, and conducted the education of their children with religious care and fidelity. When he was about four years old, the family removed to Goshen, Litchfield County; and shortly after, he went to reside at Washington with his maternal grandfather, who lived under the pastoral care of the Rev. Ebenezer Porter, afterwards Professor in the Andover Theological Seminary. At a very early period he had committed to memory the whole of the Assembly's Catechism; and this was the formula of doctrine which, in riper years, and on mature reflection, he heartily accepted.

At the age of about fourteen, he went with his parents to live at West Granville, Mass. In the year 1815, an extensive revival of religion took place in that parish, of which young Foot was reckoned among the first subjects. He soon determined to acquire a collegiate education, with a view to becoming a minister of the Gospel; and, accordingly, commenced a course of study preparatory to entering College under the Rev. Timothy Mather Cooley, D. D., the minister of the neighbouring parish of East Granville. After remaining here about six months, he entered Phillips Academy at Andover, where he continued a year, and then returned to Granville and resumed his studies under Dr. Cooley. In the autumn of 1817, he became a member of Union College. Here he maintained a high standing for talents, diligence, and success in the various branches of study, and graduated in July, 1821, with the reputation of being one of the best scholars in his class. In 1819–20, a powerful revival of religion took place in the College, which greatly quickened his religious affections, and called forth his most vigorous efforts for its promotion. During the last year of his college course, he was interrupted for some time in his studies by a severe illness, which gave a shock to his constitution, from which it never fully recovered.

In the autumn of 1821, he became a member of the Theological Seminary at Andover, where he passed through the usual course preparatory to entering the ministry. Here he had a high standing as a scholar, and during his first year read through the Hebrew Bible. In consequence of his great proficiency in Oriental literature, the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Missions proposed to him to engage in a mission to Jerusalem; but, after giving to the subject mature reflection, he declined,—chiefly, however, on account of the uncertain state of his health.

Having been licensed to preach by the Hartford North Association in the spring of 1824, and been ordained as an Evangelist, he went to South Carolina, and for eight or ten months laboured very acceptably and usefully at a place called Barnwell Court House. He returned to New England with his health not materially improved, but continued to preach, and for several months laboured chiefly in Boston. About this time, he declined

* Memoir by his brother,—Rev. George Foot, prefixed to his Sermons.—MS. from the same.

an invitation to settle over the Church at Epping, N. H.; and, at a little later period, was called to the pastoral charge of the Church in West Brookfield, Mass. This latter call he accepted; and his installation took place in October, 1826. In the same month, he was married to Louisa, youngest daughter of Ebenezer Battelle, of Boston. They had no children.

Not long after Mr. Foot's settlement, an extensive revival of religion took place among his people, which brought a large number into the church, some of whom became not only ministers, but missionaries to the heathen.

In the summer of 1831, Mr. Foot journeyed into the Western part of New York for the benefit of his health; but, as he returned without any perceptible improvement, he thought it his duty to resign his pastoral charge. As, however, this proposal found little favour with his people, he consented, by their request, to try the effect of another journey to the South. On reaching New York, he was attacked with a fever, which confined him to his bed for seven weeks, and during part of the time his recovery was regarded as well nigh hopeless. He was able, after a while, to return to his people, but was prevented from performing any pastoral labour for nearly seven months.

About this time, some difficulties arose in his congregation, which, in connection with his enfeebled health, led him to ask and obtain a dismission from his charge. The next year he spent chiefly in travelling; and, in the summer of 1833, he received a call from the congregation in Salina, N. Y., where he continued to labour for two years,—until the cholera had cut down, or driven from the place, so many, that they were unable to sustain the ministry. Under these circumstances, he accepted a call from Cortland, a village about thirty miles distant, and entered upon this new field of labour in June, 1835.

Mr. Foot's ministry at Salina was not a little embarrassed by the prevalence of the system commonly known as *Perfectionism*, which seems to have taken on its grossest and most fanatical form. This system he met with great firmness and ability, particularly by publishing three elaborate discourses on the subject, in pamphlet form, and two exceedingly well written articles in the Literary and Theological Review.

After the meeting of the General Assembly in 1837, he resigned his charge in Cortland, and removed to Westport, Conn., to which place he was called. In the course of the following year, he received calls from several other places; but eventually accepted one from Knoxville, Tenn., where he entered on his duties in May, 1839. While at Westport, he united with the Presbytery of Bedford, N. Y., by examination, and continued in connection with the Old School branch of the Presbyterian Church, till the close of his life. During his residence in Western New York, he was connected with the Presbytery of Geneva; and the change in his relation is understood to have taken place in consequence of his aversion to certain doctrines and measures with which he had been more or less brought in contact.

Within two months after he commenced his labours at Knoxville, he was unanimously elected to the Presidency of Washington College in the same State. This occasioned him great solicitude for some time; but, after giving to the subject mature consideration, and consulting some of his most judicious friends, he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to accept the appointment; and he signified his acceptance of it accordingly.

In March, 1840, the College, over which he had been called to preside, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

On the 9th of April following, he left Knoxville for the purpose of visiting the institution with which he expected shortly to become connected. At Rogersville he attended a Sacramental meeting, and preached on the Sabbath from the words,—"The communion of the Holy Ghost be with you." On the next Sabbath, he preached at New Providence from the words,—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." In this sermon, which proved to be his last, he unconsciously pronounced his farewell address to his Christian brethren, and to several of the Trustees and Professors of the College, of which he supposed himself just about to take the charge.

Of the sad termination of Dr. Foot's career, the following account is taken from one of the Knoxville papers:—

"On Monday, 20th inst., Dr. Foot left New Providence, thirteen miles above Rogersville, on his way to Washington College, with the expectation of being inaugurated its President the next Wednesday. He crossed Bay's Mountain through M'Pheater's Gap,—a rugged and lonely way. After sunset, he was passing the house of Mr. Thomas M'Adams, about three miles from Leesburg, which he expected to reach that evening. As he was approaching the house, which was on the hill above him, a large dog dashed through a pair of bars, making a great noise. The horse took fright, and wheeled suddenly around, running with great rapidity down the hill, a little out of the road, and was about to plunge among rocks and into a ditch, which, in order to avoid, he made a slight turn in his course, and just at that moment stumbled and fell, dashing Dr. Foot, who was a heavy man, with great violence against a rock. He fell on his right side and back. The force of the fall precipitated him a few feet beyond the rock into a ditch. Help was immediately obtained, and he was taken to the house. Medical aid was procured as soon as possible. It was found by examination that two or three of his ribs were broken and splintered, and that his lungs were pierced by the broken splinters of the ribs. He remained at this place until the next day, when, in consequence of the smallness of the apartment where he lay, he was removed on a litter to the house of John Stephenson, Esq., about one mile distant from the place where he fell. In the course of one or two hours after he arrived at this place, he breathed his last. His death no doubt proceeded from suffocation,—the unavoidable result of the mangled and inflated condition of the lungs and adjoining parts. He expired about four o'clock in the afternoon, in twenty-two hours after his fall. He was buried on the next Thursday at Washington College, by the side of the Rev. Doctors Doak the former Presidents of Washington College. * * * * He suffered immensely during the short space allowed him, from his fall until his death; but he bore it with the utmost patience—he was not heard to utter a single groan, or give place to a single murmur."

The following is a list of Dr. Foot's publications:—Two Sermons on Intemperance, 1828. The prominent Trait in Teachers of false religion, 1828. An Historical Discourse delivered on the day of the Annual Thanksgiving, 1828. A Sermon at the Installation of the Rev. Lucius W. Clark, North Wilbraham, Mass., 1830. A Sermon at the Ordination of William Wolcott, at Petersham, 1830. A Sermon at the Dedication of the Church, and the Ordination of Orson Cowles, at North Woodstock, Conn., 1832. Three Sermons on Perfectionism, 1834. Besides these, he contributed to various periodicals, especially the Literary and Theological Review. His Inaugural Address, which he was on his way to deliver, when he was so suddenly arrested by death, was afterwards published at Knoxville. In 1841, a selection from his manuscript Sermons, together with a brief Memoir of his Life by his brother, the Rev. George Foot, were published in an octavo volume.

FROM THE REV. T. M. COOLEY, D. D.

GRANVILLE, May 8, 1854.

My dear Brother: I knew Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Foot first about the year 1815, when he came to me in a state of deep concern respecting his immortal interests. His home was in a neighbouring parish; but for some reason, he selected me to be his Christian counsellor. He afterwards lived in my house, and was under my instruction during a part of the time that he was preparing for College. I was always on intimate terms with him during the remainder of his life. I was a member of the Council that ordained him at Brookfield, on which occasion I delivered the Charge.

He was fully of the middle stature, rather inclined to be stout; was of a dark complexion, and had a face indicative of more than ordinary strength of character. His resolution and perseverance were most indomitable. His temperament was sanguine, and he saw every subject that was presented to him in a strong light. He was always a diligent student, and his knowledge was extensive and varied, and was perfectly at command. I remember to have heard a lady who had an uncommon discernment of character, remark concerning him, that "he knew every thing and talked every thing." His freedom in conversation was no doubt sometimes excessive; and this, under some circumstances, exposed him to needless prejudice, and led to a misconstruction of his motives. He was highly entertaining as a companion, as well on account of his exhaustless store of valuable information, as the ready and agreeable manner in which he communicated it.

In the pulpit, Dr. Foot maintained a highly respectable rank among the better class of preachers. I cannot say that his manner was particularly attractive, and yet it was not particularly otherwise—it was rather free and strong than graceful. His voice was good, and his enunciation clear, but, if I remember right, his intonations were not greatly varied. His discourses were carefully written, and contained much judicious and appropriate thought. His style was perspicuous and forcible, without being ornate or imaginative. He was fond of argumentative preaching; and in that he particularly excelled. He was a fluent extemporaneous speaker, and could speak on any subject or any occasion with little previous notice, or no notice at all. In his theological views, he was strongly of the Old New England School, and after he went to live within the limits of the Presbyterian Church, he sympathized fully with the Old School party in that Body.

It was a dark dispensation of providence by which Dr. Foot's purposes were broken, just at his entrance upon a new and highly promising field of labour. He had gone to make his home in the distant Southwest, and had consented to become the head of an institution which he regarded as peculiarly identified with the intellectual, moral and religious interests of that part of the country, when, by a most distressing casualty, his earthly labours were suddenly terminated. He had many admirable qualifications, beside his glowing enthusiasm for the place to which he had been chosen; and if his life had been spared, I doubt not that he would have exerted an influence that would have placed his name high on the list of public benefactors.

Your affectionate friend,

And brother in Christ Jesus,

TIMOTHY MATHER COOLEY.

STEPHEN TAYLOR, D. D.*

1824—1853.

STEPHEN TAYLOR was born in Tyringham, Berkshire County, Mass., on the 26th of February, 1796. His early years were characterized by a rather sedate habit, and a more than ordinary degree of intellectual activity. His mind is said to have become permanently impressed with religious truth, during an extensive revival which occurred in his native place in the year 1808,—when he was in his fourteenth year; but it was not till a short time before the close of his college course that he made a public profession of his faith. Having gone through his preparatory studies at Lenox Academy, he became a member of Williams College, where he graduated with the highest honour, in 1816. In a powerful revival which took place in College during the latter part of his course, he received a fresh baptism of the Christian spirit, and from that time engaged with great alacrity and earnestness for the promotion of religion, wherever he had opportunity. He was a universal favourite in College,—both with the Faculty and with his fellow-students.

Immediately after his graduation, he became Preceptor of the Academy at Westfield, Mass., and held the place for one year. In the autumn of 1817, he returned to Williams College as Tutor, and officiated in that capacity, for two years, with uncommon acceptance and success. He then went to study at the Theological Seminary at Andover; but, as his health obliged him to escape from the severity of a Northern climate, he directed his course to Virginia, and was, for some time, engaged in teaching an Academy at Boydton, Mecklenburg County. Having regained his health, he returned to Massachusetts, and completed his theological course under the direction of Dr. Griffin, who had then become President of Williams College.

Mr. Taylor's residence in Virginia had proved so agreeable to him, and the prospect of usefulness in that part of the country seemed so promising, that he resolved to return thither to find a permanent home. He was accordingly licensed to preach by the Hanover Presbytery in 1824, and shortly after became Pastor of a Church in Halifax County, where he was eminently useful and greatly beloved. In 1826, he was called to the Shockoe Hill Church, Richmond, then vacant by the death of the eloquent and lamented John B. Hoge. Having laboured here about nine years, with great fidelity and acceptance, he was appointed, in 1835, to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the Union Theological Seminary in Prince Edward County; and he accepted the appointment, much to the regret of his warmly attached congregation. In consequence of action taken by the Board of the Seminary in the spring of 1838, in reference to the Acts of the General Assembly of the preceding year,—from which Professor Taylor felt constrained to dissent, he resigned his place in the Institution, and shortly after became Pastor of a Church in Abingdon, Va. He was then associated for a year with the Rev. E. Ballan-

* Rev. C. H. Read's Fun. Serm.—MSS. from Rev. C. Durfee, Rev. E. Ballantine, Rev. H. Bingham, Mrs. Dr. J. H. Rice, Mrs. Dr. W. J. Armstrong, and J. B. Martin, Esq.

tine, in Prince Edward County, in conducting a classical and mathematical school, and in the instruction of one or two classes in Theology. Thence in 1843, he went to Petersburg, where he took the pastoral charge of the High Street Church; and, after a residence there of between three and four years, returned to Richmond, in 1847. In this year, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Emery and Henry College, Va.

On returning to Richmond, he engaged first in teaching, though he was always ready to preach the Gospel as opportunity offered. In 1850, he was elected Pastor of the Duval Street Church, (Richmond,) and continued in charge of it until his death. He was suddenly arrested, in the midst of his labours, with symptoms of alarming disease, on the 26th of February, 1853, and, after suffering intense pain during a part of his illness, from a combined attack of pneumonia and pleurisy, he died in perfect peace on the 4th of March following, having just completed fifty-seven years. He declined all opiates when he saw death approaching, lest they should serve to becloud his mind, which he wished to have perfectly clear when he passed through the dark valley. In some of his last hours, he dwelt most gratefully on the mercy of God as having crowned his whole life, and remarked that the Saviour had folded him like a lamb in his bosom. A Sermon on the occasion of his death was preached by the Rev. Charles H. Read, Pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, Richmond, which was afterwards published.

Mr. Taylor was married in Virginia, on the 18th of January, 1824, to Elizabeth Morse, of Westfield, Mass., who had gone to the South in the capacity of a teacher. They had a daughter,—an only child, who was married and became a mother, but died, with her infant, shortly after. Mrs. Taylor survived her husband less than a year. She died at New Haven, Conn., November 5, 1853, and her remains were taken to Richmond, where the little family are now all resting together in hope.

FROM THE REV. HIRAM P. GOODRICH, D. D.

St. Louis, Mo., May 18, 1857.

Dear Sir: Your letter making inquiry concerning my lamented and excellent friend, the Rev. Stephen Taylor, D. D., demands a more full and mature answer than I am able now to give. I knew him first, soon after his marriage, while he was a pastor in Halifax County, Va., and we were afterwards associated as Professors in the Union Theological Seminary in Prince Edward County,—he in the chair of Church History,—I, in that of Oriental Languages. Here we were in habits of almost daily official and personal intercourse for several years.

Mr. Taylor, while he had the charge of a congregation in Halifax, won the reputation of being one of the best pastors who had lived in that whole range of country. When he was called thence to the Professor's chair, it was not so much for any eminence he had attained in Church History, as for his ability to excel in any branch of learning, and mainly because he was so faultless a model of both a Preacher and a Pastor. In his department, he was a patient investigator of truth, but only when and where he could discover some important practical bearing. Historic lore, for its own sake, or for the sake of rendering himself learned where others were ignorant, had no charm for him. He was a highly acceptable Professor, until circumstances connected with the division of the Church led him to tender the resignation of his office.

As a Preacher he was instructive, practical, direct and earnest. He always left the impression that he was intent upon accomplishing the great ends of the

ministry, and that he utterly ignored all considerations of personal popularity. Every thing in both the manner and matter of his discourses showed that he possessed the true spirit of an ambassador of the Son of God.

Professor Taylor was highly favoured in his personal appearance. He was rather tall, of a slender and graceful form, and had a fine intellectual forehead, with clusters of glossy, curling, black hair, and a dark eye,—expressive of great tenderness, but still very bright and piercing. He was lame in one ankle, but his movements were easy and unembarrassed notwithstanding. His dress was remarkably neat, and his manners those of a polished Christian gentleman.

There was much of sadness pertaining to his domestic history; though the saddest scenes evidently helped to mature as well as illustrate his Christian character. He had an only daughter,—amiable, elegant, highly educated, loving all good and loved by all the good,—in whom his heart was evidently bound up. But death claimed her in the bloom of early womanhood. Her portrait was ever afterwards borne upon his bosom, and it was probably one of the last objects upon which his eye rested before it was closed in the final slumber.

I remain yours with high regard,

HIRAM P. GOODRICH.

FROM THE REV. HALSEY DUNNING.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 27, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My personal acquaintance with the late Rev. Dr. Taylor extended through only the last three or four years of his life; and though living in the same city, yet, because of our constantly pressing duties in our respective fields, in opposite extremes of that city, that acquaintance was less intimate than could wish it had been. I first met that excellent man shortly after my settlement in Richmond, while he was yet Pastor of the High Street Church in Petersburg. He had come to Richmond to secure the aid of his friends in an effort then being made to remove a debt still remaining upon his church edifice. He did not meet with quite the required success, or perhaps with what he anticipated; and, soon after he returned home, much to the surprise of his friends, he resigned his charge and removed to Richmond. The amount required to complete the subscription was not large, and a little further effort would probably have secured the whole. But Father Taylor had now reached that period of life when men are not as hopeful as when the blood flows more freely, and an enterprise, by no means hopeless, was thus abandoned. I mention this fact as one among others, which it is not necessary to mention, to illustrate a trait which was now developing almost to a fault in his otherwise singularly excellent and well-balanced character. It was not failure in past life, either as Pastor, Professor, or Teacher, that had induced this peculiar state of mind; but, as I apprehend, the failure rather of those vital forces which seem necessary to that hopeful view of things which stimulates to high enterprise in the Church and in the world.

Removing to Richmond, the scene of his former successful labours as a Pastor, and where he had many warm and faithful friends, he engaged in teaching for a year or more, when, upon the removal of the Rev. J. P. Hovey to New York City, he was invited to the pastoral charge of the Duval Street Church, which position he held until his death. It seemed to him a great joy to be able to resume the public duties of the ministry. Here, in the missionary field occupied by the Church to which he ministered, he devoted the remainder of his days to that work, in which, in former life, he had been most successful. As a Pastor, he was eminently laborious and faithful. Called to labour especially among the poor within the bounds of his field, he sought them out, and with the affection of a father, instructed, warned and counselled them. Nor did he

bestow his care and labour upon those only who were more immediately within the bounds of his own parish—he frequently visited the public institutions of the city,—the Almshouse, the State Penitentiary, and the Orphan Asylum,—where he, who had held honourable position in one of the Theological Seminaries of our land, was now familiarly known, and greatly revered, as "Father Taylor."

Dr. Taylor was never much of a party man. His character, singularly simple and pure, could not take on a strongly partisan form. And hence, though in opinions, as a New School Presbyterian, were well known, his services were often sought by those with whom he was known to differ; and so liberal was he that those of the more rigid cast, with whom he harmonized in sentiment as well as action, used to say of him, that "he was too good to do right;"—that is to say, according to their more rigid party notions. He at least has this testimony abiding in the consciousness of all who knew him intimately,—that he loved the Church of Christ well; that he loved the Presbyterian Church well; and that he loved Denominational Presbyterianism—New School or Old, as such, with a very moderate degree of affection. "I will never permit Denominationalism, as such," said he, "to prevent my preaching Christ to a dying world;"—in which saying, much of the real character of the man comes out. No form could separate him from Christ, or the Great Body of Christ, with whose catholic *heart* his heart beat in happy accord. For him to live was Christ, and *to preach* was equally Christ; and it seemed indeed the controlling desire of his heart that, by life or by death, Christ should be glorified. The period of my acquaintance with him may be very properly characterized by the text, which was, with striking appropriateness, chosen by the Rev. Charles H. Read, on the occasion of his Funeral services—"Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." He was a man of *faith*—of that personal, practical faith which marks the warm-hearted, devoted Christian, in his sphere of personal relation and daily duty, rather than—I must in justice say—of that which conceives and accomplishes boldly and grandly for the Church of God. His was not that heroic faith which works mighty revolutions among men, but that which purifies the heart, works by love, and overcomes the world, in the relations of one's personal sphere of influence. Being full of faith, he was, therefore, full of *the Holy Ghost*. This was specially manifest during the last months of his life. No one capable of spiritual discernment could be in his company, and not perceive that God was with him of a truth. This hallowed light of the indwelling Spirit fell like a blessed radiance upon his whole character, especially after the death of his beloved daughter,—his only child. The circumstances of this death were exceedingly touching, and the whole affliction served to illustrate to all who were in daily intercourse with him, the beautiful harmony of his character with the description of that of the proto-martyr to which I have just referred. It was evident that death, in removing the daughter, had sundered the strongest bond that held the parents to earth; and it was not long ere the whole family was removed, where separations, if they take place, are never painful.

The final illness of Father Taylor, though not of long duration, was severe. Here it was that the true elevation of his character appeared. Trial develops the inner man. Though suffering extremely, he suffered with a dignity and serenity that seemed almost superhuman. His views of the Divine goodness were most intense and exalted. "Oh," said he, during one of those severe paroxysms that preceded his death,—"Oh, my brother, I am suffering extensively—almost beyond the endurance of nature; but thanks be to God, his love superabounds! Oh, the precious grace of the Lord Jesus Christ! Preach Christ, my brother, preach Christ!" With this last word to me still sounding in my ear,—the sentences broken with the groans of dissolution,—I may indeed say of him,—living or dying, *Christ was his Life*. I know not how better, in a word, to characterize the man. He was one of those who could never have an

many—one whom every body must respect for his simplicity, sincerity, and goodness, and whom all who knew him intimately must love. To shew that he was not perfect, I have hinted at a fault, or rather failing, or two, in his general character; but these were of such a nature as to make no one love or respect him the less; and they served perhaps rather as encouragements to us, his less favoured and faithful brethren, by showing us that so much excellence could consist with, and attach to, a nature not yet perfectly sanctified.

Most faithfully your brother in Christ,

H. DUNNING.

DAVID NELSON, M. D.*

1825—1844.

DAVID NELSON, a son of Henry and Anna (Kelsey) Nelson, was born near Jonesborough, in East Tennessee, on the 24th of September, 1793. His father was of English, his mother of Scotch, descent; and both were natives of Rockbridge County, Va. His father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and his mother was remarkable for strength of mind and ardent piety. The spot on which he was born was within two miles of the Nolachuky, a beautiful and brilliant stream that rises on the West of the Blue Ridge; and when he was taken there at the age of three years, he seemed almost entranced in looking at the cliffs and evergreens upon its banks;—the first development of that enthusiastic admiration for natural scenery for which he was remarkable in after life. As his father's residence was but two miles from Washington College,—an institution founded, and for many years presided over, by the Rev. Samuel Doak, D. D., it was here that he was sent for his education. Having completed his college course at the early age of sixteen, he commenced the study of medicine under the direction of Dr. Ephraim McDowell, son-in-law of Governor Shelby, at Danville, Ky. Here he remained for some time, and then went to Philadelphia to avail himself of the superior advantages for medical education in that city. He returned to Kentucky at the age of nineteen, and had but just entered on the practice of medicine, when—the war with Great Britain having commenced—he joined a Kentucky regiment as a Surgeon, and proceeded to Canada.

During this expedition, (which was in 1812,) Dr. Nelson was subjected to deprivations and sufferings which had well-nigh cost him his life. He often made his bed in snow, and subsisted on frozen fat pork, and water, without bread. On his return through a wild Indian country, overcome by fatigue, cold, and hunger, he despaired of advancing any farther, and lay down in the snow, fully resolved to die there. But Providence kindly interposed for his deliverance. His friend and relative, the brave Colonel Allen, a distinguished lawyer as well as military man, who afterwards fell at the River Raisin, was instrumental in saving his life. Having missed young Nelson from the company, he returned in search of him, and found him just in time to save him from death; he lifted him upon his own pow-

* MSS. from his family, J. A. Jacobs, Esq., Hon. C. S. Todd, and Rev. E. S. Ely, D. D.

erful horse, and thus carried him on his way, encouraging his hopes, and administering to his wants, until he finally reached the end of his journey in safety.

On his return from this expedition, he settled as a medical practitioner in Jonesborough, with very promising prospects. But it was not long before he was again summoned by Generals Jackson and Coffe into the service, and he accordingly rejoined the army as a Surgeon, and went South to Alabama and Florida. In the wilderness of Alabama he was seized with a violent fever, to which he had well-nigh fallen a victim. In consequence of the great rains, the country was almost inundated; and the water was constantly rushing into his tent. For about three weeks, all who saw him supposed that his death was inevitable; though he himself, when at the lowest point, had the utmost confidence that he should recover;—and his expectation was not disappointed. The news of Peace reached him while he was at Mobile,—the very day before an expected battle; and in consequence of this, he returned to Jonesborough, and resumed his medical practice.

At the age of twenty-two, he formed a matrimonial connection with a daughter of David Deaderick, a highly respectable merchant of East Tennessee. They had twelve children,—six sons and six daughters; all of whom, with the exception of one son, survived him. The eleven children with their mother, still (1857) survive.

Though Dr. Nelson had in very early life made a profession of religion his serious impressions gradually wore away, and he became at length an open advocate of infidelity. This change occurred in consequence of some unfortunate associations which he formed while residing as a physician at Danville; and neither his creed nor his character was improved by his subsequent connection with the army. But, though he was avowedly infidel in his opinions, he had not been able to escape from all the influences of an early Christian education and profession. He at length became deeply impressed by the fact that the most distinguished infidel writers had greatly misquoted and perverted the Scriptures, as well as misrepresented history; and he became satisfied that justice to himself, as well as to Christianity, demanded that his reading should not be all on one side. He began now to read books illustrating the truth and power of the Gospel; and it was but a short time before his scepticism all gave way, and he was led to embrace Christianity, not only as bearing the stamp of Divine authority, but as the only foundation of his own personal hopes. Religion now became with him the all-engrossing subject; and it was manifest to all that his ruling passion was to do good, especially to the souls of his fellow-men. His profession, while he continued in it, he made auxiliary to the spiritual interests of those among whom he was thrown; not only administering Christian instruction and counsel, but distributing tracts and books on Practical and Experimental Religion, as occasion or opportunity offered. He found it exceedingly difficult at first, by reason of constitutional diffidence, to lead the devotions of even the smallest congregation; but he felt constrained to persevere in his efforts in this way, until, at no distant period, under the influence of a strong conviction of duty, and an unusual fervour of religious feeling, he could conduct such a service in the most composed and edifying manner.

Dr. Nelson's situation and prospects as a physician were in every respect what he could have desired. He was highly popular as a man, and had an extensive practice, which gave him an annual income of not less than three thousand dollars. But his heart glowed with the desire to preach that Gospel which had now become so dear to him; and this desire was not a little strengthened by a sermon on missions which he heard about this time, and which served to bring his spirit into the most intense sympathy with the missionary cause. He accordingly conceived and matured the purpose of entering the ministry. In due time he placed himself under the care of the Abingdon Presbytery, Va., and was licensed to preach the Gospel in April, 1825.

He preached for nearly three years in different places in Tennessee, and, at the same time, was associated with one or two other ministers in conducting a periodical work, published at Rogersville, entitled "The Calvinistic Magazine." In 1828, he removed to Kentucky, and became Pastor of the church in Danville, which had been rendered vacant by the death of his brother Samuel, the preceding year. He also, about this time, travelled somewhat extensively in Kentucky, as Agent of the American Education Society. In 1830, being deeply impressed with the importance of increasing the means of education in the far West, he removed to the State of Missouri, and was chiefly instrumental in establishing a College in Marion County, to which was given the name of Marion College,—twelve miles from Palmyra. Of this institution he became the first President. He visited New York, New England, and various other parts of the country, with a view to secure the requisite means for carrying forward this enterprise; and, wherever he went, left the impression that he was a man of extraordinary faith and power. The most distinctive feature of the institution was that the students were to support themselves by occupying part of their time in manual labour. But though it brought together a large number of young men, he seems to have been disappointed in the workings of it; and in 1836, owing to a difficulty which is more particularly referred to in one of the letters appended to this narrative, he removed to the State of Illinois, and in the neighbourhood of Quincy established an Institute for the education of young men, especially for missionary life. Here he exhausted his pecuniary means; and here, after a brief period, ended his days.

The latter part of Dr. Nelson's life was rendered sad from his becoming the victim of epilepsy. That fearful malady fastened itself upon him, and proved an overmatch for medical skill. His strong appetite for food he resisted continually from a conviction that indulgence would hasten the progress of his disease; but, however that may have been, abstinence did nothing to remove it. It advanced by slow but certain steps, gradually impairing his noble faculties, disappointing his hopes of continued usefulness, and finally terminating his earthly career. He was not, however, intellectually reduced to a wreck; nor was his mind at all embarrassed in its spiritual and devout exercises. Toward his family, and other near friends, it was remarked that he became constantly more tender and loving, as he approached the point at which he must leave them. When he became satisfied that his end was near, he called his wife and children around him, and said,—"My Master calls—I am going home—kiss me, my children, and take your last farewell, for I shall soon be in a state of insensibility,

and shall not know you." To the question,—why he felt sure that his end was near,—as he did not seem more ill than he had often done before, he laconically answered,—"Extreme debility." He then addressed most tenderly and impressively one of his children, who, he feared, had not entered on the religious life, and, on the promise to serve the Lord being given, he turned over, and said,—"It is well;" and these were his last words. He died at Oakland, five miles East of Quincy, on the 17th of October, 1844, aged fifty-one years. His remains rest in the cemetery of Woodland, near Quincy,—a beautiful bluff overlooking the Mississippi, where there is a fine marble monument to his memory, erected by some of his friends in the city of New York.

Dr. Nelson's highest and most enduring fame no doubt is connected with his well known work entitled, "Cause and Cure of Infidelity." Most of this was written in a few weeks, in the summer of 1836, in his garden, and under clumps of tall oaks, at Oakland. It has already passed through many editions, and has taken a high place in the standard religious literature of the age. Dr. Nelson wrote another work entitled "Wealth and Honour," designed for publication, but the manuscript was unfortunately lost after it had passed from his hands, and has never been recovered. He also wrote many articles on Education, Baptism, Missions, and other subjects, which appeared in the New York Observer, and other papers of the day. A few of his poetical effusions also have appeared in print, showing that he had a talent which might, by due cultivation, have given him a place among the distinguished poets of his time.

FROM THE REV. FREDERICK A. ROSS, D. D.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Feb. 4, 1857.

My dear Sir: My intimacy with Dr. David Nelson was, in some regards, greater than with Mr. Gallaher. For a time, indeed, we three were one—as Editors of the Calvinistic Magazine, and in other influences. No three men could have been much more affectionately united. We were about the same age. Gallaher was the oldest, Nelson next, I was the youngest. Gallaher was, as I have said, my spiritual father. Nelson, led me into the ministry—after this wise:—

My religious change occurred, at one of our old-fashioned four days' Sacramental occasions, then, and now, so common in East Tennessee,—beginning on Friday, and terminating, usually, with a sermon, Monday morning. It was Gallaher's Monday sermon which brought me to decision. It so happened that there was to be another similar series of days of preaching, connected with the Supper, at Jonesborough, about twenty-five miles from Kingsport, near which I resided. Gallaher, and another friend, Robert Glenn, to whom I owe eternal gratitude for his religious influence at that time, and before,—were solicitous that I should go over to Jonesborough, and with some others, (who, like myself, felt satisfied, that Monday morning,) add thereby to the good impressions hoped for.

I went,—and found there Dr. David Nelson. He had recently renewed, after years of relapse even into infidelity, his very early profession of Christ. He had been a physician, in the army of General Jackson,—for that was his *Dr.* and not D. D. He fell into many army habits—returned to Jonesborough,—a great, over-six-feet, burley, drinking, card-playing, leader of fun, in then one of the most dissipated villages in the West,—now most remarkable for its piety. He ran away with the smallest girl you ever saw. She looked more like a fairy

than a woman. Her family was one of the most respectable in the State, and, they thought all was ruin to their daughter. For, although Nelson's social position was equally good, his habits, as said, were, of course, such as to forbid all parental encouragement. His wife, however, often told me, she knew the genius, and the goodness, and greatness, there was in him. Well, he ran away with this little creature—beautiful in the extreme—and elegantly educated in Philadelphia. He soon returned to Jonesborough, and boarded, (ere the reconciliation,) in the house of my, after, father-in-law.

He was an admirable physician, and much beloved, as such dashing men often are, if full of genius, amiable, and withal eccentric, as he was, to a high degree, till he died.

He one day took up Doddridge's Rise and Progress—some word arrested his mind. He read the work,—and like the look of Christ on Peter, that word led Nelson to go out and weep bitterly.

When, therefore, I went to Jonesborough, where I was an entire stranger, the latter part of September, 1823, Nelson had, a very short time before, re-entered the church with his wife.

During that Sacramental occasion, he, in the fulness of his renewed love, sought me. We were very kindred spirits, at least in our former habits, except the infidelity. I never doubted the Bible, and have defended it, even at the card-table, piled with money. Our intimacy began instantly. We were fascinated with each other,—both about twenty-seven years of age. He, a great lump of a man,—I, a little fellow, never weighing over one hundred and thirty-five; but we both were enthusiastic, and of very similar literary, among our other and formerly worse, tastes. I had no special eccentricities, but I was greatly *taken* with his. His wife was *sui generis* too.

It so happened that, at that meeting, I was called on, Sunday night, to lead in prayer—that prayer struck Nelson's fancy. He had, it seems, been turning his mind to the ministry; for he was of an eminently holy family. His father was a ruling elder. His mother one of the very Scotch-Irish of the earth. His brother an esteemed preacher in Danville, Ky. That prayer had some important results.

In providence it so turned up, that, at this same Sacramental occasion, I saw the lady, whom I married a few months thereafter,—the intimate of Nelson's wife. So, I was often in Jonesborough, and with Nelson, a great deal.

A very short time after this last event, he wrote to me, giving his turn of conviction as to the work of the ministry, and inviting me to direct my thoughts to the same obligation. It resulted in our both putting ourselves under the care of Abingdon Presbytery, April, 1824, at Kingsport, near my home. We then studied theology, &c., at our own firesides, under some care of Rev. Robert Glenn. In April, 1825, he and I were licensed to preach the Gospel, in a log church, Glade Spring Congregation, Washington County, Va., and it so occurred that we were ordained on the same day, six months afterwards, (as Evangelists,) in Rogersville, East Tennessee, one of Mr. Gallaher's places of labour.

You perceive, then, there was more in my relations to Nelson, to make us know each other, than even in my connection with Gallaher. Indeed those years were the most attractive of my ministerial life—as they dwell in my thoughts. Nelson was one of the most lovely of human characters,—with a charm about him, which, like all charms, can be understood only by those on whom the spell has fallen. Gallaher had much of that power; but it was different in type. Nelson was the most fascinating preacher I ever heard. His simple train of argument,—his combination of thought, so original,—his exquisite illustrations, inexhaustible,—his strange unearthly voice,—his noble face,—his sweet smile, which made you feel the light and love of Heaven,—made him the object of undying affection in every heart which knew him. There were, you

see, many things to make me love him living, and remember him as he was, as "very pleasant unto me." And I weep now, although sixty years of age, like a woman, as I see him and hear him, in his place, speaking for God, or in familiar talk by the way.

Poor fellow, he died of the effects of epileptic fits, before his eye would have been dim, or his natural force abated. His sun was going down when he was in Albany—clear and beautiful, but not in the greatness of its strength.

He was very curious and ridiculous in his notions about dress, and he would have been worse but for me. What you say, however, evinces the correctness of somebody's remark,—that the minister, when he preaches in the country, must give his best sermon; when he enters the city pulpit, he must wear his best coat.* Your Albany people, shrewd as they are, were caught napping that time. Nelson was a most refined and accomplished gentleman. His social position, aside from his ministerial, was equal to any, in the United States. And he was esteemed meet companion for the Clay, and the Crittenden, of Kentucky—where his brother was the son-in-law of the great Shelby of King's Mountain. I told him once, when I found him building a house—a cottage, unlike anybody's, with the stump of a tree left in the middle of the parlor, as a centre table—I told him I thought it might be well enough in *him* to dress as he did,—for it obtained for him all the more attention from refined people. "How is that," he said, sitting down upon the stump—"Why," I replied—"you preached lately in Washington, and the President invited you to dinner. You preached such a sermon as he never heard in his life; and then, I have no doubt, he paid you extra attentions, lest you might think he felt contempt for you, on account of your clothes." This hit did him some good. He tied his shoes afterwards, and wore a better hat.

After a few years in the ministry, he left East Tennessee, in obedience to the call of the Church in Danville, Ky., which had been his brother Kelsey's charge. But he remained no great while. Like Gallaher, he had no pastoral qualifications. He went to the extreme, then, of Missouri; in part, to have as many strawberries as he wanted, and the freedom of the prairie.

He was poor. But his faith was great,—and, strangely, to the world, was it answered, in anecdotes of providence, curious and touching. Once he had no meal in his barrel, and said to his wife, he would go and see if the miller would trust him. On the way, a boy met him with a letter from a lady living at a distance, containing a piece of gold, &c., &c.

My dear Sir—I have just written on, intending, when I began, only to say I might some day give you a line about Nelson, and one word has followed another to the seventh page of this hasty reply to your kind favour of 26th January.

Yours very truly and affectionately,

F. A. ROSS.

FROM J. A. JACOBS, ESQ.

DANVILLE, Ky., January 31, 1857.

My dear Sir: I was much pleased to learn that you design to include a notice of my lamented friend, the late Rev. Dr. David Nelson, in your work commemorative of the distinguished clergymen of this country. The omission of it would, in my opinion, be the absence of one of the brightest stars in the constellation of ministerial piety and worth, that have shone, at least in the West. He was a man not only of eminent piety, but of remarkable genius, distinguished by peculiarities and eccentricities of thought, manner, and conduct, which would have

* An allusion to the fact that Dr. Nelson's old linsey-woolsey coat, and other things in keeping when he preached in Albany, blinded the people somewhat to the substantial merits of his sermon.

made him "the observed of all observers" in any profession or walk of life. His genius, sanctified and sublimated by religion, rendered him no unapt representative of an ancient prophet, rapt in Divine inspiration, and of whom the world was not worthy. His life, if correctly portrayed by the hand of a master, which it richly deserves to be, would be a valuable inheritance to the Church, to which, being dead, he would continue to speak with that strange and peculiar power with which, when alive and in the vigour of his strength, he captivated and entranced his hearers.

There was something strangely—almost preternaturally—unique in his manner. You listened as if to a being who lived in a world of thought and feeling, entirely different from the ordinary children of men—with a genius bold and perfectly original, ranging with burning zest through every field of imagination, and pouring forth thoughts that breathe and words that burn with the power of the true orator and inspired bard. His eloquence was not the cold argumentations of logic, but a succession of fervid, powerful and picturesque appeals, equally concise and vigorous in expression, and bold and original in sentiment.

I shall never forget the first sentence I heard the Doctor utter in the pulpit. It was in the month of September, 1827, in the Presbyterian Church, in this town, of which he shortly after became the pastor, and continued to be for several years. He had made a visit to the wife and family of his recently deceased brother, the Rev. Samuel K. Nelson.

It was a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning—the pulpit was shrouded in black, and the church was crowded to hear the brother of the late minister, the fame of whose eloquence and eccentricities had preceded him. He had lived in the neighbourhood when quite a young man, and some few of the congregation recollected him, when he was a wild and reckless youth, and actually professed that infidelity of which he has so ably written the "Cause and Cure."

His appearance was any thing but clerical. He had on an old rusty black cloth coat, badly made and fitted, and his vest and pantaloons were no better—as he rose he hitched up the latter, as if he wore no suspenders; and to make his garb as unministerial as possible, he had, for a cravat, a red bandana handkerchief. It is proper here to remark, that there was nothing in this garb intentionally eccentric. The Doctor was as far from affectation as a man could be. It was the result partly of a slovenly carelessness, and total inattention to, and forgetfulness of, external appearances, and partly of a conscientious and mistaken disregard for them. With his large and ungainly figure—with strong but harsh features, and totally destitute of all grace of manner, and thinking and caring nothing whatever about appearances, he made certainly a most odd looking occupant of a pulpit. His appearance and manner are now fully in my mind's eye, and his first sentence still vibrates on my ear. It was abrupt and enigmatical—"Tether a horse to a stake in a rich meadow, and he is *perfectly* satisfied,"—laying a strong emphasis on the word *perfectly*, in his peculiar intonation. What to make of this singular and startling exordium to a sermon, the congregation hardly knew; but they were not long in suspense. The Doctor proceeded in his concise, forcible and picturesque language, glowing with thoughts full of beauty and power, to illustrate the impossibility of satisfying the immortal soul of man with earthly things. The brute was entirely contented if its bodily wants were supplied; but not so the human soul. Restless, dissatisfied and unhappy, though possessed of every earthly good, it longed for immortality—a proof that it was made for the future, and of the duty of seeking our chief good in the present service and future enjoyment of God."

Dr. Nelson was then, and for several years after, in the prime and vigour of his intellect. The sermons that he preached in this place, which were written and delivered *memoriter*, and which he usually carried in the crown of his hat, if they could be recovered and published, would form a volume of eccentric, but

singularly powerful, sacred eloquence. I anxiously applied to his widow, years ago, to know if the manuscripts were in existence. She informed me that they could not be found.

In after years, he probably lost, perhaps destroyed, them, under the conscientious feeling that the literary labour he had bestowed upon them sprung from vanity, and was sinful. Some years after he had left Danville, his intellect became impaired from disease. He became extemporaneous, and rather tedious and rambling, in his discourses. It was painful to be witnessed by those that knew him in his prime. Samson, shorn of his hair and strength, was hardly more changed. But his piety burned with a more intense and unearthly glow to the last. One of his daughters, who possessed a good deal of her father's wild and thoughtless character when young, half seriously and half jocularly said that, when travelling alone with her father, she sometimes feared he would ascend to Heaven, and leave her alone on the uninhabited prairie.

His soul seemed absorbed in spiritual realities—he was almost utterly careless of earthly affairs—made no provision for himself, and little for his family, leaving them as well as himself to Him who cares for the lilies of the field and the birds of the air. This did not spring from indolence; but partly from an almost total absorption of soul in religion, and partly from mistaken notions about the duty of devoting all our time and means to God's service, to the disregard of earthly interests, enjoyments, and appearances. In his latter years, he conscientiously wore a wool hat and the coarsest clothing. Had all men adopted his extreme notions, manufactures would have ceased, civilization would have retrograded, and pious people would have possessed but little to consecrate to their Master's service.

Yet Providence did not fail to provide for his faithful and trusting servant. Besides the attention to his wants given by his friends, his nephew, the son of his brother Samuel, died early, and left a large estate, a considerable portion of which fell to the Doctor, and administered to his and his family's wants for several years.

Not doubting that you will gather from other sources whatever may be necessary to illustrate the character of my friend, I will only add that

I am very sincerely yours,

J. A. JACOBS.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM S. POTTS, D. D.

MACKINAC, Mich., July 27, 1848.

My dear Sir: Yours of the 17th ult. was received in St. Louis, and I have deferred compliance with your request until I could obtain some relaxation from the press of cares and engagements incident to my calling. I came to this island with my family a few days since, and will now endeavour to call up my remembrances of Dr. Nelson.

My first acquaintance with him was in St. Louis, in the summer of 1828 or '29. He was then on a visit to the State, with a view to the purchase of land preparatory to the removal of his family from Kentucky. I found him, when introduced, a man of about middle age, prepossessing in his appearance, with a smile on his countenance, and very cheerful in his intercourse, but always directing the conversation to some subject of Theology or practical Christian duty, or to the condition and prospects of the Church. I had occasion to observe one of his peculiarities during his visit. I invited him to preach for me on Sabbath morning. A large congregation were in attendance. He took his text, stated his divisions, which were three, and proceeded in a plain, practical discussion of his subject for about twenty minutes,—when, having disposed of the first and second heads of his discourse, he abruptly concluded. Upon leaving the house, I

inquired what had become of the third head of his sermon. He was very thoughtful, and merely remarked,—"I would not preach to your congregation again for a thousand dollars. He gave no reason other than that every thing was so orderly and precise about the whole appearance of the congregation that he could not preach. The difficulty I have no doubt was, that there was no emotion or visible indication of the Spirit's presence amongst the people; for, in my subsequent acquaintance and labours with him, I observed frequently the same thing, even during a revival of religion.

The following year, he removed to the State and settled in Marion County, about eighteen miles from the Mississippi River. His attention was directed immediately to the establishment of a school in his own neighbourhood. A log school house was erected, and he invited the neighbours to send their sons and daughters, of all ages. His mode of teaching was unique. After prayer, and some brief exercises in reading, he sat down and talked to the pupils on subjects of history and science, producing endless illustrations, and giving much information in a most captivating form. But, so frequent calls were made upon his time, to preach, to administer to the sick, and to attend to his own farm, it was not unusual, when he was tired of talking, to leave the school to take care of itself, and apply himself to some other work for hours. In this desultory way, no systematic instruction could be given, and there was danger of rearing his pupils with as little method as he had himself; yet a spirit of inquiry and desire for education was communicated to the families around him, which subsequently exhibited itself in the attempt to establish a permanent collegiate institution in his vicinity.

Marion College owed its origin to Dr. Nelson. Upon the same ground where his school house was built, other buildings for dormitories, recitation rooms, and boarding house, were from time to time erected. Pupils were called from a distance, teachers were obtained, and in 1832 a Charter was granted by the State, and Dr. Nelson became the President. The principal object of the founder was to raise up young men for the ministry in the West, and for heathen countries. Nine of these are now known to be labouring in the West, and one has been for many years in a foreign land. The wild, extravagant and speculating notions, which afterwards ruined this institution, were not, in any degree, attributable to him. Plain to an excess in his own notions of living, he had no idea of expending money on mere brick and mortar to accommodate the bodies of the students, without permanent provision for their intellectual wants.

Whilst these educational projects were in progress, Dr. Nelson was occupied mainly in preaching the Gospel in the Northern portions of the State. In this work he was greatly honoured by the Head of the Church. Hundreds crowded to his ministry, and very many returned to bless their households, who had previously lived in ignorance and infidelity. The country was at that time without houses for worship, and this difficulty was obviated in a way of his own. He made known everywhere that he would hold a protracted meeting in any settlement where the people would erect a shed, consisting of a rude clap-board roof, supported by hewn pillars, and provided with seats. Around these sheds the people erected tents, or clap-board shanties, in which they slept, and thus two or three hundred people could be kept together for several days under the instructive and pungent ministry of this man of God. The converts were, at the close of the meeting, examined by such ministers and ruling elders as were upon the ground, and received by baptism into the Church of Christ. It was left to the particular churches within whose bounds they resided, subsequently to examine and deal with them as they pleased. Where it seemed expedient, a church was organized on the ground, and the converts, living in the neighbourhood, received into it.

In 1836, a difficulty occurred in the county between Dr. Nelson and a portion of the inhabitants, which led to his removal to the State of Illinois. The reflections of the Doctor, aided by his frequent visits to, and preaching amongst, the more earnest opposers of slavery, led him, during the latter part of his stay in the State, to take higher and higher ground on that delicate and agitating subject. Before he came to Missouri, he had set his own slaves at liberty, and in his social intercourse with his friends, pleasantly argued against the institution, and condemned it as an evil in the land. In 1835, he had so far adopted the abolition doctrine, that he accounted slaveholding a sin, and refused to sit at the Communion table with those who held slaves, although they had been brought into the Church under his own ministry. In the spring of the following year, whilst preaching his Farewell Sermon to the Greenfield Church, which he had organized, and served for several years, a member of the church requested him to read a paper to the congregation, which proposed opening a subscription to redeem slaves, by paying the price at which their owners held them, with a view to their being colonized. A great excitement occurred, and an influential citizen was stabbed by the person proposing the project. The Doctor was hurried from the ground by his friends. Mob law prevailed for several days, and he lay concealed in the brush in the vicinity of his own house, until opportunity occurred to retire to Illinois. It is said that, during the time of his concealment in this thicket, he projected and commenced his work—"The Causes and Cure of Infidelity."

Dr. Nelson was, when under the excitement of a revival, a most thrilling and powerful preacher. There was little apparent arrangement in his discourses. They were almost wholly made up of illustrations and historical facts, and the other matter was used only to tie his illustrations and facts together. He was a man of much prayer, and lived as nearly with a single eye to the glory of God as any one I ever knew. He looked upon this world as a field for working, and rejoiced in the marks of approaching age and of final dissolution.

On the whole, I have no hesitation in assigning to Dr. Nelson a place among the remarkable men of the age. With as much of native intellectual and moral nobility as is often seen in connection with our fallen humanity, and with a desire to serve God in promoting the spiritual welfare of men, that every body saw had all the strength of a ruling passion, he combined strongly marked eccentricities, which the essential grandeur of his character served only to render more conspicuous. But, however these eccentricities might blind some to his substantial excellence, and even interfere, to some extent, with his usefulness, it was impossible but that persons of intelligence and discernment should very quickly discover his remarkable piety and power; and it was equally impossible for any one to be long in contact with him, and be insensible to his influence. Hence his career as a Christian minister was signalized in an unusual degree by the triumphs of Divine grace; and wherever he went, he seemed to be constantly gathering jewels to his immortal crown. He moved about in the most unostentatious manner; and though he did not literally have "his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins," yet he never appeared—at least in his latter years—but in the coarsest attire; and those who did not penetrate beneath the exterior, took knowledge of him only as a person of the most negligent and slovenly habits. But sadly were they deceived, who reached such a conclusion. Beneath that veil which false conceptions of Christian duty had drawn around him, there were the workings of a mind, which always moved in a path of light, and which was capable of some of the grandest achievements to which the human intellect ever attains. He was, in the most humble, yet efficient manner, performing a mission of benevolence among his fellow men, the importance of which, I doubt not, will be attested by the praises of multitudes whom he was instrumental of turning to righteousness. But it was the ordinance of God

that his great mind should suffer an eclipse, before going to mingle in higher and brighter scenes;—thus completing the discipline by which he was prepared for the glorious change, and illustrating, in one of its aspects, the humiliating truth, that "man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity."

Very truly yours,

W. S. POTTS.

FROM THE REV. R. J. BRECKENRIDGE, D. D.

DANVILLE, August 31, 1857.

My dear Sir: Your request for my recollections of Dr. Nelson has found me in the midst of many pressing engagements; but I will endeavour to meet it as far as my limited time will allow.

He was a man of very large frame—not tall, nor fat, but powerfully built. He had a very full suit of rough, black hair, clear blue eyes, a Roman physiognomy, and swarthy complexion. His manners were grave, silent, but most gentle and sincere. He took no interest in general conversation, and ordinarily refused to hold protracted discourse except on some subject directly involving the salvation of souls. But nothing could be more tender, earnest and striking than his private conversation on all subjects of that kind. On one occasion of his crossing the mountains from one of the Eastern cities to Pittsburg, in a stage full of people,—after remaining profoundly silent for several days and nights, just before the journey closed, he said abruptly—"I have listened to all of you patiently during two days and nights,—now may I speak to you for half an hour?" This wholly unexpected remark, with his singular and striking appearance, secured the attention of the passengers: and he proceeded with the utmost tenderness and pathos to plead with them about their souls. One, who was present, told me, years afterward, that he dated his own conversion from that talk, and that no member of the party seemed unmoved. This is a specimen of hundreds of anecdotes told of him.

Two things were very noticeable about him, both of which struck every one at once. One was his remarkable appearance, augmented by the singularly mean, slovenly, coarse, and often dirty, apparel which he habitually wore, and steadily refused to amend. The other was the most touching and penetrating voice that was almost ever heard. Whoever saw him, paused to look at him—whoever heard him, felt his voice at his heart. I may add that he was most singularly careless about all temporal matters—utterly indifferent to his own wants and interests, and as profusely generous to all that he had the means of aiding. As a sample of both peculiarities—on one occasion, while he was Pastor of the Church at Danville, the late Judge John Green, an elder of that Church, met him going out of the town, on a trip that would occupy him several weeks, and knowing his habits, asked him if he had any money,—and forced about fifty dollars on him to bear his expenses. It was afterwards ascertained that he had given the whole of it away before night.

There was perhaps nothing more wonderful about this man than his fervent and overpowering love for Christ. To say that he was a most engaged, earnest, devout Christian, does not convey the idea. It was, that he seemed to be consumed with a tender, ardent, solemn and unquenchable love for Christ Himself. Nothing was hard to him, if he could please or honour his Saviour—nothing had any relish for him, if it was irrespective of his Divine Master. Nay, he never mentioned the name of Christ without visible emotion, manifest in a tremor of his voice, tears in his eyes, or a flush upon his noble and manly features!

As a preacher, I, who have heard most of the great preachers of America, Britain, and France, of this age,—can truly say his power in the pulpit exceeded all I ever witnessed. I have spoken of his voice and appearance—his manner

was childlike in its perfect simplicity and naturalness. He spoke extempore always; but the pathos, the unction, the impression, of his preaching were amazing. His matter was compact; his words as few as could express what he meant; his tones low rather than high; and he could hardly be said to have any action. But such word-pictures were hardly ever surpassed by man—such insight into man and into Divine things—such love and pity for lost men—such conviction of eternal realities—such sublime exhibitions of a Gospel able to save sinners, and of a Saviour who had given Himself for them!

When Nelson entered the ministry, he has told me that all his friends derided him for thinking of preaching,—believing he had not a single qualification for the work. And that the Presbytery, which licensed him, viewed the matter as so singular, that all the examination they made of him was to ask him to read a chapter of the Greek Testament to them; after hearing which, and asking him a few questions, they licensed him on the spot; their notion seeming to be, that he would continue the practice of medicine, and merely preach once in a while. Yet he became one of the greatest preachers on earth!

His labours in the ministry covered an immense field, and were attended everywhere with the mighty power of God. Tennesse, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, Illinois,—nearly all the great Eastern cities—most especially, perhaps, Baltimore—witnessed as glorious and as repeated revivals of religion in connection with his labours as have been vouchsafed by God to any minister of his day.

I knew this man as well as I ever knew any one, out of my immediate family; and that for a period of nearly twenty years; and I can truly say I never knew a more godly man, a more noble gentleman, or a more illustrious example of a great pulpit orator. All this did not prevent him from having eccentricities, and from falling into errors and mistakes, and from being misled by persons far inferior to himself; and what is worst of all by far, from despising the Gospel, and deriding Christ, for the first half of his life. But, oh! he was a living monument of Divine grace!

In great haste,

Your brother in Christ,

R. J. BRECKENRIDGE

JOHN WATSON ADAMS, D. D.*

1825—1850.

JOHN WATSON ADAMS, a son of the Rev. Roger Adams, was born in Simsbury, Conn., December 6, 1796. When he was five or six years of age, his father removed with his family from Simsbury to Granville, Mass. In 1805, he removed to Sherburne, Chenango County, N. Y.; in 1810, to Lenox, Madison County; and the year following to Sullivan, near the Oneida Lake. In this latter place they remained till after Mr. Adams was settled in the ministry.

In the spring of 1816, he became deeply and permanently interested in the subject of religion, and shortly after made a public profession of his faith in Christ. In May, 1817, when he had nearly reached the age of twenty-one, he commenced a course of classical study with a view to enter College. In due time he joined Hamilton College, where he was grad-

* Memoir by Joel Parker, D. D.—MSS. from Rev. Daniel Waldo, and Rev. B. D. Mathis.

uated in 1822. During his collegiate course, he developed a character, both intellectual and moral, of rare excellence; and when he graduated, he delivered an Oration on "Dignity of Character," that was received with general admiration.

On leaving College, he became the teacher of a select school in Manlius, N. Y. At the close of this engagement, he went to the city of New York, and commenced his professional studies, availing himself of the instruction of Dr. Spring, and two or three other Presbyterian clergymen of the city. Here he profited by the opportunities which his residence furnished of listening to many of the prominent preachers of the day; and some notes that he has left make it evident that he heard with much discrimination and to excellent purpose. After a residence of somewhat more than eight months in the city, he returned to his friends in Lenox, and shortly after joined the Middle class in the Theological Seminary at Auburn. Here he took the first rank for talents, and diligent and successful study; though his naturally contemplative turn of mind and retiring habit rendered him less active than some of his fellow-students, in endeavouring to promote the interests of religion in the surrounding country.

In the middle of his Senior year, the Second Church of Rochester, on the recommendation of the Rev. Dr. Lansing, at that time a Professor in the Seminary, invited him to preach as a candidate for settlement. Having previously received license from the Presbytery, he complied with this request, and preached at Rochester the first two Sabbaths in the year 1826; after which, he returned to the Seminary. He subsequently spent four Sabbaths in Syracuse; and then, agreeably to a previous engagement, returned and spent five Sabbaths in Rochester; after which, he received a call from each place. Notwithstanding the salary offered him at Rochester was larger, and the prospects in some other regards more promising, than in Syracuse, his preference was for the latter; chiefly, it would seem, on the ground that his modesty led him to shrink from what he considered the more prominent station. He was accordingly ordained and installed Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Syracuse, on the 28th of June, 1826. He continued in this relation till the close of his life.

Mr. Adams was married on the 3d of May, 1826, to Mary, daughter of Col. Thomas W. Phelps of Lenox, N. Y. They had two children, (both daughters,) who, with their mother, still (1853) survive.

In 1840, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Columbia College, New York. In 1841, he was chosen a member of the Board of Overseers of Hamilton College, and continued to hold the office till his death.

Dr. Adams, though seldom taken from his labours by ill health, was yet subject to some bodily affections incident to a bilious temperament, that rendered his labours somewhat burdensome to him. In the spring of 1849, his health began decidedly to fail, insomuch that he realized a sensible diminution of ability to discharge his professional duties. He, however, remained at home during the summer, performing as much service for his people as he could; but, as the autumn approached, it became apparent that the state of his health was such as to require at least a suspension of his public labours. He preached for the last time to his own congregation on one of the Sabbaths in September; though he preached once afterwards, by urgent request, while on a visit to his friends in the neighbourhood of

Rochester. In the course of the autumn, he became an inmate of the Water-Cure establishment at Graeffenburgh, near Utica, and remained there until the last of January. He returned then to Syracuse; but shortly after went to another similar establishment at Glen Haven. Here his health declined more rapidly, and, towards the close of March, it was manifest that he was fast approaching his end. The melancholy tidings reached his people, when they were assembled for the usual service on Friday evening, preparatory to the Communion; and he became at once the subject of their special prayers, while the occasion seemed invested with an almost funeral gloom. On the 28th of March, he was removed from Glen Haven to Syracuse, to die in the bosom of his beloved flock. He lived nine days after his return, and, during this time, (as indeed he had been during his whole illness,) was a most edifying example of Christian resignation and composure. He died on the 6th of April, 1850. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. E. D. Maltbie.

Dr. Adams published a Discourse delivered June 18, 1835, at the inauguration of the Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D. D., as Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in the Auburn Theological Seminary; and a Sermon entitled "The Crisis," preached July 22, 1832, during a time of extraordinary commotion in the Old World, and the prevalence of Asiatic cholera. After his death, there was published a duodecimo volume of his Discourses, including those just mentioned, in connection with a Memoir of his life and character by the Rev. Joel Parker, D. D.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT W. CONDIT, D. D.

Oswego, 2d August, 1852.

My dear Sir: Doctor Adams of Syracuse and myself were in intimate relations, living in the same neighbourhood, and often meeting both in public and in private, from 1831 till the close of his life,—a period of nearly twenty years. As I knew him well, so I esteemed him highly, and am glad of an opportunity to bear my testimony to his excellent character and useful life.

He was rather a tall person, of a sedate expression of countenance, without much vivacity of manner, and somewhat deliberate in both his conversation and his movements. But the moment he opened his lips, you saw that he was a sensible and well-informed man. He always spoke intelligently and to the purpose; indicating, at once, a sound judgment and a quick moral discernment. He was modest perhaps to a fault,—even diffident; was always disposed to retire from public observation rather than put himself forward; and it may be doubted whether, if he had had less of this spirit, his usefulness would not have been greater. He was one of the most unambitious men whom I have ever known in the ministry: he was indeed ambitious to do good, and promote the honour of his Master, but for the applauses of men I never could see that he cared a rush. He had a remarkably affectionate temper; and though he was inclined to be taciturn with strangers, yet, to his particular friends he unbosomed himself with a degree of confidence and freedom that was truly delightful.

As a preacher, he had deservedly a high reputation. He could not be considered as eminently popular, but his sermons were always rich in evangelical truth, and written in a style of great perspicuity and precision; so that it was the fault of the hearer if he was not profited. His discourses were generally short; and yet you always felt, when he came to a close, that he had done, and well done, what he had undertaken. His manner was almost entirely without passion: but its great propriety and solemnity could not fail to impress you.

Dr. Adams was a great favourite with his people, both as a minister and a man; and they used sometimes to complain of the infrequency of his visits among them, and of the frequency with which he introduced other men into his pulpit. Indeed I am inclined to think that these were the two most vulnerable points in his ministerial character. It was, however, doubtless to be accounted for very much from the fact that he was almost always an invalid, and was really unable to perform the full amount of service which would have satisfied his own aspirations, or the wishes of his people. But, notwithstanding this, his general influence was felt in great power, but in a quiet and silent way, not only through his own congregation, but through the entire surrounding community.

He had little taste, and perhaps I may say, as little tact, for mingling in deliberative bodies or Church Courts. His great modesty led him to shrink instinctively from every thing of this kind; while yet he was not wanting in vigour or firmness, when he saw, or thought he saw, any great principles in danger of being sacrificed.

The volume of Dr. Adams' Sermons, published since his death, is highly creditable, not only to his talents as a preacher, but to the American pulpit. They are written with great purity and precision of style, and though not remarkable for any dazzling or startling qualities, cannot fail to be read by intelligent Christians with high interest.

Very faithfully yours,

R. W. CONDIT.

HENRY WHITE, D. D.*

1826—1850.

Henry White, a son of Jeremiah and Matilda (Howard) White, was born in Durham, Greene County, N. Y., June 19, 1800. His earliest years were spent partly in labouring on his father's farm, and partly in attending a district school; but after he had reached the age of about seventeen, his winters were occupied chiefly in teaching. In the winter of 1818–19, he became deeply concerned in respect to his spiritual interests, and, after a season of intense anxiety, was brought, as he believed, to a cordial acquiescence in the Gospel plan of salvation. Shortly after this, he made a public profession of his faith, and united with the Presbyterian Church in Cairo, a few miles from his native place.

He was fitted for College in the Academy at Greencastle, N. Y., under the instruction of Mr. Andrew Huntington, a graduate of Yale College in 1815, and joined the Junior class in Union College in 1822. While a member of College, he was engaged for some time in teaching a school at Coxsackie. He graduated with high honour in 1824, having been especially distinguished, during his college course, in the departments of Mathematics and Philosophy. He entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton the same year that he graduated, and continued his connection with it two years. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Columbia in 1826; and almost immediately after, entered upon an agency for the American Bible Society,—his field of labour being in the Southern States. He continued

* Dr. Smith's Fun. Serm.—MS. from his son, Rev. T. F. White.

to be thus employed about one year; and then supplied, for some months, a Presbyterian Church in Newark, N. J. In the course of the winter of 1827–28, he accepted a call from the Allen Street Church, New York, and was installed as its Pastor. Here he continued in the laborious and acceptable discharge of his ministerial duties, until the establishment of the Union Theological Seminary in the city of New York, in 1836, when he was elected to the Professorship of Theology in that institution. He accepted the office, and continued to hold it till his death.

In the year 1838, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of New York.

Dr. White possessed naturally a vigorous constitution, but it was not a little impaired by the intensity of his early studies, and his neglect of bodily exercise. The consequence of this course was, that he contracted an obstinate dyspepsia, with which he had to contend till the close of his life. Nevertheless, he was abundant in his labours, and was rarely so seriously indisposed as to be obliged to intermit them for any length of time. His last illness was originally a bilious attack,—which, however, ultimately assumed a typhoid character; and, after eight or ten days, during which his case had at no time been considered alarming, he was regarded as decidedly convalescent. These flattering appearances, however, continued but a day or two, when a violent hemorrhage commenced, which terminated his life in a few hours. He died on the 25th of August, 1850, continuing perfectly self-possessed and peaceful to the last moment. Dr. Erskine Mason was appointed to preach his Funeral Sermon; but, on account of his own illness, was unable to fulfil the appointment. Dr. Asa D. Smith, a few weeks after, took suitable notice of the event, in a Sermon addressed to his own people.

Dr. White was married in September, 1829, to Esther, daughter of Ebenezer Brackett,—a native of the same place with himself. They had four children,—two sons and two daughters. Both the sons have been graduated at the University of New York, and one of them, *Theodore Frelinghuysen*, is a minister of the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. White published a Sermon on the death of John Nitchie, 1838; and a Sermon on the Abrahamic Covenant, preached before the Synod of New York and New Jersey, 1846.

FROM THE REV. ASA D. SMITH, D. D.

New York, October 29, 1850.

Rev. and dear Sir: Your note respecting the late Dr. White awakens, as I read it, a multitude of touching recollections. For more than fifteen years I was intimately associated with him. At first, as a co-presbyter, and one of his nearest ministerial neighbours, and much of the time afterwards, as one of the Directors of the Seminary in which he attained such eminence as a Theological Teacher. During most of the last year of his life, my relations to him were still more peculiar,—almost those of a co-pastor. I knew him well, and sorrowfully feel that while I had few such friends to lose, there remain to the Church few such men in the list of her public servants. What I say of him may be modified and tinged by strong personal regards, yet I trust it will not be exaggerated.

As to his personal appearance, Dr. White was of medium height, and of rather spare form. He had a very keen eye, a lofty, expansive forehead, and in all respects a contour and cast of countenance indicative of intellect and energy of

character. The furrows of thought and care in his face, and the premature and unusual whiteness of his hair made him appear much older than he really was. Though but fifty at his death, a stranger, judging from the venerable aspect he presented in the pulpit, would have pronounced him at least *sixty*. His personal habits and manners were marked by great plainness and simplicity; yet he was ever affable and courteous. He had naturally a strong, discriminating mind, well balanced and abounding in practical wisdom. He was not of that class, who, however profound in professional matters, as to all common things are mere children, and need to be kept in some sort of leading strings. A rare counsellor he was, as well in regard to life's minor matters as to its weightier concernment. He was a man of great decision—not hasty in laying his plans, but when they were once adopted, steadfast and immovable. I have seldom met with a man who held to deliberately formed purposes with so tenacious a grasp. He had great directness and transparency of character; he was at a great remove from low intrigue, from disingenuous and dishonest management. Sagacious he was indeed, skilled in men as well as books; he knew better than most how to approach most felicitously our many-sided humanity—he knew what a Roman poet has called the "tempora mollia fandi;" but he had nothing of that low cunning which is overwise, and which almost always reacts against itself. He was in all points reliable. You knew not only where to find him, but where he would remain. Whoever else might waver, or prove false in time of trial, he was ever unfaltering. Obvious to all who knew him was his disinterestedness, his real, hearty devotedness to the public good. Alas, but for the excess of that virtue, he might have been spared to us still! "I am a victim," he said on his dying bed, "to overwork." Of every species of *charlatanry*, as well in character as in both secular and sacred science, he had a profound abhorrence. If ever the habitual kindness of his disposition gave place to a severity bordering on harshness, it was when something of that sort crossed his path.

He was an eminently conscientious man—no earthly motive could turn him aside from the path of known duty. Yet he judged himself severely, and loved in brokenness of heart to lie at the foot of the cross.

As a preacher, he was not finical, not studious of the glitter which, though it pleases the fancy, moves not the heart. But he was eminently thoughtful, clear, convincing and pungent. It was scarce possible that a hearer should fail to apprehend his meaning. Never did the Gospel trumpet, as blown by him, give "an uncertain sound." His discourses were eminently spiritual, full of the marrow and fatness of the Gospel. Utterly did he eschew that secularizing of the pulpit, to which there has been of late so strong a tendency. Professor of Theology though he was, deeply versed in metaphysic subtleties, yet all who were accustomed to hear him, can bear witness how plain and scriptural, how suited to minister not to "vain jangling" but "godly edifying," were his topics and his treatment of them. To few men was that language of Cowper more applicable:—

> "I would express him, simple, grave, sincere,
> "In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
> "And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
> "And natural in gesture; much impressed
> "Himself as conscious of his awful charge,
> "And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
> "May feel it too."

There was one class of topics,—that relating to the guilty and lost condition of the sinner, and his obligation to immediate repentance, in the handling of which he had, in my judgment, few living equals. I have heard strains of discourse from him, which seemed to me, in their awful, overwhelming impressiveness more like that wonderful sermon of President Edwards on "the Justice of G

in the Damnation of Sinners," than aught I remember to have heard from the lips of man. As might be expected, his career as a pastor was a very successful one. With the tenderest interest do the members of the Allen Street Presbyterian Church still recur to the scenes of his ministry among them. They dwell with delight on the fidelity as well of his private as his public labours. They call to mind that soundness of judgment, mingled with kindness and condescension, which made him at once so endeared a counsellor to the individuals of his flock, and so safe and influential an overseer of its public affairs. They muse with thanksgiving to God on those years of the right hand of the Most High, so obviously connected with his faithfulness, of the fruit of which, though not a little has been gathered into the garner of God above, much still remains to bless the world. As nearly as I am able to ascertain, not far from four hundred persons were, during the eight years of his pastorship, received into the Church,—about one hundred and ninety of them on profession of their faith.

As a teacher of Theology, Dr. White had peculiar and almost unrivalled excellence. His system was eclectic,—not in the sense of being a mere collection of shreds and patches, a jumble of borrowed and heterogeneous fragments, but in that it was original and independent,—the result of his own careful examination and profound analysis. Above most men, he thought for himself. He was a reader, but he was more a thinker. He found indeed, that it was only by severe and independent thought he could meet the difficulties that must be met, and frame a consistent and satisfactory system. "I find help enough," he said to me, somewhat early in his course as a Theological Professor, "in all the easy places." The hard places—a common experience to all profound inquirers,—he was obliged to explore for himself. Yet, though independent in his investigations and conclusions, never would he have become the head of a new theological party. Both his mind and his system were too well balanced for that. There was nothing in his creed or his philosophy to make a wonder of. There was too little of mist about him for those optical illusions which so enchant men;—too little of transcendentalism to suit those who are tired of walking on *terra firma*. He had no affinity for those dreamy speculations which at once scorn and elude all the forms of logic. He held them in utter abhorrence—he did terrible vengeance on them often in the lecture room. He loved the old paths of God's word—on these he shed a clear and steady light, leaving those who would, to lure the unwary by the *ignis fatuus* of a bold but erring fancy into gloomy fens and perilous wildernesses of error. He had too much of simplicity, and common sense, and scripturalness, and symmetry, to add to the schisms and debates which already too much perplex the Christian world. Though he called no man master, his system was Calvinistic in its great outlines; yet to him it was greater praise to call it Biblical. And eminently skilled was he in unfolding it to his pupils. Remarkable especially was his tact in setting their own minds at work, and then meeting by a single condensed statement, by a simple but clear distinction, by a familiar but luminous illustration, whatever difficulty their awakened intellects might be troubled with. Great and almost irreparable is his loss to our Seminary. He was its first Professor—he began with its beginning—he had personal experience of all its trials; and it is no disparagement of the other learned and excellent Professors to say that the point of prosperity which the institution has in so short a time reached, is in no small degree ascribable to his great ability, his unwearied labours, and ready and ample sacrifices. As children for a father, so mourn the students for him. To the dignity of the learned teacher, he added, in his intercourse with them, all a father's kindness and usefulness.

But my feelings carry me too far. I must hasten to the close of that life, in expatiating on which I scarce know where to end. I have a strong impression, as I review my intercourse with Dr. White for several years preceding his death,

that he was fast ripening for Heaven. I infer it from the interest with which he conversed on the most spiritual topics. I gather it from particular remarks and conversations. Never shall I forget a certain discourse of his in a private ministerial circle, not very long before he left us. The subject of our conference was Christian experience. His turn to speak came, and in connection with other remarks, in the simplest manner, and without the slightest appearance of egotism, he gave us a sketch, in a particular aspect, of his own experience. It was substantially the outline of his progress from a more legal to a more evangelical frame of mind—just that progress of which every growing Christian has more or less knowledge. I can only give you, and that imperfectly, his leading ideas. "Once," he said, "when conscious of sin, I felt that I must undergo a sort of refined penance. I must subject myself, before peace of mind could be recovered, to a species of self-torture. I must lacerate my soul with sorrow. I must laboriously prepare myself to receive pardon. I must, in the agonies of my spirit, make a sort of compensation for the sin I mourned. It would not answer, I felt, to come at once to the Cross of Christ. But I have come to entertain different views. I trust I do not hate sin less than before; yet am I differently affected by it. When a sense of it oppresses me, I wait not to become better,—to make any atonement—I go just as I am to Christ, a poor, guilty, helpless creature. I cast myself at his feet. I commit the whole case to Him. I look to Him to do all for me,—to pardon, cleanse, enlighten me. As to motives," he added, with touching lowliness of mind, "I never feel quite sure that I have a single good one, but I propose to myself something good, and trusting in Christ, press toward it. Thus I live, and thus I expect to die,—having nothing good in myself, but going out of myself to Christ,—resting upon Him alone." A severe and perilous illness of his eldest son, but a few months before his death, was made, I have been led to believe, the occasion of furthering his preparation for a better world. In speaking to me of the crisis of that case, he said, for substance,—"I went into my closet, and if ever I took hold upon God,—if ever I cast my burden upon Him, it was then." I cannot doubt that then and there was a very peculiar exercise of faith,—one that sent forward its influence to his dying bed. Nor can I forbear to recall another emphatic expression of his in one of my last conversations with him. We had been freely conferring about certain matters which had been not a little annoying to him. "I am desirous," he said, "to be free from things of this sort. I like not to have my mind harassed by them. *I want to be getting ready for Heaven.*" He spoke as one who felt that this must be the chief business of his remaining days. For a large part of the last year of his life, he supplied the pulpit of the Sixth Street Presbyterian Church. His old pastoral sympathies seemed to be revived. Not only were souls committed to him, but among them were his own unconverted children. He recurred to the topics of discourse which God had blessed in his former ministry. His preaching was eminently spiritual, direct and awakening. He saw the Spirit of the Lord descend as he ministered. Souls were born again. Yea, the grace of God was revealed in his own family. He rejoiced with great joy; and in the exercises of that season, in the agonies of his solicitude, and in the refreshings of his soul, I see again, what none of us saw then,—that God was preparing his servant for his approaching transition to glory.

The last scene came. After an illness of about a fortnight, in the progress of which no great apprehension had been felt, on the morning of the last Sabbath in August, an internal hemorrhage took place, of a most alarming character. On perceiving this new development, he said at once,—"That tells the story—I shall die. My work is done!" He felt that what of life remained, was measured not by days but hours; and with the most perfect calmness, and with characteristic good judgment and forethought, he proceeded to make his last communications. "It is the Sabbath, is it not?" he said to a friend by his bed. On being answered in

the affirmative, he added,—"I have always reverenced this day. Do you think it would be wrong for me, as this is my last day, to do a little worldly business?" On being assured it would not, as it would be a work of both necessity and mercy, he reflected a moment and said,—"It would not be sin." His will was made, but he had a few directions to add respecting his affairs. These he gave in a concise and collected manner, and then concentrated his thoughts upon spiritual and eternal things. He said his removal was a mysterious providence—he could have desired to be useful here a little longer—but *it was all right*. His physician said to him,—"You have long preached the doctrines of the Cross; do you get any new views?" He answered,—"Brighter and brighter!" Then added, "Oh, the unspeakable preciousness of the atonement by the blood of Christ! I have preached it for years, and taught others to preach it, and now I know its worth." A friend repeated to him the line,

"Thine earthly Sabbaths Lord we love."

He responded,—

"But there's a nobler rest above;"

and, pointing his finger upward, added,—"There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." His second son, who had just arrived from the country, told him for the first time, that he trusted he had recently consecrated himself to Christ. "That is enough," cried the dying father. To a friend who came in, he said,—"This boy has brought me good news. The last of my children is brought in." He sent messages to two of his children who were absent. That to his daughter, who had recently made a profession of religion, I cannot forbear to repeat. "Tell her," he said, "to live near her Saviour—to adorn her profession, and to beware of the temptations of the world." Referring to her parting kiss, when he left her in the country,—"tell her," he said, "I remember that last kiss—it was sweet—but it will be sweeter to embrace her on the other side of Jordan." As his voice was failing, he begged a friend to give his dying message of love to the students of the Seminary. "Tell them," he said, "that I part with them as from my own children. I love them all, and would love to give them the parting hand, but cannot." As the work of death went on, he calmly watched its progress. Moving his hand circularly over the vital organs, he remarked,—"The circle grows less and less;" and he was heard to say repeatedly,—"passing away!" After the power of utterance was gone, he looked a loving and earnest farewell to those who stood around his bed, occasionally giving them a parting grasp of the hand. Life ebbed gradually away, his expressive eye retaining its brightness almost to the last. In less than five hours from the discovery of the fatal hemorrhage, perceiving that his end had come, he slowly folded his hands across his breast, and reclining his head back upon his pillow, sunk away like one falling asleep. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints!"

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

ASA D. SMITH

DANIEL LYNN CARROLL, D. D.*

1826—1851.

DANIEL LYNN CARROLL was born in Fayette County, Pa., May 10, 1797. He was a son of William and Mary (Lynn) Carroll, and was one of twelve children. His parents both emigrated from Ireland in early life; his mother, when she was about ten; and his father, when he was less than twenty. His father was educated in the Roman Catholic Church, but seems to have had no very strong attachment either to its forms or its doctrines. He was, during the earlier part of his life, devoted to worldly amusements, and gave himself little trouble about religion in any way. His wife being a Scotch Presbyterian, he used often to attend church with her; and about the year 1804, during the great revival that attracted so much attention through the West and South, he became the subject of a hopeful conversion, and joined a Presbyterian Church near Uniontown, Pa. He was a plain man,—a farmer in moderate but comfortable circumstances, and was among the early settlers of the region in which he lived. He subsequently became much reduced, and had great difficulty in supporting his numerous and dependant family.

The subject of this sketch, spent his earliest years at work on his father's farm, attending school at intervals as he had opportunity. He seems to have had high intellectual aspirations from the first opening of his faculties; and he could scarcely remember the time when it was not the height of his ambition to figure in the pulpit. Though he had a religious education, his mind was never earnestly and decisively directed to religious things, till he was between nineteen and twenty years of age; and then, not in consequence of any particular dispensation of Providence, or of any special efforts that were used with him, but of his own unaided reflection on Divine truth. Shortly after, he joined the Presbyterian Church under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Wylie. His father's pecuniary embarrassments occurred just at the time when he was about to commence his preparation for College; and, in consequence of this unexpected reverse, he relinquished the purpose of entering *immediately* on his course of preparatory study, that he might aid in the support of the family; but he considered his resolution to obtain an education, not as abandoned, but only postponed till circumstances should become more propitious. Besides labouring on a farm, he superintended a department of an iron factory, and for some time also taught music, giving all his earnings into the common household stock. After attaining to the age of twenty-one, he spent a year and a half in teaching school, and at the same time perfecting himself in elementary studies; and having thus procured, to some extent, the means of defraying the expense of his education, he entered the preparatory department of Jefferson College, and, after studying eight months, was admitted, in 1820, to the Freshman class of that institution. He graduated in 1823, having saved some time by carrying forward contemporaneously the studies of two different classes.

* Communications from himself and his family, and Hon. J. A. Granger.

In consequence of his intense application to study, during his college course, his health became greatly impaired, and he retired and passed a winter with a friend of his, who lived on a farm, with a view to give his system an opportunity to recover its accustomed energy.

In the succeeding spring, (1824,) he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and remained there during the whole course, and six months in addition. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, October 6, 1826, and was immediately employed by the Missionary Society of New Jersey, to supply the Churches of Shrewsbury and Middletown Point, during the autumnal vacation in the Seminary. Having fulfilled this appointment, he returned to the Seminary, and passed the winter as a resident licentiate. The succeeding spring vacation he determined to spend in New England, and, by recommendation of Dr. Alexander, he went to Newburyport to supply the pulpit then vacant by the death of the Rev. S. P. Williams; but, after preaching two Sabbaths, he found the climate so unfavourable to his health that he was obliged to leave. After this, upon the recommendation of Dr. Miller to the late Judge Tallmadge, he was applied to, to preach as a candidate at Litchfield, Conn.; and, after preaching there four or five Sabbaths, he received a unanimous call to settle. Notwithstanding he felt an entire conviction that his health would not endure the rigours of a climate so far East, yet the great unanimity and earnest wishes of the congregation, after a protracted season of division and alienation, led him to conclude that it might perhaps be his duty at least to make the experiment; and, accordingly, he accepted the call, and was ordained and installed in October, 1827,—the Rev. B. F. Stanton of Bethlem preaching the Sermon.

His apprehensions in regard to the effect of the climate were fully realised. He was obliged to go to the South the first winter after his installation, and as there was now no longer any doubt that a removal was necessary to the preservation of his life, he asked a dismission from his charge, and received it amidst many regrets, on the 4th of March, 1829.

Immediately after leaving Litchfield, he was called to the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, then vacant by the removal of the Rev. Joseph Sanford to Philadelphia. He accepted the call, and continued labouring here with great acceptance and usefulness from March, 1829, till June, 1835, at which time, in consequence of a threatening affection of his throat, he resigned his pastoral charge. Having taken two or three months to recruit his health, he was called to the Presidency of Hampden Sidney College, and, by the advice of Dr. Alexander, he accepted the appointment, and entered on the duties of his office in September, 1835. About this time he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of the city of New York. His connection with the College continued three years,—till the autumn of 1838, when, in consequence chiefly of his ecclesiastical sympathies, in reference to the then existing controversy in the Presbyterian Church, being with the New School, and diverse from those of most of his brethren around him, he resigned his office. The College prospered under his administration, and all concurred in the opinion that he discharged the duties of the station with fidelity and efficiency.

On retiring from the Presidency of the College, he was immediately called to the pastoral charge of the First Presbyterian Church in the Northern Liberties in Philadelphia. He accepted the call, and remained there

from the autumn of 1838, till February, 1844; when his health had so far declined that he found it impossible any longer to fulfil the duties of his office. He, accordingly, resigned his charge, and became Secretary of the Colonization Society of the State of New York. This office he held, labouring, under much infirmity, and yet with great zeal and success, from February, 1844, till November, 1845, when he was laid aside from all active service. The winter of 1845–46 he spent at Savannah, and in the spring of the same year removed his family to the village of Newark, De., with a view to educate his children. Here he remained three years,—passing each winter chiefly at Savannah, and in February, 1849, removed to Philadelphia.

The residue of Dr. Carroll's life was a scene of slow but constantly progressive bodily decay. He was able to walk and ride out, and occasionally to take a journey, until about five months before his death, when he became wholly confined to his house. He marked the gradual approach of death with the utmost serenity, and when the last hour actually came, he was ready to put off his earthly tabernacle. The night before he died, his physician having informed him that he could continue but a short time, he called for a paper containing a covenant with God, which he wrote and signed in his youth. But as it could not be found at the moment, he repeated it from memory, and then prayed for nearly half an hour with great fervour and comprehensiveness. He died the next morning, (Sunday,) November 23, 1851, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His Funeral was attended, first at his own dwelling in Philadelphia; and afterwards in his former Church at Brooklyn, to which his remains were removed on the way to their final resting place in the Greenwood Cemetery.

Dr. Carroll was married September 25, 1827, to Anna T., daughter of Joseph L. Halsted of New York. They had six children,—three sons and three daughters. One of the sons, *Joseph H.*, has been graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and is now (1856,) a Presbyterian clergyman in Jamesburg, N. J. Another son, *David R.*, a young man of high promise, who was on the eve of entering the medical profession, died in the exercise of a triumphant faith, about one year previous to the death of his father.

Dr. Carroll published two volumes (12mo.) of Sermons,—one in 1846, the other in 1847. Besides these, his publications are a Sermon on the death of the Rev. Joseph Sanford, 1832; an Inaugural Address at Hampden Sidney College, 1835; an Argument on the Church Question, 1837; an Address before the Franklin Literary Society of Randolph Marion College, Virginia, 1837; an Address before the Literary Societies of Delaware College, 1842; a Tract entitled "A Plea in behalf of the coloured man," 1844. A Sermon on the "Power of the Sabbath School," published in the Philadelphia Christian Observer, (posthumous.)

FROM THE REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D. D.

New York, December 15, 1851.

My dear Sir: The Rev. Dr. Carroll, concerning whom you ask for my recollections, was one of the friends of my early life. We were born within a few miles of each other, and I knew him well from the time that he was seventeen or eighteen years old till the close of his life. I know not that I have any incidents

that would serve strikingly to illustrate his character, and yet I think I shall find no difficulty in conveying to you my own impressions concerning him.

In his person and manners he possessed some peculiar advantages. He was tall, slender, yet very symmetrically formed; of rather dark complexion, with a fine expressive eye, and a countenance that easily took on a winning smile, or brightened into a glow of animation. His movements were naturally quick, and gave you the idea of a man who felt that he had no time to lose. His manners were uncommonly bland, graceful, and even fascinating. This was the more noticeable, as he had spent his early years among plain people, and in the humble walks of life; but if he had been educated in the very highest circles of society, I can hardly imagine that he could have been in all respects a more polished gentleman. He had the rare faculty of making himself equally acceptable to people of all classes and all ages. The most accomplished person and the most uncultivated, the man of advanced years and the little child, were equally at ease in his company, and equally delighted by his conversation.

And this leads me to say that his powers of conversation were much beyond the ordinary mark. Though his early advantages were limited, his subsequent opportunities of observation were very considerable; and the results of his observation, and indeed all his knowledge, seemed entirely at his command, and never failed to be put forth to the best advantage. He had a fine vigorous imagination; and though he never intended to be otherwise than exact in all his statements, I have sometimes had occasion to smile at the graceful embellishment which he would give to a story, which, if told in an ordinary prosy way, would have had very little interest. He was gifted with a very considerable share of keen Irish wit. He was very apt to be the life of any company into which he was thrown.

Dr. Carroll was probably most distinguished as a popular preacher. He had natural and acquired qualifications for the pulpit, which few possess. His fine person and expressive countenance, together with a voice of great compass and melody, modulated to admiration, and his gesture characterized alike by grace and power, went far to render him irresistible as a speaker; but, in addition to these advantages, his discourses were wrought with no inconsiderable skill; the truth was clearly and often pungently stated; and there were occasional flashes of imagination and appeals to the conscience, which would excite strong emotion, and could hardly fail to be remembered. In his extemporaneous efforts he was ready and often extremely felicitous. He was not so much distinguished for abstract reasoning, or for bringing forth thoughts or trains of thought which had been the result of great elaboration, as for presenting familiar truths or facts in a manner to impress most strongly the popular mind. You might call upon him on an emergency to make a speech for the Bible, Tract, or Colonization cause, and he would be sure to rivet attention, if he did not astonish and electrify.

Dr. Carroll, I have reason to believe, was an excellent pastor. He had strong sympathies, and his heart instantly responded to the tale of suffering. He was earnestly devoted to his work as a minister, and by his fine social and Christian qualities, strongly attached to him those who were under his pastoral care. His labours in the different congregations with which he was connected were apparently attended with a rich blessing.

I think I may say that Dr. Carroll's education was after the most rigid type of Calvinism. And I am not aware that his views underwent any change, previous to his entering the ministry. Afterwards, however, I think he adopted what might be called a somewhat milder form of the same system, though still adhering to all the leading doctrines of his original faith. I should think it probable that he would agree in nearly every particular with President Dwight.

Dr. Carroll was naturally a cheerful man, and he did not lose his cheerfulness even after he had become the victim of a lingering and fatal malady. He had

strong faith in the promises of the Gospel, and it sustained him to the last. I think of him as a fine example of a man and a Christian.

I am, as ever,

Your friend and brother,

R. BAIRD.

FROM THE REV. D. H. RIDDLE, D. D.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 18, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My recollections of Dr. Carroll go back to the spring of 1822—at Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, Pa. He was considerably my senior in years, having begun his studies at a comparatively late period. His earlier life was one of incessant toil. Yet even then, he had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and earnest aspirations for mental improvement. After the labours of the day, he would lie for hours at night before a fire, poring over a book recently procured, or endeavouring to attain the elements of classical learning. When we met, he had been fitted for College, and was in his Junior year. We became friends, at first sight almost. Brought up in different regions; dissimilar in age and character; he a Christian professor, and I a thoughtless, ambitious youth; our friendship, then commenced, continued unbroken through all subsequent changes, and was suspended only by his death. A peculiar tie bound our hearts. He selected me from among a circle of thoughtless young men, as the object of special prayer and effort, which God was pleased to own and bless. This hallowed and endeared our friendship, the memory of which is still so fragrant. At College, we were class mates and associates in study till our graduation in 1823. Subsequently we were occupants of the same room, at Princeton, and sat two years at the same board, and were daily companions in our walks, till his marriage and settlement at Litchfield, Conn., in 1827. From that time till his death, we were constant correspondents; friends like David and Jonathan, though our paths widely diverged, and we only occasionally met each other. "I am distressed for thee, my brother! Very pleasant wast thou unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

At your request, I will try to give "the salient points" of my friend's character. I knew him as well, probably, as one human being can know another; for in all our personal intercourse and long correspondence, he revealed himself as to few others; unbosomed the very secrets of his soul. My chief fear of not presenting his character accurately, would be from the influence of a partiality so natural in the circumstances, and which I am willing to acknowledge. I may be pardoned for dwelling chiefly on his excellencies, which were many, and few knew so well, and not on his imperfections from which he was not free, as they are now, to me, buried with him in his grave. One of his obvious characteristics was *exquisite taste*. This was seen in every thing, and in every period, from his life at College, till the day of his death. He had love of the beautiful in nature and art; enthusiastic delight in scenery; a perfect passion for music; an artist's eye for painting and sculpture—in a word, a high degree of the poetic element. This influenced his feelings, enlarged the sphere of his enjoyments; gave shape to his character and a charm to his conversation. It pervaded his compositions, imparted *rhythm* to his sentences and glow to his illustrations. One of the first things that attracted my attention, was that he studied with the wild tones of a rudely constructed Æolian harp, singing through his room. I often realized the expressions,—"silent awe," "speechless rapture," in witnessing his gaze on magnificent scenery, or his *intoxication* with sweet sounds, vocal or instrumental; or, at the recitation of some favourite passage, or the pronunciation of some word, fraught with associations of the past. Many such are yet vividly in my memory.

This refinement of taste accounted for some of his observable peculiarities—the scrupulous neatness of his personal appearance, for example. He was uniformly attentive to the congruities of taste, in dress and personal arrangement. Some were disposed to think this a weakness. Like his ear for music, and his eye for the beautiful, however, it was natural as it was characteristic. It might seem morbid, but without it, he would not have been himself. He carried it with him through life. It did not forsake him when lying on the bed of hopeless disease. It affected the directions he gave for his Funeral, even to his habiliments and position in his coffin. To the last he revelled in the beauty and fragrance of a *bouquet*—as really as he enjoyed the voice of prayer. His eye would flash at a beautiful sentiment, even on the verge of Jordan, as vividly as it peered into the mysteries of the invisible! There are souls to whom this whole characteristic was unintelligible, and its manifestations, unwelcome. But there are others, to whom these recollections are exceedingly pleasant, and who feel that, without giving it a prominent place, his portrait would be incomplete and unworthy. Among "the green spots" of the past, I shall ever cherish the memories of some of our communings, when we met "inter sylvas Academiæ quærere verum"—or when Providence permitted us an occasional privilege of recalling together the waymarks of the journey of Life. I may be allowed to adopt from Ossian a phrase so naturally suggested by similarity of name,—"The music of Caryl, sweet and mournful to the soul!"

The *social characteristics* of Dr. Carroll were such as greatly endeared him to his friends. He had eminently a *genial* soul, with those of congenial temper and character. He was affectionate in his disposition; ardent and even enthusiastic in his attachments. A highly strung nervous organization made him thrillingly sensitive in emotion, and, therefore, liable to antipathies to persons and opinions, which he expressed with great decision, sometimes a severity, which seemed uncharitable or impatient. "In his eyes a vile person was contemned." He abhorred meanness. He had no patience with petty envyings, and jealousies, and ecclesiastical manœuvres, when he witnessed them, and when he thought (rightly or wrongly) he was their object. He deeply felt slights, and sorrowed over false professions of friendship, and all forms of selfishness. Yet he had an almost feminine tenderness towards his friends, the manifestations of which, to a cold observer, would have seemed well nigh ludicrous. In him, they were genuine and spontaneous. He had also a wonderful versatility of feeling; a singular capacity of transition "from grave to gay,"—from the strongest religious emotion to joyous hilarity,—from the deepest pathos to the full tide of mirthfulness. This was often to me a mystery; but still it was not less a fact, as many could testify.

Among the fine social traits of Dr. Carroll, was a lively perception and appreciation of the ludicrous, and a decided love of humour. I would gladly transfer to this page some illustrations. I shall never forget how boisterously he was affected, by a spectacle of "gratuitous wrath," as he termed it, in a publican in New Brunswick, N. J., on one occasion when we were travelling; how inimitably he would afterwards take off the Boniface, "drest in brief authority," and what a perfect storm of hilarity, even to his last days, the very term, associating the scene, would reproduce! He believed in laughter, "the merry heart, that doeth good as a medicine," as he often said, and loathed the cant, where the bosom "owned no throb, the heart no thrill," with genuine pleasantry. To this peculiarity he was much indebted for his rapid resiliency from
[illegible] despondency. His friends will recall readily his peculiar, arch smile,
[illegible] of good-humour, and a characteristic placing of his hand to his face,
[illegible] was uttering himself, or awaited from others, the sallies of mirthful-
[illegible] he enjoyed so unfeignedly. He was unselfish in the acknowledgment
[illegible] llencies of others, and even the superiority of his friends; frank in

admiration of real worth, as he was unequivocal in detestation and denunciation of pretence and obtrusive shallowness. I have had frequent occasions of witnessing both.

Along with this, however, there was also a tinge of melancholy and sadness; an occasional tendency to depression and gloom;—the visitations of an *incubus* which began early, and haunted him through life. This was traceable to physical causes. In the later stages of his collegiate career, from inordinate study, the entire change of his habits, and from ignorance, at that period, of the laws of healthy inter-action of mind and body, like others, he *broke down* entirely. His nervous system gave way. For a year afterwards he was incapable of study or prolonged mental exertion, and became the victim of incurable *dyspepsia*. The effects of this he bore with him through life, and it influenced greatly his character and career. At one time, he almost abandoned all thoughts of entering the ministry. He was an *invalid* most of his days, and many years were spent in the vain pursuit of health. In his later years especially, but even earlier, he felt the shadow of the thought, that he was not and could not become or accomplish what he had hoped. He spoke often most emphatically and pensively of "the darkened afternoon of existence," and of "a sun set in clouds," of having "the stirrings of thoughts he could not express;" "the glimpse of principles he could not elaborate;" "the consciousness of power never developed;" that he "must die, when he should have been just fitted to live." It was no wonder that a dark thread was intertwined with the web of his life, and it was matter of thankfulness that so much cheerfulness and vivacity continued notwithstanding to the last. Those who thought him impatient, little knew against how much he struggled. Those who have no nerves, little dreamed how much grace was required to keep him in the ordinary measure of composure. Those who never had aspirations, how for years "he took up his cross daily," in resignation to the will of God, and freely drank the cup of a Father's appointment. When he walked "on the silent, solemn shore," and looked back and forward, it was unspeakably touching to notice, sometimes, the minglings of regret and resignation; the traces of crushed expectation and cheerful hope;—a peaceful expectancy, which disarmed retrospection of its depressing power. At the close, Hope triumphed, and few bid farewell to life, after reaching even its assigned ultimatum, more cheerfully than he did, when men usually feel most intensely the luxury and privilege of living. The gorgeous sunsets he used to watch, with such rapture, at "old Jefferson" "giving signs of a glorious morrow," not inaptly symbolized his own departure.

The intellect of Dr. Carroll I have always regarded as of a high order. His perceptions of truth were quick; his thirst for it, strong; his love of it, deep. His lack of early educational advantages, and the paralyzing effects of overwrought exertions, in his college career, he felt all his life. Yet, his original powers were cultivated notwithstanding, to a degree not often surpassed. His mind worked, for the time, with tremendous power. But for this early prostration, few had a better prospect of ranking high among the first intellects of his time. Imagination, in its large sense, was unquestionably a predominating feature. So much so, that many, without due discrimination, thought it excessive or exclusive. Some of his Western friends never accorded him higher excellence, intellectually, than "vivid fancy," "a flowery speaker," "a man of taste." But this was far from the fact. In the progress of his ministry, he became so jealous of these early tendencies, that he adopted, too scrupulously for his own good and true power, a rigidly logical style of thinking and speaking, thus unduly repressing, in my judgment, one of the gifts of Providence and elements of strength as a speaker. His duties, at one time, as President of a College, developed his capacities for metaphysical and moral discrimination, repressed the exuberance of the æsthetic, and imparted strength to his mental character. Some of his

antagonists in newspaper discussion, at that period, have reason to remember, that he had other powers than those of imagination, and higher gifts than painting figures or telling stories.

His powers of extemporaneous speaking were quite uncommon. He was especially felicitous on the platform. On one occasion, which many will recollect, in Philadelphia, he electrified the audience, and produced an enthusiastic impression, when dilating on Home Missions and the future destiny of our country; though he occupied the platform simultaneously with one who was then considered among the foremost of such speakers in this or any other country. Yet he usually elaborated his discourses with care, and finished them at first writing, so as to be ready for the press. It was, with some, a source of regret, that he confined himself, on principle, so strictly to his manuscript, when, by a more extemporaneous utterance, he might have transcended all he actually attained as a speaker. But the same feeling that led him to repress his imagination, led him also to a close adherence to thoroughly written discourses in his ordinary ministrations.

In the pulpit, he used comparatively little action. The eye and countenance, more than any thing else, gave impressiveness and power to his eloquence. He was *earnest* always; sometimes terrible.

He had a singular talent for what may be called *word-painting*,—the art which one calls that "of doing by words what the painter does by means of colours." This was exemplified in his graduating speech,—"*the Death of the Infidel.*" Some of its paragraphs were afterwards incorporated into a sermon, which I had the pleasure of hearing. In the opinion of others, as well as my own, this alone would have stamped him as a true orator. Very much of his power consisted in concentrating the *gist* of all he had previously uttered into a few burning sentences, a few words, or even a single epithet, pronounced with his whole soul, in closing his heads of discourse, or in the peroration. "Words" with him were often "things," in this way. His published discourses are highly creditable to him, intellectually, but one of their chief charms to his friends, is, that they associate what never can be transferred to the printed page. They recall the man—the preacher, his look, the shadows of thoughts he could not utter. In *pathos*, he was usually admirable and appropriate; in sarcasm, occasionally keen as a razor. He was chosen, while yet a student, to the pulpit once occupied by Dr. Lyman Beecher, and filled it to the satisfaction of the people, while the remembered radiance of his predecessor was fresh in the hearts of his flock. There, and at Brooklyn, and in Virginia, and amongst his latest pastoral charge in Philadelphia, as a Preacher, a Pastor, a President, notwithstanding the perpetual drawbacks of feeble health, and frequent intermissions in pursuit of its restoration, he was estimated as highly as any man could desire, and is remembered affectionately to this day. His sermons at ordinations, and the opening of ecclesiastical bodies, were appropriate and instructive, affording a treat to all who could appreciate intellect, earnestness, taste, and eloquence. "My Father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" It were vain to fancy what he would have been, if blest with vigorous health, and spared to a green old age!

The piety of Dr. Carroll was deep and scriptural—emotional, but eminently conservative. It was characteristically free from *cant*, which was contrary to his taste, as well as principles. His early religious impressions and exercises were guided by one of the Old School of Western Pennsylvania Theology and Casuistry, the School of the Westminster Catechism, in the region of revivals. These impulses he never lost. *Isms*, and men of one idea, he held in detestation. He felt strongly, and expressed himself unequivocally, in regard to the radicalism rampant in some portions of the Church, during a period of his ministry. A lover and promoter of revivals, rejoicing in the success of his ministry, which was decided,—in many periods, eminently so, he never could consent to forget or

forego the dignity of the minister and the Christian, in the fervour of his zeal, and abstained conscientiously from religious mountebankism and buffoonery, used by some as "allowable auxiliaries to the glory of God." His views of evangelical truth were eminently clear and systematic,—his *Calvinism*, inwrought and steadfast. Towards the close of life, he gave me some of his views of these points, which I would gladly transcribe for his reputation, and the edification of younger clergymen. He spoke and wrote to me often of the consolatory and invigorating and conservative influence of the views in which he was early trained, and which he first learned at his mother's knees—a mother who yet lives to remember him as her glory, and lament him as her idol. Though he belonged, on principle, to a branch of the Church, by some considered latitudinarian in doctrine, and fanatical formerly in measures, his theology and his views of order and decorum in God's house, and human agencies, were formed early, cherished steadfastly, and cheered him to the end! He was a genuine Scotch Irish Presbyterian.

Dr. Carroll's sun, from the causes adverted to, was early obscured, and set too soon, according to our imperfect conceptions. The Church lost the benefit of his matured intellect and ripened piety and experience, when usually they are most available and important. And this, by the same cause, that has robbed her prematurely of many of her jewels,—not by a "mysterious providence," but from early and unconscious infraction of final ordinations, concerning health of body and vigour of mind, and effective, prolonged usefulness. His life ought to be a beacon, as it might have been a greater blessing. But still, his memory is fragrant as a pastor and a friend, to many. His excellencies, hallowed by death, are a heritage to his family. At his grave, affection and piety will often render a tribute, worthier, but not more sincere, than that which, by your kindness, here finds a place amidst "The Annals of the American Pulpit."

Yours very truly,

D. H. RIDDLE.

ERSKINE MASON, D. D.*

1826—1851.

ERSKINE MASON was the youngest child of the Rev. John M. and Anna (Lefferts) Mason, and was born in the city of New York, April 16, 1805. He was named in honour of the Rev. Dr. Erskine of Edinburgh, from whom his father had received many expressions of kindness, while pursuing his theological studies in that city. His childhood was marked by uncommon intelligence and spirit, but not by any remarkable sedateness or love of study. In his twelfth year, he went to Schenectady to reside in the family of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Van Vechten; and there, under the instruction of the Rev. Daniel H. Barnes, his mind rapidly matured, and he acquired a stability and sobriety of character, which gave promise of a life of respectability and usefulness.

When his father, at the beginning of 1822, removed to Carlisle, and became President of Dickinson College, Erskine accompanied him, and became a member of the College. In the autumn of that year, *James Hall*,

* Memoir prefixed to his Sermons.

an elder son of Dr. Mason, and a youth of fine talents and great purity and elevation of character, who had just graduated at College, was suddenly stricken down by death. The event produced a great effect on the minds of the students; and, shortly after, there was a very general attention to religion in the institution, and many promising young men gave evidence of being renewed in the temper of their minds. Of this number was Erskine Mason.

Having entered College at an advanced standing, he graduated in 1823. He spent a considerable part of the next year at Baltimore, pursuing his theological studies under the direction of his cousin, the Rev. Dr. Duncan. In the summer session of 1825, he joined the Middle class of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where he completed his professional education.

He was licensed to preach by the Second Presbytery of New York in 1826, and, on the 20th of October, of the same year, was ordained by the same Presbytery, in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York. On the 3d of May, 1827, he was installed Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Schenectady.

On the 26th of September, 1827, he was married by his father to Ann, daughter of Dr. Samuel A. M'Coskry, and granddaughter of the celebrated Dr. Nisbet, President of Dickinson College. Mrs. Mason, with three daughters and one son, survive the husband and father.

The Congregation at Schenectady, of which Mr. Mason became Pastor, had in it much more than a common degree of intelligence, particularly as it included most of the officers and students of the College; but his sermons, from the beginning, were uncommonly rich in thought, were elaborated with great care, and while they were acceptable to all, were especially so to the more cultivated and reflecting portion of his hearers.

The Bleecker Street Presbyterian Church in New York having become vacant by the death of the Rev. Matthias Bruen, at the close of 1829, Mr. Mason was unanimously called to supply this important vacancy; and on the 10th of September, 1830, his installation, as Pastor of that Church took place.

In February, 1836, he accepted the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the Union Theological Seminary, and held it till 1842.

When the division of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church occurred in 1838, Mr. Mason, with his Presbytery, fell upon the New School side. He is understood to have had a very strong conviction that that was the *right* side.

In 1837, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Columbia College. He was invited, at different periods, to take the charge of several prominent churches in his denomination, but he uniformly returned a negative answer.

In the year 1846, by request of his own people, who felt that he needed a season of relaxation, he crossed the ocean, and passed several months in travelling in Europe. He returned much gratified with his tour, and resumed his labours with invigorated health and increased alacrity. At this time, every thing indicated that there were many years of active usefulness before him. And thus it continued until within less than a year of his death. In August, 1850, on his return from his annual visit to the country, he felt an unwonted debility and prostration, which, though at first little

headed, soon occasioned serious alarm. He had, however, so far recovered before the close of the year, that he was able to prepare a sermon for the New Year, which proved to be the last sermon he ever preached. He was so feeble, when he delivered it, that he was obliged to sit during the exercise. His text was—"I said, Oh my God, take me not away in the midst of my days;" and the sad apprehensions of his beloved people gave to it, at the time, the character of a prophecy. It was delivered with great emotion, and was received as the testimony of a dying pastor. From this time it became but too apparent that he was gradually sinking under the power of an insidious disease, and that nothing remained for him but to glorify his Master by patient endurance. He had himself a strong desire to live, but it was rather for the sake of his family, of the Church, and the cause of truth and righteousness, than for his own sake. As the indications of his approaching departure became decisive, his mind evidently stayed itself in perfect confidence on God. When the last moment came, he declared,—"It is all bright and clear." On the 14th of May, 1851, as he was sitting in his chair, he breathed his last without a struggle. An Address was delivered at his Funeral by the Rev. Dr. William Adams, and a Sermon in reference to his death was subsequently preached by the Rev. Dr. Cox. Both were published.

The day before Dr. Mason's death, he expressed his regret that he had not selected a few of his sermons for publication, that thus he might still continue to preach to his people after he was gone. It was too late for him then even to make any suggestions on the subject; but a selection from his manuscript sermons was subsequently made, and published in 1853, in a volume entitled "A Pastor's Legacy," to which is prefixed a biographical notice of Dr. Mason, by his friend the Rev. Dr. Adams.

The following Discourses of Dr. Mason were published during his life time:—A Sermon on Parental privilege and obligation, 1834. A Sermon entitled "A Rebuke to the worldly ambition of the present age," 1836. A Sermon on the Subject and Spirit of the Ministry, preached before the Synod of New York, 1838. A New Year's Sermon, published in the National Preacher, 1845. A Sermon on Victory over Death occasioned by the death of John E. Hyde, 1845. A New Year's Sermon, published in the National Preacher, 1848. A Sermon entitled "An Evangelical Ministry the security of a nation," preached before the American Home Missionary Society, 1848. A Sermon entitled "Signs of the times," before the Foreign Missionary Society of New York and Brooklyn, 1850.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D. D.

New York, 4th September, 1854.

Rev. and dear Sir: You have requested me to communicate to you some of my personal recollections of the late Rev. Erskine Mason, D. D. In another form I have endeavoured to give a sketch of his life and character. I am greatly impressed with the imperfections of that Memoir. How difficult is it to embody in form that image of a friend, which lives in the heart! Art has invented no process by which that memory can be translated. The elements which compose our estimate of a friend's character are too delicate and subtle to be analyzed and separated by instruments so coarse as pen and pencil. It is impossible to convey to others, especially if they are strangers, a correct impression of a deceased man.

Dr. Mason, when I first saw him, was in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was then the Pastor of the Bleecker Street Church in this city. I was greatly impressed with the manliness and dignity of his form. It was in the street that I received my introduction to him. I recall, at this distance of time, certain particulars of dress, manner, and speech, which convinced me, on a first interview, that he was serious without being sanctimonious, independent but not singular,—a vigorous man without a particle of affectation. This first impression was deepened and confirmed by an intimacy of nearly twenty years. As a man and a preacher, there was such a purity and simplicity to his character, that the eye took it in at a glance. It required no prolonged study to solve it, like an involved equation. He was a strong, substantial, honest man. So you would have judged, meeting him in private, or listening to him in the pulpit. There was no pretension, no varnish, no gilding, no attempt to appear more and greater than he was.

His style of preaching was rigorously intellectual. Some thought him inclined too much to metaphysical demonstration. The constitution of his mind made *proof* necessary to himself. It was his highest pleasure to acquaint others with the processes by which that conviction was attained. He had the highest idea of the office of a Christian minister as a *teacher*. Numbering among his auditors some of the most distinguished jurists of the country, it was at once his delight and duty to show them the *reasons* of that faith which he preached. Demonstration with him was no affectation of skill and learning. It was honest, manly reasoning, by which he sought to commend the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Greatly mistaken, however, are they who suppose that the processes of argument in which Dr. Mason was so strong, were dry and barren. The one quality which characterized his discourse was *religious pathos*. A masculine imagination gave a glow and warmth to all his appeals. His demonstrations were tremulous with emotion, and his proofs were with power, because they were so earnest and sincere. Dr. Mason was certainly a remarkable preacher. It was never my privilege to hear his gifted father. But the points of contrast and comparison, I should think, were very striking. The discourses of the son were written with the utmost care. Dependant little upon the excitements of occasions and circumstances, they lose none of their value and force, when transferred from the pulpit to the press.

Dignified, courteous, kind, I do not believe that Dr. Mason left an enemy. He was of that happy organization which excites admiration without jealousy, and was so considerate and just towards others, that all were pleased to acknowledge what was due to himself.

Seldom travelling abroad, he sedulously addicted himself to the labours of his own pulpit, and was the most prized by that congregation in whose service he expended the best part of his life. These characters are of the best quality which are the most esteemed at home. Three years and more have elapsed since his decease, and many are there who will never cease to deplore his early death, in the very vigour of his manhood, as a great public bereavement.

Very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

W. ADAMS.

FROM THE REV. JAMES W. McLANE, D. D.

BROOKLYN, June 20, 1857.

My dear Sir: I became personally acquainted with the Rev. Erskine Mason, in the autumn of the year 1836. He had then been for some six years pastor of the Bleecker Street Presbyterian Church. Circumstances, which ot be mentioned here, brought us frequently and familiarly together, and

I soon formed an attachment to him, which constantly grew stronger to the day of his death. His character was not rendered the less attractive by a nearer approach, nor was any man's esteem for him diminished by increasing familiarity. An increase of knowledge here was not followed by an increase of sorrow as it often is.

Objects, I know, when seen at a distance, seem different from what they do upon a closer inspection. The mountain range afar off looks smooth, unbroken by any chasms or irregularities; but when viewed from a nearer position, the perfect form disappears, and the irregularities become visible. Dr. Mason, like all other men, had his defects. But whatever they were, there was no gulf between the inner and outer man. He was found, upon close acquaintance, to be what at first he appeared to be. He had none of that mysterious outward air, or formal exterior, which had to be worn away by long and familiar intercourse, before you could find your way to his heart, and discover the high qualities which existed there. His heart was in his face—his meaning in his expressions. There was no guile in him.

In a great city, every pastor has his trials—his temptations. Among these, the influence of wealth is not the least. The minister of the Gospel is strongly tempted to discriminate according to the outward appearance, and to surround himself with those whom the world calls great. Dr. Mason exhibited no leaning in this direction—he was not drawn from his proper orbit by this disturbing influence. His course was regulated by the principle upon which Themistocles acted in the advice he gave his daughter in reference to marriage—he preferred the man without the money, to the money without the man. He drew around him men good and true—men of intellect and of heart; and in them he delighted. He did not affect notoriety, or seek, in one way or another, to keep himself before the public eye. He never advertised his own performances, or tried to attract hearers by novelty, either in his subjects or his modes of treating them. Far was he removed from that class described by Junius as the men whom the gentle breath of peace leaves upon the surface, unknown and unfelt, and whom nothing but the storm brings into notice. He loved peace. The quiet, unostentatious work of a devoted pastor was congenial with his feelings. He lived in the affections of his people.

Dr. Mason was a man of excellent judgment. To no one did his brethren in the ministry more generally resort for counsel, and seldom has any one had reason to regret having acted in accordance with his opinion. During the fifteen years of our intimate acquaintance, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the soundness of his judgment fully tested. During those years there were times of intense excitement and of great extravagance in theological opinion and ecclesiastical practice. But during all those conflicts of sentiment and feeling, Dr. Mason was always found the advocate for doing all things decently and in order. With him new things were not always true, and true things were as seldom new. He believed indeed in progress; but he did not believe that the true method of advancing was to forsake the old landmarks, or discard the demonstrated wisdom of other days, nor did he dream that all the treasures of wisdom had been discovered in his own age.

Dr. Mason was intimately connected with the origin and progress of the Union Theological Seminary in the city of New York. Among the nine persons,—four ministers and five laymen, who met at a private house in October, 1835, to consult in regard to establishing such an institution, he was one. From the beginning, his spirit was fully in sympathy with the movement. He was one of the original members of the Board of Directors of the Seminary; assisted in giving instruction; and I may add that the success which has attended this School of the Prophets is, in no small degree, owing to the wisdom of his counsels. When a new President of the institution was to be chosen in 1840, the

minds of the Board turned with entire unanimity upon Dr. Mason; and he would undoubtedly have been chosen, but that he would not allow his name to be put in nomination.

As a preacher, I may safely say that he had few equals. Others may have possessed more vigour of imagination, and greater powers of extemporaneous speaking; but for a firm grasp of truth, and the ability to conduct an argument with logical accuracy, and to throw the conclusion into the brightest sunlight—for what Cousin calls the mathematics of thought, he had scarcely any equals. Herein lay his great strength. Men listened to his argument as they would to a demonstration in Euclid, or to an analysis in Algebra, and were bound fast by it. His sermons were prepared with great care. He was not wont to bring other than beaten oil into the sanctuary. Even his weekly lectures were carefully prepared, and were usually delivered from a brief before him. In his preaching he dealt much with the conscience of his hearers. He made the law of God speak out. Men saw their obligations and felt their guilt, and were thus urged to seek a refuge in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The death of Dr. Mason threw a general air of sadness over the city. The feeling was universal that a great and good man had fallen in Israel, and fallen in the midst of his days. Though the grave has closed over him, and even the very sanctuary in which he ministered has disappeared, and men lay up the treasures of earth on the very spot where this faithful minister of the Gospel urged them to lay up the treasures of Heaven, it is grateful to reflect that his powerful ministrations,—his works of faith, and labours of love, are still silently, but certainly, accomplishing their end, in advancing the great interests of the Kingdom of Christ.

Very sincerely yours,

J. W McLANE.

ICHABOD SMITH SPENCER, D. D.*

1826—1854.

Ichabod Smith Spencer was a descendant, in the seventh generation, from Thomas Spencer, one of the first settlers of Hartford, Conn., who died in 1687. The son of this Thomas Spencer settled in Suffield, in the same State, where the family resided until about 1786, when Phineas Spencer, the father of the subject of this notice, removed to Rupert in the State of Vermont. Here he was born on the 23d of February, 1798,—the youngest but one of eleven children. He lost his father when he was seventeen, but his mother's death occurred only three years before his own. His father was a farmer in comfortable circumstances, able and willing, it would seem, to give this son, whose early intellectual developments were somewhat remarkable, a collegiate education; but, for some reason, he remained at home till after his father's death, enjoying only the advantages of a common school. His parents being neither of them professors of religion, though persons of exemplary moral habits, little attention was paid to his religious education, and his early years seem to have been an unbroken scene of thoughtlessness and gaiety.

* Memoir by Rev. J. M. Sherwood.—MS. from Mrs. Spencer.

The death of his father, which occurred in 1815, marked a decisive epoch in the history of his life. The year after this event, and in consequence of it, he left home,—the first step, it would seem, towards that eminent position which he was destined ultimately to occupy. Providence directed him to the town of Granville, Washington County, N. Y., where, for about a year, he was engaged in manual labour. During his residence here, he became the hopeful subject of a revival of religion, and made a public profession of his faith by joining the Congregational Church of Middle Granville, then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Nathaniel Hall. Being regarded as a young man of decided talent, and as giving good evidence of piety, it was strongly recommended to him to devote himself to the ministry. In pursuance with this advice, and in conformity with his own feelings and convictions, he soon after entered the Academy at Salem in the same county, where he remained until he was fitted for College. Here he profited much by the ministry and friendship of the venerable Dr. Proudfit, who was distinguished for the interest he took in young men, struggling with difficulties in the effort to obtain an education. He sustained himself, while at the Academy, partly by teaching. He also went through a course of medical reading with the student who occupied the same room with him at Salem; and this he was able to turn to good account, in after life, in many of his visits to the poor.

He entered the Sophomore class of Union College in 1819, and graduated in 1822, at the age of twenty-four, with a high reputation for both talents and scholarship. At this period, he seems to have been somewhat undecided in regard to a profession. He thought seriously of the Law, and actually commenced a course of study in that direction; but, instead of continuing it, he accepted an invitation to take charge of the grammar school in Schenectady. Here he remained about three years, and acquired great distinction as a teacher. Having already given considerable attention to Medicine and Law, he engaged now in the study of Theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Andrew Yates, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Union College; and, at the same time, made himself quite familiar with several of the Indian dialects.

In the autumn of 1825, he removed to Canandaigua, in Western New York, having been chosen Principal of the Academy in that place. That institution, though well endowed, had greatly declined in prosperity; but, by his vigorous and well directed efforts, he quickly succeeded in imparting to it new life, and raising it to a commanding position among the primary educational institutions of the State. In connection with his laborious duties in the school, he continued his theological studies until he was qualified to preach the Gospel. He received licensure in November, 1826, from the Presbytery of Geneva. He continued his connection with the Academy nearly two years after this, preaching frequently on the Sabbath in the neighbouring pulpits, and giving all the time he could spare from his engagements in the school, to theological study.

In May, 1828, he was married, in the city of New York, to Hannah, youngest daughter of John Magoffin. Mrs. Spencer, with four children, survives her husband.

In the summer of this year, Mr. Spencer received and accepted a call from the Congregational Church in Northampton, Mass. He was ordained as Colleague Pastor with the Rev. Solomon Williams, on the 11th of

September following. Here he continued labouring with most untiring zeal and energy, and with remarkable success, three years and a half. During the years 1830 and 1831, a very extensive and powerful revival occurred in connection with his labours, which tasked all his energies so intensely and incessantly, and for so long a time, that he found, at the close of it, that his health was giving way, and that even the continuance of his life probably depended on his taking some less laborious charge. Accordingly, with great reluctance, and much to the regret of his people, he determined on a removal; and he soon accepted a call from a Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was installed there on the 23d of March, 1832; and this was his last field of ministerial labour.

The church of which he now took charge was in its infancy; but, by his great wisdom, and energy, and almost unexampled industry, in connection with a rich blessing from on high, he succeeded in raising it into one of the most prosperous and efficient churches in the Presbyterian denomination.

In 1836, he accepted the Professorship Extraordinary of Biblical History in the Union Theological Seminary in the city of New York, and retained it for about four years. He was one of the Founders and original Directors of that institution; though, by reason of some considerations, partly of a personal, and partly of a public nature, he ultimately resigned the office both of Professor and of Director.

In the great controversy which divided the Presbyterian Church in 1837–38, he held somewhat of a neutral attitude, not fully sympathising with either party. His preference, however, on the whole, was for the Old School, as was evinced by his always continuing in that connection.

In 1841, he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hamilton College.

Though Dr. Spencer suffered not a little during his ministry from physical derangement, and especially from a diseased state of the nervous system, his public labours were very little interrupted by sickness until the last year or two of his life. In the spring of 1852, his people, perceiving that his health was seriously impaired, proposed to him to intermit his labours for a season, and try the effect of a voyage to Europe. But, instead of carrying out their wish, he made a hasty trip to Savannah, and in a few weeks was again at his post, as laboriously engaged as ever. His last attack occurred early in January, 1854; and its severity obliged him at once to suspend all labour. In May he was so far recovered as to take a journey to the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, accompanied by Mrs. Spencer, and his eldest son, who was also an invalid. After six weeks, he returned so much improved as to preach again to his people until the close of *July*. After that, he visited Sharon Springs, Saratoga, and other places, in quest of health; but his torturing malady yielded to nothing. He returned home about the middle of October, and it now became apparent that his case was beyond the reach of medical aid. He went to his chamber for the last time on the 28th of that month, and, after about four weeks of the most intense bodily anguish, passed away in perfect peace, and in the joyful hope of a blessed immortality. He died on the 23d of November, 1854. The Funeral services were attended at the Church on the Sabbath following, and a Sermon preached on the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Spring, *of New York*, which has been published.

The high estimate in which Dr. Spencer was held, was sufficiently evinced by the efforts that were made to secure his services in various important fields of ministerial labour. In 1830, he was called to the Presidency of the University of Alabama, and in 1832, to the Presidency of Hamilton College. About the time of his leaving Northampton, he received a call from Park Street Church, Boston, and overtures on the same subject were again made to him by the same Church in 1835. In 1833, he received a unanimous call to the Essex Street Church, Boston. Many formal calls were put into his hands, and many overtures made to him, from Churches in New York, Philadelphia, Newark, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and various other important places. In 1853, he was elected to the Professorship of Pastoral Theology in the East Windsor Theological Seminary. None of these calls tempted him away from his chosen field,—though they were unequivocal evidences of his distinguished worth and ability.

The following is a list of Dr. Spencer's publications:—A Discourse occasioned by the Great Fire in New York, 1835. A Discourse on the Claims of Seamen, 1836. A Sermon preached the Sabbath after the death of General Harrison, 1841. A Sermon on the day of the National Fast, observed on account of the death of the President of the United States, 1841. A Sermon in the National Preacher on Living and Walking in the Spirit, 1841. A Sermon on the comparative claims of Home and Foreign Missions, 1843. A Sermon in the National Preacher, entitled "Solomon's experience and observation—Hatred of Life," 1849. A Sermon on the Necessity of the Sufferings of Christ. A Sermon on the Fugitive Slave Law, 1850. A Pastor's Sketches, or Conversations with Anxious Inquirers respecting the Way of Salvation, 1850. A Pastor's Sketches, Second Series, 1853. [These Sketches have been republished in England, and have also been translated into the French language, and published in France.]

Since the death of Dr. Spencer, two volumes of his Sermons have been published, in connection with a Memoir of his life by the Rev. J. M. Sherwood.

FROM THE REV. GARDINER SPRING, D. D.

Brick Church Chapel, New York,
January 9, 1855.

My dear Brother: It is a pleasant yet a painful task, to comply with your request in regard to our deceased brother, Spencer. I have so many years enjoyed the privilege of such fraternal intercourse with him, that to speak of him gratifies me, while, at the same time, it opens the wound inflicted by his departure, afresh. The following imperfect sketch is the best I can now furnish you.

It is characteristic of the best ministers that they are best at home, and most distinguished in their own pulpits. There was no "flourish of trumpets" with Dr. Spencer, when he went abroad. He was not demonstrative in his nature, nor eager for the praise of men. He was emulous, but it was mainly to magnify the truths of God, and do good to the souls of men. No man was less desirous than he to "create a sensation" and set the world aghast by his preaching. Yet was he exclusively devoted to his work. His heart, his thoughts, his studies and attainments, his time, his interests, his influence and his life, were given to the ministry. Few ministers of the Everlasting Gospel, if any, are more industrious; and few have less occasion to lament misspent and wasted hours. The result was that he became one of the best and most effective preachers of the

age. Few habitually spake like him in discourses of such instructiveness, and attractive persuasion, such withering rebuke of wickedness, or such happy effects upon the minds of men. He spake "the things which became sound doctrine," and declared "the whole counsel of God." He was cautious and wise, but he was urgent and in earnest. He was often tender to weeping, yet was he a most fearless preacher. There was a large commingling of the "Son of Consolation" with the "Son of Thunder" in his character. I have heard him say that he did not know what it was to be ensnared or embarrassed in preaching God's truth, and that the thought of being afraid to utter it, because it was unpopular, never once entered his mind. There was something of nature in this, and more of grace; he was fearless of men, because he feared God. There was great variety in his preaching; he was not confined to a few thread-bare topics; his mind and heart took a wide range, and brought out of his treasure "things both new and old." Nor was he given to crude and imperfect preparations for the pulpit: a volume of sermons might be selected from his manuscripts, which would be a beautiful model for the youthful ministry, and a great comfort to the Church of God. His Sabbath Evening Lectures on the Shorter Catechism, as well as portions of his Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans, will not easily be forgotten by those who heard them.

In his style of writing, and in his style and manner of preaching, he was manly, strong, and energetic, rather than rhetorical. His thoughts were weighty; his imagination rich; but they were sweet thoughts and hallowed imaginations. He had no verbiage. I know no man whose piety and taste more instinctively revolted from the ostentation of words: his words were simple and "fitly spoken," and his style remarkably terse and sententious. There was now and then an iron nerve about his discourses and manner, and a flash of thought, that were startling, and that broke upon his hearers like a voice of thunder. Yet, with all this startling boldness, there was sweetness, humility, and meekness, and those deep and realizing views of Divine truth which indicated that he was taught of God. It was not difficult to perceive that he was a stranger to the duties of the closet. In his own pulpit, his prayers were distinguished, not only for their devotional spirit, but for their appropriateness and variety. Those who have heard him most and longest, and most attentively, have remarked that they never knew any thing like repetition in his prayers, and never enjoyed such variety of sacred thought and emotion as they enjoyed from his devotional exercises.

He excelled also as a preacher. His parochial duties were his labour and delight. There was great faithfulness, great painstaking, and even great *tact* in his pastoral services. The life of a pastor consists, in no small degree, in the study of personal character, and in the study and exhibition of those Divine truths that are adapted to the character and experience of those committed to his charge. Dr. Spencer's "Pastoral Sketches,"—a work of great interest in itself, and great value to ministers, and to all inquiring minds, illustrates his great excellence in this department of ministerial labour. His acquaintance with the spiritual history of his people gave him prodigious advantage over their minds in his discourses from the pulpit. His portraits of character were to the life; and though they were delicately drawn, and without personal allusion, there was no escape from the grasp of truth, when he put the screws upon the conscience, and made the law and the Gospel alike utter the words of Nathan to David,—"Thou art the man." And the beauty of the process was, that he did it with a tenderness and sympathy that so linked the speaker with the hearers, that the stout-hearted could not complain, and the broken-hearted were made whole. He had no theory of "revivals," yet was he often in the midst of them. God's truth, God's Spirit, and the prayers of his people, were the only agencies he relied on, and he found them abundantly adequate to their end. God gave

him souls for his hire. This is the reward he sought after, and he enjoys it now.

I need not speak of his *life*. He is the only man who ever doubted that he was a man of genuine piety. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," these things belonged to Dr. Spencer. Not a blot rests upon his fair name. The perplexed will miss his counsels, the afflicted will miss his sympathies, and the poor of Brooklyn will miss his laborious charities.

Dr. Spencer was for years a great sufferer, and his sufferings sometimes oppressed his heart, because they unfitted him for active labour; yet I have seen him more depressed when the sunlight of prosperity shone upon him, than in the dark night of his affliction. His graces grew under the sharpest trials; and amid all the outward darkness with which he was so long enveloped, his path shone brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

During the last three or four weeks of his life, so severe were his sufferings, that he was not inclined to much conversation. But, on the Monday preceding his death, being comparatively free from pain, and perceiving that his time was short, he called his family about his bed, and requested them to be so arranged that he could see them all, and separately address each one of them. He told them that he expected to die, and expected to go to Heaven, and expressed the hope that he should meet them all there. In his own simple manner, and with all the tenderness of a dying man, he opened to them the way of life by Jesus Christ, spoke to them of his own confidence in the Saviour, and urged them to "cling to Christ and the Bible" as their only hope.

It was just after this affecting scene that I knocked at his door. And never was I more kindly directed than in making this fraternal visit. I had some fears from what I knew of his self-scrutinizing spirit, that I might find him in a depressed state of mind. But as he drew near the close of his struggles, God was kind, and gave him sweet indications of his paternal love. There he tossed, day after day, and night after night, upon that couch of racking pain, with a mind as clear as Newton's, and a heart as peaceful as a child in its mother's bosom. The great peculiarity of his Christian character was his shrinking humility, and self-diffidence. More than once in the days of his unbroken vigour, I have heard him say,—"I have mistaken my calling; I never was fit for a minister of the Gospel." No one else thought so; yet he retained this self-diffidence to the last. I said to him,—"Brother Spencer, I am afraid you are about to leave us." He replied,—"I think so." I took his hand and he said,—"You see I am strong; I may rally, but it is more than probable that I shall leave you by to-morrow morning." "Is it *peace* with you, brother?" His body was in agony; he tossed his head on the pillow and replied,—"*It is all peace.*" He paused, and fixing his piercing eye upon me, said,—"I am afraid it is too much peace. I cannot discover in myself those evidences of personal godliness which justify me in enjoying such abundant peace." I could not repress a smile at these sweet words, and then reminded him of those words of the Lord Jesus, when he said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it *more abundantly*." He simply replied,—"Pray with me;" and then called his family around his bed, where we knelt and prayed together for the last time. His sufferings continued without any abatement, with the exception of a few tranquil hours which he employed in giving to those around him his last counsels and charge, commending them to God, and testifying his own precious hopes and the prospects that cheered him, as he bade them farewell. He subsequently conversed but little. His manly frame was exhausted. Three days after this, the strong man bowed himself to the impotence and dust of death. An inscru-

table Providence made him a partaker in his Master's sufferings; abundant grace made him partaker in his glory.

With affectionate regards and earnest desires that the persevering labours of your pen may remind future generations of the worth and excellence of many devoted servants of God,

I am, my dear Sir,

Your friend and brother,

GARDINER SPRING.

FROM THE REV. MELANCTHON W. JACOBUS, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

ALLEGHANY, February, 28, 1852.

My dear Sir: During a pastorate of twelve years in Brooklyn, Dr. Spencer was my near neighbour and co-presbyter. They were the years of his prime and power, when his highly favoured church and that intelligent community enjoyed his best labours. He was the last of our cotemporaries called to yield his pulpit at the pressure of disease, two only excepted—Dr. Cutler, of St. Ann's, and the Rev. Jonathan Greenleaf, of East Brooklyn. The Lord preserve them both many years!

Dr. Spencer was of the middle stature; square, rather than corpulent; and of a commanding presence from his massiveness of frame.

A keen look and prompt movement, with a certain liveliness of address, gave him a business air, not undignified, though at times somewhat abrupt. With great energy and individuality, united to a characteristic fearlessness of temper and power of will, he may have seemed often to wear a bluntness of manner. But they who knew him at the fireside and in the lecture-room, showed by their warm admiration how winning he could be in his intercourse, and how fondly he could exercise the finest feelings of the Christian heart.

In the pulpit, with a broad, bold face, short, gray whiskers, and a peculiar glare in his eye, he had an aspect of gravity, that bordered perhaps upon severity. A peculiar arrangement of his hair, exposing an open, majestical forehead, aided this characteristic expression; and this, with an accent that was often taken for a foreign one, might remind you of one of the Scotch Reformers, as capable of great blandness, yet able to gather into a perfect storm-cloud of rebuke.

In conversation he was rather reserved than talkative, but of ready wit, which he wielded at times with excellent effect. In the study of our Episcopal brother, Dr. Cutler, his attention was directed to a fine picture of a shipwreck that adorned the wall. Dr. C. pointed him to the crew who were making off in the small boat, and especially to a young Lieutenant, who, in springing for it, had fallen short and was drowning. "That countenance," said Dr. C., "has the very expression of prayer." The word "prayer," struck Dr. Spencer, and raising himself in his chair, with his eye intently fixed upon the young man, he said to Dr. C.,—"*But where's the Book?*" The rejoinder of course was not lacking.

In his positive style, he could deal out the most crushing denunciation, or the keenest sarcasm, whether in public or in private. Yet no one could do this with greater impunity. It was conceded as his privilege to express himself boldly—sometimes sharply. But if he offended ever by this means, he still drew his people and his brethren to him by other ties too strong to be broken. He was a ruler as well as a teacher.

A prominent member of his church, having the same cast of character as himself, differed from him, and removed to another connection. A few years afterwards, in conversation with a brother minister, when the name of Dr. Spencer was mentioned, he said,—"I don't like the Doctor—he is rough and tyrannical;

but," he added, "I will say this for him,—he taught me all that ever I knew." Not long after this, the conversation was related to him. It amused him greatly. He spoke very kindly of his former parishioner, remarking only,—"I know why he didn't like me. I wouldn't let him have his way."

He possessed, as is well known, an intellect of very uncommon vigour. Able to grapple with complicated questions, theoretical and practical, he excelled in power of analysis and argumentation. In ecclesiastical bodies, he spoke seldom, but to the point—was brief rather than long—rather last than first, coming in usually with an opinion or argument that would serve as a solution of the matter.

His sermons were uniformly written out in full; yet with ready command of the manuscript, few extemporaneous speakers were more able to impress an audience. His style was logical and forcible, and his matter commonly compact. His discourse was characterized by a simple and clear statement, rejecting mere rhetorical fineries, and seldom using a rare word. He eschewed alike a *dilettante* performance, and a newspaper harangue. He came to his people with his own exposition of great Gospel subjects, yet occasionally with a profound discussion of some mooted topic of the day. In certain published efforts of this kind, he won the most flattering testimonies of leading statesmen, as having a mind that would have adorned any public station. But no station was higher than his own. He had his own views, and expressed them often, when he differed from some of his leading members, gaining a character for plain spoken deliverances, whether men would hear or forbear. He was at home in preaching Christ Jesus,—with amplitude of thought, and originality of treatment, and copious citation of Scripture, with expression rather strong than elegant, yet not without fine flashes of fancy and striking illustrations. His delivery was earnest and tender, with impassioned bursts of eloquence, and pungent in enforcement of his well discriminated points. Frequently as he used to appear in the lecture-room, many of his best hearers preferred him there.

His sermons and lectures were rather experimental than theological in their general cast. He had great power in dealing with the heart,—exposing subtle sophisms and lurking objections; analyzing the religious characters of his hearers, and storming their strongholds. He would often *pick out* a case in his audience, like a practised marksman; and we may safely say that few of his congregation found themselves unreached. His style was characterized by great *directness*. These public ministrations he would follow up with earnest private appeals, that were often richly blessed to the salvation of old and young. His conferences were faithful pungent probings of the various phases of unbelief, or misbelief, or disbelief, that came under his charge, and few found their difficulties unanswered, if they opened their case honestly and fully to his notice.

He paid great attention to his Sabbath School, commonly dropping in at least for a word or a look before the service of the Church; and the effect was felt in a most flourishing condition of this department, including often two or three separate schools.

It can readily be inferred that it was as a Pastor that Dr. Spencer displayed his most eminent gifts. The two rare volumes of "Pastor's Sketches" which he has left, were the natural fruit of his labours. None but one so rarely adapted to that office, could have left such a thesaurus of experience. They are his best autobiography. They sketch the Pastor fully as much as the Parishioner. His distinguished traits as a shrewd casuist, a subtle logician, a tender counsellor, a patient, persevering winner of souls, appeared to full advantage in his daily ministrations. All his energies were devoted to the pastoral work. He loved it. He declined important calls to other posts, because his heart was in this. He was a Shepherd, and if not always and to all the same *gentle Shepherd*,

none could say that he was not a "*good Shepherd*," who "made his sheep his own."

He spent much time in seeking out and visiting the poor, and sick, and distressed,—relieving the destitute from his own liberal hand, or putting them in the way of the best attentions. So entirely did his flock enjoy his services, that he often appeared only too exclusively wrapped up in their affairs. It was plain that he identified himself with his church,—not sparing himself, and preaching only too often and too persistently for a prudent regard to health. He bore a leading part in the great evangelical operations of the city. With such a press of parochial labours as few could bear, he rescued time for the Bible, Tract, and other, Societies; and the two here named owed much to his efficient management.

That executive ability which is so essential to success, especially in such a city, carried Dr. Spencer through times of peculiar trial; building up a large congregation from the commencement, discharging a heavy debt, carrying his own measures, and gathering around him a substantial, wealthy and intelligent people. A discriminating preacher, he had also discriminating hearers.

He sustained himself at the head of one of our most numerous, liberal, and influential churches, and died in their arms and at his work. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him.

Very truly yours,
M. W. JACOBUS.

FROM THE REV. R. S. STORRS, JR., D. D.

Brooklyn, February 18, 1857.

My dear Sir: I first heard Dr. Spencer preach on a casual visit which I made to Brooklyn in the winter of 1845, nearly a year before I came here to reside. He was at that time delivering a series of Sunday evening Lectures to his congregation, on the Westminster Catechism, expounding successively the doctrines embraced in that venerable instrument; and it was one of these which I chanced to hear. His lecture for that evening was on the doctrine of the Saints' Perseverance. He lectured without full notes, I remember, but with a "brief" before him, and with frequent reference to a small Bible which he held in his hand; and most of the peculiarities which I afterwards noticed in his more elaborate discourses were very distinct and even prominent in him that evening. He approached his subject immediately, without apology or delay, grasped it with a precise and energetic statement, opened it with a very clear and logical analysis, showed himself familiar with the customary modes of presenting and illustrating it, yet treated it in a fresh and peculiar way, and urged it with great earnestness of language and manner, and with much real impressiveness of thought, on those who heard him. I remember that some of his phrases seemed to be strong, pungent, and easy to be remembered, rather than either exact or elegant; that I did not much admire his interpretation of some of the more difficult texts; and that the total impression which I received of the man was, that he had a great deal of what is usually called power in the pulpit, with that subtler quality and habit of mind which naturally originates new modes of treatment, in handling an even trite subject; but without much of native refinement, or of literary sensibility, or of catholicity of feeling. The latter impression I found reason afterwards materially to modify.

When I came to Brooklyn, in the fall of 1846, as Pastor of the "Church of the Pilgrims," Dr. Spencer met me with great frankness and cordiality of manner, was present at the services attending my installation, and was afterwards prompt to call upon me, and to offer me the courtesy of an exchange of pulpits. He gave me to understand at once that he valued highly New England institu-

tions, and many New England men, though he differed from and deprecated certain religious and political opinions which he understood to prevail there I told him, as frankly, that I agreed in many things with those from whom he differed, but hoped to live and work beside him, in general sympathy, and an efficient co-operation in all good efforts. I had thenceforth frequent opportunities to hear him preach, and often met him in social and clerical circles, though my relations with him never became intimate.

He was a man of extreme independence of character, of a naturally reserved and reticent temper I think, and of very strong and positive convictions. With these, too, he combined unusually sensitive and ardent feelings; and I imagine that it had been the habit of his life, from a very early period, to devote himself assiduously, almost exclusively, to what he regarded as his special work, to be wrought in his particular place, and in his own methods, without much attention to those around him. These qualities, and this habit, of course kept him aloof to a considerable extent from those who were not ecclesiastically connected with him, and who were not in many things of his way of thinking. And while I was often brought in contact with him, I do not feel that I ever came fully into his special sphere of feeling and thought. My observations upon him were those rather of a friendly spectator than of a sympathizing confidant; and as such you must receive them.

In the family circle, his own or that of any friend, or in company with those whom he admitted to frequent and familiar intercourse, the same characteristics to which I have referred made Dr. Spencer delightful and attractive beyond most men; and they made him a model of energy, efficiency, and untiring assiduity, as the Pastor of his own parish, and as a visiter to those of the sick and poor whom he regarded as under his especial charge. No minister in the city, at that time or since, no minister whom I have ever known in any place, had a stronger hold than he had on the affections of his own people. Their confidence in him was almost literally unlimited. No man was ever more beloved and revered among the poor whom he assisted. And certainly no man, in his own household, was ever honoured and loved beyond him, as the memory of no one is now more tenderly and religiously cherished.

On one of the last occasions on which I met him, at the house of a common friend, a parishioner of his, I was greatly impressed with his kind and affectionate attentiveness to the children of the family. The eldest daughter of our friend, a lively and inquisitive little girl of then perhaps nine years old, seemed to be his particular favourite. She was almost instantly installed upon his knee, and a perfect battery of questions was established on either side. Interrogatories and answers flew back and forth, almost without cessation or intermission, till the little lady was dismissed at bedtime; and the beautiful tenderness and playfulness of his manner to this lamb of his flock, as contrasted with the usual seriousness and reserve of his demeanour, marked a feature in his character which I shall never cease to remember, or, I trust, to be instructed by. The incident followed soon after the only direct collision in controversy which I ever had with Dr. Spencer, in which sharper things had been said upon both sides than the later judgment of either party would probably have justified; and it was therefore peculiarly pleasant and memorable to me. The light of this genial and delicate tenderness, irradiated and placed in new aspects the character of which the public saw only the colder and less gracious side.

The same qualities of character which led Dr. Spencer to interest himself so peculiarly and familiarly in the children of his people, led him also to meet with a most attractive readiness and warmth those who came to converse with him on the subject of personal religion. He studied their several cases with the utmost earnestness, and laboured intently to assist and guide them. All the forms of reserve which he gathered around him, in general society, as if to

shield himself from the scrutiny of the public, all the aspect of abruptness and occasional harshness with which he met those who, as he thought, were intruding on his rights or his privilege, were instantly and spontaneously laid aside with those who came to him in any spiritual perplexity or distress; and with a rare assiduity and fidelity, as well as with a very unusual power of conversational argument and appeal, he applied himself to the removal of every honest difficulty from their minds, to the breaking down of every fabricated excuse, and the carrying of their hearts to the Person and the Cross of the Saviour of the world. Of course this was a relation in which I never personally met him. But his published writings bear witness to his extraordinary skill and success in this species of labour,—a success owing partly, of course, to his mental constitution, but essentially, and perhaps more largely, to the real and hearty interest which he took in every honest and earnest inquirer. And some of those who have had experience of it have assured me that the delicate, sinuous, yet vigorous, masterly and inevitable manner in which he developed their hidden experience, met their resistances, overcame their objections, anticipated their excuses, and rained the warnings, the promises, and all the urgencies of the Gospel upon them, until they yielded and gave themselves to Christ, will never be effaced from their recollection, and cannot be surpassed in the impressions which they have left of fidelity and power.

The conversation of Dr. Spencer on general subjects, unless when his mind was otherwise pre-occupied, was always animated, energetic and instructive; and now and then his sentences flashed with a rapid and trenchant wit of which I never saw any trace in his public discoursing. His wit more frequently took the form of irony or satire, than of any fanciful or humorous turns of speech; and once or twice I remember to have heard from him a sudden and original reduction to absurdity of some argument against which he was reasoning or inveighing, which seemed to indicate that that was among the more frequent and familiar of his mental processes. As a faithful narrator of the impressions which he made on me, I am bound to add that he seemed to me to see rather the weak points than the strong points, the points of marked irregularity and defect rather than those of proportion and beauty, in the character of the men with whom he was contemporaneous, and especially of those with whom he had differed. I have heard him speak of distinguished divines in the Presbyterian Church, and in his own branch of it, with a pungent freedom of characterization, which in a man of another constitution would have argued an unfriendly or hostile temper towards them, but which in him I think showed only this peculiarity of mind, unaccompanied by any real acerbity of spirit. He was sensitive, however, and was subject to great occasional depression of spirits. And when his feelings had been wounded, he undoubtedly felt the smart of it long; so that something of this may occasionally have mingled in his conversation at such times.

The sermons of Dr. Spencer undoubtedly owed very much of their effectiveness to the strong personal qualities of the man, and especially to his great voluntary force. He seemed sometimes to carry his hearers by the sheer energy of volition to the conclusions which he announced. Whether their minds had fully grasped his argument or not, he so far governed them by the pressure of his will, for the time at least, that few, I presume, ever went from the house in which he had preached without having been impressed and moved. There were times, too, in his preaching, when this remarkable and mastering power, co-operating happily with a vivid development of logic and thought, and a cogent and potent strain of appeal, produced the effect of noble eloquence. It seemed to me more than once, when I heard him, that if he could have been perfectly liberated at certain points from the last imperceptible restraints of that reserve which still clung to him like a nature, and could have poured his whole soul into his speech

with a perfect *abandon* to the impulse of his theme, then, with this great power of will, and with his very eminent logical faculty, he would have surpassed almost any preacher of the day. There may have been some passages in his discourses where this was realized, but I never heard them. The final finish of an utter unreserve, which would have put the crown of light on his so muscular and urgent speech, seemed to me to be wanting in him.

Aside from these qualities of which I have spoken, I was always struck in his sermons, more than with any thing else, with occasional passages of a certain weird and mysterious loftiness of suggestion, which seemed to show that the imaginative element was naturally strong in him, and that if it had been cherished, it would have been more prominent than any other. I frequently heard arguments from him with which I could not altogether agree, and saw positions taken by him which failed to command the deference of my judgment; but I was always impressed with this imaginative power in him; the more, perhaps, because it was not generally recognised. I remember a sermon of his on the Mystery of Redemption,—I am not sure whether it is contained in the volumes of his published Sermons or not,—which he preached in my own pulpit, and which I was providentially permitted to hear, in which the vastness and darkness of the experience of Death, as confessed by all men, was presented as a kind of counterpoise to the asserted mysteriousness of the system of Redemption; and in which his words, his sentences, his whole manner and tone, seemed suffused with an almost palpable influence from the august mystery of which he was discoursing. The whole paragraph, as uttered by him, was easy to be understood, was entirely perspicuous and natural in construction and imagery; and yet it seemed strangely shrouded and loaded with an atmosphere of mystery,—an atmosphere which it gradually diffused through the house. The words shed dark suggestions on the hearers. The heart grew chill and palpitated under them, till I am sure that all who heard it must have felt that the dark and supernal glory of Death had been meditated by the speaker until, as a Presence, it had dominated his thoughts and toned his words. The impression grew constantly weightier to the end, as the sentences successively shuddered forth in the deepest bass of his peculiar and arresting voice. In this respect, the sermon, or at least that part of it, still remains in my thoughts as one of the most remarkable it has been my fortune to hear.

In all our local Societies, for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ within the bounds of the city,—especially in the City Bible Society, of which he was in fact the father,—Dr. Spencer took a lively and efficient interest. The same tendencies of mind which led him to concentrate his sympathies and his energies very much on his own parish, led him also to appreciate highly such Societies, and to labour diligently to advance and invigorate them. Whoever else might be discouraged or backward in the effort to sustain and extend their usefulness, he never was. He was an example of regularity and punctuality in his attendance upon their quarterly and annual business meetings; and often I have seen his powerful influence interposed at some crisis, encouraging the irresolute, resisting those who would counsel any abatement of their efficiency, and urging instead to loftier plans and wider effort. In this respect the city suffered an important loss when he was removed from it; and it will owe him a debt of remembrance and gratitude as long as its history as a city continues.

The last illness of Dr. Spencer was protracted and painful, far beyond th ordinary experience of men, and it brought into bright and impressive exhibitio those parts of his character which were really admirable and unusual. With his robust and massive frame, and his long habit of perfect health,—enabling him to perform without difficulty or fatigue such labours as few are prepared to undertake,—any sickness must of course have been a burden to him,—the severer and more trying, because it was rare. But in his case the sickness itself was of

a nature to task his utmost power of endurance. An internal malignant disease consumed some organs whose processes are necessary to the maintenance of life, and it must have been like carrying, day after day, a literal fire among his members, to sustain the pain which this inflicted. Yet when I met him upon the street, a few weeks only before his death, although his usually prompt and firm step was wavering and weak, and his cheek was blanched with the fearful experience through which he was passing, and though his tone was tremulous and despondent as he spoke of the prospect of resuming his labours, there was no one syllable of repining or impatience in all that he said, and he even referred to the pain he had suffered in a way to lead me to think of it as a matter of extreme or unusual. When afterward, learning that he was confined to his bed again, and that it was doubtful if he would ever rise from it, I called to inquire for him, he was unable to see me, and the groans wrung from him by the excess of his pain were audible on the door-step. Yet he met the whole, even to the last, with a settled and resolute Christian patience, a supreme resignation to the will of God, which was only appropriately as well as affectionately recognised by Dr. Spring in his Funeral Sermon, and which no man, although of the hardiest nature, could possibly have exhibited without the same Christian experience, without the same sustaining trust. The thickest cloud of his own distress, the heavy darkness which gathered over him through the sudden failure of the reason of one who was very dear to him, was still parted and gilded, if it was not dispersed, by the assurance he felt of God's goodness and wisdom, and of his acceptance of himself through Christ. And so, without repining or murmuring, he struggled bravely through, and passed, I cannot doubt, from his furnace on the earth to his mansion in the skies!

I am sensible, my dear Sir, as I look over what I have written, that there is little in it of much importance, or, I fear, of much fitness to your purpose. Dr. Spencer was pre-eminently a man who must be lived with, or very frequently and familiarly met, in order to be truly and thoroughly known. His outward and public manner he seemed to wear oftentimes like a corslet; and the throbings of his heart were only to be felt by those who leaned on his heart at home, or whom he clasped in the warm embrace of an intimate friendship. Such a relation to him, as I said at the outset, I never sustained. Many things prevented it; our difference of age, of constitution, of opinion, and of connection; especially, latterly, our total disagreement on themes which to both of us seemed important. I have had but these general impressions, therefore, derived from occasional and fragmentary observation, to communicate to you. But I am happy in having the opportunity to do this; both because I represent, probably, in what I have said, the prevalent or at least one prominent impression which the public mind took from him, and because I gladly pay my tribute to one whose laborious and indefatigable life, whose remarkable powers, earnest fidelity to what he deemed duty, great success in 'winning souls,' exemplary and intelligent charity to the poor, and saintly and heroic death, will cause his name to be held, even amid this changing city, in long, honoured and affectionate remembrance.

With great regard, I am ever yours,

R. S. STORRS, Jr.

WILLIAM STEPHENS POTTS, D. D.*

1827—1852.

WILLIAM STEPHENS POTTS was born in Northumberland County, Pa., at a place called Fishing Creek, about ten miles West of the town of Berwick, on the Susquehanna, on the 13th of October, 1802. His grandfather was Stacy Potts, a distinguished member of the Society of Friends, who resided in Trenton, N. J., during the Revolutionary war, and afterwards removed to Harrisburg, Pa., and held various important offices in both States. William Potts, the eldest son of Stacy, accompanied his father to Pennsylvania, where he engaged with him in mercantile pursuits; and, during his residence there, he was married to Mary, the daughter of Theophilus Gardner, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, of Scotch and Presbyterian descent. These were the parents of the subject of this notice, and in 1799 they removed to the place where he was born.

Here, in this then wild and comparatively frontier settlement, the boy spent several of his earliest years. There were, at that time, in the place where he lived, no schools, no church nor preachers. His mother was at once his teacher and his pastor; and though she was a frail and delicate woman, she possessed high intellectual and moral qualities, and was, in the language of one of her sons who survives her, "*an angel of a mother.*"

At the age of eight years, his family removed with him to Trenton; and by this time his father had become so reduced in his worldly circumstances, that the children, as they grew up, were cast upon their own resources. At the age of sixteen, with no other than a common English education, William was sent to Philadelphia to learn the printer's trade. Here he laboured with the utmost diligence for about three years, and during this time acquired some pecuniary means, which facilitated, in some degree, his entrance on a different course of life. He had now become a professor of religion, and had a strong desire to devote himself to the ministry; and, being encouraged by his employer and other friends, he at length resolved to enter upon a course of study with reference to that object.

Accordingly, early in 1822, he put himself under the care of the Rev. Dr. Ezra Stiles Ely, of Philadelphia, who had kindly offered to superintend his studies, and who, in various ways, acted towards him the part of a disinterested friend. Here he continued till the autumn of 1825, when, having completed his preparatory course, he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, being then, as a candidate for the ministry, under the care of the Presbytery of Philadelphia. In consequence of intense application to study, his health soon became enfeebled, and, in the hope of recovering it, he availed himself of the summer vacation of 1827, to make a missionary tour through the Pine region of New Jersey; but the result was that, instead of returning with invigorated health, he returned with his health still more impaired, and a slight hemorrhage took place, which awakened in both himself and his friends the most serious apprehensions. He remained in the Seminary until the autumn, but left it in November, by the advice of

* MSS. from his family.

eminent physicians,—doubtful whether he would ever resume his connection with it.

He was immediately licensed by the Presbytery of Philadelphia; and under the advice of the Rev. Dr. Green, who had received communications from St. Louis, urging the importance of that field of labour, he took a mission to the South, with instructions to make his way as far as that point. He set out at once on his journey alone, travelling leisurely on horseback with all the property he had in the world in his saddlebags, and thus commenced the work of a missionary. He passed on labouring in various ways, as he had opportunity, through Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, (where he spent some time among the Creek Indians,) Tennessee, and up the Valley of the Mississippi, and reached Illinois town, opposite St. Louis, on the 14th of May, 1828. The appearance of St. Louis, at that time a small, scattered, smoky city, inhabited almost entirely by Roman Catholics, was any thing else than attractive to him; and he could not but regard it as a very unpromising field of labour. He was, however, contented to enter upon it; and having received and accepted a call to become the Pastor of a small Presbyterian Church, (the only one then in the city,) which had been gathered eleven years before by the Rev. Salmon Giddings, he was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Missouri, October 26, 1828.

During the first four years of his ministry, his church had a slow but steady growth; but in the early part of the year 1832, a revival of religion commenced, which continued till the autumn, and resulted in the addition of one hundred and twenty-eight new members.

Dr. Potts was an earnest advocate for church extension; and he thought the time had now come when Presbyterianism was strong enough in St. Louis to justify them in commencing the work. Accordingly, two colonies were at once detached from his congregation, to form new churches; one of which was located within the city, the other fourteen miles West of the city. In 1833 and 1834, both the city churches enjoyed partial revivals, in consequence of which they were not a little strengthened.

About this period, a project was matured for establishing a literary institution, which might meet the growing wants of the Great Valley. Its distinct object was the training of Western young men for the Christian ministry; at the same time making provision for them to sustain themselves, during their education, by manual labour. With a view to carry out this idea, several gentlemen formed the plan of Marion College. An Act of incorporation was procured in 1830, a large tract of land was purchased, buildings erected, and in 1835 the Trustees elected Dr. Potts President of the institution. He accepted the appointment, resigned his charge at St. Louis, and entered at once upon the duties of his new office. Here he spent the next four years in intense and exhausting labour, and during one season travelled from Missouri to Maine, endeavouring to collect funds in aid of the institution.

The success of the enterprise did not, however, equal his expectations: and in 1838, a small number of the members of the church to which he had ministered in St. Louis, proposed to him that if he would return to them, they would attempt the establishment of a new church. He consented to the proposal, a new church was organized, and he was unanimously called to it in 1839. He entered upon his new charge in July of that year,

and was installed in October following. And here he laboured with untiring assiduity, except when occasionally absent in search of health, till his decease. The church enjoyed, during his ministry, five seasons of revival, and received to its membership more than a thousand persons.

The hemorrhage from which he had suffered at Princeton, though it was not of the lungs, settled into a bronchial affection, from which he was never entirely relieved. In 1841, his health was so prostrated that a trip to Europe was recommended as the only probable means of restoring him. He, accordingly, in the latter part of April of that year, in company with his brother, the Hon. Stacy G. Potts, embarked for Europe; and, having passed several months on the Continent and in Great Britain, he returned in the ensuing October, considerably invigorated by his tour.

The same year, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Marion College.

In 1850, his health obliged him to retire from his labours for a season, and he spent most of the summer with his brother at Trenton. Early in 1852, he took a cold, which was not a little aggravated by his travelling to a distant town to meet his Presbytery. On his return, he was obliged to discontinue his labours; and he never resumed them. He evinced an unqualified resignation in the prospect of his departure,—arranging all his concerns with the utmost composure and dignity. He died on Sabbath morning, March 27, 1852. He had rested quietly the preceding night, and when the sun arose, he roused up, and was told that it was Sabbath morning. He asked to be raised in his bed that he might once more look at the sun; but his sight was gone. He said quietly,—"I cannot see;" and sunk back on his pillow. He only spoke once afterwards, and his words were,—"Enduring the cross, despising the shame, He is set down at the Right Hand of the Throne of God." His Funeral took place on the following Tuesday. The Courts in Session in the city were closed, and many suspended their business to do honour to his memory.

On the 18th of August, 1834, he was married to Ann, daughter of Samuel Benton of Missouri, and niece of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, of the Senate of the United States,—a lady eminently qualified to render him happy. They had no living children.

The following is a list of Dr. Potts' publications:—A Masonic Discourse, delivered before the Missouri Lodge, No. 1, on St. John's Day, at St. Louis, 1828. An Annual Sermon for the Presbyterian Sunday School Society of St. Louis, 1831. An Address delivered before the Young Men's Temperance Society of St. Louis, on the Fourth of July, 1834. An Inaugural Address delivered before the Board of Trustees of Marion College, 1835. Obligations of Professors in Christian Colleges: an Address delivered by appointment before the Professors and Tutors of Marion College, 1836. Effects of Intemperance upon National Wealth: an Address delivered before the St. Louis Total Abstinence Society, 1839. A Review of a Declaration of Sentiments made by the Synod of Missouri, formed by a Convention of Presbyterian ministers and elders, held at Hannibal, Mo., 1841. Presbyterian Church Government Scriptural: a Sermon delivered by appointment before the Presbytery of St. Louis, 1842. The Episcopal doctrine of Apostolic Succession examined; being a reply to "An Episcopalian's Review of a Sermon by the Rev. William S. Potts, D. D., entitled 'Presbyterian Church Government Scriptural.'" 1843. Sequel to Apos-

tolical Succession examined: being an Answer to "An Episcopalian's Comments" on the same, 1843. The path of Honour: an Address delivered before the Union Literary Society of the University of Missouri, 1845. Dangers of Jesuit Instruction: a Sermon preached in the Second Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, 1845. Reply to Brownson's "Review of the Sermon by Dr. Potts, on the 'dangers of Jesuit instruction,'" 1846. Ministers should live of the Gospel: a Sermon on the duty of the Presbyterian Church in Missouri in regard to Domestic Missions; preached by appointment before the Synod of Missouri, in Columbia, 1846. A Sermon on certain Popular Amusements of the day; delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, 1847. The Bible the basis of American Liberty: a Tract. God in the Pestilence and the Fire: a Sermon preached in the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, the Sabbath after the Great Fire, 1849. Sin, the bane of prosperity: a Sermon preached in the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, on the day of the National Fast, 1849. The Sabbath: its original institution, &c.—the substance of two Discourses in the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, 1849. The blessedness of dying in the Lord: a Sermon preached at the Funeral of Mrs. Angelina Charlotte Yeatman, in the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, 1849.

FROM THE REV. H. P. GOODRICH, D. D.

ST. LOUIS, MO., August 18, 1852.

Dear Sir: I knew Dr. Potts in Princeton Seminary in 1825. I was with him one year, as Professor of Ancient Languages in Marion College, of which he was President. For four years after, I was his successor in the Presidency, was often in his company, and was in constant correspondence with him. While engaged in the ministry in this city, I was accustomed to meet him often, and regularly in our weekly clerical association, and in Presbytery and Synod.

In personal appearance, Dr. Potts was rather tall, but of a slight figure and pale countenance. He had a mild, determined, intellectual look, and a graceful and dignified bearing. He had a fine forehead, firmly compressed lips, dark brown glossy hair, and clear blue eyes, over which he always wore gold-rimmed concave glasses. All the physical strength he ever had was induced from the strength of his will; but *it* was iron; and hence he could endure and accomplish more than most men. His dress was always neat and genteel, but not extravagant. He never sought conversation or society for amusement, or because he loved it, for he was much happier in his library, or in his family, than any where else. Yet he was easily approached by any one, and children always loved him. He was disposed to do those little kindnesses which win the heart, and show a thoughtful friendship. A beautiful hymn-book is now before me, presented to my deceased daughter by Dr. Potts, bearing an affectionate inscription. In some one of his conversations with her during her last illness, he ate with her a double almond, and when she won the philopœna, he presented her this book. To many of his charge he gave similar mementos. He was also kind to the friendless stranger, in money, in time, and in counsel. Not long ago, a young man, elegantly dressed, called on him as a Presbyterian minister, because his father was an elder of that Church in some Northern State, and asked his influence in getting for him a clerkship, stating that he had been to Mobile and New Orleans, and had now been in St. Louis till his money was all gone, and he could get no employment. Dr. Potts verified his statements, and then told the young man that, at that moment, he could get no place for him, but that he would pay for

his board till something could be done, and that, in the mean time, the best advice he could give him was to engage in the first honest business that should present itself. This so impressed the mind of the young man that, as he passed along the street, and heard some one asking for a labourer to put a load of coal into the cellar, he offered to do it, and did it without soiling his black broadcloth or white linen. Thus he earned the first seventy-five cents since he left his father's house. This led to other employment; but he still followed the Doctor's advice, and after a few months returned to him to thank him for his kind attentions, and especially for that judicious counsel, which had led to his earning fifteen hundred dollars. Many young men have found a friend in need in Doctor Potts.

In society, he was courteous and polite, but most persons stood in awe of him, and in conversation with him rather expected instruction than a mutual interchange of thoughts and feelings. His colloquial speech was slow and deliberate, usually indicating reflection. In the study, his labour was mostly that of thought. He never used the language of others, never adopted their arrangement of ideas, and seldom quoted either prose or poetry. He used books mainly to discover facts and arguments, and to learn what the world was writing and reading. In reading, if he wished to remember a page, as he would not trust a loose book-mark, and would not turn a leaf, he was wont to put his finger on the paging, and repeat the number aloud, and would then never forget it. So, in remembering numbers in a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and in a church of five hundred members,—he never forgot the number of a house, and usually associated the number with money. If asked to call, for instance, at No. 18, he would say to himself,—"that is three picayunes;" or 110,—"that is one dollar and a dime;" or 233,—"that is two dollars and two shillings;" and he would then never forget it. His knowledge was usually remarkably accurate, and of course there were many subjects on which he knew nothing; for if he had not time or opportunity to master the subject, he did not care to know any thing about it. His library was composed of standard works. Every book and every paper was always in its place, and the place was rarely ever changed. The same Bible lay upon his table for twenty years. His discourses were usually prepared with full analysis, and written, as they were prepared, in a series of blank books of pocket size. He seldom wrote out a discourse, and seldom, when he did write, read the manuscript, or committed it to memory, or carried the fragment of a note into the pulpit. His sermons were extempore—in the sense not of being unstudied, but unwritten.

In pulpit labours he never varied much. No man ever saw him try to be eloquent, or to win any external sign of approbation or feeling. If a sermon was praised, it never seemed to gratify him; and if criticised and censured, it did not disturb him. His sole aim in preaching was manifestly to make men better, and the weapon he wielded most, was strong, unanswerable logic. With him, the tone of voice, the gesture, the garniture of flowers and figures, were nothing—simple truth and sound argument were every thing. He ever seemed to rely much on the power of prayer, and in social meetings, urged all the male members of his church to take a part.

In building up his church and congregation, Dr. Potts was unusually wise and politic. All measures not decidedly wrong, he would use for the benefit of the church, or of any cause in which he was engaged, and in seasons of revival he adopted any measures which seemed to him likely, on the whole, to produce good results. In public labours and in private intercourse, in counsel and rebuke, he was ever faithful to the souls of men, whether they were high or low according to the world's standard.

In the judicatories of the Church, he was always prominent, though not forward; for he felt an interest in every subject, and had always something to say

that was worthy of being heard. As Chairman of a Committee, or as Stated Clerk, he was a pattern of excellence. All business committed to him was sure to be done, and done right, and all papers drafted by him were always in right form, rightly folded and endorsed, beautifully written, and seldom interlined or copied. I may here mention an incident which controlled his handwriting in all after-life, and which shows how his mind turned to good account little things. When a boy, he was a clerk of some sort in Philadelphia, and went to collect a bill from a Quaker gentleman. When paid, he signed the receipt with one of those hieroglyphic cartouches, which we sometimes see as a signature on bank-notes. The Quaker took up the bill and said very blandly,—"Friend, what is this at the bottom?" "That, Sir, is my name." "What is thy name?" "William S. Potts." "Well, William, will thee please to write it down under here plain, so that a witness in Court could know it." Ever after, Dr. Potts wrote to be read, and no man could mistake a word or letter.

I remain your brother in the Lord,

HIRAM P. GOODRICH.

FROM THE HON. STACY G. POTTS,

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON, N. J., September 4, 1862.

Dear Sir: I avail myself of the first leisure moment I have had since your letter was received, to furnish some reminiscences of my deceased brother, the late Rev. Dr. Potts of St. Louis.

The only very prominent trait of character which he exhibited in his earliest years, was that of dogged, invincible obstinacy. He was the most utterly "impracticable" boy I ever knew—not vicious, not unkind, but self-willed, and in his self-will unconquerable. As this trait came, in time and through after years, to be softened and controlled by the exercise of an intellect of great vigour, it took that form of firmness, fearlessness, and uncompromising devotion to duty, which was one of the most remarkable characteristics of the man. For where his convictions of duty were clear, I believe he would, at any time, have faced a cannon's mouth, as calmly as eat his breakfast. It was this character which soon came to be understood when he went to the West, that made many things easy of accomplishment in his ministerial labour, which a timid man would have found impossible.

It was during his course of study preparatory to entering the Seminary, that his firm and decided Christian character took its shape, and commenced its development. His eye, his thoughts, his efforts, were directed steadily and singly to the field he was about to occupy. He was not a man of impulses, of heated zeal, of overwrought imaginations, or sanguine hopes. With him opinions were the sober convictions of a cool, dispassionate judgment,—the result of full investigation and deep thought. He was in one sense a man of one idea; but that was an idea which expanded over the whole circle of his anticipated duties. His system of study was thoroughly to master one thing at a time, no matter how slow the process. This made him rather a sure than a rapid learner. What he knew once, he knew for his lifetime. It was this habit of patient, thoughtful investigation, of *daguerreotyping* one thing after another on the memory and in the heart, instead of *glancing* at things in their combinations, as one looking into a kaleidescope, that made him eventually what he was. But though now leading the life of a severe student, he considered himself responsible for the manner in which his short intervals of recreation were employed; and in social or private conversation, at home, in his walks, in company, at the prayer meeting and the Sunday School, in every field open to him for speaking boldly the simple truths

of the Gospel, he commenced the work that occupied him all the remainder of his life.

It is difficult for us in this part of the country to conceive of the amount of labour which devolved upon my brother after he went to St. Louis. He was one of the early pioneers of Presbyterianism in the Great Valley. St. Louis was, in 1827, a small town of less than six thousand inhabitants. Its commerce was then managed, I believe, in a few flat-bottomed boats. The Catholics formed the substrata of the community—only a few Methodists and Presbyterians had preceded him. He lived to see St. Louis a city of nearly a hundred thousand souls, with hundreds of steamboats at her levee, the great emporium of the trade of the upper country, the Queen of the cities of the Valley, the great centre of wealth, intelligence, talent, and influence. He lived to see the Presbyterian Church as powerful and influential as any other denomination, if not more so. He had grown up with this great progress, and been a part of it, and but comparatively few are now to be found in St. Louis, who were there when he first came. He had been consulted and active in the formation of churches, and the settlement of pastors, all through the Valley, for nearly a quarter of a century. Every body knew where he was, and who he was.

As a specimen of his system in labour, I may mention that he kept, from the commencement of his ministry, a sort of historical record of all persons who joined his Church; and it was printed, and re-printed every four years, and distributed through the Church. In this the brief history of every member was kept before his eye, and continued down year after year, and kept too before all his people. He considered a person who once joined his Church, thenceforth a member of his family—to be visited, written to, watched over, and followed with the solicitude of parental affection, while he lived. Hence he knew intimately every one of his members, and seldom failed to keep his eye upon them wherever they might wander.

It was his constant object to find work for every one of his people, and he kept them, as far as possible, *at* work. His maxim was,—"to grow in grace, you must do your duty." He was a man of practical ideas, and but little of a theorist. His test of Christian character was not so much "How do you feel, as how do you perform your duty. If you want me to tell you whether or no you love the Saviour, tell me first how you serve and obey Him."

I might extend these reminiscences indefinitely, but what I have written is probably sufficient for your purpose.

Yours truly,
STACY G. POTTS.

CHARLES HALL, D. D.*

1827—1853.

CHARLES HALL, the eldest child of Jacob Hall, was born at Williamsport, Pa., June 23, 1799; though, while he was yet in his infancy, the family removed to Geneva, N. Y. His parents were in moderate worldly circumstances, but they were both distinguished for good sense, sound judgment, and earnest piety. He early exhibited a decided taste and aptness for study, as a proof of which it is stated that when he was only two or three years of age, he learned to read by tracing the letters and words on the signboards in the village. He also manifested great tenderness of conscience; and he had, as he advanced through childhood and youth, many seasons of deeply serious reflection. But his good resolutions seem to have been formed in the spirit of the law rather than of the Gospel, until he was about eighteen years of age, when he believed that he submitted himself to the righteousness of God. Of that most important event in his history he has left the following interesting record:—

"I took up my Bible, which always lay on my writing-desk, and tried to read it, but could not. My thoughts dwelt only on my own dismal situation, and refused attention to any thing else. The conviction of my guilt seemed now complete. I saw that I was a sinner in the widest sense of the word. But it was not the conviction which is connected with godly sorrow. I could not brook it that all my doings should be at last but filthy rags. I murmured and found fault with God for not converting me as well as others, and while my reason and all my mental powers approved the sovereignty of God, my heart rose against it, and such a malignant feeling of opposition to the supremacy of his will possessed me, as makes me almost shudder at the recollection."

Then referring to the change which he subsequently experienced, he adds,—

"Every thing seemed new and interesting. I was surprised and delighted with so fine a theme of thought; and, as I pursued my reflections, the plan of salvation—God's dealings with me—the love of Christ—seemed to be topics enough for the universe to talk of. All these things were so sweet, so mild, so proper, the sublime truths of religion, of whose excellence I had before but a speculative conviction, now seemed so glorious, so important, and crowded in such magnificent forms upon my narrow mind, that I felt bewildered among them. Myself, too, so poor and unworthy! No language could do my feelings justice. It was some time before I recovered myself, and then the first sentiment of my heart was,—'Lord, it is enough. I will love thee. I will not murmur any longer. All is right. Do with me as seemeth good in thy sight.'"

In accordance with the wishes of his parents, as well as his own early predilections, he resolved, almost in connection with this change of feeling, to enter on a course of study preparatory to the Christian ministry. This design was also favoured by his Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Axtell, whose attention had early been drawn to him as a youth of uncommon promise. He prosecuted his studies under many embarrassments, all of which he met with remarkable perseverance, patience, and self-sacrifice. For one winter, while preparing for College, he studied his Latin Grammar and Virgil by the light of blazing pine knots, while tending, as a means of support, a lonely mill on the outlet of Conesus Lake. At this period, his father, who watched his progress with the deepest interest, but was prevented by his straitened circumstances from rendering him much pecuniary aid, made him a visit, carrying with him a bank note, as a sort of family offering,

* Dr. Smith's Fun. Serm.—Home Missionary for 1853, 1854.

which had been saved at home by extraordinary economy and self-denial. Both the father and the son were deeply affected, as the one delivered, and the other received, it. They sat by the fireside during the evening, engaged in conversation in which they were mutually much interested, and when at length they rose to retire, the bank note was missing. On examination, it was found that it had fallen from the hands of the son into the fire, and that only enough of it had escaped the flames to show that it was irrecoverably gone. He used at a later period of life to speak of this as a severe trial of his faith, in which he gratefully recognised his Heavenly Father's gracious hand.

Having acquired the requisite preparation for College, chiefly under the Rev. Dr. Axtell, he joined the Sophomore class in Hamilton College, in 1821. He graduated in 1824, with the first honours of his class; and that, notwithstanding he had been embarrassed during his whole course by the necessity of practising the most rigid economy, and sometimes submitting to a degree of hardship, in order to meet his College expenses. Immediately after his graduation, he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where he remained earnestly and successfully prosecuting his studies, until he had nearly completed the prescribed course of three years. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Newark, on the 24th of April, 1827. In October following, he was married to Sarah Webster, daughter of Colonel Joseph Lawrence, of Geneseo, N. Y. They had eight children.

Mr. Hall, even before he entered College, had exhibited much of the missionary spirit, and had expressed a desire to become immediately connected, in some way, with the great enterprise of evangelizing the world. The American Home Missionary Society having been formed in the city of New York, in the year 1826, he was called, in 1827, to the office of its Assistant Secretary; and he accepted the appointment. In the autumn of 1837, he was appointed one of the Co-ordinate Secretaries for Correspondence; and in this office he continued until his death, discharging its duties with rare ability and fidelity.

He was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hamilton College in 1848.

Though Dr. Hall's physical habit was, during most of his public life, rather delicate than robust, he was able ordinarily to accomplish a great amount of labour. For several years before his death, however, there was a very perceptible decline of his health: besides being not a little afflicted by dyspepsia, he suffered from severe attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. At length it was proposed to him by some of his friends that he should try the effect of a voyage to Europe; and though all his tastes would have seconded the proposal, yet he could not for some time be induced to entertain the idea, on account of his unwillingness to withdraw even temporarily from his official duties. He, however, finally consented to it, from a conviction that it was absolutely necessary to the restoration of his health and the continuance of his life. He, accordingly, embarked for Havre on the 10th of July, 1852.

On his arrival at Havre, he immediately crossed the channel to England, and, after a brief stay in London, went to Liverpool, and thence Northward to the Highlands of Scotland. Returning by way of Edinburgh to London, he visited some of the most interesting localities in the neighbour-

hood of that city, and then made his way to Paris. From Paris he passed by way of Germany, to Switzerland, among whose Alpine wonders he found the greatest delight. In one of the mountain passes, the Tete Noire, he narrowly escaped with his life. The mule on which he rode, making a false step, rolled from the path with him into the rocky bed of a river below. The effect was nothing more than a few bruises and a momentary stunning; but it was wonderful that it had not been instant death. By way of Marseilles and other cities on the Mediterranean, he passed on to Rome; and having remained there a short time, he returned through France to England, and thence sailed for home,—the whole period of his absence from the country having been less than five months.

Though he enjoyed much during his absence, neither his own hopes nor those of his friends, were realized in respect to the improvement of his health. He returned immediately to his accustomed duties, and continued to discharge them in great weakness, and not without much suffering, until the 14th of October, 1853, when he left the Home Missionary office for the last time. It soon became manifest that, with the inflammatory rheumatism, from which he had long been a sufferer, was combined a dropsical affection of the heart; and that this complicated disease must speedily have a fatal termination. His last days were marked not only by perfect peace, but by an unusual degree of Christian triumph. He died at the age of fifty-four, at his residence in Newark, N. J., on the 31st of October, just two weeks after he ceased from his official labours. A Discourse, commemorative of his life and character, was preached in the city of New York, on the first Sabbath evening in January following, by the Rev. Asa D. Smith, D. D., and was published.

Dr. Hall was, for several years, the editor of the Home Missionary, and wrote a considerable part of each of the Annual Reports of the American Home Missionary Society, during the twenty-five years that he was connected with it. He published a Tract entitled "Plans and motives for the extension of Sabbath Schools," 1828; (for which there was awarded to him a prize of fifty dollars;) the Daily Verse Expositor, consisting of a brief Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, 1832; a Plan for Systematic Benevolence; and a Sermon on the means of the World's Conversion, published in the National Preacher, 1841.

FROM THE REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D.

ELIZABETH, June 21, 1857.

My dear Dr. Sprague: In the fall of 1826, I became a member of the Theological Seminary of Princeton. Doctors Alexander and Miller were then in the full maturity of their intellect, and in the enjoyment of a high and extended reputation, as teachers, and they attracted students from every part of the country, and from the different branches of the Evangelical Church. There were then in the Seminary, as a glance at the Catalogue proves, many young men of the highest promise, and who have since risen to great distinction—John C. Young, Henry White, William S. Potts, D. H. Riddle, Daniel L. Carroll, G. W. Musgrave, Albert B. Dod, and others, whose names are not unknown to the Church, or to the country. And among these stood Charles Hall, with less showy talent than some of them, but in solid acquisition, in deep thoughtfulness, in fervent piety, unsurpassed by any. His great seriousness of deportment, his long marked visage, his dark searching eye, his scholarly bearing, soon attracted

my notice and my respect; and as we became members of the Society of Inquiry, which was then confined to those who were canvassing their duty as to Foreign Missions, that respect soon grew into friendship. His health was then feeble, with some premonitions of consumption; and this was probably the reason why he did not go with his friend Whiting as a missionary to the East, and why he turned aside from the direct work of preaching the Gospel. Whilst yet a student of the Seminary, he wrote an Essay on the subject of Sabbath Schools, which was published, and extensively circulated, and which gained him a high reputation. And his well known song,—"A Church without a Bishop, a State without a King," which was sung a few years since in almost every village in the United States, showed that he also successfully courted the muses.

Dr. Hall was most respected by those who knew him best. He was modest to a degree which, to a stranger, might make him appear distant; he was cautious up to a point which might have been mistaken for the want of frankness or for unreasonable scrupulosity; he was so strong in his convictions and principles, that some might have been ready to charge him with obstinacy; but those who knew him well, knew that in each of these cases, it was the genuine virtue that adorned his character. He was eminently a guileless man, and in his friendships he was not only sincere, but constant, warm and faithful. He was no doubt greatly useful as the Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, and laboured in that field with characteristic wisdom and efficiency. But there were other fields probably in which the results of his labours might at least have attracted more attention, if they had not been more permanently important.

Had he been blessed with health to devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel, unless I greatly mistake, he would, in clearness of discrimination, in analytical power, in force of presentation, in terseness of style, and in all the high moral qualifications of the ministry, have been one of the brightest lights of the American pulpit. Or had he devoted himself to the duties of a Professor in any of our Colleges or Seminaries, instead of the miscellaneous duties of a Secretary, he might have left behind him some more palpable, if not more enduring, monuments of his excellent talents, and of his great powers of acquisition. His death was as triumphant and peaceful, as his life was pure.

Very sincerely yours,

N. MURRAY.

FROM THE REV. ASA D. SMITH, D. D.

New York, June, 1, 1857.

My dear Sir: One of my earliest clerical acquaintances, as I entered upon the ministerial work in this city, was the Rev. Charles Hall. It was largely through his instrumentality that I was drawn to this field. I knew him intimately thenceforward,—as an inmate of his family for a time, as a co-presbyter, and as a bosom friend,—till he entered into his rest. His memory runs as a silver thread through the whole web of my ministerial life. A dear name will his be to me while I live, and yet dearer, I trust, as more luminous with the reflected glory of Christ, when, after some short time has passed by, I meet him again in the better land.

Says George Herbert of his Country Parson,—"The character of his sermon is *holiness*." So might I say of Dr. Hall's life. Not that it lacked many other excellencies, but this was chief. I shall never forget the tender emphasis with which he said to me, soon after I first knew him, as we talked of a point of duty which would hardly have raised a scruple in most minds,—"*I must be holy*." That was the key-note of his life.

There were rare combinations in Dr. Hall's character, both intellectual and moral. He had much acuteness of mind, and analytic power. Possibly the

analytic habit sometimes gained undue ascendancy. Yet he lacked not synthesis. He had a firm grasp on *principles*. They were the light of his eyes, and the joy of his heart. He could generalize broadly, and with great effect. He could tear down, if occasion required, but he could build up also. Few excelled him in forming a *whole* plan—large and comprehensive. Nor, while thus accomplished in generals, was he deficient in the management of details. He had, in both respects, unusual practical ability. He was a modest man, of a shrinking reserve; in some of the elements of his character predisposed, perhaps, to timidity. Yet when great principles were at stake, when truth and righteousness called for decided action, he was ever serenely intrepid. In the development of his intellectual faculties, there was a marked symmetry. He was a good mathematician and logician. His reasoning powers had been trained to the abstrusest investigation. Yet it was not at the expense of the æsthetic nature. He had a delicate taste—fastidious almost. His susceptibilities were alive to all beauty and sublimity. He had the eye and the hand of an artist. He would have made an eminent architect, or statuary, or painter. Poetry did gush from him, at times, so readily, and of such richness, as to indicate a broad unwrought vein in the depths of his soul. Public man though he was, he never merged his personal in his official character. Especially might this be said of his religion. With the cares of a great national institution upon him, he could care still for the parish with which he happened to be connected, for a feeble minded or erring Christian, or for a soul perishing in unbelief. The farthest possible was his from a perfunctory piety. I have a grateful remembrance of his manifold helpfulness, so sympathetic, so considerate, so wise, so faithful, in the church enterprise of which he was mainly the founder, and with which my pastoral life has been identified. He was for years one of my hearers. And though my senior in the ministry, and no mean man, as I well knew, intellectually, I soon found that he listened to my earliest pulpit efforts as a little child in Christ Jesus. His chief care was that the people might be benefitted, and his own soul grow in grace. His presence, was a continual incentive, not to a vain, worldly ambition, but to all ministerial earnestness and fidelity. It helped to make me feel that Christ was present. A testimony not unlike this has been borne by other pastors with whose congregations he was afterwards connected.

Nothing was more interesting in Dr. Hall than his domestic character. *Home* was ever a dear word to him. His gentle, loving heart, worn by toil and care, found at the fireside a sweet refuge and resting-place. All his domestic affections were of rare depth and tenderness. I saw this while I abode under his roof, and in all my subsequent intercourse with him. It was indicated abundantly in that brief and fragmentary journal of his tour in Europe, not long before his death, which it was my privilege with tearful eyes to read. Amid the attractions of London, he writes,—"Felt sad—I greatly need sympathy. I have been so long accustomed to pour out my heart into the ear of listening affection, and to have reciprocal expression of thought and interest, that, without it, pleasure is no pleasure to me." He recognises again, with a gush of fatherly feeling, the recurring birth-day of one of his children. He calls them all to mind. "I looked at their pictures," he writes, "till my heart almost broke." He receives letters from home, and speaks of making haste to get alone, that he might "read, and weep, and give thanks, and pray." Amid rural scenes of surpassing loveliness, he says of his dear ones,—"I longed, first for one, then for another, for all of them to be with me." He is among the mountains of Scotland, and by associations characteristically delicate and touching, his thoughts are again sent homeward. "My attention, he says, "was arrested by a tree, which frequently occurred, growing over the precipices, and loaded with clusters of red berries,—every respect like the mountain-ash, except that the head of the tree is not so n and graceful as that is. I asked one of the young gentlemen in company,

'What tree is that?' 'The Rowan tree.' Oh, how there rushed to my heart a tide of emotions! 'The Rowan tree' is the title of a song which my dear girls sing, full of sweet thoughts of home and home scenes; and the tune is touchingly plaintive. Those thoughts—that tune—those scenes 'of hame and infancy,' of 'bairnies' and their 'mither dear,' came back to me here, in the highland birthplace of the poetry and the music, and I melted under their power. I sought a place to weep, while I sat on a stone and sang a verse, holding in my hands a branch with its scarlet berries." With all carefulness he sought to train his children for God, and his intense desire was to see them not only Christians, but eminent Christians. In a letter to one of his sons, after a vivid sketch of the peculiarities of the age, a passage follows, which may be taken as a specimen of his parental counsels and appeals: "You will soon come, if your life is spared, upon the stage, right in the *forenoon* of a day of action, such as the world never saw. I would fain impress you with the idea that you are to live in an *uncommon era;* and that you owe it to your own character, to God, and to the interests of human nature, to *be* more, and *do* more, than if you had lived at another time.

'On the world's broad field of battle,
'In the bivouac of life,
'Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
'Be a hero in the strife.'"

That tenderness of conscience which marked all his deportment, was especially observable in reference to the keeping of the Sabbath. He was scrupulously careful not to desecrate it, under whatever urgency of temptation, either by labour, by travel, or by recreation. After a week's toil in a warm room in the crowded city, he would resolutely decline walking in his garden on that day, however solicited by the early flowers, the spring birds, and the balmy air. He would avoid the very appearance of evil. He would not even seem to saunter away the holy hours. On his return from his tour in Europe, the ship that bore him arrived at the wharf in New York on Sabbath morning. His family were at Newark. A little more than half an hour's ride in the cars would have taken him there. His affectionate heart yearned to greet them. But it was the Lord's day, and he would not seek his own pleasure. So he tarried in the city until Monday, "and rested the Sabbath day, according to the commandment."

I may say a word respecting Dr. Hall's labours in connection with the Home Missionary Society. They were not mainly in the pulpit. As the mass of men judge, he was not an impressive public speaker. So far as thought and style were concerned, the intellectual and the pious could not but listen with interest. Yet his voice was feeble, as was his general physical habit. He appeared in public less frequently than his colleagues. The large compensation for this was his great ability for more private labours. His judgment was eminently sound and reliable. He had a keen discernment of character, which, in the management of such a Society, was of the utmost value. He read men as one reads a book. He had rare gifts, too, for correspondence. The greater freedom, directness, and simplicity of the epistolary style, seemed especially to suit his genius and temperament. His letters were a rich treasure to many. They were characterized by a mingled wisdom and sympathy, a clearness and freshness, a depth of thought, at times, and even a brilliancy, such as seldom mark the outgivings of a missionary bureau. As editor of the "Home Missionary," and author of various valuable papers on missionary subjects, he did a great service to a cause to which his heart was ardently devoted. The inspiring motto under which he toiled unto death was, "The salvation of our country, for the world's sake, and for Christ's."

To his official duties, he added, from time to time, other useful public labours. One of the best presentations of the duty of "Systematic Benevolence" that has ever been made, was a Report on that subject, originally prepared by him for

the Synod of New York and New Jersey, and afterwards published, with a valuable appendix. Early in his public life, he commenced, and continued for a time, carefully husbanding his moments of leisure for the purpose, and touching often upon the hours that should have been given to sleep,—an exegetical work of a serial character, called the "Daily Verse Expositor." He was deeply interested in Biblical Archæology, and had made unusual proficiency in it. I was once told by Dr. Robinson, that he had found no other man in America so well acquainted with the Geography of Palestine: He not only prepared an appropriate notice of the "Biblical Researches" for one of our leading religious papers, but wrote, also, an extended and able review of it for the "Biblical Repository."

I have referred to his tour in Europe. While the restoration of his health was his main object, he diligently availed himself of his many opportunities for observation and intellectual improvement. With his highly cultivated taste for the fine arts, he had great delight in exploring the galleries of the old world. Yet he passed through them as a discriminating and independent critic; never praising things, as his notes evince, because others had praised them; but continuing to stand alone, if he must, in his judgment of the productions even of a Rubens or a Raphael. He was especially a lover of the beautiful and sublime in nature; and in this respect his tour afforded him the most exquisite enjoyment. Amid the enchanting scenery of the West of England—in the vale of Keswick, at Rydal Mount, at Windermere, and the neighbouring lakes; among the Highlands of Scotland; at Windsor, at Blenheim; at a thousand points in the Swiss Oberland, language seemed inadequate to express his emotions. "Such combinations," he writes, in the West of England, "of grandeur of outline and colour in the close-shutting mountains, and of beauty in the lakes and clean, lawn-like meadows, I never saw before." "Magnificent and inexpressible!" he exclaims, at the Grimsel Pass of the Alps. "The half was never told me, nor can it be communicated in words." The chief interest of his journal, however, is its manifestation of his piety. Wherever he journeyed, whatever he beheld and enjoyed, whether the finest and noblest works of art, or the loveliest and most majestic natural scenery, his heart rose above and through all to God. He writes from the ship in which he sailed to Europe, as it floats out of the harbour,—"I am well supplied with tracts, and hope to-morrow to begin my mission in a small way." He meets a beggar in Scotland, and the entry in his journal is,—"Talked to him about his soul." At Stratford-upon-Avon, he writes,—"The great enemy has this day sorely buffeted me, so that my joy has been turned into mourning. I go to my bed looking to Jesus—or *towards* Him, for Oh, I do not perceive his smiling face. 'Return, O Holy Dove, return.'" He visits Blenheim, the famous country seat bestowed by Queen Anne on the first Duke of Marlborough, and after a most graphic account of it, adds,—"As I wandered through these grounds, and opened my heart to these forms of beauty, I could feel the rivers of delight roll in upon my soul. I forgot the Duke of Marlborough. I had no appreciation for his military glory, or for his royal mistress. I thought only of God, who made this majesty and loveliness. I felt that He intended and adapted the world—its creatures, its lakes, its forests, its landscapes, to speak of Him, to lead up our hearts to Him. I felt that there is no mistake as to the oneness of the Godhead in Revelation and in nature. And my heart praised Him. I cried out for holiness—that there, with such beauty of the natural world, there might be nothing but moral consanguinity in my soul." Amid the mummeries at Rome, he says,—"I feel, as I see the disgusting pretence of this formal worship, this *fresco piety*, that God must be offended with formalism; and I am more put on my guard to deal honestly and truly with Heaven in my devotions." In the valley of Oberhasli, in Switzerland, he says,—"My soul has been lifted up amid the grandeur of these everlasting hills. I have felt the grandeur of God. I have felt my own littleness. I have felt that it was an inexpressible condescension for

Christ, having built this mighty earth, to die for the sinful creatures who creep on its surface." And at Chamouny he writes,—"Here, amid the sublimest of God's works, I have communed with Him, and have endeavoured to reconsecrate myself to Him. O Lord, who by thy power settest fast the mountains, exert that power to make this poor, vile heart all thine own." Such were the outpourings of his soul, while a wayfarer in Europe,—a pilgrim still to the Heavenly City.

He returned with but little improvement in health, to continue the struggle with his old infirmities. He died as he had lived, meek, patient, lowly, yet trustful,—counting himself nothing, and less than nothing, yet magnifying Christ, and resting calmly upon Him. I might fill pages with touching incidents of the closing scenes of his life. I will only give his last words. He was told that he was dying, and some inquiry was made as to the state of his mind. From some cause, perhaps from exhaustion, he did not at first reply. At length, however, calling his wife from the adjoining room, and throwing his arms around her neck, he exclaimed, "Triumph in Death! Triumph in Death!" She asked,—"Is it triumph in Jesus?" "Yes," he answered, "in Jesus!"

Very respectfully and truly yours,

ASA D. SMITH.

ALBERT BALDWIN DOD, D. D.*

1828—1845.

Albert Baldwin Dod, the son of Daniel and Nancy (Squier) Dod, was born in Mendham, N. J., March 24, 1805. His father was distinguished for mathematical taste and acquirements, and was by profession an engine builder. He was moreover a sort of universal genius,—was a profound and accurate theologian, wrote poetry, and could scarcely turn his hand to any thing in which he was not quickly at home. He resided at Elizabethtown, N. J., from 1812 to 1821, when he removed to the city of New York. On the 9th of May, 1823, he was killed by the explosion of the boiler on board the steamboat Patent, the machinery of which he had been employed to repair, and which, at the time of the explosion, was making an experimental trip on the East River.

The grandfather of Albert B. Dod, who originally resided in Virginia, but afterwards removed to New Jersey, was a man of a highly endowed and cultivated mind, and educated his numerous family himself, without ever sending them to school. Thaddeus Dod, his grandfather's brother, was a graduate of the College of New Jersey in 1773, and was for many years an able minister of the Gospel, and an efficient friend of education, in Western Pennsylvania. In 1810 or 1811, Daniel Dod was invited to accept the Professorship of Mathematics in Rutgers College, but declined it. Charles Dod, the brother of Albert, was Professor of Mathematics and Modern Languages in Jefferson College from 1837 to 1839, when he resigned the place to become a Pastor. The family, for several generations, have been remarkable for both mathematical taste and talent.

*MS. from his family.

Albert was the second son of his parents, and was one of eight children,—five sons and three daughters. Of the sons, three became ministers, the others inherited or imbibed their father's taste for mechanics, and all keep up the reputation of the family for mathematics. Albert was like his father, not only in his mathematical taste, but in the versatility of his genius, and his quickness in mastering a difficult subject, amounting almost to intuition. From the time he knew how to read, he evinced a great fondness for books; and his brothers would often tell him that he ought to have been a girl, as he cared for nothing but to stay in the house and read. He was very affectionate in his spirit, and gentle in his manners, and always the favourite of the younger children. When his parents removed to Elizabethtown, he was seven years old; and from that time was kept constantly at school. He fitted for College at a classical school in the town, taught by a Mr. Smith. When he was fourteen, his teacher told his parents that it was useless for him to attend *his* school any longer, as he was in advance of his schoolfellows, and was prepared to enter the Sophomore class at Princeton. His parents, thinking that he was too young to commence a collegiate course, concluded to send him to Dr. Armstrong, who had resigned his pastoral charge, and was then teaching a classical school in the neighbouring town of Bloomfield. He remained there, however, but one term, and spent the winter of that year at home,—reading, and teaching the younger children of the family.

In the spring of 1821, being then fifteen years of age, he entered the Sophomore class in Princeton College, half advanced. He became hopefully pious the first year he was in College, and joined the Church in Princeton. He graduated in the autumn of 1822, being seventeen and a half years old.

The Hon. Samuel Southard and Mr. Dod's father had, from early life, been intimate friends. Mr. Southard, who was then Secretary of the Navy, attended the Commencement exercises, the year that Albert graduated, and immediately wrote to his father, congratulating him that he had a son of so much promise, and offering to advance him in the Navy, if he would consent to enter it. But the son had already chosen the ministry as his profession, and he wished to be engaged in teaching until he should be of suitable age to enter the Theological Seminary. When this was communicated to Mr. Southard, he immediately wrote back that application had just been made to him for a teacher, by a gentleman of his acquaintance near Fredericksburg, Va., and recommended that the son of his friend should accept the place. He did so, and went the same fall in which he was graduated, and remained there, in circumstances very agreeable to him, between three and four years.

On his return from Virginia, he remained at home a few months, and in the autumn of 1826, became a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. The next year, he accepted a Tutorship in Princeton College, still continuing his theological studies, as he had opportunity. He was licensed to preach, in the spring of 1828, by the Presbytery of New York: but retained his office as Tutor till 1829. In 1830, he was appointed to the Mathematical Professorship in the College,—a place that was eminently congenial with his tastes and habits. This appointment he accepted, and discharged the duties of the office with signal ability and fidelity. Here he continued till his death, which took place November 20, 1845. He died

of pleurisy, after an illness of a week, having, during the whole time, maintained the utmost serenity of spirit.

Professor Dod was invited to take charge of several different congregations; but uniformly declined from a conviction that his usefulness could not be promoted by leaving the College. He, however, preached a great deal; and his labours were frequently put in requisition to supply destitute pulpits in both New York and Philadelphia. He published nothing except a few articles in the Biblical Repertory. One of those articles on Transcendentalism, was printed in a separate pamphlet, and attracted great attention.

He was married, in April 1830, to Caroline S., daughter of the late Hon. Samuel Bayard, of Princeton. They had nine children, seven of whom survived him.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of North Carolina in 1844, and by the University of New York, in 1845.

I had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Professor Dod during the last two or three years of his life, and was always much impressed with his vivacity of manner, his pertinent and pithy remarks, the utter absence of every thing like ostentation, and his uncommonly obliging and generous spirit. I have rarely met with a person who has seemed to take so much pleasure as he did in rendering others happy.

FROM THE REV. CHARLES HODGE, D.D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT PRINCETON.

PRINCETON, February 21, 1855.

Rev. and dear Sir: The Rev. Albert B. Dod was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the College of New Jersey, in April, 1830, and from that time, until the day of his death, in November, 1845, I was in the habit of intimate and constant intercourse with him.

He was rather above the ordinary standard in height; somewhat inclined to stoop; rather square shouldered; but active and graceful in his movements and carriage. His head was unusually large; his forehead broad, but not high; his eyebrows massive and projecting; his eyes hazel, brilliant and deep seated; his countenance intellectual and pleasing. His disposition was very cheerful and amiable, which rendered him, with his extraordinary conversational powers, peculiarly agreeable as a companion. His reputation as a talker threatened, at one time, to eclipse his fame in higher departments. But this was only the sparkling of a really deep and rapidly moving stream.

He had a taste for literature and the fine arts, and considerable fertility of imagination, and was, I think, disposed to estimate these gifts at a higher value than his more solid mental qualities. To me it always appeared that his understanding, his power of clear and quick discernment, of analysis and lucid statement, and of logical deduction, was the leading power of his mind, to which his reputation and usefulness were mainly due.

It was this that gave him his success and power as a teacher. There was nothing he could not make plain. Provided his pupils had the requisite preliminary knowledge, he rendered the most abstruse departments of Mathematics so clear, that his students became enthusiastic in their admiration of himself, and in their love for the science. It was his delight to unfold the *rationale* of all the processes of his department, and to elevate his pupils to the study of the philosophy of every subject which he taught. He was, therefore, most successful with

the more intelligent class of students; with the dull, as he had no fellow-feeling he was prone to have too little patience. This mastery of his subject, and the superiority of intellect, made him exceedingly popular as an instructer. When on one occasion, he attended the annual examination of the Cadets at West Point, as a visitor, he evinced so clearly these powers of mind, that the Cadets and Professors united in an application to the Government for his appointment as Chaplain and Professor of Moral Philosophy. This incident shows how striking was the exhibition of talent, which any suitable occasion was certain to call forth.

To this clearness and discrimination of mind is also to be referred his fondness for metaphysics, and his skill in the discussion of subjects connected with that department. Those of his writings which excited general attention, are on topics of this character. Reference may be made to the able articles in the Princeton Review, proceeding from his pen, in illustration and confirmation of his peculiar talents for philosophical discussion. His mind was always on the alert, and teeming with thoughts and suggestions. It was a common thing for him, when he entered my study, to say,—"I was thinking, as I came along, of such or such a question,"—announcing some problem in mental or moral science. Indeed I do not know that I ever was acquainted with a man, who so constantly suggested important topics of conversation, or kept the minds of his friends more on the stretch. His consciousness of power in debate, no doubt, contributed to the formation of this habit; for the pleasure of discussion was in his case so great, that he would often start paradoxical opinions, either for the sake of surprising his hearers, or exercising his skill in defending them.

The talent to which I have referred was conspicuously displayed in all public assemblies. Had his life been spared, I doubt not he would soon have established for himself the reputation of one of the ablest debaters in our Church.

His best and most effective sermons are distinguished by the same character of mind. He undervalued, at least at one part of his life, emotional preaching. He did not seem to estimate aright how great and how permanent a good was effected by any preacher who calls into lively exercise the devotional feelings of his audience. Professor Dod aimed rather to lodge in the understanding some fundamental principle of truth or duty, which should become part of the governing convictions of the mind. He was accustomed to say that if he could make his hearers see that they are responsible for their faith, or that expediency is not the rule of right, or that things unseen are more real and powerful than the things that are seen, or some such general truth, he would do them far greater service than by any excitement of their feelings. His sermons were generally constructed on that principle; and many of them are of permanent value. His voice was melodious, and his delivery free and untrammelled by his notes, which were generally written out in full. Though his preaching, in the later years of his life, was generally addressed more to the understanding than to the affections, yet he had great emotional power, and could, when roused himself, control in an uncommon degree the feelings of his audience.

Professor Dod has now been dead more than nine years. I have not yet ceased to mourn for his departure as a personal loss. I regarded him as one of the most gifted men of our Church. His having chosen an academical instead of a pastoral career kept him in a measure aloof from our Ecclesiastical Courts, and turned his attention rather to Science than to Theology. But I have a strong conviction that he had in him rich stores of undeveloped resources, which, had it pleased God to prolong his life, would have rendered him one of the most eminent and useful ministers of our Church.

Very truly your friend,

CHARLES HODGE.

ASA THEODORE HOPKINS, D. D.*

1828—1847.

ASA THEODORE HOPKINS, a son of Asa and Abigail (Burnham) Hopkins, was born at Hartford, Conn., on the 25th of July, 1805. He lost his father when he was an infant, less than six months old; and in 1810 his mother removed to Wethersfield, where, for a time, this son attended a common school, and afterwards, until 1818, was a pupil at the Wethersfield Academy.

In 1818, he was sent to the Hartford grammar school, and subsequently, for one year, to the Amherst Academy; and at these two institutions went through his course of preparation for College. He entered Yale College in 1824, and graduated in 1826, being at that time distinguished rather for a ready and brilliant mind and fine powers of oratory, than for vigorous application or high attainments. Shortly after his graduation, he went to Ithaca, N. Y., where he resided for more than two years in the family of the Rev. William Wisner, D. D., and was employed partly in teaching a school; partly in conducting a weekly newspaper; but chiefly in pursuing a course of theological study, under Dr. Wisner's direction. He was licensed to preach the Gospel, by the Cayuga Presbytery, on the 19th of June, 1828; and in February following, was married to a daughter of the late Asa Wisner, of Elmira, and a niece of his theological instructer.

After preaching a few times within the bounds of the Cayuga Presbytery, he accepted an invitation to preach at Deep Cut, near St. Catharines, Canada West. He remained there, however, only a few weeks, and then returned to his friends in Connecticut, and preached with great acceptance in Hartford and some of the neighbouring parishes. About the close of the year he commenced preaching in the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany, whose Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Chester, was then lying dangerously ill in Philadelphia, and died on the 12th of January following. Mr. Hopkins continued his labours there after Dr. C.'s death, and was so popular with the congregation that on the 2d of March following, they invited him to become their Pastor; but, in view of the importance of the charge, and his inexperience in the ministry, he was led to decline the invitation. He subsequently accepted a call from the Congregational Church at Pawtucket, Mass., and was ordained there on the 5th of August, 1829. The Rev. C. Blodgett who succeeded him in the pastoral office, says,—"His ministry here was successful and highly acceptable to his people. He carried with him their high admiration." After remaining at Pawtucket between two and three years, he resigned his charge, and, soon after, was employed for several months as a supply for the Essex Street Church, Boston, while their Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Green, was travelling in Europe. Shortly after leaving Boston, he accepted a call from the Bleecker Street (Presbyterian) Church, Utica, N. Y.; and was installed by the Presbytery of Oneida, as its Pastor, on the 18th of July, 1833. Here he remained till February 5, 1835, when he was again dismissed, by his own request. On leaving Utica, he went to supply the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn,

* MSS. from his brothers.

N. Y.,—the Pastor, Rev. Dr. Carroll, being absent on account of ill health; but before he had been long there, he received an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the First Presbyterian Church in Buffalo. He accordingly went to Buffalo, in October, 1835, was installed Pastor of the Church on the 17th of February, 1836, and continued in this connection till the close of his life.

Early in May, 1846, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, being both of them in feeble health, made a voyage to Europe. After visiting London, where Mr. H. attended, as a delegate, the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, they travelled considerably in England and Scotland,—stopping at all the more interesting points, and then passed over to the Continent, and made a hasty tour through parts of France, Switzerland, and Germany. Mrs. Hopkins' rapidly failing health induced them to turn their faces homeward earlier than they had expected; but unhappily it was too late for her ever again to see her native country. She died on the return voyage (November 15, 1846) a few days before the arrival of the packet at New York. Her remains were taken to Buffalo, where the Funeral solemnities were performed on the 27th of November. She had no children.

Mr. Hopkins was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hamilton College in 1847.

On his return from Europe, his health seems not to have been materially improved, though he was able, with but little embarrassment, to attend regularly to his duties, both in the church and out of it, until the month of October, 1847, when his friends began to regard his case with some anxiety. On Sunday, the 7th of November, he preached his two last sermons. From that time his symptoms gradually became more alarming, till Monday the 22d, when, after having just written and sealed a letter to a dear friend, he was struck with apoplexy, which terminated fatally on Saturday morning, the 27th of November,—just one year to a day from the Funeral of his wife. He died in the forty-third year of his age, and the eighteenth of his ministry. During a part of the time that intervened between the 22d and the 27th., he was evidently conscious, and though unable to speak, he made it manifest by signs that he felt that his Redeemer was graciously present with him in the dark valley. His Funeral was attended by an immense concourse of citizens, and was marked by every demonstration of affectionate respect.

During Dr. Hopkins' ministry of twelve years at Buffalo, upwards of five hundred were added to his church, and the congregation was proportionally increased in numbers, efficiency, and liberality.

Dr. Hopkins' only publications are a Sermon on the Evils and Remedy of Lewdness, preached to the Bleecker Street Church, Utica, and afterwards, by request, to the Second Presbyterian Church in Rome, 1834; and a Sermon entitled "The American Patriot," delivered on the day of the Annual Thanksgiving before the United Congregations of the First and Park Street Presbyterian Churches in Buffalo, 1842.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM WISNER, D. D.

ITHACA, April 9, 1857.

Dear Brother: I am so much disabled by bodily indisposition, that I can only give you a brief outline of what I recollect of the late Dr. Hopkins, and if you

can make the mere hints that I shall communicate, in any degree available for your purpose, I shall be glad.

Mr. Hopkins came to my house soon after he had finished his college course, and lived in my family, and studied Theology under my direction, up to the time of his being licensed to preach the Gospel.

He possessed a clear and discriminating mind, an amiable disposition, a tender conscience, and indefatigable industry. His style was smooth and flowing, though energetic, and his delivery was impressive and earnest.

In his manners, he was a true gentleman, whose politeness flowed spontaneously from the benevolence of his heart.

He was a faithful pastor, an interesting and instructive preacher, a kind and affectionate husband, and an exemplary and useful citizen.

He died lamented most by those who knew him best.

I am, my dear Brother,

Truly and affectionately yours,

WILLIAM WISNER

FROM THE HON. MILLARD FILLMORE,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BUFFALO, June 2, 1857.

My dear Sir: You did me the honour, when we last met, to solicit from me a brief statement of my views of the character of the late Rev. Asa T. Hopkins, D. D., of this city; and I fear I was somewhat inconsiderate in promising to comply with your request; for the more I have thought of it, the more I have felt oppressed with the conviction that my personal acquaintance with him was hardly sufficient to justify me in attempting any thing like an intellectual or moral portrait of the man. It is true he was here some twelve years, and settled over one of our most numerous and intelligent congregations; and I occasionally met him in social intercourse—yet, as I was not a member of his congregation, I seldom heard him preach. My impressions concerning him, as gathered more from common fame than from my own observation, are, that he was a man of gentlemanly manners; exemplary in all the walks of private life; sincere and zealous in the discharge of his pastoral duties; impulsive in his feelings to an extent that sometimes swayed his judgment; and in point of intellectual gifts and accomplishments, greatly above mediocrity.

His efforts in the pulpit, as might be expected from his peculiar temperament, are said to have been characterized by no small inequality; and while he sometimes rose to a very high pitch of pulpit eloquence, at other times, under the influence of a different state of feeling, he fell proportionably below his own standard. Another consequence of the same temperament was that, while, in in his religious controversies,—for I never knew that he had any other,—he drew around him congenial spirits, warm friends, admiring and enthusiastic eulogists, he arrayed against him proportionally vigorous and earnest opposers: but since time has exerted its modifying and healing influence, I may safely say that he has left a character, not only venerated by his congregation, but very generally respected by our community.

I submit these brief hints to you because I promised, and not because I suppose they can be of much avail to you; but you must take them for what they are worth. And permit me to subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

HUGH MAIR, D. D.*

1828—1854.

HUGH MAIR was a son of Archibald and Janette (Woodbourn) Mair, and was born at New Mylns, Ayrshire, Scotland, July 16, 1797. His father was, for many years, a Captain in the British army; and, as his mother, during his childhood and early youth, was with her husband in Spain, *he* was committed to the care of his paternal grandmother, who gave the first direction to his mind, and watched over him with an affectionate Christian solicitude. At the age of eight, he went to school at Kilmarnock, and remained there a year; after which, he returned to New Mylns, and, under an excellent classical teacher by the name of Campbell, pursued his studies till he was fourteen, when he entered the University of Glasgow. There he continued six years; and having completed his curriculum, went to Edinburgh, and studied Theology under the Rev. Dr. Paxton, at that time the Theological Professor of the General Associate Synod. At the age of about twenty-five, he was licensed to preach by the United Secession Presbytery of Edinburgh; and, for some time after, was employed as a missionary in the Orkney Islands and other parts of Scotland.

He came to the United States in 1828; and, shortly after his arrival, was ordained and installed as Pastor of the Presbyterian Churches at Fort Miller and Northumberland, in the State of New York. After labouring here a year, he received a call from the Church at Ballston Centre, and about the same time, one from the Church at Johnstown; and, as he preferred the latter, he was installed at Johnstown early in the year 1830. In 1843, he resigned his charge here, and went to Brockport, where he officiated as a stated supply, eighteen months. He then had a call from the Church in Warsaw, which he declined; though he consented to labour among them for a year. When this engagement expired, which was in 1847, he went to Canada West, and became the Pastor of a Church in Fergus, in connection with the Church of Scotland. In this relation he continued till the close of his life.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of New York, in 1842.

Dr. Mair always retained a warm affection for his charge at Johnstown, and engaged, more than a year before his death, if his life and health were spared, to take part in their Communion service, to be held in the autumn of 1854. Accordingly, the week previous to the Communion found him on the spot, ready to fulfil his engagement; but it was quickly ascertained that he had come with impaired health, and not only so, but that his disease was, to say the least, of very doubtful issue.† He, however, was resolutely determined—even contrary to the judgment of his physician—to bear his part in the services of the Sabbath; but, when the Sabbath morning came, he was overwhelmed with a sense of his inability to make any effort, and immediately sunk into a state of weakness and suffering from which he was destined never to rise. About one week before his death,

* Communication from himself.
† It was a carbuncle.

being informed of his illness, I went to Johnstown to visit him. I found him in a state of great prostration, and, as it seemed to me, past all reasonable hope of recovery. I asked him if he had great bodily suffering; and he replied,—"Greater than language can describe—greater than you can possibly conceive without the experience." I asked him if his mind was peaceful; and his answer was,—"I have no particular anxiety—if God be for us, who can be against us?"—and then repeated the passage, gathering himself up apparently into an attitude corresponding with its triumphant tone. Every thing that he said, showed the depth of his resignation, the strength of his faith, or the warmth of his kind affections. After this, he conversed but little; but all that he said indicated a most submissive and trusting spirit. He died at the house of his friend and physician, Dr. Maxwell, on the 1st of November, 1854, and his Funeral was attended on the 3d, by a large concourse, consisting not only of his own former flock, but of many from the neighbouring towns.

Dr. Mair was married on the 29th of April, 1832, to Maria Harriet, daughter of William and Margaret (Vantyle) Metcalf, of Northumberland, N. Y. They had no children. Mrs. Mair survives her husband.

He visited his native country three times,—in 1835, 1840, and 1849.

Dr. Mair published, during his ministry at Johnstown, four miscellaneous Sermons. In 1856, a selection from his manuscript Sermons was published in a duodecimo volume, with a brief Memoir of his life, by his friend and parishioner, Mr. A. Dingwall Fordyce.

Shortly after Dr. Mair came to this country,—I think it was in 1829,—I heard of him as a man of remarkable powers, and as making very powerful impressions by his pulpit efforts; but it was not till after his removal to Johnstown that I first met him, and not till about 1835, that I became intimate with him; but from that time till the close of his life, my relations with him were quite close and confidential. His personal appearance was not greatly in his favour. He was a short, thick-set man, rather inclined to corpulency, with his head but little elevated above his shoulders; and altogether looking as if he were specially liable to die of apoplexy. Indeed, he had been troubled for many years by a determination of blood to his head; and both himself and his friends were apprehensive that it boded a sudden death. His face had nothing of refinement, but there was a strong, thoughtful, and withal modest, expression, that could hardly fail to excite interest. His mind was comprehensive and energetic; his imagination wonderfully brilliant and lofty, but by no means under the control of an exact taste. His heart was as large as the world—while he seemed to shrink from receiving kindnesses, and to be always apprehensive that he was making somebody trouble, there was no sacrifice that he was not ready to make to oblige a friend, or even to do good to any one. He had a quiet and retiring manner, and in a mixed company his voice would rarely be heard, unless in reply to a question immediately addressed to him; but in more private intercourse, especially with a single friend, he was perfectly free and communicative. I never knew a man who had a stronger sense of right than he—while he was ordinarily charitable in his judgments of his fellow men, and by no means disposed to hunt after their imperfections, no one was less tolerant of palpable moral obliquity, especially in a member of the Church, or a minister of the Gospel; and I never heard more scathing words from mortal lips than have sometimes fallen from him in such

cases. The pulpit was emphatically "his throne." His sermons were very strongly of the Scottish type. They were deeply evangelical in their tone; were constructed with logical accuracy, and elaborated with great care; were distinguished for an exuberance of splendid diction, which made the truth literally blaze upon the minds of his hearers; and were delivered with a boldness and earnestness which might have well denominated him "a son of thunder." His pronunciation was intensely Scotch, and I do not think his residence in this country made it any the less so. He rarely preached less than an hour; and I think I once heard him, on a public occasion, when his discourse reached to nearly an hour and three quarters. He was altogether, both in the pulpit and out of it, a man of mark: there was something in his mental or moral constitution, that doubtless interfered with the most successful operation of his powers, and served to keep him in a great measure in the shade; but all who knew him well, will agree that he possessed some of the noblest qualities of mind and heart.

FROM TAYLER LEWIS, LL. D.,

PROFESSOR IN UNION COLLEGE.

UNION COLLEGE, Schenectady, January 31, 1856.

My dear Sir: My acquaintance with Dr. Mair commenced in the fall of 1822. He had then just come from Scotland, been received by the Dutch Church, and sent as a missionary to our poor congregation in Fort Miller. His preaching there, and in the adjoining Church of Northumberland, soon called out an interest, and an attendance, which provided him a good settlement, without the farther aid of missionary funds. After remaining two years, he received a call to the Presbyterian Church in Johnstown, from which period you are well acquainted with his history. I must ever esteem Dr. Mair among my most valuable acquaintances, and warmest personal friends. To him must I also ever attribute a most marked change in my own life and labours, so far as they have been of any value to myself or others. I had been practising Law for several years in the retired village of Fort Miller, and the result was a dissatisfaction with the profession, with myself, and almost every thing else. In fact, from various circumstances, I was in a state that might almost be called one of spiritual desolation. My books were few, my society very limited, my health not the best, and my profession growing continually more and more distasteful. But not to talk too much about myself,—you may well suppose what relief came from the society and conversation of Dr. Mair, although he was not at that time a Doctor of Divinity. It was evident that there was something about this learned yet unpretending Scotchman to please every condition of life in our homely neighbourhood. He preached with great acceptance. He was frequent and faithful in visitations and catechisings, after the old Scottish mode. The power of his pulpit exercises, and the great beauty and simplicity of his instructions in his parochial visits, presented a contrast which charmed me greatly. He insisted upon my attending him in many of these catechisings, and the vivid remembrance of them would make me love the man, if I had not had other causes for it in the warm personal friendship, and the many acts of disinterested kindness, he ever afterwards manifested towards me. Along with all this, however, there was something which at first was not a little troublesome. Mr. Mair was a very excellent Greek and Hebrew scholar. His familiarity with Homer especially was remarkable, but no less so, his love of talking about him, and reading him aloud whenever he could find one who had interest enough in the matter to listen to him. In these recitations he would get into the same loud,

boisterous manner which you so well know as characterizing him in the pulpit. He was more than any thing else, like the conception I have formed of the old Homeric Rhapsodists or public chanters of the Iliad,—so completely was he carried away by his enthusiasm. He was a Hebraist of the Parkhurst School, but much beyond the common standard of Hebrew learning, which prevailed among the Scotch and English clergy; and, although his acquaintance with the language was not of the Andover or German stamp, it was in some respects equally solid, and at the same time more spiritual. He was less skilled in phonetic and grammatical niceties, but saw much in Hebrew roots. In these he was ever discovering a depth of meaning often real, but sometimes perhaps only existing in his own rich, religious and deeply Biblical imagination. He was ever at that time urging me to study Hebrew with him, and this is what I meant in saying he was somewhat troublesome; as I had then no thought of doing any such thing. He would sometimes almost provoke me by his importunities, and his continual reflection on my imperfect education, as it seemed to him, in being ignorant of so important and even sacred a branch of knowledge. Every man, he would say, who has any leisure, and any pretensions to liberal education, ought to be a Hebrew scholar. In short, he worried me out. To get rid of his importunities, more than for any other reason, I one day borrowed his grammar, and learned the Hebrew alphabet. It was one of the turning points in my own life. The study of Hebrew soon became my one ardent pursuit by day and by night. Ennui fled away. The disagreeable things of the Law were forgotten. To make the story short, the whole after current of my life was changed. I was introduced into a new world of thought. All my studies, feelings, aims, took a different direction, until the Law was relinquished, for that profession of a teacher to which I have ever since been devoted.

You may well suppose that I have reason to remember Hugh Mair and his Hebrew Grammar. Our intercourse from that period was ever of the most intimate kind. Although I afterwards made some respectable progress in Hebrew, he ever, from old habit, assumed a sort of tutorship over me. He frequently visited me in New York, and on such occasions, one of the indispensable exercises was the reading of some long portion of the Hebrew Bible, verse about, in which we would continue for hours,—he taking the lead, and assuming a tutorial style, giving his favourite root meanings in Latin, and in a manner which to one who did not know him, would seem to savour of pedantry. Sometimes, this would try my patience a little, especially when I had other demands upon my time; but now my heart reproaches me that the least degree of such a feeling should have ever been called out by any thing, however eccentric, from so noble a friend.

The remembrance of my intercourse with Dr. Mair is full of the most cherished associations. From personal knowledge, I am convinced that his last dollar would have been freely shared with any friend who needed it. He was ever seeking out and trying to do good to his own countrymen, in this way;—sometimes subjecting himself to repulsive treatment which he never would have borne on his own account. Some men of a different school of Theology, and of a different religious type, would say that there was not enough of what they would call "decided active piety in him." But there could not be a greater mistake. His Scotch hilarity sometimes, and fondness for anecdote, might strike some of this class unfavourably; but he was for all that, a most devout, a most lowly-minded, spiritually-minded, modest Christian. Dr. Mair had a habit which I have seldom seen in my personal intercourse with other clergymen. A short, social visit to a single friend, whether in the parlour, or in the study, he would request to have closed with prayer. It was the conclusion of the freest and most lively interview. "Just a short spell of prayer before we go,"—he would say, and then one of the most touching appeals to the God of Mizpah, the God of friends and friendship, that I have ever heard. Genesis xxxi. 49, comes into

my mind when I think of him—"And he called it Mizpah, for he said the Lord watch (*yi-zeph*) between me and thee, when we are parted the one from the other." Especially do I think of it since he has gone on his last far journey. Blessed be his memory. You may think my language too warm for a brief biographical notice, but the feeling is one I love to cherish, and cannot help regarding it as eminently due to its object.

With great respect, yours truly,

TAYLER LEWIS.

ARTEMAS BULLARD, D. D.*

1828—1855.

Artemas Bullard, a son of Dr. Artemas and Lucy (White) Bullard, was born at Northbridge, Mass., June 3, 1802. Under the influence of an excellent parental training, he became, while quite young, hopefully, a subject of renewing grace, and at the age of seventeen, united with the Church in Sutton, Mass., (whither his parents had removed,) under the care of the Rev. Edmund Mills. He commenced almost immediately a course of study, with a view to engaging ultimately in the ministry. He was fitted for College, partly under the private tuition of the Rev. Dr. Pond, now (1857) Professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary, and was graduated at Amherst College in 1826. From College he repaired to the Theological Seminary at Andover, and while there formed the purpose of becoming a foreign missionary. Before his studies were completed, he was solicited to accept the General Agency and Secretariship of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Union; and, by the advice of the Professors of the Seminary, who regarded the place as one of great importance, and considered him as possessing rare qualifications for it, he turned aside from his studies to enter upon this employment. Having been licensed by the Worcester Association in May, 1828, and ordained by the Andover Association, April 20, 1831, he passed the first years of his clerical life in Boston, in intimate relations with Dr. Beecher, Dr. Cornelius, Dr. Wisner, and other prominent ministers of the same religious views and sympathies, in that neighbourhood.

In 1830, Mr. Bullard visited the West, in the service of the Sabbath School Union, and travelled on horseback as far as Illinois. While thus engaged, he attracted, by his wisdom, energy, and untiring devotion to the cause of Christ, the attention of some who were prominent in directing the operations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and when Dr. Cornelius was suddenly struck down in the midst of his usefulness, Mr. Bullard was put in requisition to supply the lack of service. Having performed, with great success, a tour through certain parts of the State of New York, which had been previously planned in concert with Dr. Cornelius, he was designated, soon after, to the responsible position of Secretary of the American Board for the Valley of the Mississippi. He accepted this appointment, removed to Cincinnati in October, 1832, and visited all the principal places from Detroit to New Orleans. These visits,

* St. Louis newspapers.—Presb. Quart. Rev. 1856.—MS. from Mrs. Bullard.

repeated for several successive years, accomplished much for his object, and left the most favourable impression in respect to his character.

While he was thus pursuing his appropriate work, the attention of the Presbyterian Church of St. Louis was directed to him as a suitable person to become their Pastor. There was then no other Church of that denomination in the city, and the few that were scattered over the State, were none of them in a flourishing condition. Here he was installed in June, 1838; and within a few months from that time, a colony of more than sixty of his most substantial members went, by his own urgent solicitation, to form a Second Church.

Though Mr. Bullard originally took no part in the division of the Presbyterian Church, and was disposed, for a while, to retain a neutral position, yet circumstances subsequently occurred that led him to enlist decisively under the New School standard, and from that time he may be considered as having been the leader of the Churches on that side, throughout the State.

During the first five years of his ministry in St. Louis, he devoted much of his time to City Missions, Sunday Schools, and the cause of Temperance. On the latter subject particularly, he availed himself of every channel that was open to him for reaching the public mind and conscience; and in no way perhaps did he operate more efficiently, than by the numerous touching and impressive articles which he contributed to the secular papers. These outside engagements, however, were not suffered to interfere at all with his appropriate preparations for the pulpit.

Mr. Bullard received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Marion College in 1841.

Dr. Bullard, at an early period, became convinced that the want, which is most difficult to supply to destitute Churches in new settlements, is that of houses of worship; and that it was highly needful that some systematic provision should be made for this, in the general charities of the Church. Having brought the Synod to concur in his views, he undertook, in 1845, to raise a fund of ten thousand dollars for the building of churches, to be loaned in such sums as were needed, to the feeble congregations in Missouri. The summer of that year he spent at the East, chiefly in solicitations for that object; and though he did not meet with all the success he could have wished, yet his collections were considerable, and when he returned in November, ten ministers accompanied him, whose fields of labour in the West were chosen under his advice. The four or five years next following were years of unwonted effort even with him. And he was oppressed with not only care but sorrow; for, during this period, he was afflicted by the death of three of his children. His people urged him to take a season of recreation; and his fellow citizens, at the instance of Elihu Burritt, designated him as their representative to the World's Peace Convention in Germany. Accordingly, he spent six months, in 1850, travelling in Europe: he was received with marked attention by many distinguished individuals, and returned with a fresh stock of health, and with a large store of pleasant remembrances.

Soon after his return, his congregation determined to remove their place of worship to a more quiet part of the city; and, having selected a suitable site, they commenced building on a large and magnificent scale. Though he had much to do in superintending this enterprise, yet his pastoral labours were considerably abridged, while his congregation were waiting for

their new edifice, and he availed himself of the opportunity thereby furnished of prosecuting his favourite scheme of instituting a College. It was chiefly through his efforts that Webster College was established; and if his life had been spared, it is believed that he would have secured for it a liberal endowment. He published three or four occasional sermons.

Dr. Bullard's death was identified with a scene of deep tragical interest. The Pacific Rail Road, in which St. Louis was deeply interested, was to be opened, on Thursday, November 1, 1855, to Jefferson City, the capital of the State. The occasion was a most exciting one. A long train of cars bearing the Directors of the road and a large number of highly respectable citizens, set out on the excursion. The occasion was graced by military array, and martial music, and whatever else could render the scene imposing and joyous. In passing the bridge across the Gasconade, eighty-eight miles from St. Louis, and thirty-seven from Jefferson City, the structure gave way, and six cars, densely filled with human beings, fell one upon another, to the beach, thirty feet below. Twenty-nine persons were instantly killed, and among them Dr. Bullard. His remains did not reach St. Louis till Saturday night; and then they were taken, not to his residence, but to the church, where, on Monday, the Funeral solemnities took place. The Sabbath previous, he had administered the Lord's Supper, from the very table on which his lifeless body then lay. The church had been dedicated just two weeks before, but he had never preached in it. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Timothy Hill, of Fairmount Church, St. Louis.

He was married in Boston on the 2d of June, 1829, to Anne Tuttle, daughter of Samuel Jones, who died of yellow fever at Natchez, and whose widow, with her two children, afterwards returned to New England, whence the family had emigrated. He had seven children,—five sons and two daughters. One only survives,—a son, who is now (1857) a member of Amherst College.

FROM THE REV. TIMOTHY HILL.

St. Louis, April 29, 1857.

Dear Sir: I will endeavour, according to your request, to briefly give my impressions of the late Dr. Bullard,—a man I knew well and greatly loved.

My acquaintance with him began in the summer of 1845. I was then a student in the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and he was on his way through the prominent places of the East, and visiting the Theological Seminaries, for the double purpose of raising a fund for church erection in Missouri, and of inducing young men about to enter the ministry to select this State as the field of their future labours.

The interview in the Seminary was very short, but it led to my coming to Missouri; and the acquaintance, thus formed, afterwards ripened into a friendship, which continued with growing strength until his death. I knew him intimately. No man's death has ever been so great a grief to me.

Artemas Bullard was a remarkable man. His character, his habits of life, and his achievements, were of a description that have seldom been seen, and will not be likely soon to be reproduced.

In person he was tall and slender, but well formed, with a countenance expressive of decision and energy combined with benevolence. For some years previous to his death, his hair was nearly white, and his appearance indicated

greater age than he possessed. Acquaintances of the late President Jackson frequently said that he bore a strong resemblance to that celebrated man.

Dr. Bullard possessed a rare combination of superior qualities. His mental powers were none of them of a low order, and in some he was seldom equalled. His perceptions were uncommonly quick, and his power to avail himself of his resources at any time, remarkably great. His was eminently a constructive mind. He could lay plans, and see the time and manner for their execution with greater clearness than any other man with whom I was ever acquainted. He was no visionary; his plans, though they might seem hopeless to others, seldom failed, and were sometimes executed in the face of opposing influences, utterly insuperable to less active and courageous men.

There was an unconquerable determination to surmount all obstacles that opposed his favourite schemes, and he had unusual power to infuse his own hopeful spirit into the minds of those whom he wished to interest.

He was frank in his manner, open hearted and sincere, social and benevolent, in a high degree. His very want of disguise sometimes led less ingenuous minds to misapprehend him, and look for something never to be found, concealed under an exterior of frankness. Fond of society, possessed of no inconsiderable degree of shrewdness and pleasantry, mingling with all classes of men, from children, of whom he was a great lover, to those of the most cultivated minds in the highest stations of life, he was a most entertaining associate, and had an ability for usefulness, wherever he might be, that few men possess. He would hold the attention of a congregation of pioneers on the frontier, reprove the profaneness of a wild group of California emigrants on a steamboat, and draw tears to their eyes by tender allusions to home and the sanctuary they had left behind, or debate with the congregated wisdom of the General Assembly, with equal ease and success. He was a man of immense energy—the amount of labour he performed was almost incalculable. He corresponded, I had almost said, with every body. He knew accurately the situation of every church of his own denomination in the State, and was well posted in the general affairs of the Church in the land and world. Most of the churches in this State can remember a visit of his, as the time when they were greatly encouraged—incited to build a new house of worship, or to sustain or care for a pastor. He loved to cheer the younger ministers, whose fields of labour were remote or toilsome—a letter; a box of clothing furnished by some Benevolent Society, but its destination marked by the Doctor, or associated with him; or a timely visit,—will be a cherished recollection of many a weary labourer in this State. It has been said of him by one who knew him well, but with whom he was not a favourite,—"There was no man who would go farther, and do more, for a friend than he."

His acquaintance with books was not extensive, nor minutely critical; but his knowledge of all the practical questions of the day was never deficient. These he had studied until his mind was made up, and he could sustain his opinions by close and well digested arguments. Dr. Bullard's first clerical labours were as an Agent,—having much to do with collecting funds for purposes of benevolence; and this fact undoubtedly shaped, in no inconsiderable degree, his whole subsequent life.

He was singularly successful in any department where money was wanted for benevolent objects. It may not be amiss here to relate an anecdote which one of his friends told him, much to his amusement. It was said that two young men were walking together, and, as they passed the door of an artist, saw there a well-executed photograph of Dr. Bullard. As they came to it, one said to the other,—"See, here is a most excellent likeness of Dr. Bullard." His friend answered,—"Come away, come away; he'll have five dollars out of you for a church before you know it." But if he urged others to acts of benevolence, he set

the example, and gave, according to his means, liberally, especially to churches in Missouri.

His tragic death is well known, and it is needless for me to describe it here. But it is proper perhaps to state that his purpose, in going on that excursion which had so terrible a termination, was not merely for recreation, but for benevolence. I saw him a day or two before, and he remarked to me that he had hesitated about going,—that he had no fondness for such gatherings, but thought it might afford him an opportunity to do something for Webster College,—an institution of which he was the originator, and the strongest friend. The subscription book of that institution was found in his pocket after his death,—worn and soiled by the tempest which beat so piteously at that terrible hour.

He was in excellent spirits on the day of his death. His beautiful church, for which he had laboured untiringly, but in which he had only administered the Communion service, was completed; all his enterprises were prospering; and he hoped, and apparently with good reason, for a long life of usefulness. The last word remembered of him was a mirthful remark to one of his travelling friends. Probably he passed from one world to another in the twinkling of an eye. He fell in the full vigour of life, with his armour on.

His memory will long be cherished with a deep and affectionate interest. His work was a peculiar one, and he did it well.

With great regard,

I remain yours truly,

T. HILL.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, June 24, 1857.

Dear Sir: My first knowledge of the late Dr. Bullard was while he was Agent of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Union,—during my student days at the Andover Theological Seminary. In 1831, I settled in Cincinnati. In 1832, Mr. Bullard came there as Agent of the "American Board for the Valley of the Mississippi." For four years he acted in this Agency, while I conducted the "Cincinnati Journal." Ecclesiastically and socially we were thrown together in constant and confidential intercourse. I think I knew him well; but still feel doubtful of my ability to sketch his character within the limits of a short letter.

His great attribute, as a man and a minister, was energy. In executive power, within the range of his objects, he has hardly left an equal in our Church. In his enterprises for Sabbath schools, missions, church building, college founding, &c., I am not aware that he ever failed. When he had once taken up an enterprise, he identified with it his whole being. His time, travel, credit, pen, tongue, purse, and prayers, were all put in requisition. He was dismayed by no obstacles, hindered by no objections, turned aside by no attractions, until the matter was accomplished. Where he began, he finished.

For these enterprises he had remarkable qualifications. Physically, he was able to endure almost any amount of labour. He had a temperament at once ardent and wary;—blending qualities not often found in the same person. As a thinker, he was ready and clear. His personal appearance was commanding and attractive; his voice clear, penetrating and full; his manners social, kind and dignified; his public speaking, fluent, simple, fervid and effective. He was a good scholar—but scholarship with him was not an end, but a means. Truth itself, with him, was mainly valued for its uses. He cared little for scientific or theological speculations. With him, every thing, even to his friendships and recreations, his readings and his sermons, was *practical*. He had great confidence in God and the Gospel; great conscientiousness in the use of his time and powers; great reliance on the excellence and feasibility of his own plans;

great personal and moral courage, by which he moved over friend or foe—over dangers or difficulties, to reach his benevolent ends; great adhesiveness, by which he clung to the work until it was done. Of course he was a man of mark, as to power and efficiency. Those who could appreciate him, and aid him, he loved intensely; but more timid, and less energetic and devoted, spirits, he was liable to regard with indifference and distaste. He cared little for mere style, form or manner. He looked for *results;* and his brethren who failed in efficiency here, he cared little to please. Such a sanctified Napoleon in the Church,—such a moving spirit in the ministry,—naturally had devoted friends and resolute opponents.

I could give facts to illustrate all I have said, but I will only recall a few incidents to the memory of his friends.

When he entered the West, as Agent of the American Board, the whole field lay waste. He formed an "Auxiliary Society of the Valley of the Mississippi;" attracted attention to it, and made it effective; reprinted the Missionary Herald at Cincinnati, and circulated it largely; got up Western Anniversaries fully attended; republished all the past Reports of the Board, and made them tell, in combining and concentrating the affections of thousands on the cause of missions. At two periods, he returned from his long journeys, to find an only child dead. "He buried their bodies and went" on with his work. Repeatedly, when he determined a church should be erected in a desolate district, he was so confident of success, that he pledged his own credit and pushed on the work. In the winter of 1834, he had been labouring in a revival in Lexington, Ky. Obliged to leave for a time, he promised to return and bring me with him. On his way to Cincinnati, his horse fell, threw Mr. Bullard and disabled himself. He hired another, and reaching Cincinnati, persuaded me to go back with him,—a journey of eighty miles in the deep mud of December. We started, and on the way took up his lame horse; and by wading in slush from early dawn till nine o'clock at evening, in two days and a half, reached Lexington; where we laboured two weeks for the Rev. Doctors Hall and Davidson. This is a specimen of the manner in which, at that early day, he was accustomed to push through obstacles.

In the winter of 1835, very much under his promptings, we made another excursion to Lexington in the stage. Our company consisted of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, his daughter Catharine, the Rev. Dr. Storrs, Rev. Dr. Cogswell, Rev E. N. Kirk, Rev. Mr. Mahan, Rev. Dr. Bullard, and myself. The road was terrible. And in returning, though we left Lexington Friday noon, it was gray dawn on Sunday morning when we arrived at Cincinnati. About twelve o'clock on Friday night, we found our stage in a drenching rain and deep mud, half capsized in a desolate spot. By hanging Miss Beecher up like a locust, on a rail fence, and lifting at the stage, we righted it. We crept on through Saturday until about nine o'clock at evening, twenty miles out from Cincinnati, when we slid again into a ditch and stuck fast. Dr. Beecher lost both shoes in the mud. By a liberal use of rails, we righted the stage, but the driver became panic-stricken, and refused to go on. Dr. Bullard told him *he would sit with him* and share the responsibility. He did so; encouraged the driver, and brought us in at break of day. This is a specimen of his energy and courage.

On a certain occasion, Dr. Bullard was impressed with the conviction that a man somewhat distinguished, and occupying a prominent position, was neglecting his congregation by residing at a distance from them on his farm, to which he seemed to give more attention than to his people. He deliberately administered a decided reproof. It brought the minister back to his duty to his people; but I am sorry to add, alienated him ever after from Dr. Bullard. I always admired the conscientious fidelity and boldness of Dr. Bullard, in admonishing his brethren, but could not always commend the delicacy and gentleness of his spirit in such matters. What he gave, however, he would take without offence. Advancing

years, while they ripened his judgment, wrought no abatement of his enthusiasm and energy. A short time before he died, I received a letter from him, in which he manifested a willingness to embark in an enterprise, new, difficult and laborious. Speaking of ministerial education in connection with our General Assembly, he says,—"Had Providence permitted, I should have entered the important field you opened to me with *a will*, and laboured in it with a zeal and enthusiasm I never exhibited before. There is no place on earth I prefer to it, none so important." Thus he wrote, Nov. 13th, 1854.

I have given facts sufficient to justify what I have said of the characteristics of Dr. Bullard. He passed from earth by a death of violence, at the period of his greatest strength and highest usefulness. But he lived long enough to have an influence decided, wide-spread and enduring, on that Great Valley of the West, to whose religious culture he had consecrated his energies.

Yours truly,

THOMAS BRAINERD.

SAMUEL GOVER WINCHESTER.*

1829—1841.

SAMUEL GOVER WINCHESTER, a son of Samuel and Eliza (Gover) Winchester, was born at Rock Run, Harford County, Md., on the 17th of February, 1805. His mother, whose parents belonged to the Society of Friends, died when he was about fifteen months old, so that he had no recollection of her; but she committed her infant child to the care of her surviving sisters, who were eminently pious persons in communion with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and were every way qualified for the responsible trust which was thus devolved upon them. Though he was separated from them during the greater part of the period of his education, they kept up a constant correspondence with him, and their affectionate and earnest letters made impressions upon his mind which, in subsequent life, he considered as having had much to do with the formation of his religious character. At the age of eleven, he was put to a boarding school at Bel Air, Md., under the instruction of a Mr. Davis, where he continued four years—till the year 1820. He then went to Baltimore to reside with his father, and there became a pupil of Mr. D. W. Boisseau,—a man eminently skilled in teaching, and distinguished for the fervour of his piety. From early childhood he had discovered a great fondness for oratory; and, by this time, it seemed to have grown into a passion. He was instrumental, during his connection with this school, in forming a Society among the pupils for improvement in declamation; and in these exercises he used to take the most intense delight. He soon projected the plan of connecting with the other exercises that of debating; but this suggestion found little favour with his fellow-students, on the ground that they felt themselves wholly inadequate to it. He, however, shrewdly contrived to engage them in a warm discussion on this very subject, and then sportively and triumphantly remarked to them that they had been ardently debating to show that they

* Presbyterian for 1841—MS. from Mrs. Winchester.

were unable to debate. The result was that his proposal immediately took effect, and the new exercise became so popular as entirely to supersede that which formed the original object of the Association.

In the autumn of 1824, he left school, and in January, 1825, was matriculated as a student of Law in the University of Maryland, under David Hoffman, Esq., Professor of Law. He entered upon his studies with great vigour and alacrity, feeling that the profession opened a fine field for his peculiar talents, and resolved to be satisfied with nothing short of standing at the head of it. Shortly after he began his course, a "Law Institute" was formed by the students, for the purpose of discussing questions connected with their studies; and in forming and conducting this association, he took an active part. He was particularly interested in what he called the philosophy of the science,—in tracing out the reasons of enactments, and the origin of customs,—discovering those expedients for evasion which the Law anticipated, and marking the wisdom of its provisions. The Professor offered a premium of a gold medal to the author of the best Essay on any given subject. Mr. Winchester resolved to try for the prize, and had actually made considerable progress in an Essay entitled "A brief history of the *potestas alienandi* from the earliest times." But before it was completed, his thoughts were directed with great intensity to the subject of religion. He had been, for several years, an attendant upon an Episcopal Church; but was now induced occasionally to attend in the afternoon on the ministry of the Rev. William Nevins, of the First Presbyterian Church; and, after a while, became a member of Mr. Nevins' Bible class, which included also some from the Second Presbyterian Church, and was conducted partly by the Rev. John Breckenridge. In March, 1827, an extensive revival of religion commenced in the two congregations,—of which many in the Bible class, and young Winchester among the rest, were reckoned as subjects. On the 6th of May following, he was admitted to the Communion of the Church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Nevins.

He had now nearly completed his studies preparatory to admission to the Bar; and his prospects of success in his profession were scarcely exceeded by those of any young man of his time. But the religious change which had been wrought in him immediately suggested the inquiry whether it was not his duty to serve God in the ministry of the Gospel; and, after pondering the question most devoutly and earnestly, he felt constrained to return to it an affirmative answer; and that, notwithstanding some of his nearest friends, including his father, strongly opposed his taking such a step. In coming to this determination, he felt that his plans of worldly ambition must all be sacrificed, as well as the cherished hopes of his friends disappointed; but his convictions of duty did not allow him to hesitate which side of the alternative to choose.

In November, 1827, he became a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, where he was sustained chiefly by the relics of an estate, to which, as the representative of his mother, he was lawful heir. In the autumn of 1829, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Baltimore, and shortly after preached his first sermon in Mr. Nevins' Church. In the spring of 1830, while he was yet pursuing his studies at Princeton, he was unanimously called to be the Pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church in

Philadelphia, then vacant by the removal of the Rev. John H. Kennedy. He accepted the call, and was ordained and installed, May 4, 1830.

On the 8th of June following, he was married to Grace, daughter of Alexander and Frances (Crane) Mactier, of Baltimore,—a lady every way qualified for the important sphere in which her lot was to be cast. They had four children, all of whom survived their father.

After a residence in Philadelphia of about seven years, during which time he maintained his position as a minister with great dignity and ability, his health became much impaired, and he determined, in accordance with the advice of his friends, to visit the Southern States, and the Island of Cuba. By this tour, his health was decidedly improved, and a new impulse seemed to have been given to his physical constitution. In the spring of 1837, he resigned his charge, and was employed as an Agent of the General Assembly's Board of Domestic Missions. In the autumn of the same year, he received a unanimous call to the large and flourishing Presbyterian Congregation in Natchez, Mi. Believing that the change of climate would be favourable to his health, and that his field of usefulness would at least not be contracted by a removal thither, he accepted the call and removed with his family to Natchez. Here he continued in the faithful and successful discharge of his duties for nearly four years.

In May, 1841, he came to Philadelphia as a delegate to the General Assembly; and it was no common testimony of respect, considering his age, that he should have come within two votes of being chosen Moderator of that venerable Body.

Having leave of absence from his congregation for six months, he availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him, to visit his friends, and travel somewhat extensively in the North. After stopping a little at Niagara Falls, and making the tour of Canada, during which time his health was evidently in an enfeebled state, he returned to the city of New York, with the intention of soon pursuing his homeward way. On the 22d of August, he preached in the Reformed Dutch Church in Lafayette Place an impressive and earnest Discourse from the text—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." During the following week, he made a brief visit to West Point, and when he returned, it was manifest that he was seriously indisposed. His case gradually assumed a more alarming character, and terminated in congestion of the brain. At half past five o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 31st of August, it was discovered that his spirit had passed away. He died at the house of his relative, Alexander G. Mactier, Esq. His remains were conveyed to Baltimore, and placed in the Mactier vault in Green Mount Cemetery.

The following is a list of Mr. Winchester's publications;—Companion for the Sick, altered from Willison's Afflicted Man's Companion; with additions, 1833. Christian Counsel to the Sick, 1836. A Discourse at Oakland College, 1838. Family Religion, 1841. Theatrical amusements.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM ENGLES, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, September 25, 1843.

Rev. and dear Sir: In compliance with your request, I transmit you a few recollections of my much esteemed and lamented friend, the late Rev. Samuel C. Winchester.

In regard to his personal appearance, he was above the medium height, finely proportioned, erect and graceful in his carriage, with a face in which dignity and benevolence were happily blended. When animated in conversation or in public speaking, his eye expressed his emotions, and beamed with light. His countenance in repose was indicative of gentleness; but when the occasion demanded, it could express firm determination, and even severity. In the pulpit, or on the floor of a deliberative body, although his appearance was youthful, his person was commanding, his self-possession perfect, his gesticulation easy and graceful, his voice full and well modulated, and his whole manner peculiarly oratorical.

From the commencement of his ministerial course, Mr. Winchester was strongly inclined to cultivate a habit of extemporaneous speaking, and was evidently trammelled by notes. In an experiment, always perilous to a young pastor, from its tendency to mere verbiage, he may have often failed; but, careful to arrange his thoughts in the study, practice gave him the most desirable facility in expressing them before a public assembly. During his last visit to the North, there was perceptible a very marked improvement of his pulpit efforts. The frame-work of his sermons was more logical, the thoughts richer and more condensed, and the expression of them more forcible and fluent. In doctrinal preaching, in which he often indulged, as well from a sense of duty as a natural predilection, he was, as I have heard some of his stated and most intelligent hearers say, highly instructive. He excelled too in his hortatory addresses, and was often particularly pungent in his appeals to the conscience. Imagination was not his predominant faculty; and yet he was by no means deficient in it. It was perhaps more perceptible in the freedom of familiar conversation, than in his public addresses. The bent of his mind was for argument and discussion; and in deliberative bodies he was often listened to with pleasure, if not surprise, for the happy facility he displayed in developing a point of controversy, particularly when it related to ecclesiastical law. If he was not always right, he was at least always plausible and ingenious. His appearance before the Assembly of 1834 will long be remembered. The subject under discussion related to the grounds of appeal. He was young, he was comparatively unknown to the great majority of the members; and nothing unusual was expected of him when he took the floor. The subject was a dry one, and seemingly afforded but little scope for the display of oratorical power; yet it was the kind of subject with which he loved to grapple. In the discussion of it, the energy of his mind was fully tasked; his eye kindled, the best points of his naturally oratorical manner were brought forth, and with the self-possession of a practised debater, he reasoned his points with a cogency and fluency which carried conviction to many minds, and held the attention of the house for more than two hours. This effort, like many preceding ones in the inferior Courts of the Church, afforded the requisite proof that, had he been admitted to the Bar, agreeably to his first intentions, he would have become one of its most distinguished ornaments. Esteemed as he was as a preacher of the Gospel, he displayed still higher power as a debater; and familiar as I was with his manner on such occasions, I cannot recall the instance in which he was betrayed into discourteous warmth by strong opposition, or even defeat.

Mr. Winchester was exemplary in his domestic relations, warm in his attachments, true in his friendships, and amiable in his intercourse with others. He was ardently attached to the doctrines and order of the Presbyterian Church, and always prepared to defend them. He frequently contributed to the periodical press, and wrote several original works, which were creditable alike to his head and his heart.

I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

WILLIAM ENGLES.

THOMAS SYDENHAM WITHERSPOON.*

1830—1845.

Thomas Sydenham Witherspoon, a son of Thomas and Jean Witherspoon, was born on Black River, near Kingstree, in Williamsburg District, S. C., on the 2d of January, 1805. His father's paternal great grandfather, John Witherspoon, who was a brother of the grandfather of Dr. John Witherspoon, President of the College of New Jersey, was born near Glasgow in Scotland in 1670; was driven by persecution to Ireland in 1685, and settled in the County of Down; and remained there till 1734, when he migrated to South Carolina, where he arrived in December of that year,—his wife having died on the passage. He settled near Kingstree, where he died in 1737, and was the first person buried at the old Williamsburg Presbyterian Church, which he had assisted in building.

The parents of the subject of this sketch, though not wealthy, were in comfortable worldly circumstances, and able to provide for the liberal education of their children. They were both devout members, and the father an elder, of the Presbyterian Church; and nothing could exceed the care and vigilance which they bestowed especially on the spiritual interests of their household. As one of the fruits of their parental fidelity, this son early embraced religion, and made a public profession of his faith at the age of about sixteen.

In 1825, he removed with his father's family to Greene County, Ala. Previous to this, he had partly fitted for College at the Bethel Academy in York District, S. C., and, after his removal, completed his preparation under the Rev. Henry White,† at the Concord Academy, which was in the immediate vicinity of his father's new residence. He entered the Junior class of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1826, and graduated in 1828. He then returned to his father's in Alabama, placed himself under the care of the Presbytery of South Alabama, and pursued his theological studies mainly under the direction of the Rev. James Hillhouse.‡ He was licensed to preach the Gospel on the 23d of October, 1830; and was ordained to the full work of the ministry on the 10th of November, 1832.

Mr. Witherspoon's whole ministerial life was passed in Alabama. Soon after his licensure he went, under direction of his Presbytery, as a missionary to the Church at Ouchy Valley in Florida, where he was occupied for six months. After this he was engaged in preaching in different places, until the latter part of the year 1831, or early in 1832, when he was invited to the Church in Lowndesborough, then in the bounds of his Presbytery.

* [illegible] from his brother,—Dr. J. M. Witherspoon, and Rev. J. M. McKee.—Dr. Nall's Sermon on the Death of the Synod of Alabama.—Presbyterian, 1846.

† [illegible] was graduated at Williams College in 1812, studied Theology and went to [illegible], and on the 1st of April, 1824, was received as a member of the Presbytery of Alabama from the South Carolina Congregational Association. For some time previous to this, he had been laboring as a missionary within the bounds of that Presbytery. He was for some time principal of the Concord Academy. But, in consequence of feeble health, he was able, for the most part, to perform but little ministerial labour. He died after a severe illness of two months, on the 13th of March, 1829, near Claiborne, Ala.

‡ [illegible], of the Presbytery of South Carolina, settled in Greensborough, Ala., in 1819, and was received a member of the Presbytery of Alabama, on the 11th of October, 1820. He was an unusually laborious pastor, and an effective and popular preacher [illegible] ough on the 17th of November, 1835.

as a stated supply. Having remained here not far from two years, he was called in the same capacity to the Church at Claiborne, where he continued until some time in the year 1836. He then accepted an invitation to the Church in Greensborough, and was installed as its Pastor in 1838. In the spring of 1843, his health became so infirm that he found himself quite incapacitated for public speaking, and he accordingly felt constrained to resign his pastoral charge. This he did not without great reluctance, as his labours here had been richly blessed, and the Church which he found consisting of a few members, had greatly increased under his ministrations, in respect to both numbers and efficiency.

In the autumn of 1843, he was appointed by the Synod to the Alabama Professorship in Oglethorpe University. Having accepted this appointment, he undertook to raise funds for the endowment of the Professorship, and he was prosecuting his agency with very promising success. Whilst attending the sessions of his Presbytery at Centre Ridge Church, with every prospect of being permitted to labour for years in the new field to which Providence had called him, he was suddenly stricken down with what proved to be a mortal malady. The Presbytery, previous to adjournment, had a season of united and earnest prayer in his behalf; but scarcely had they reached their homes, when they were followed with the sad tidings that this beloved and honoured brother had closed his earthly labours. He died of ossification of the heart, at the house of his friend, Mr. James M. Calhoun, at Richmond, Dallas County, on the 20th of October, 1845, and his remains were removed for burial to Greensborough, which had been the principal scene of his pastoral labours. The Professorship which he had accepted, has since been fully endowed, and, as a token of respect for his memory, is called by his name.

Mr. Witherspoon had been pre-eminently a man of affliction. His whole family had gone before him to the grave, except one brother, who reached him but a few hours before his departure. The meeting was one of most tender and overwhelming interest. The dying man embraced his brother with inexpressible joy, thanking God that he was permitted to see him once more in the body. He told him that he should die soon, but that he did not fear death, for he was in the hands of a Being who would certainly do with him what was right. That night his disease evidently gained upon him; but he was sustained by the precious promises of God's word, many of which he repeated with an air of serene and grateful triumph. The next day, which was the Sabbath, his brother said to him,—"You are now amidst the waves of Jordan;" and he answered with a smile—"Yes, and I shall soon see our father and all the family, and you alone are left behind." Death now proceeded to do its work. Without a groan, or a struggle, or any thing to indicate suffering, his spirit gently passed away to its eternal home.

Mr. Witherspoon was married, in the year 1832, to Anne Eliza, daughter of the Hon. Samuel W. Goode, of Montgomery, Ala. They had three children, all of whom died before their parents. Mrs. Witherspoon died at Greensborough, in the autumn of 1844, aged thirty-five years. She was eminently fitted for her station, and was in every respect a helpmeet for her husband.

The following is an extract from the Minutes of the Synod of Alabama, at their meeting, October 25, 1845,—five days after Mr. Witherspoon's death:

"The committee appointed to prepare a minute, in consequence of the heavy bereavements sustained by the Synod, in the death of the three beloved brethren, E. O. Martin,* F. H. Porter,† and T. S. Witherspoon, would offer the following:—That whilst these afflictive dispensations of Divine Providence are to us wrapt in the most profound mystery, and are such as to fill our hearts with anguish; whilst they call loudly upon every member of this Synod to humble himself before God, it is certainly a cause of gratitude to the Great Head of the Church, and of encouragement to us, to learn that they all left us in the triumphs of faith, with the full assurance of a future and glorious immortality. We have only to pray that the influence of their good example, their zeal and attachment to the cause of Christ, may long be felt upon our hearts, and upon the hearts of all to whom they once ministered."

FROM THE REV. ROBERT NALL, D. D.

Mobile, May 20, 1857.

Dear Brother: I am truly glad to hear that it is your purpose to include a sketch of the life of the late Rev. Thomas S. Witherspoon in your work commemorative of the prominent deceased clergymen of our country. This will be a service most acceptable, not only to his friends, but to the churches in Alabama, to whom the name of Witherspoon is "as ointment poured forth."

At the time of my licensure by the Presbytery of South Alabama, Mr. Witherspoon was a young but active member. From that time till his death—a period of twelve years—we were intimate friends, ever communicating most freely on the various duties, and trials, and difficulties, incident to ministerial life. In the providence of God, we were thrown together in the performance of much missionary work. Many were the protracted, sacramental, and camp, meetings we conducted, and in which we laboured for days and even weeks, with those manifestations of the Divine presence which are seen in the awakening and edification of God's people, and the conviction and conversion of the ungodly—in all which he was a "true yoke fellow." I had every opportunity of knowing him—of knowing him in the private walks,—even the closet communings, of the Christian minister. Many and precious have been our seasons of private devotion. Our practice was to retire to the woods and engage in prayer before going into the pulpit, and then from the pulpit, to make our way to the woods again. And we felt that this was the secret of that success which so often crowned our labours.

Mr. Witherspoon was of medium height, slender frame, thin visage, dark skin, a keen, discerning eye, and of easy, gentlemanly manners. Your first impres-

* Elon Olds Martin was born in Underhill, Vt., April 18, 1806. He early discovered a remarkable fondness for books, and was ready to make any sacrifice for the indulgence of this taste. He became in due time a student at the University of Vermont, where he enjoyed a high reputation as a scholar, and graduated in 1831. The next year he was licensed to preach by the Northwestern Association of Vermont, and in 1833, went to Alabama as an Agent of the American Sunday School Union. On the 27th of February, 1834, he was received under the care of the South Alabama Presbytery, and on the 21st of November, 1835, was ordained and installed Pastor of Hopewell and Sandy Ridge Churches. After an able, self-denying, and highly successful ministry of about ten years, he died of consumption on the 3d of March, 1845. His death bed was a most edifying scene of Christian faith and triumph.

† Francis H. Porter, from the Presbytery of South Carolina, visited Alabama as early as 1818, held a two days meeting there, and administered the Lord's Supper under a spacious oak; and he repeated his visit in 1821, and held another similar meeting. On both these occasions, parents carried their children the distance of thirty miles, to have them baptized. He joined the Presbytery of South Alabama in the spring of 1828; and laboured both as an instructer of youth, and a preacher of the Gospel, in different parts of the State, until his death, which occurred in the year 1845. He has four sons, now (1857) ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

sions would be decidedly favourable, and subsequent acquaintance would confirm them.

Mr. Witherspoon was capable of profound and laborious thought, though he did not often give himself to severe investigations. Not but he was a lover of books and of close thinking; but in those days, such were the moral and spiritual destitutions of the Church in this region, and such the Macedonian cry from the whole of South Alabama, that little beyond the necessary pulpit preparations was attempted by any of our ministers. His mind was very quick in its operations, and, apparently without an effort, he made himself familiar with any subject, if not master of it. As to his moral character, he was above suspicion. He "hated every false way."

As a preacher, he was at once argumentative and persuasive. These were his leading characteristics. His strong arguments and tender appeals emphatically constituted his power in the pulpit. By the one, he disarmed the sinner; by the other, he led him to the Cross. Even when he preached the terrors of the law, he did it in such an affectionate and subdued spirit, that you could not resist the impression that he was "speaking the truth in love."

You will not be surprised, after what I have already said, that I should add—he was a popular preacher—popular, not because of eccentricities, or of overwrought, astounding figures and illustrations; for of these he had none,—but on account of his real substantial excellence. He was deservedly one of our favourites. We admired him in the pulpit, and we admired and loved him out of it. And then he was such a cheerful Christian,—so accessible,—so at home every where and with every body. I have no doubt but this was an important element of both his popularity and his usefulness. His religion was not of the gloomy and morose type. The young approached him without feeling that they were entering a religious cloud. With him the transition from the pulpit to the social circle, and from the social circle back again to the pulpit, was easy and natural;—such as not to diminish the solemnity and authority of the one, or to cast a shade over the rational enjoyments of the other. In this particular, he was truly a remarkable man. He possessed an exhaustless fund of anecdote, and powers of mimicry almost unrivalled; and, on fitting occasions, he could deal out the former, and bring into exercise the latter, with as much effect as any other man. But there was never the least approach to this sort of indulgence in the pulpit; though I have seen him in circumstances in which his irrepressible good-humour had full play almost up to the moment of his entering it.

His most powerful sermons were delivered under circumstances which precluded the possibility of previous retirement. An instance now occurs to me:—By the appointment of Presbytery, he was unexpectedly called to preach an Ordination Sermon. He had no written preparation for the occasion, nor had he even selected a text. We took tea together—a number of us—where there was quite an overflow of the social feeling; and Brother Witherspoon had his full share in it, notwithstanding he was to be responsible for the main service of the evening. We walk together to the house of God. The solemnities of the hour are upon him. "What shall I do?" The bow is unstrung no longer. "Separated unto the Gospel of God," is his text. A more powerful and appropriate sermon I never heard. He surpassed himself. Even now, after the lapse of years, the remembrance of the scenes of that night opens afresh in my bosom the fountain of deep feeling. Said a prominent lawyer, on leaving the church,—"Did you ever hear such a sermon? When he closed, it was as much as I could do to keep from applauding him." He had spoken the word of God, and the congregation felt its power. Do you say,—"Rash man! Why, under the circumstances, did you comply with the wishes of your Presbytery? Or, having consented to do so, why did you mingle with your friends in their blithesome repartees till the hour of worship arrived?" No, he was not rash—

necessarily cut off, as he was, from his secret devotions—no opportunity for previous preparation,—he knew where next his strength lay—*in the mind's rapid, grasping rebound.* In that evening's flow of spirit, there was neither trifling nor irreverence—it was the sparkling, gushing stream, springing up at its mountain head, soon to dash away,—the mighty river, giving life and beauty to the valley beneath. That he consented to the wishes of his Presbytery brings out another lovely trait of his character. It was a rule with him, from which I never knew him to depart, *to do whatever the Presbytery called him to do.* The observance of his ordination "promise of subjection to his brethren in the Lord," was a matter of conscience with him. "Brethren, if you say it is my duty to go to Africa, God helping me, I will go." Under the operation of this rule,—for I assure you the brethren did not suffer it to become obsolete,—he was, for years, *the* working member of the Presbytery. As Stated Clerk, which office he held for ten years, his duties were laborious, and yet, they were but a small portion of the burdens laid upon him. Whatever duty we assigned him, we felt confident that he would do it, and do it well. Truly he was a most valuable member of our Ecclesiastical Courts. We were wont to look up to him, and not without good reason—he was always so thoroughly posted in all Church matters.

I should do injustice to the character of this excellent brother, if I should not say a word in reference to his connection with the subject of slavery. He was the possessor of a considerable number of slaves—perhaps thirty—whom he had received by inheritance. But he treated them almost with the affection of a father. Instead of constantly employing an overseer, he, for the most part, employed one of their own number, a venerable old pious negro, by the name of Paul, who was greatly respected by the whole community, and withal was in some sense a preacher,—to take the general direction of affairs on the plantation; and, under his superintendence, every thing moved on in the most quiet and harmonious way. Many years before his death, he offered to set them free, and to pay the expense of their passage to Liberia,—and this was a standing offer as long as he lived; but they uniformly declined it. By his will, he presented them to Henry Clay, as President of the Colonization Society, to be sent to Liberia, and his will has accordingly taken effect.

Such was Brother Witherspoon, as I knew him. The Presbytery thus close their obituary notice of him:—"He had laboured long, and faithfully, and well. He fell at his post, on the field of labour, beloved of the Churches, wept for by his numerous spiritual children, lamented by his brethren of Presbytery, and honoured of God. His was a bright star, that suddenly set in unclouded lustre."

Yours in Christ,

ROBERT NALL.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM H. MITCHELL, D. D.

FLORENCE, Ala., May 26, 1857.

My dear Sir: My only objection to complying with your request is that I feel myself quite incompetent to do justice to the excellent character which you ask me to delineate. I shall content myself with a few brief notices of Mr. Witherspoon, and shall dismiss the subject with the more confidence, as I know that it
[illegible]ady passed into the hands of my esteemed friend, and the bosom friend
[illegible]., the Rev. Dr. Nall, whose testimony and opinion will, on every
[illegible] worthy of all acceptation.

Mr. Witherspoon always appeared the frank, courteous, Christian
[illegible]'s conversational powers were remarkable, and his good-humour
[illegible] good-sense to render him the life of every circle into which he

was thrown. His emotional nature he seemed to have under great control; and he could pass from the state of feeling appropriate to one set of circumstances, to the state of feeling appropriate to another, with a sort of graceful facility that I have scarcely witnessed in the same degree in any other person.

As a preacher, his manner was peculiarly his own. Indeed by some he was accounted deficient in manner. His voice was not remarkable for either depth or compass. His utterance was exceedingly rapid, and occasionally, when excited, indistinct. But though he did not possess what may be called the graces of oratory, he had that which was far better, and which rendered his speaking immeasurably more impressive—I mean the intense earnestness of a man who deeply felt the inspiration of his subject. There was no attempt at fine speaking—no roaming over the fields of science, or revelling amidst the flowers of rhetoric, to astound or to entrance his audience. He did not essay to soar to "untrodden heights," nor was he ever subject to precipitous or perilous falls. But if glowing fervour and undaunted boldness; if evangelical thoughts tersely and appropriately expressed; if the truth as it is in Jesus, presented with remarkable simplicity and striking beauty of illustration—if these constitute pulpit eloquence,—then Thomas S. Witherspoon possessed it in no ordinary degree.

"No studied eloquence was there displayed;
"No poetry of language lent its aid;
"But plain the words that from the preacher came:"

Yet you could not listen to him without being impressed with the belief that his ruling desire was to convince the sceptic, to convert the ungodly, and to quicken, edify and comfort the Christian.

There was a clearness and freshness in his style, and a vivacity and naturalness in his manner, which rendered him attractive to all classes. He was especially remarkable for his power of illustration—indeed I am not certain but that this was the most prominent characteristic of his preaching. He dwelt largely upon the doctrines of the Gospel, but always exhibited them in their practical relations. At protracted meetings, and during seasons of revival, he was much sought after by his brethren; and on these occasions his preaching talents always found ample scope, and were exhibited to the greatest advantage. When he held up the Cross as the only hope of a lost world, there was sometimes a melting tenderness, a thrilling power in his utterance, that would bring the tear to many an eye. He was emphatically a ready man. His mind was a well furnished cabinet in which all the materials were arranged, assorted, and ready for immediate use; and hence, let the exigency be what it might, it was scarcely possible that he should be taken by surprise.

Mr. Witherspoon was a well read theologian. For the eminent men and standard authors of our Church he had a high veneration; but he was not the man to bow obsequiously to any human authority. Not that he was a hobby-rider, or was ambitious to appear as the author of "new-fangled notions,"—but he thought for himself; and even when he adopted the thoughts of others, it was not till he had carefully digested as well as weighed them by an independent intellectual process.

Among what I would call the prejudices of Mr. Witherspoon was his great dislike, especially in the latter part of his ministry, to the habit of preaching from a manuscript. He wrote his sermons, but he neither committed them to memory, nor carried them into the pulpit. He usually read them over two or three times, and then left them in his study. I have heard him ridicule the idea of *reading* the Gospel. "Just imagine Paul"—he would say—"*reading the Gospel on Mars Hill to the Areopagites!*" I have seen him mimic, in a most quizzical manner, a preacher poring over his paper, and making gestures over his head at the people. But, in doing so, he did not intend to wound or offend those who adopt this mode of preaching, but to dissuade his younger brethren from

it,—believing, as he did, that it was fitted greatly to diminish the effect of the pulpit on the masses.

The piety of Mr. Witherspoon was of an exceedingly cheerful type; and yet it was deep, earnest and all pervading. There was no sacrifice that he was not willing to make to truth and duty. He had much of Christian meekness, tenderness, and loveliness. The mirthfulness and good-humour which were so natural to him, and which so much delighted his friends, were often to himself an occasion of deep regret and remorse; and I believe it was no uncommon thing for him to find his own heart burdened somewhat in proportion as he had, by his almost matchless wit, contributed to warm and exhilarate the spirits of others.

In love for the Church of our fathers; in strong desires to see our Southern Zion arise and shine; in comprehensive and active benevolence; in admiration for consecrated talents; in warm attachment to the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ; in self-denying and vigorous efforts to advance the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom,—I may safely say that he had no superior in Alabama. His fame is that of an humble Christian, a true Philanthropist, an able, diligent and faithful Minister of the Lord Jesus.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly and fraternally yours,

WILLIAM H. MITCHELL.

SAMUEL McCULLOCH WILLIAMSON.*

1830—1846.

Samuel McCulloch Williamson, the second son of Benjamin and Mary Williamson, was born in Northampton County, N. C., on the 7th of May, 1804. In his early years he evinced great strength and ardour of feeling, was quick and generous in his impulses, reckless of danger, and far from any thing that gave promise of his becoming a minister of the Gospel. Having been prepared for College at the Academy at Warrenton, N. C., he entered Yale College in 1819, and graduated in 1823. Soon after his return home, he entered upon the study of the Law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1825. The next year he removed to Tennessee, and commenced practice in partnership with John Grundy, son of the Hon. Felix Grundy, with every prospect of early attaining to eminence in the profession. A few months afterwards, he was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth under the ministry of the Rev. John W. Hall, then of Murfreesborough, and principally by means of reading Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the soul." Whilst there was much, in a worldly point of view, to tempt him to remain at the Bar, he became convinced that it was his duty to preach the Gospel; and, accordingly, as soon as practicable, he abandoned his profession, and commenced a course of study for the ministry. Early in 1829, he went to Danville, Ky., and studied under the direction of the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, D. D., until some time the next year, when he was licensed to preach by the Shiloh Presbytery.

After his licensure, he travelled and preached for some months in the Western District of Tennessee, and among the Chickasaw and Choctaw

* MSS. from Rev. D. Irving and Rev. J. O. Stedman.

Indians. About the close of the year 1830, he settled at Memphis, Tenn., where he remained three years,—being the first Presbyterian minister of that place. When he commenced his labours there, there were but few dwellings, and not a church edifice in the town; and the state of morals was such as to give little promise of comfort to the minister who should dare to faithfully do his duty. Mr. Williamson, however, addressed himself to his work with a constancy that never wavered, and a firmness that never faltered; and the consequence was that vice and impiety quailed before him. His labours were soon owned of his Gracious Master; the First Presbyterian Church in Memphis was established through his instrumentality; and many were added to it whom he was permitted to recognise as the seals of his ministry. In connection with this charge he preached at two other stations, distant,—the one ten, the other twenty-four miles. It was not uncommon for him to preach five times a week; and, in order to meet his appointments, he was often obliged to make his horse swim the swollen streams which abound in that part of the country in the spring of the year. His labours as an Evangelist were particularly successful.

He left Memphis at the close of 1833, and in the beginning of 1834 commenced his labours at the Mountain, and Covington, where he remained several years, preaching with great fervour and effect to two congregations. This custom of preaching to joint congregations he continued till his death, owing to the sparseness of the population, and the scarcity of ministers in that portion of the Southwest. In 1838, he removed to Lagrange, and supplied the Churches of Lagrange and Bethany till 1842, when he removed to Somerville, (in the neighbourhood of which he had a farm,) still preaching at Bethany; and in the supply of these two churches he continued till his death. His whole ministerial life was spent in Tennessee. His last illness was contracted while preaching at Bethany on an excessively warm Sabbath in the summer. He lingered about two weeks after the first attack, and died with perfect composure on the 6th of July, 1846, in the forty-third year of his age.

Mr. Williamson was first married, in 1831, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Robert Chapman, D. D., formerly President of the University of North Carolina. After her death, he was married a second time, in 1841, to Mary Jane, daughter of Stephen K. Sneed, of Lagrange, Tenn. He had three daughters and one son by the first marriage, and one daughter by the second. His son, a graduate of West Tennessee College, is now (1857) practising Law in Somerville, Tenn.

Mr. Williamson was exceedingly popular in each of the congregations to which he ministered. He was, at different periods, invited to several larger and more influential churches; but he chose to live and die in the region where he commenced his ministry. His name is gratefully and reverently cherished, not only by those who enjoyed the benefit of his stated labours, but by those to whom he occasionally ministered, and indeed by the whole surrounding Christian community.

FROM THE REV. DAVID IRVING.

Morristown, N. J., July 20, 1857.

Dear Sir: The task you have assigned me is, in many respects, an agreeable one. From the time of my first acquaintance with Mr. Williamson, in 1840, till

his death, I was either an attendant upon his ministry, an inmate of his house, or in correspondence with him, so that I became thoroughly conversant with both his inner and outer life. To me his memory is most precious.

He was rather below than above the medium height, slender in form, with a countenance full of life and expression. In his movements he was quick; in manners dignified and polished,—ever manifesting in his intercourse with the world the true Christian gentleman. Far removed from stiffness and formality, there was, on the other hand, nothing light or trifling in his demeanour. He was ever natural, in all circles, and on all occasions. His love of truth was most intense, while a deep religious principle pervaded his acts as a man and a Gospel minister.

In his friendship he was ardent, unselfish and steadfast, seeking the good of others more than his own. In his disposition, he was benevolent and affectionate, and always ready to grant needed assistance, when it was in his power. It was a principle with him never to refuse those who solicited alms, even when seemingly unworthy; for he used to say that he would rather be deceived many times, than in a single instance turn away one of Christ's ransomed ones, unrelieved.

But whilst there was a peculiar charm about his private and social life that made his society much sought after, yet, in my judgment, his greatness was developed chiefly in the pulpit. There he shone pre-eminently. He was not a learned theologian—he was too practical and too much engaged in active duties for that; neither can it be said that he was great in depth and reach of intellect—yet, for activity and energy of mind, clearness of thought, impressiveness and earnestness of manner, and fervid unaffected eloquence, he had not his superior in the pulpit, or at the bar, in the whole of the Western District.

As a man, he knew not fear. But whilst he was bold in the utterance of truth, it was associated with so much of melting tenderness and affection, as not only to gain but rivet the attention of his audience. His preaching was practical and experimental, rather than technically doctrinal; and some of his appeals to the sinner I have never heard surpassed by any preacher in this or other lands. Though he cordially received and preached the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, yet they were so presented as not to arouse the prejudices of those who had been accustomed to look at some of them through a distorted medium. I remember an instance of a prominent individual who had no sympathy with Calvinism, listening to a sermon preached by him on special providence, and remarking afterwards that, as Mr. W. unfolded the subject, and maintained it by certain arguments, his judgment assented to the whole as true; but when, at its close, he affirmed that all who believed the doctrine in the manner presented must necessarily believe the doctrine of "divine decrees," he revolted at the conclusion; and he afterwards told one of Mr. W.'s elders that his minister insidiously presented "those horrible decrees" in such a manner as to disguise them, and stealthily obtrude them upon those by whom they could never be received.

His sermons were at times ornate and imaginative, yet his imagination was chastened, and he never indulged it except to give the greater effect to the truth. To win souls to Christ was evidently the grand object of his preaching. He seldom wrote out a sermon in full, and he never preached from a manuscript. He was a fluent speaker, and at times rapid, though distinct in his enunciation,—having a clear, silvery toned voice. His thoughts were uniformly expressed in appropriate language and in good taste.

He was a laborious minister, ever ready and willing to work for his Master. Time and distance were not thought of, if he could accomplish good. His ministry was a successful one, and in periods of awakening he was much sought after by neighbouring Churches, when he would labour with the greatest fervour and assiduity. On such occasions he was largely endowed with that wisdom which is

so important and necessary in directing inquirers to Christ. He had a quick insight into human character, and seemed to read the inmost workings of the soul, and seldom was he deceived. Thus, whilst an acquaintance of my own was under serious impressions, he sought to engage Mr. W. in conversation: but, though he had much to say to other inquirers, not a word would he address to him. This he afterwards told me was the very treatment he needed—he wished to shake off his convictions and get into controversy; but Mr. W.'s conduct was the means of deepening his anxiety, and leading him to the Cross.

A slave holder by inheritance, at one time he had serious doubts as to the propriety of the relation—at any rate, the responsibility was greater than he was willing to bear. This led him to take measures for the emancipation of his slaves; and, for this purpose, he taught them all to read, so far as they were capable of being taught, furnished each one with a copy of the Word of God, and started to one of the new free States to purchase land where they might earn an honest livelihood. But, after a thorough examination into the condition and privileges of the free blacks, he returned home with a saddened heart, determined to discharge his duty faithfully to them whilst under his care, until the way should be clear for sending them to Liberia. This design was frustrated. Yet he was ever a kind and indulgent Master, and was regarded by his slaves with strong affection.

The last time I saw Mr. Williamson was a few weeks before his death, when he delivered, at my ordination as an Evangelist to India, and in the place of his early labours, a charge the most thrilling and impressive. So deep were his emotions, at times, that he could scarcely proceed. The tones of his voice, and his benevolent and tender expression of countenance, are indelibly impressed on my memory; and when he addressed me as "his son in the faith," and presented me, near the close of his charge, with a beautiful Bible, with the inscription,—"The Missionary's Hope," the scene was touching beyond all description, not to myself only, but to the whole congregation. There was scarcely a dry eye in the house. A few weeks more, and all that was mortal of one of my best and dearest friends, and one who was instrumental in leading me to the Saviour, was entombed, to gather beauty and strength for the resurrection. Though dead, he lives in the Church, in many brought through his agency to Christ, and in several who are proclaiming the same truth he loved and delighted to preach.

Long will his memory be cherished in West Tennessee, as an eloquent and effective preacher, a feeling and loving pastor, an honoured friend, a devoted Christian, and a highly influential man.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID IRVING.

JAMES MORRISON ARNELL.*

1830—1850.

JAMES MORRISON ARNELL, a son of Dr. David and Mary (Morrison) Arnell, was born in Goshen, Orange County, N. Y., on the 25th of September, 1808. Both parents were of Scotch and Presbyterian descent. His father was somewhat distinguished as a medical practitioner, and contributed much to the reputation and efficiency of the Medical Society of the county in which he lived. The early years of the son seem to have been those of a quiet, studious, ambitious boy, with much love for study, and little for the ordinary active sports of youth. The "Night Thoughts" and "Paradise Lost" were among his favourite books at this period, and he read them with a discriminating relish of their beauties. In due time he became a member of Williams College, where he evinced a high order of talent, and took rank among the best scholars in his class. He graduated in September, 1827, on which occasion he delivered a Greek Oration. He subsequently pursued his theological studies under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Ezra Fisk, the minister of his native place; and in April, 1830, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Hudson.

Shortly after his licensure, Mr. Arnell went to the South, and for six months laboured at Tuscumbia, Ala. He went to Tennessee, in the spring, or early in the summer, of 1831, and was ordained to the work of the ministry, and installed as Pastor of Zion Church, near Columbia, in that State, on the 31st of March, 1832. Here he continued a devoted, useful and most acceptable, Pastor, till the close of life.

In the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1837, Mr. Arnell fell upon the New School side, though, if the tone of his spirit is to be inferred from the few productions of his pen which I have seen, he could have had little relish for controversy.

Mr. Arnell died of pneumonia, after an illness of several weeks, at his residence near Ashwood, Maury County, Tenn., on the 4th of March, 1850. In the near approach of death, he was perfectly tranquil and collected. When he saw that he had but a little longer to live, he desired his family, and those of his friends who were present, to come near to him, and having calmly bade them an affectionate farewell, and commended them and himself, with an unwavering confidence, into the hands of his Redeemer, he requested his attending physician to place him in the most comfortable position for the dying struggle. When that struggle was nearly over, he was asked if he knew Dr. B., who had just reached his bedside; and he replied in a clear voice,—"Yes, and love him too." Having said these words, he fell asleep.

Mr. Arnell was an earnest friend to the cause of education, and was untiring in his efforts to promote it, in the comparatively new country in which his lot was cast. He was especially interested in the Columbia Female Institute, and delivered an Address before it in 1846, which was published, and which is characterized by a rich vein of poetic beauty, as

* Christian Record, 1850.—MS. from his son.

well as of strong practical thought. In 1847, he delivered an Address before the Literary Societies of Jackson College, which was also published, and which would rank well, in point of conception and execution, with the best of that numerous class of productions, which, in these latter years, have almost deluged the country. He contributed many articles to the literary and religious periodicals of the day, and among others, a series, under the title of "Pulpit Sketches," to the Christian Record, which are rare specimens of beautiful composition.

In April, 1832, Mr. Arnell was married to Jane Frierson, daughter of Samuel Mayes, M. D. She was a native of South Carolina, but, from 1808 till the time of her death, resided in the Frierson settlement,—the place where her husband preached and died. They had five children,—three sons and two daughters. Mrs. Arnell died on the 3d of May, 1854.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM MACK.

COLUMBIA, Tenn., May 16, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: Shortly after my removal to this place in 1843, I became acquainted with the Rev. James Morrison Arnell. He resided about six miles West of this town, and was Pastor of the Zion Presbyterian Church—a church formed by a colony, which came early in the present century from South Carolina. We were often thrown together, occasionally exchanged pulpits, and, at various times, assisted each other in Sacramental meetings.

Mr. Arnell had seemingly a frail constitution. He was full six feet in height, and very slender. His eyes and hair were black, and his complexion somewhat dark. His general appearance indicated both feeble health, and a delicate physical organization.

Of retiring disposition, he was not always drawn readily into conversation. A stranger would not hesitate to pronounce him reserved, if not distant. He was not easy of access—still he was not unsocial. When congenial topics were introduced, and the feelings became enlisted, the natural reserve disappeared, and the social qualities shone forth in an agreeable and entertaining form.

That he possessed a superior mind, those who listened to his attractive sermons can testify. He was an earnest student, though feeble health often required him to desist, for a time, from pursuing arduous mental labour. His mind was well stored with the material connected with his profession, and the varied departments of literature. Practice gave him the hand of a ready writer. And his productions, considered as literary efforts, to say nothing of their higher character, as intended to promote man's wellbeing and God's glory, deserve no ordinary commendation.

Mr. Arnell, as a preacher, always commanded attention. Though his elocution was not of the highest order, his discourses had an interest and a charm which caused any mere defect in delivery to be easily overlooked. As he was distinguished for the imaginative, this feature of his mind was generally prominent in his preaching. Not that his imagination was allowed to go unbridled; but still, gems would sparkle as he pursued his theme, and fine poetic thoughts attract the listening ear. These did not seem laboured for, but came, as if they rose unbidden. They were in the mind, and they would invariably work themselves out, and become gracefully interwoven with the web of sober truth, which formed the staple of all his discourses. They startled or they delighted; yet the solemnity, the sincerity, the faithfulness, of the preacher, showed that he had some higher end to gain than merely to present a beautiful picture. The native genius kindled and glowed, while he evidently sought to p[illegible] Heaven.

Decision was a marked trait in his character. It appeared in pastoral duties, in Ecclesiastical Courts, and in his general intercourse with his fellow-men.

Mr. Arnell was settled with only one people. For many years he broke unto them the bread of life. Seldom absent from home, his labours were confined principally to that one flock. The reputation that he has gained, is what was acquired by influence, not exerted abroad by personal contact, but radiating chiefly from a single point.

He was a good man. Death found him calm, resigned and ready. From time to time, he quietly inquired of his physician respecting the progress of his disease. And though nature put forth a few struggles, the last moments of life were like the spent wave dying away upon the shore.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM MACK.

REUBEN TINKER.*

1830—1854.

REUBEN TINKER, a son of Rufus Tinker, was born in Chester, Mass., on the 6th of August, 1799. As his physical constitution was not robust, and he evinced a more than ordinary aptitude for business, it was determined, when he was in his fourteenth year, that, instead of following the occupation of his father, who was a farmer, he should become a merchant; and, accordingly, a clerkship was obtained for him in a store in his native town. Having been thus employed from February, 1813, to August, 1817, and wishing for some better advantages of education than he had hitherto enjoyed, he gave up his clerkship, and became a member of Westfield Academy. After remaining there for only a single term, he was again employed as clerk in a store at Westfield; and in the autumn of 1818, he removed to Winsted, Conn., where he continued till the latter part of the following year, acting as accountant and book-keeper to a merchant.

It was in the spring of 1819, and during an extensive revival of religion in Winsted, that his mind took a permanently serious direction. Though his exercises do not seem to have been of a very strongly marked character, they were such as to inspire him and others with the hope that he had been the subject of a gracious renovation. It does not appear that he had at this time any purpose of devoting himself to the ministry; for the same autumn he removed to Hartford, and engaged in another mercantile clerkship. Here, on the 6th of August, 1820,—his twenty-first birthday, he united with the Church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Hawes. About this time he became a teacher in the Sunday School, and rejoiced greatly in the opportunity of usefulness thus afforded him.

He began now seriously to meditate the purpose of acquiring a liberal education, with a view to becoming a minister of the Gospel; and what seems to have contributed much to fix the purpose, was the reflection that he should thereby meet the most ardent wish of a pious mother. In January, 1821, he commenced the study of Latin under the instruction of Jeremiah Humphrey, still retaining his position as a clerk, and maintaining

* Memoir prefixed to his Sermons.

himself by his own earnings. In April following, he went to Amherst, Mass., to prosecute his studies at the preparatory school; and, having continued in connection with that school till the autumn of 1823, he entered Amherst College. Here he maintained an excellent standing, both as a scholar and a Christian, through his whole course, and was graduated with honour in 1827. He supported himself during this period, partly by teaching a school, and partly by performing some humble services in connection with the College; and, on one occasion, he threw his last quarter of a dollar into the missionary box, "wondering," as he said, "if it would not prove a good investment, and bear him a round interest."

In October after his graduation, he became a member of the Auburn Theological Seminary, where he continued till the close of his course in 1830. In November of that year, he was ordained to the Gospel ministry, at Chester, his native place, by the Mountain Association, with a view to his becoming a missionary of the American Board at the Sandwich Islands. He seems to have cherished the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the Heathen, almost from the time that he resolved to devote himself to the ministry.

On the 14th of November, 1830, he was married to Mary S., eldest daughter of Nathan Wood, formerly of Chester, but then residing in Madison, O. The ceremony took place in Chester, in the Congregational Church, at the close of the afternoon service,—Mr. Tinker having preached on the occasion a Farewell Sermon to his numerous friends and acquaintances, who had come to hear him, as they supposed, for the last time.

Mr. Tinker and his wife embarked for the Sandwich Islands in the ship New England, Captain Parker, which sailed from New Bedford on the 28th of December, 1830, and cast anchor in the bay of Honolulu on the 5th of June, 1831. They were accompanied by several other missionaries, and all received a cordial welcome, not only from those who had preceded them in the missionary work, but especially from the Queen, who took an early opportunity to testify her gratitude in a letter to Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of the Board under whose auspices they had been sent out.

Mr. Tinker reached the Islands at a somewhat critical period. It was just at the time when the Queen and the Christian Chiefs were making a most vigorous effort to suppress intemperance; when the question of the expulsion of the Jesuit priests had become one of absorbing interest; and when there were serious political troubles growing out of the jealousies of rival Chiefs, aggravated by a strong dislike still felt in many quarters, of the influence of the missionaries. In spite of all the existing difficulties, the cause of the Gospel was rapidly advancing, and so encouraging on the whole was the state of things, that the next year a large reinforcement was sent to the aid of the mission.

It was determined, shortly after Mr. Tinker's arrival, that he should reside temporarily at Honolulu,—the reason of which was, that he had been sent out with some special reference to the establishment of a new mission at Marquesas, in regard to which there was still some uncer-
was thought desirable that he should remain at Honolul
hand, if an opportunity should offer for him to emb
He, therefore, with his wife, took board in the
Bingham, and was occupied in studying the langua
foreign residents and seamen for four months. A

despairing of any opportunity to go to the Marquesas, he removed to Lahaina, and laboured there as Chaplain for seamen until June, 1832. Here he preached his first sermon to the natives in their own language, in just about seven months after his arrival in the country. At the annual meeting of the missionaries in 1832, the project of the Marquesian mission was again considered, and three missionaries, of whom Mr. Tinker was one, were sent out on an exploring voyage. After an absence of about four months, during which time they visited the Society, Georgian, and one of the Marquesian, Islands, they returned to Honolulu,—the result of their observation having been to satisfy Mr. Tinker of the utter inexpediency of the proposed mission, while the other members of the deputation were disposed to look upon it with more favour, though not without much doubt.

Mr. Tinker remained at Honolulu after his return, preaching in English and performing other services, until the next annual meeting of the mission, when, notwithstanding the unfavourable report that was made, it was resolved to carry out the resolution of the preceding year in the establishment of a mission at Nuhiwa, one of the Marquesian Islands. Mr. Tinker was, by his own urgent request, excused from going; and those who actually went, found such a state of things that they remained but a short time, and at last barely escaped with their lives.

Mr. Tinker was now stationed at Wailuku, on Maui, as the associate of the Rev. Jonathan S. Green; where he continued in the performance of various kinds of missionary labour for one year.

At the general meeting in 1834, it was resolved to publish in the native language a semi-monthly newspaper, devoted to the interests of religion; and Mr. Tinker was appointed to conduct it. In this service he was occupied till 1838; at the same time preaching constantly on the Sabbath, and maintaining a weekly lecture. Some difference of opinion in regard to certain matters having arisen between him and the Prudential Committee at Boston, he dissolved his relations with the Board about this time, and established himself, with the approval of his brethren, at Koloa, on the Island of Kaui, where he laboured at his own charges until he returned to this country.

After residing on this Island about two years, he resolved to come to America, partly to make provision for the education of his children, and partly in the hope that a change of residence might remove an affection of his eyes which had been of long standing, and sometimes almost disqualified him for attending to his duties,—fully intending, however, after a short visit to return to the Islands and resume his missionary labours. He embarked with his family in October, 1840, and landed at Falmouth the next May.

Mr. Tinker remained in the New England States and in New York about three months, and then went with his family to visit his father-in-law, at Madison, O. After spending some time in visiting friends in that region he was engaged for six months in supplying two destitute congregations at Madison. He then made another short visit to New York and New England, after which he returned to Madison, and resumed his labours there, still hoping that Providence might open the way for his return to the missionary field. But the difficulties seemed to increase rather than diminish, and he finally came, though not without great reluctance, to abandon the idea altogether.

Having laboured very acceptably for four years in Madison, he accepted call from the First Presbyterian Church in Westfield, Chautauque County, . Y., where he was installed as Pastor in September, 1845, and continued labour till near the close of his life.

In the summer of 1853, he began to be somewhat troubled with a stiffess and swelling in his left leg. As the difficulty increased, and seemed ot to be well understood, he went in December following to the Hydroathic Institution at Clifton Springs, in the hope of being benefitted by the eatment; but it was without any good effect. On his way home, his limb as examined by a physician in Buffalo, who pronounced the disease to be *ungus hæmatodes*,—the most malignant form of tumour. Shortly after this, e went to Boston to consult Dr. Warren and other eminent surgeons; but arcely had he arrived there, when he was violently attacked with malignant erysipelas, which brought him to the borders of the grave. He recovered rom that, but the disease in his limb constantly advanced until the 1st of larch, 1854, when it became manifest that nothing but amputation could ave his life. The operation was therefore performed, and, as was supposed, with eminent success. He was able to return home the latter part f April, and on the first Sabbath in May he preached to his people from he text—"O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou ast kept me alive that I should not go down to the pit."

For some time after his return from Boston, confident hopes were entertained by himself and his friends that his malady was completely eradicated; ut before the close of summer there began to be signs of its reappearnce; and, on visiting Cleveland, O., and consulting some eminent physiians there, he felt obliged to resign himself to the prospect of a speedy leath. His last sermon was preached on the third Sabbath in October; ut he continued to ride out almost to the last. He had anticipated a lingering death, and a painful struggle; but his Heavenly Father disappointed his fears. He died with the utmost calmness on the 26th of October, 1854. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. D. D. Gregory, a former Pastor of the Westfield Church. He left a widow and seven children.

In 1855, there was a duodecimo volume of Mr. Tinker's Sermons published, in connection with a Memoir of his life, by the Rev. Dr. Thompson of Buffalo. One or two of his Sermons were printed, previous to his death, in the National Preacher.

FROM THE REV. M. L. P. THOMPSON, D. D.

BUFFALO, February 5, 1857.

Dear Sir: It affords me pleasure to learn that you propose to give a place in the "Annals" to some notice of the late Rev. Reuben Tinker. All who knew him will judge the compliment to be worthily bestowed. In complying with your request to give you some of my personal recollections of him, and my estimate of his character, I can do no otherwise than to avail myself of what I have before written and published, in a biographical sketch accompanying a volume of his sermons.

My own particular and personal acquaintance with him began about three years after the date of his settlement at Westfield; and I can truly say that never, in the entire course of my life, did I make the acquaintance of a man in whom I found more to admire and love, with less to censure and reprove. He was my co-presbyter, took part in the services of my own installation in this

city, and, Westfield being only sixty miles away, or rather by the rail road computation of distances, ninety or one hundred minutes, he was often at my house and I was often at his. I knew him through and through. He was a man to be so known, for he was frank, open and sincere; his soul spoke through his face, and his heart he carried in his hand. He was loving, trustful and true; full of genial humour; full of rich and racy thought; and generally where the circumstances did not excite his constitutional and habitual diffidence, conversational and communicative. I always found him prudent, sagacious, wise; not high-minded; not heady; not a man who delighted in by-paths and cross-ways; ambitious of signalizing himself by original speculations and novel theories and unusual modes of acting, but modest, quiet, unassuming; choosing to follow rather than to lead; patient to listen, rather than eager to speak; easily persuaded, yet clear in his own convictions, and once convinced, immovable as Gibraltar, rejoicing only in the truth. There was never a doubt, and never could be a doubt, that conscience and the fear of God governed him. To be useful, and do good, to promote Christ's Kingdom,—these, with him, were the ends to which all other ends were subordinate. I do not thus write as a mere eulogist, but because what I say is the *truth*. Mr. Tinker *was* just such a man, and so every one who knew him will confess—"An Israelite indeed in whom was no guile."

Go to Westfield; ask the elders of the church; ask the private members of the church; ask the men, ask the women, ask the children; ask the first person you meet, old or young, rich or poor, black or white, professor of religion or no professor of religion, blacksmith or whitesmith, believer or unbeliever,—ask him and he will tell you that he knew no ill of Mr. Tinker. You will get nothing to contradict, but every thing to confirm, the character I have given of him.

Mr. Tinker had been in Westfield but a very short time, when the house of worship belonging to his congregation, which had abundantly served them before was found to be too small by far to accommodate the people who desired to profit by his ministry, and a great enlargement was made upon it; yet, in its enlarged state, it was always full and overflowing. In all ways, his ministry was successful. The church rapidly increased in numbers, by conversions from the world. It increased in intelligence, in liberality, in moral power, in all good qualities till, from being small and feeble, it became large and strong: out of Buffalo, the largest and strongest, and incomparably the most influential, within the bounds of the Presbytery.

Mr. Tinker's influence was not confined to his own parish. He was equally beloved and equally desired in all the surrounding country. No man's judgment had greater weight with the churches than his. No man's advice was more sought in times of difficulty. There was not a place in which a peculiar interest was not excited, if it was announced that he was going to preach; and no man in the Presbytery was likely to draw a larger audience. In my own pulpit, I knew none was welcomed with a livelier satisfaction. As a preacher, he was highly original, weighty. There was a freshness, a racy humour, a keen vivacity, a sprightliness and a depth of thought, in his sermons, which never failed to entertain, and delight, and edify his hearers; withal, an unction and an earnestness that carried to every heart a conviction of his sincerity, and gave a peculiar power and pungency to the truths which he delivered.

In his *manner*, there was something which, at first, to a stranger, was fitted to excite a smile. I do not know how to describe his manner. It was quite nervous, angular and jerking. His motions were awkward, apparently from diffidence. His inflexions were generally inverted and reversed. The whole man seemed to be out of order. A friend of mine, who has a keen perception of oddities, said that when Mr. Tinker was under full headway in the delivery of a discourse, he was always reminded of a rickety old steamboat, impelled by a great power of steam, on a high-pressure engine. Yet with all this, a stranger or

scarcely listen to him, and not feel, after the first surprise was over, that he was listening to an extraordinary preacher; and, however much offended at the outset, he was sure to be delighted at the end.

Eloquent, every body thought him. His people at Westfield regarded him as both eloquent and elegant. In their eyes, his very defects of manner had come to be attractive graces; and it will be long before, even in this respect, they will find his equal. I do not know but they will be offended with me for saying that he had defects at all; for although I know very well that, when he first came among them, there were some who doubted whether they ever could be reconciled to his odd and uncouth ways in the pulpit, yet I am persuaded that all that has long since been forgotten; and I doubt if the most fastidious of them can now recall it. When he returned from Boston, not long before his death, having left a limb behind him, one of them said,—"Well, Mr. Tinker in the pulpit, with one leg or no leg at all, is better than any body else with two." So they all felt. If he *was* a *Tinker*, they said he *tinkered* to some purpose, and they reckoned him no mean successor of the great tinker of Bedford Jail. I do not think I have ever known an instance of more perfect unanimity in a congregation in loving and honouring a pastor. There was positively no exception, in this respect, among them. I do not know how often I have heard them say—"*every body* loves Mr. Tinker."

What was true of the Westfield people, was true universally, throughout this entire region, of all that knew him. While he was in Boston for the amputation of his limb, and we were daily, for a short period, expecting intelligence of his death, I scarcely met an acquaintance in the street, who did not arrest me with some affectionate inquiry concerning him; and in our prayer-meetings, scarcely a prayer was offered that did not include some tender and earnest petition for his welfare.

In the Presbytery, no man was more beloved by his brethren or more respected. He was punctual in his attendance on all Presbyterial meetings, exemplifying in his own practice the charge which he delivered to me at the time of my installation. He said, on that occasion—"Whoever else may be absent from any meeting of the Presbytery, let it be known, for a certainty, that brother Thompson will be there. Bad as the roads may be, though there should be mud to the horses' bridles, let your fixed habits be such, that when one who does not know you well, shall ask of another who does,—'Will brother Thompson be present?'—the answer will be—'*Of course* he will—Brother Thompson is *always* in his place.'"

While his health continued firm, *Brother Tinker* was always in his place. I do not remember of his being absent but from a single meeting, and that meeting occurred while he was sick in Boston.

He did not ordinarily participate largely in Presbyterial debates. He never spoke on questions of mere order and form. He had a cordial loathing of that *cacoethes loquendi* whereby some men render themselves nuisances in all public bodies. He spoke rarely on any subject; but when he did speak, always spoke well, tersely, compactly, intelligently and exactly to the point. When he was done, he sat down, and his speeches *told*. He was a true son of Issachar—a man "that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do;" and we always listened to him as to one of our best, wisest, most prudent and sagacious counsellors. There was not a particle of what is called *ultraism* in his whole composition. In no sense whatever was he a *radical*, but rather, temperately conservative,—disposed on all subjects to stand by the old ways, and to urge his brethren to do the same. He was staid, sober, deliberate and grave; just the man to gain and hold the confidence of other men, an ha influence which he always did wield in our ecclesiastical assemb

He was an eminently *modest* man. If ever the apostolic injunction to *think other men better than ourselves* was obeyed by any man in this world, it was obeyed by him. This trait of his character was really in excess; and if we could, we would gladly have modified it. He often remained silent in public meetings when he should have spoken; and I do not think he ever did rise to speak, except under the pressure of a deep sense of duty. When every eye was turned upon him, and others were evidently waiting to hear what he had to say, then and always with marked embarrassment, he would get upon his feet and speak so well, so lucidly, so satisfactorily to all, that we could only wonder at his diffidence, and regret that it so often deprived us of the pleasure and advantage of hearing him. When expostulated with, he would seriously defend himself on the ground that others could speak better, and that he ought not to occupy the brethren's time. This modesty of his was not assumed, but real. It appeared always, in all places and in all relations, except where he felt himself particularly and personally called, in the providence of God, to stand up for the defence of truth and righteousness. Then, he was bold as a lion, and the last man to flinch. No one could be firmer or more fearless than he, whenever he realized the clear voice of duty leading him on. In such a case, he was ready to face the world, and no amount of opposition, no dread of shame or loss, could daunt him.

Of his piety, self-distrust was an eminent characteristic. He doubted himself. He hoped in God, yet always with much fear and trembling. The strongest expression of confidence in his own good estate that I ever heard from him, or ever heard of his using, was one which I have noticed in some of his letters—"I am a poor sinner, and God is merciful to me." A sense of unworthiness overwhelmed him; and if he hoped at all, it was only because he had a deeper sense of the compassion and grace of Christ.

His piety expressed itself, not in great emotions of joy; not in the raptures of hope, nor in any strong declarations of love and devotion to God; but in a steadfast determination to do God's will, and in consistent and earnest Christian living. He was remarkably ecumenical in his Christian zeal. His charity was expansive and took in every thing human. "We must not live," he would say, "for our own parishes or for our own country. The field is the *world*. We must think, and care, and pray, and toil, for *all mankind*. We must have hearts, like Christ's, to take in the whole human race."

Said a young man to me recently, now a practising lawyer in this city, who once boarded for a year in Mr. Tinker's family—"No one knew Mr. Tinker who did not know him in *his own house*." It was really in his own house, surrounded by his wife and children, that he appeared to the greatest advantage. There all restraint was thrown off, and he was *all* Tinker. The whole richness of the man was laid open. His intercourse with his family was of the easiest and pleasantest kind. He was instructive, and, at the same time, amusing. The deep and rich vein of wit, of piquant and mirthful humour, which remarkably characterized him everywhere, cropped out there, in the midst of his solid conversation more frequently and largely than any where else. His wife and children almost worshipped him. He was the light of their eyes, and the joy of their hearts. Yet, like a true Bishop, "he ruled well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." In allowable things, his indulgence knew no limit. There was nothing that he would not do, to promote the innocent enjoyment of any members of his household; yet no father was ever more stern and unyielding, when parental duty and Christian principle required him to assume the character. He knew how to say "no" as well as to say "yes;" and when he said "no," the largest and the smallest understood him. His *nay* was nay, and no entreaties or tears could make any thing else of it.

He was abundant and untiring in the religious instruction of his family, and exact in his maintenance of family religion and worship. In this respect I can

sider him to have been a model worthy of all imitation; and the results of his faithfulness appear in the consistent piety of each of his grown up children, and in the religious intelligence and conscientiousness of all of them.

He was very fond of music. He played well himself on the violin, and, in family worship, often accompanied the singing with that instrument. Sometimes a daughter accompanied the singing on the piano forte. All joined in that exercise; and one could not avoid feeling that the melody which they made, was melody in their hearts, unto the Lord.

Mr. Tinker was a fast and firm friend. Of this, I had a personal experience; and the volumes of his correspondence, maintained with various persons, through many years, with some from his young manhood to the day of his death, abundantly and strongly illustrate it. In this relation, he but exemplified the general steadiness and reliableness of his character.

Much might be added to the above; but what I have written is probably sufficient for your purpose.

I am, very truly and sincerely,

Your friend,

M. L. P. THOMPSON.

WILLIAM MAYO ATKINSON, D. D.*

1833—1849.

WILLIAM MAYO ATKINSON, the son of Robert and Mary (Mayo) Atkinson, was born at Powhatan, on James River, two miles below Richmond, Va., on the 22d of April, 1796. His father was of Quaker descent, and by his mother he was connected with some of the ancient and most respectable families of Virginia. He was the eldest of eleven children. His early years were distinguished by fondness for books, and by great gentleness, docility, and loveliness. At the age of sixteen, he entered the Junior class in the College of New Jersey, and graduated in 1814. He then returned to Virginia, studied Law under David Robertson of Petersburg, and in due time was admitted to the Bar. He settled in the practice of the Law at Petersburg, and continued in it until the year 1833. He was married on the 10th of July, 1821, to Rebecca Bassett Marsden, of Norfolk, Va.,—a lady of fine intellectual endowments and moral qualities.

In the summer of 1822, during a revival of religion at Petersburg, he became hopefully the subject of a spiritual renovation, and joined the Presbyterian Church then under the pastoral care of the Rev. B. H. Rice. Shortly after, he was chosen an elder in the Church, in which capacity he officiated for some time, with great fidelity, and to much acceptance. After some years,—during which much of his leisure was occupied in theological reading,—it became a question of duty with him whether he should not relinquish the profession of Law, and enter the ministry; and, though he saw that the proposed change must involve a great pecuniary sacrifice, he quickly resolved to make it, in obedience to what he believed to be the claims of the cause of Christ. Accordingly, after a few months of preparatory study, which was carried on principally in his La-

* MS. from his daughter.—Foote's Sketches of Va., 2d Se

licensed to preach the Gospel by the East Hanover Presbytery, on the 17th of June, 1833. He was ordained as an Evangelist on the 26th of April, 1834.

Shortly after his licensure, he was appointed Agent of the Virginia Bible Society. In this capacity he travelled extensively in Virginia, and after a year or two, his field was enlarged so as to include several other of the Southern States. While thus employed, he was remarkably successful in raising funds, as well as in awakening a deeper and more extensive interest in the Bible cause. On resigning his Agency, he supplied vacancies, for a few years, in Chesterfield County, and in the vicinity of Petersburg. Towards the close of 1838, he received a call to settle as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Winchester, and, having accepted it, his installation took place on the first Sabbath in February, 1839.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Jefferson College in 1843.

In August, 1844, his wife died, having been the mother of twelve children, only six of whom survived her. He remarked, as he stood gazing with deep emotion at her lifeless remains, that they had divided their children equally between them,—six having gone with her to a happier home, and six remaining with him on earth. In January, 1846, he was married, a second time,—to Betty J. White,—a granddaughter of Judge Robert White, long a resident of Winchester. By this marriage he had two children.

In the spring of 1846, believing that it would be for his greater usefulness, he resigned his pastoral charge, and accepted an Agency for the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church. His labours in that cause were very great; and these, with the attendant exposures incident to travelling in the more unhealthy parts of the Western country, gradually undermined his naturally vigorous constitution, and brought him to his grave, when his friends and the Church were anticipating for him many years more of active usefulness. In the latter part of the year 1848, there were decisive indications that his lungs had become diseased; but he rallied sufficiently to preach once in December; and it proved to be the last time. Early in February, 1849, his disease took on a more aggravated form, and confined him to his bed; and, on the 24th of that month, in all the serenity of Christian faith and hope, he passed to his reward.

Dr. Atkinson published a Sermon delivered at the installation of the Rev. John M. P. Atkinson as Pastor of the Church at Warrenton, Fauquier County, Va., 1844. The last Sermon he ever preached, on the text,—"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come,"—was also published.

FROM THE REV. CHARLES HODGE, D. D.

PRINCETON, August 21, 1857.

My dear Sir: Dr. William M. Atkinson was my Senior in the College of New Jersey. He took a high stand among his fellow-students. His talents and attainments commanded their respect, his amiability secured their affection, and his simplicity and humour made him a constant source of amusement. He was therefore an universal favourite. He had, at that period of his life, a very decided lisp, which rendered his conversation the more attractive and racy. He

was exemplary in his moral deportment, and although not a professor of religion, was the subject of very strong religious feelings. Before coming to College, he had in some way fallen under the influence of Romish views, and practised, unknown to those around him, a good deal of self-mortification. He told me he often would lie all night over the rounded tops of trunks in the most uneasy position as a penance. These religious feelings soon took a more scriptural direction, without losing their strength. He was a very influential member of the American Whig Society, (one of the literary institutions of the College,) and was the means of introducing into its library Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion, and other books of the same class, which to my knowledge were blessed to several of his fellow-students. This was about a year before the revival of 1815, which forms so interesting an epoch in the history of Princeton College, and was doubtless one of the instrumentalities blessed of God to that event. Of this Atkinson knew nothing, as he graduated in 1814.

After he left College, I did not meet with him for more than twenty years. I was a mere boy when we were fellow-students, and he had made a pet of me; but I took it for granted that he would forget me before a year was over. But Atkinson's heart never forgot. Every few years he would write to me, and renew his old associations and feelings. About the year 1834, or 1835, a large man entered my study and stood some time without speaking. At last he said,—"I see you don't know me." His speech bewrayed him, and I exclaimed "William M. Atkinson!" The twenty years were annihilated, and we were to each other as college boys again. From that time, and especially after he entered the ministry, I saw him frequently, and continued to regard him to the day of his death as one of my dearest friends. Others who knew him during his long practice at the Bar, can tell you of his standing in his profession. You ask me for my personal recollections and impressions, and to them I confine myself. He had a clear, strong mind, and excellent judgment. He was specially versed in English literature, and in the niceties of the English language, and was a great orthoepist. But his heart made him what he was. I certainly have never known a man freer from all the forms of pride and malice, or fuller of kind, generous and affectionate feelings. I never knew of his being angry; I never heard him utter an unkind or a disparaging word of any human being. He never forgot a friend, and I presume he never had an enemy. What he was in other aspects and relations, I had little opportunity of knowing, but as a friend and as a man, he was well nigh peerless.

Very truly your friend,

CHARLES HODGE.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM PLUMER, D. D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

ALLEGHANY, Pa., March 25, 1857.

Dear Brother: I think it was in the spring of 1829, that I first met with Mr. (afterwards Dr.) William M. Atkinson. He then resided in Petersburg, Va., and practised Law in the Courts of that town and of adjoining counties. He was also an elder in the Tobb Street Presbyterian Church of Petersburg. From the first, I was struck with his kindness and courtesy. Indeed, a serious doubt arose in my mind whether so extraordinary an interest in the welfare of others could be heartfelt. My subsequent knowledge of the man satisfied me that I never had known a more candid and sincere person. Like the widow's cruse of oil, his love increased by pouring out.

In October, 1830, I became Pastor of the Church in which he was an elder. From that period to his death, our relations were intimate, and to me exce

ingly pleasant. At that time there was felt to be a great want of ministers of the Gospel, especially in Virginia. In 1831, a conversation between us satisfied me that he was not without doubts respecting his personal duty. In the Law he had succeeded well, and had a fair prospect of rising to eminence. But he said, in substance,—"If I spend my life as a lawyer, I shall, at its close, be merely able to say, I have earned an honest livelihood in an honourable profession, and I leave my good name to my children. But in the ministry, all one's energy is directed to the advancement of Christ's glory, and he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto eternal life." Not long after this, the death of a lovely child taught him a new lesson respecting the vanity of earthly things. After much prayer, and a severe mental conflict, he began to wind up his professional affairs, and to pursue the necessary studies preparatory to the work of the ministry. So far as I could judge, I do not remember ever to have seen any one enter the sacred office in a more becoming temper and spirit. His whole subsequent life showed that he had laid his foundations deep in humility and trust in God; and I can truly say that I have never known a more laborious and devoted minister of the Gospel.

I have never met with a more amiable human being than Dr. Atkinson; and yet he was far removed from that easy good-nature which is as often mischievous as useful. I have seen him severely tried, but his sterling principles and his decision of character never failed him. His natural talents were very good. He possessed an unusual degree of common sense. His piety was remarkably humble, cheerful and gentle. Above most he was unselfish. He did not love to think or speak of himself. The death of a child, already noticed, occurred during a revival of religion. In Eastern Virginia it is usual to preach a Funeral Sermon on the occasion of every death. Fearing I might be led to some topic expressive of sympathy with his family, rather than to truths seasonable to the state of public feeling, he wrote, requesting me to preach on I. Tim. i. 15,—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation," &c. Things of this sort characterized the man.

Dr. Atkinson was very fond of young people and children. Great numbers of such, besides his own kindred, regarded and treated him as a dear and honoured relative. He was truly catholic in all his principles and feelings towards God's people of every name.

In stature he was above the average, and was of a full habit. He was somewhat near-sighted and wore glasses. In pronouncing some words he lisped considerably.

As a preacher, he was clear, judicious, instructive, and practical,—always animated, never overwhelming.

He was a very useful member of Church Courts, always studying the things which make for peace, as well as those which promote truth and order. I have not known a better presiding officer in a deliberative assembly.

I never lost a truer friend. Towards the dear ones of his own family who survive him, I cherish the tenderest affection.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. PLUMER.

FROM THE RT. REV. THOMAS ATKINSON, D. D.

BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

WILMINGTON, June 15, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: You certainly ought not to think that you are asking more of me than I am bound to do, when you request my aid in framing a commemorative notice of my beloved brother. Indeed I feel that the obligation is on my side; for you are doing that for his memory which he well deserved, but which would have been left undone, had you not taken it in hand.

My brother, previous to his conversion, had always been an amiable and high-principled man, and was never what would be commonly considered immoral or dissipated; but being, at the time, a young lawyer of acknowledged talent, and rising in his profession, of a large connection by blood and alliance, of social temper, and of great personal popularity, he was in danger not only of being confirmed in worldliness of character and habits, but of becoming self-indulgent and careless, to an extent which the world itself would censure. But from the time that religion became to him an object of serious interest, it became the chief concern and the guiding principle of life. His profession, in which he was qualified to shine, and in which he did obtain considerable success, under the immense disadvantage of pursuing it with a heart alienated from it,—this profession he at once subordinated, and after some twelve years of struggle, entirely relinquished, in order that he might give himself absolutely to the service of his Redeemer. He was, I think, while a layman, considered, more than any other man of his time in that wide circle in which he was known, the representative of the Christian cause and of Christian principle. And I am well persuaded that he would have received many more votes than any other, if the question had come to be decided by the popular voice,—not who should be member of Congress or Governor, but who was the best man, and who the most zealously affected in every good cause in all that region of country in which he lived. On some important subjects he had views very opposite to those current around him, and he expressed them with great decision and plainness; but such was the charm of his character, such the winning effect of his own benevolence, and charity in judgment, that men might thoroughly differ from him on important practical questions, and yet never cease to love him and trust him. Indeed it was observable that some of his most intimate personal friends were thus his opposites in opinion. This very superiority, however, in his moral and spiritual character, detracted, I believe, from his reputation for intellectual ability. It was impossible to converse with him for a quarter of an hour, without perceiving that he was a man of unusual intelligence and fulness of knowledge; but persons inferior to him in these respects, had, with many, a higher estimation, because, on other grounds, they had no claim, or a lower claim, to admiration. There is a jealousy in human nature which makes us unwilling to believe in the union in one character of many distinct excellencies. We grow tired of hearing of the justice of Aristides, and we revenge ourselves on him by ostracising him in one form or other. If a man be a Webster or a Clay, we seek satisfaction on him for his intellectual superiority by dwelling on his moral infirmities: if he be a Washington or a Wilberforce, we take shelter from the painful brightness of his character, by denying the extent or the splendour of his intellect. And so in the more ordinary spheres of life—a man's acquaintance will not tolerate his being very much their superior in all things. If they allow him sense, they make some deductions from his goodness, and if he be conspicuously good, then he could hardly have been very great. Time indeed rectifies much of this injustice with those whose names become historical; but, such seems to be the first reception that man meets from man. My brother was, I think, and was generally considered, remarkable for the purity of his motives, his high sense of justice, the compass and the warmth of his benevolence, and the fervour of his piety. But to me he seemed also remarkable for the originality of his views, his acuteness of thought, the variety and appositeness of the analogies that he
tenacity of his memory, and perhaps, above all, the soundness of his
There have been very few men within the circle of my obser
consulted than he was, and very few whose opinions were m
followed. At the same time, he was as remote as possible f
urge his opinions upon others, or from prejudice against those wh
him. I was, by eleven or twelve years, the younger brother, an

guardian; yet, while he was in connection, and in affection, thoroughly a Presbyterian, my own views caused me to adhere to the Episcopal Church, into which we had both been baptized, and to adopt such principles concerning it, as caused me to be classed with High Churchmen. But, meeting frequently as we did, and conversing unreservedly, I do not remember a word passing between us which was inconsistent with the most cordial fraternal affection. On that subject, his brothers and sisters were about equally divided; but none, I believe, ever felt that this difference at all influenced their love and veneration for him, or his tender affection for them.

His sermons would, I am inclined to think, hardly sustain the representation I make of his intellectual superiority. He entered on the ministry in middle life, when his habits of thought and speech had been formed. He had great facility in extemporaneous discourse, and some prejudice against written sermons. *His*, therefore, were very rarely written, and not even much premeditated; and while always sensible, instructive, earnest, and sometimes glowing, and sometimes pathetic, yet did not exhibit generally the terseness, the vigour, and the felicitous diction, which the written compositions of so rich and cultivated a mind would have displayed.

Nowhere did he appear to greater advantage than in the family circle. If he had any fault as a husband, it was in the excess of his conjugal affection. As father, it would be difficult to suggest in what he failed. Never were children more tenderly dealt with, yet never was more implicit obedience rendered by children. Yet with so much to admire and love in him, he felt himself an unworthy sinner, and died relying (to use his own words) on Christ—his Cross—his Covenant. One certainly, that he left behind, felt that the earth was darker to him for the rest of life.

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS ATKINSON.

JOHN A. GRETTER.*

1833—1853.

JOHN A. GRETTER, the son of Michael and Joanna Gretter, was born in Richmond, Va., on the 28th of September, 1810. He pursued his studies preparatory to entering College, in his native city, and in January, 1827, was matriculated in the University of Virginia, where he remained till he was graduated in July, 1829. In February, 1831, he went to Huntsville, Ala., and took charge of the mathematical department in Mr. Crawford's school. Here he remained till July of that year, when he returned to Richmond to visit his friends, with the expectation of going back to Huntsville, and becoming Principal of the school in which he had been engaged. But a change now passed upon his character, that involved a corresponding change of his plans and purposes, and gave a new complexion to his life. He embraced religion as a practical principle, and henceforth gave evidence of living under its power.

In August, 1831, he was married to Mary Wynn, of Charlottesville, Va., and in October, 1831, they both connected themselves, at the same time,

* MS. from Mrs. Gretter.

with the Second Presbyterian Church in Richmond, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Stephen Taylor. Mr. Gretter, being now convinced that it was his duty to devote himself to the ministry, abandoned his previous plans of life, and shortly after became a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. But, finding that a Northern climate was unfavourable to his health, he very soon returned to Virginia, connecting himself with the East Hanover Presbytery, and prosecuting his theological studies under the direction of his Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Taylor. He was licensed to preach in the autumn of 1833, and was ordained in September, 1834. Soon after his ordination, he was sent as a missionary to Genito, Powhatan County, Va., where he laboured with great acceptance.

In the spring of 1836, he removed to Greensboro', N. C., as mathematical instructer in the Caldwell Institute,—a high school of no small reputation, under the care of the Presbytery of Orange. Mr. Gretter was a thorough mathematician, and did much to elevate the character of the institution; but preaching the Gospel was, after all, his favourite work, and, accordingly, he accepted a call from the Congregations of Bethel and Gum Grove, nine and twelve miles distant, to preach to them on alternate Sabbaths. This he did, to their entire satisfaction, for several years.

The next and most important period of his life was that of his connection with the Church in Greensboro.' The Rev. William D. Paisley, who had been chiefly instrumental in building up this Church, and had for many years been its Pastor,—in pursuance of a resolution which he had formed long before, announced to his people, on his reaching the age of seventy, his intention to retire from the active duties of his office, and his wish that they would look out for a successor. Mr. Gretter was, with great unanimity, called to fill this place. He accepted the call, dissolved his connection with the Caldwell Institute, and in April, 1844, was installed Pastor of the Greensboro' Church. He entered upon his labours with great zeal and efficiency; insomuch that many of his congregation were apprehensive that he was tasking his faculties beyond their power of endurance. And as he began, so he continued and finished—ever on the alert to improve opportunities for benefitting his flock, and helping forward the great cause of truth and righteousness.

In March, 1853, his health began evidently to decline, and it soon became apparent that he was wasting under a pulmonary consumption. From this time he was laid aside from his active labours, but he still lost no opportunity of advancing the spiritual interests of his flock. While his disease was in progress, he made his last visit to his friends in Richmond; but was very desirous to return before his death, that his remains might rest among the people of his charge; and in case he should not be permitted to return, he requested that his body might be removed thither for burial. God mercifully granted his wish, and permitted him to spend his last days in the bosom of his flock. His decline was marked by the utmost Christian composure, and an unqualified resignation to the Divine will. He died without a struggle on the night of the 21st of January, 1853, in the forty-third year of his age. A Sermon was preached at his Funeral by the Rev. Mr. Sherwood, who had been acting as a stated supply to the (during Mr. Gretter's illness.

Mr. Gretter was the father of ten children, eight of whom, mother survived him.

FROM THE REV. JAMES H. McNEILL,

ONE OF THE SECRETARIES OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

New York, January 27, 1855.

Rev. and dear Sir: In complying with your request I shall record with the brevity, and in the general order, which you suggest, my impressions of Mr. Gretter's character as a man and a preacher, formed during a comparatively short, but quite intimate, acquaintance. As a co-presbyter and friend, my intercourse with him by correspondence, mutual ministerial exchanges and visits, joint labours on Home Missionary ground, and in other ways, was such that I could not fail to learn much of his character, even as I did not fail greatly to admire and love him.

There was something in his personal appearance and address, attractive and engaging. He was rather below the medium standard, whether of height or of weight, and was delicate without any indication of debility. His complexion was somewhat dark; his hair black and flowing; his eyes of the same colour, large and piercing; his mouth broad and firm, yet flexible; and his features generally, though not regular in their outline, possessed the incomparably greater charm of animated and varied expression. That peculiar charm will probably never be forgotten by those who ever saw him under the influence of strong feeling. On such occasions, his voice, his gestures, his very attitude, his whole person, were charged with animation, and combined with his expressive features to enchain attention and excite sympathy. Ordinarily, his manners were easy and natural, according well with his social and friendly disposition. He possessed a buoyancy of spirit, an unquenchable ardour of temperament, which made him a pleasant companion, a warm friend, and an active leader in all enterprises.

As a scholar, Mr. Gretter's labours were expended in the severer fields of mathematics and metaphysics, rather than that of belles-lettres. He was, however, a man of much literary cultivation; the native ardour of his imagination had been sustained, without being stimulated, by his attention to classical studies, while the faculty of clear, logical reasoning had been developed and strengthened by his untiring and successful pursuit of abstract science. He was, at the same time, a forcible and polished writer and speaker. One of the last books he ever read was Morell's History of Philosophy; and his remarkable facility and fondness for such studies may be inferred from the fact that its perusal occupied but a day or two, and was completed almost without interruption. He made no parade of learning, and few imagined the extent of his attainments. Those who witnessed his examination of candidates for ordination, at meetings of Presbytery, have often been surprised at the thoroughness with which he reviewed their classical and scientific training. All his literary pursuits, however, had reference, immediate or remote, to Theology. This was, with him, the highest, the all-embracing science, and few have devoted themselves more enthusiastically to its constant study. He followed the best examples in making the Sacred Scriptures his chief text-book, and employed much of his time in their methodical study. My first introduction into his library interrupted him at his table,—the Greek Testament open before him, and the Greek Concordance at his elbow; and to my question, he answered that he was in the habit of thus studying the Old and the New Testaments in the original, and enlarged warmly upon the advantages of such a course. His familiarity with the writings of standard theological authors was well known; and he was among the first to procure new and valuable works. He was regarded by his brethren of the Synod of North Carolina as one of their most able expounders and defenders of evangelical truth.

But it was as a preacher that he was most generally known and admired. His delivery was exceedingly happy. I have already spoken of the peculiar charm of his animated address—in the pulpit this was most remarkable. The clear, distinct and varied tones of his rich voice fell upon the ear like music. With perfect ease of manner he introduced his subject; its discussion was conducted with logical exactness and deep earnestness; its application was made with almost irresistible power. There was no bawling declamation, nor, on the other hand, could he handle the Word of Life, the Sword of the Spirit, with cold insensibility. Though his energy was sometimes almost violent, and the explosions of his voice often startling, all was so evidently prompted by genuine feeling, and so fully justified by the sentiment he uttered, that the most fastidious forgot to object, and every heart responded from its lowest depths. He strove successfully to combine those two great elements of good preaching,—clear statements of doctrine, and pungent, faithful appeal. He knew how to make doctrine practical. He often preached before Presbytery, and never failed to meet the high expectations of his brethren. None who heard it will soon forget his sermon before Presbytery, at Washington, N. C., from Luke v. 18–26. His subject was the "forgiveness of sins;" and, after developing clearly the idea of the twenty-fourth verse,—that the power of forgiveness belongs only to God, and that even Christ claimed to exercise it only as God, giving full proof of his Divinity by the miracle He wrought, he dealt severely with the Popish dogma of "Sacerdotal Absolution." It was a great effort, and deserved to be printed and circulated in Tract form, as Presbytery ordered. It was not, however, from such occasional efforts, that I learned to appreciate most highly his excellence as a preacher. The most admirable and effective sermons I ever heard from him, were preached to country and village congregations, where his glowing eloquence was excited, not by the gratified attention of the cultivated and refined, but solely by the grandeur of his theme, and the presence of multitudes, hungering for the bread of life. He loved to preach, and his severest labours were devoted to his pulpit preparations. At no period of his ministry did he confine himself wholly to the manuscript, and during the last two or three years of his life, he dispensed with it altogether. These unwritten sermons, however, were as carefully studied, as methodical in their arrangement, and as full of thought, as the best of those which he had committed to paper, while his delivery of them was marked by even greater freedom and power. My opinion of him as a preacher will be understood, when I add that he was one of the best I ever heard.

His pastoral labours and success were equally abundant. The Greensboro' Church greatly prospered under his charge. It flourished spiritually and temporally, and, under the Head of the Church, it was indebted chiefly to the untiring energy and fidelity of its Pastor. I will mention particularly, as an element of his pastoral influence, the unusual prominence which he gave to the Sacrament of Baptism. Instead of taking a few moments for its administration, from the usual morning service, he regularly appropriated to it the whole afternoon of every Communion Sabbath. All the baptized children and youth of the Church were assembled with their parents to witness the rite, which, of course, was performed in the usual manner. Mr. Gretter then addressed the children in explanation of the ordinance, reminding them of the Saviour's claims, and urging them to become his followers. He then turned to the parents, and, in the presence of their children, reminded them of their duty, and exhorted them to its faithful performance. These exercises, conducted with his affect ate earnestness and solemnity of manner, and with endless variety of r were productive of the happiest results. The blessing of God atten Sacrament thus honoured; family religion flourished; and the Church up. Equally efficient was he in the discharge of all other duties of t

office. He was, of course, greatly endeared to his people. He had but recently occasioned them great joy, by declining a call from another Church, when it became evident that he was to be removed by a power which none can resist. He had risen in the pulpit to announce his text, when, to his surprise, he found that he could not speak. After an ineffectual effort, he sat down, and while his devoted Session crowded around him in the pulpit, his equally devoted people arose in a body, unable to repress their anxiety and alarm. He never preached again. Before the close of another year, his voice was hushed in death, and his body borne to the grave, with much weeping, by those for whom he had lived and laboured, and among whom it was his wish to be buried.

It remains for me to say a few words of his influence, beyond his own Congregation, in the several judicatories of the Church. The presence of such a man would be felt in any assembly. In addition to the traits already exhibited, he possessed a quickness of apprehension, a facility for business, a command of language, and a thorough appreciation of the principles of Presbyterian Church Government, together with an unusual degree of independence and self-reliance, which fitted him to exert a leading influence in deliberative and judicial bodies. As a debater, he was rarely matched. Some of his speeches in the Presbytery of Orange, or the Caldwell Institute, in which he discussed the subject of education as connected with religion, and the importance of denominational schools, were fine specimens of eloquent argument. Important commissions entrusted to him were discharged with zeal and ability. As Chairman of the Synodical Committee on Colportage, he directed the operations of that important interest throughout the State. He was much engaged, as a member of the Committee on Domestic Missions of Orange Presbytery, in promoting the cause of Church extension; and, in short, was a steady supporter of all the benevolent schemes of the Church. It was most painfully felt, at the first meeting of Presbytery after his death, how much of their interest and life those meetings had owed to his presence. In the devotional exercises, the part which he took, by assignment, was usually prominent; and many were the scenes of melting tenderness, when all united with him in prayer, or received from his warm heart the word of fraternal exhortation. After one of those scenes which I certainly shall never forget, a gentleman,—not a member of the church, who was present, remarked to me, as we left the house,—"I should like to know that Mr. Gretter. He must be a noble man." And such, without doubt, he was—noble in traits of the heart, and noble in intellectual gifts and attainments. If little known beyond the bounds of the Synod of North Carolina, it must be recollected that he was comparatively young in the ministry at the time of his death. The profound grief which that event occasioned throughout his own Synod, was a sufficient evidence of their high appreciation of his character and services. The sphere of his influence was already rapidly enlarging, and had he been spared a few years longer, his many distinguished excellencies would have been acknowledged throughout the Church at large, as they were most gratefully by the churches and ministers of his adopted State.

I have said nothing directly concerning his piety. It was illustrated by the manner of his life, and triumphant in the hour of death. He loved Jesus, his service, his ministers, and his saints. His religion was without ostentation, without moroseness: cheerful, active, and manly. I was with him a few hours before he died, and received the assurance, which I did not need, of his peaceful frame. Calmly he sank to rest on the bosom of his Lord.

Most sincerely yours,

JAMES H. McNEILL.

NICHOLAS MURRAY.*

1839—1853.

NICHOLAS MURRAY, a son of William and Nancy (Robinson) Murray, was born in Brooke County, Va., on the 5th of February, 1809. As his father was a farmer, he passed his early years at work on the farm, at the same time availing himself of such humble means as he could command for acquiring the elements of an education. His father having died when he (the son) was only seventeen years old, and his mother shortly after, he and other members of the family were thrown upon their own efforts mainly for support; and, as he preferred to work at a trade rather than on a farm, he served an apprenticeship of two or three years to the saddler's trade, in Steubenville, O. He then commenced the business for himself in West Liberty, Ohio County, Va.; where, by his correct deportment, he secured the favourable regards of the principal people of the place and vicinity.

Here he began to develop a very decided taste for reading, though it was chiefly works of a lighter kind that now attracted him. He showed also a great fondness for argument, and was an active and deeply interested member of a debating club. His health, about this time, became somewhat impaired, and a pain in the breast rendered it difficult for him to work at his trade. He began now to feel a strong desire for a liberal education; though there was little in his external circumstances that seemed to favour it. I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. John McCluskey, then Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of West Alexander, Pa., about seven miles from West Liberty, for the following details of Mr. Murray's experience, from the first inception of the purpose to obtain a collegiate education, to his actually becoming a member of Washington College:—

"I first met young Murray at a Bible class within the bounds of my congregation, and my attention was drawn to him by the deep interest which he manifested, especially in the explanations which were given of the more difficult points. At the close of the exercise, Murray withdrew, without our being introduced, or having an interview with each other; but so deeply was I interested in his appearance that I was not a little desirous of knowing who and what he was. On inquiry, I learned something of his previous history, and also his strong desire to obtain a liberal education, in connection with the untoward circumstances which seemed to forbid the hope of it. The next morning, I sent a request to him that he would call at my house, on the Wednesday following, without, however, giving him any intimation of the purpose for which I wished to see him. He complied with the request; and the following is the substance of the conversation that passed between us:—

"'Mr Murray, I have learned that you desire to obtain a liberal education.' 'I do, Sir, but have no hope of getting it.' 'Give candid and full answers to the questions I am about to propose, and I will tell you whether you can get an education or not.'

*MSS. from Rev. Dr. McCluskey, Rev. William H. Lester, Rev. Irwin Carson, Professor J. J. Brownson, and James Paul, Esq.

"1. 'Have you any engagements, in love matters, with any lady?' 'No, Sir.'

"2. 'Have you any money?' 'Not a dollar.'

"3. 'Are you in debt?' 'About thirty dollars.'

"4. 'Have you friends who would aid you?' 'I know of no one who would give me a farthing.'

"5. 'Have you any better clothes than those you have on?' [Not only threadbare but rent.] 'No, Sir; these are the best I have.'

"'Well, my young friend, it is a hard case, but if you will closely follow my directions, I will, under God, secure you a liberal education. [I clearly saw that he was a young man of much mental activity, and of great promise, and was worthy of being encouraged.] Come here next Monday, and I will tell you the whole plan.' In the mean time, I visited a few families of my congregation, and some others in a section near to West Alexander, and obtained for him a small English school. On Monday he came. The plan was submitted. It was as follows:—

"1. 'You will go with me to the store, and, on my credit, get yourself a suit of clothes. I intend that you shall pay for them as soon as you are able.'

"2. 'You are to teach a small English school, and recite two lessons per week of your academic studies to me, in my study. I will furnish you books and tuition gratis.'

"3. 'The first money you earn must be used in payment of your debt of thirty dollars. So much of the plan I tell you now.'

He seemed much pleased. I gave him a Latin Grammar, and he went to work. He gave entire satisfaction in his school, and recited his lessons to me with remarkable accuracy—though he taught six hours per day, he advanced in his studies more rapidly than any of the thirty pupils under my care in regular attendance at the Academy. I soon found that he was very ignorant of religious truth, and had been much neglected in this respect in his younger days. I enjoined upon him the daily reading of the Bible. I gave him the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and required him to commit it to memory; and then Fisher's and Erskine's Comments on the Catechism. He manifested no special interest in the salvation of his soul for some time; though he regularly attended not only public worship in the church, but the Bible Class and prayer meetings. But, during the winter of 1831, he appeared more thoughtful and serious, and was admitted, on an examination, to the full privileges of the Church in West Alexander, on the 29th of April, 1832. He was baptized on Saturday, and on the next day took his seat with the professed followers of our blessed Lord."

Mr. Murray entered Washington College in 1832, and very soon obtained a Tutorship in the College, at the same time reciting in the regular classes. During his whole collegiate course, his standing for talent, scholarship, and deportment, was unusually high, and he graduated with the first honours of his class in 1834.

Immediately after his graduation, he took charge of an Academy in Winchester, Va., in connection with Mr. (now the Rev.) Irwin Carson. Here he was remarkably popular as a teacher, as well as in social life, and was universally regarded as a man of extraordinary talents, though there seems to have been at this time no special development of his religious character.

On the 29th of December, 1835,—during his residence at Winchester,—he was married to Nancy Carson of West Alexander.

Having remained at Winchester two years or more, and thus obtained the means of pursuing his theological course, he returned to West Alexander and studied Hebrew, Theology, &c., for a while, under his friend and patron, Dr. McCluskey. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Washington on the 2d of October, 1839. But, as his health, by reason of his excessive application to study, had become so much impaired as to render it inexpedient that he should at once take a pastoral charge, he resumed his employment as a teacher, and was for some years at the head of a classical school of a very high order in Wheeling, Va. Thence he was called to take charge of the Academy at Grave Creek, Marshall County, Va.; and having remained here a short time, was unanimously appointed in 1844, Professor of Ancient Languages in the College at which he had been graduated. He accepted this appointment, and entered upon the duties of his new office shortly after. He was ordained as an Evangelist at Wellsburg, Va., on the 16th of April, 1845.

Soon after his removal to Washington, he accepted a call from the neighbouring Church of Ten Mile, it being understood that he was also to retain his Professorship. He began now, in connection with the most exemplary attention to his College duties, to manifest a great increase of Christian activity and fervour, and was constantly on the alert to devise and carry out plans for elevating the standard of Christian feeling and action, both in the College and among his Congregation. His labours both as a Professor and a Pastor, were highly appreciated, and eminently useful.

At the meeting of the Presbytery of Washington in October, 1852, the ministers were appointed to labour by committees of two, for a week, in the churches, with a view to quicken the sensibilities of Christians, and arouse the attention of the careless. Mr. Murray entered with great zeal upon the discharge of that duty. He was designated to spend one week with the Church in West Union, in company with the Pastor of that Church, the Rev. J. Fleming, and the next week, they were to labour at Upper Ten Mile Church,—the charge of Mr. Murray. Mr. M. preached with great power, and an extensive revival of religion, in connection with his labours, ensued in both Churches. During the whole winter of 1852–53, his labours in different places were abundant, and were characterized by a zeal that seemed almost superhuman. After the most intense and uninterrupted labour at the Church of Mill Creek, night and day, for nearly a week, he left for Washington, a distance of nearly forty miles, and rode on horseback, exposed to a cold, violent, March storm. He was completely prostrated when he reached home, and was immediately attacked with a bilious pleurisy, which, in one week terminated his life. He suffered but little bodily pain, and enjoyed great spiritual peace and triumph. He died on the 23d of March, 1853, in the forty-fifth year of his age. His remains were taken for burial to West Alexander,—the spot which was associated with some of the most interesting events of his life. He left a widow and four children.

FROM THE REV. H. R. WEED, D. D.

Wheeling, Va., July 15, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: It is a coincidence somewhat singular, that, just at the very time that the Rev. Mr. Comingo was suggesting to you in Albany that the late Professor Murray was entitled to a place among your permanent records, I was making the same suggestion to my family in Wheeling; and that, while he was referring you to me for an article, I was remarking that I had long ago assigned the service to him, and expressing the conviction that he ought at once to perform it.

It is indeed true that, for a number of years, I was favoured with his most intimate and confidential acquaintance; that our relations to each other were most cordial and happy; and that the memories of him are deeply engraven in my heart. But his was a character which I do not think that I have an adaptation to delineate with even ordinary justice. All that I shall attempt must be *impromptu*, and also restricted, leaving Mr. Comingo to supply what is more important from the recollections of his preaching in the closing period of his life, and designed, in case of his failure, to save from unmerited oblivion a name deservedly dear to many on earth, and that shall doubtless shine forever as a star in the firmament of Heaven.

My personal acquaintance with Nicholas Murray, I may say, though I had repeatedly seen him before,—commenced on hearing his *Trial Sermon* delivered before the Presbytery of Washington at the time of his licensure to preach the Gospel. His theological training had been very defective. He had mostly studied alone, without the advantage of Professors or library; and amidst other avocations for his subsistence. Yet the discourse discovered a mind of superior order,—independent, original and energetic. It aspired to high points of Calvinistic doctrine, and touched them with a bold hand. The bearing of the writer was lofty, controversial, rather defiant, and somewhat ambitious—a bearing adapted always, and especially in a young man, to elicit animadversion. And it did not fail in the present case. The members of Presbytery all felt that we had a candidate before us that needed, and was able to bear, criticism;—that we had to do, not with a feeble, flickering taper that a strong breath might extinguish, but with a vigorous light that the winds would only fan into stronger flame;—not with a fragile vessel that would be endangered by handling, but with a solid block of marble, rather rude from the theological quarry, that would improve by the hammer and the chisel. Consequently such a process ensued as I do not remember to have ever witnessed in another case. Even the reviewers, those harpies of the press, do not pounce on a young aspirant to fame more actively than did the fatherly and fraternal critics now on poor Murray. Let it be observed too that this was not done, as is often the case in Presbyteries, *in the abstract* (I suppose for their own improvement in the critical art)—that is, it was not upon the discourse in the absence of the candidate; but in the *concrete*—the candidate being present, and both himself and his discourse being subject to criticism. The spectators, unused to the plain dealing of Presbyteries with their candidates, regarded this process as most unmerciful. But as it will be further illustrative of the character of Murray, it ought to be added that though I was myself perhaps more unsparing in strictures than any one else, instead of being offended from that time he sought my society, and became ever after my most attached and devoted friend. Indeed he always loved an honest, faithful frankness, and was too magnanimous to suspect an evil design in any remarks on his character or performances, that he could construe as intended for his benefit, and was ever eager to secure any means of intellectual or moral improvement that came within his reach.

About the time of his licensure, or soon after, he became subject to severe attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, which so disqualified him for the duties of the pastoral office, that he was induced to devote himself to the instruction of youth;—an office for which he had rare qualifications, and in which he was greatly beloved by his pupils, and appreciated by his patrons. But while thus occupied, he often preached for his ministerial brethren, and in supply of vacant pulpits. Several years of this period he passed in Wheeling, where I had occasional opportunity of hearing him, and of witnessing the deep interest with which his preaching was regarded, especially by the more intelligent part of the community. His practice now was to write his sermons with great care, and deliver them *memoriter;* and so careful was he of his reputation that he could not be induced, in any emergency, to preach without the most mature preparation. His rhetoric, however, much exceeded his elocution. In the former he was entirely classical; in the latter he laboured under some natural disadvantage of voice, and his manner was rather constrained; but his orthoepy even surpassed that of our venerated standard, Dr. Miller himself. Indeed, in every thing pertaining to the English language, it might almost be affirmed that he was a perfect scholar.

In preparing his discourses, he was not only studious of his style, but there was an excitement of mind, a concentration of his powers, and an energy of thought, too great for his frail body. He could, however, in the freedom of private correspondence, relax himself, and write not only *currente calamo*, but with an ease and humour that were health to the flesh and marrow to the bones. A specimen before me will afford an illustration, and it may properly be introduced here to exhibit another phase of his character, well remembered by his intimate friends—I mean his love of occasional merriment, and his hearty laugh in the private social circle. The events referred to are of such notoriety as to need no comment. The letter is dated at Washington, Pa., March 11, 1852.

"Dear Doctor: I have been very anxious to know what you think of this great world and our country, just now, since Kossuth has turned them both upside down, and the *Wheeling Bridge* has become a 'nuisance.' Have you been looking on all the while, calm as a May morning, or have you felt like shouldering your musket to march against the *Russian bear*, or the *Pittsburgers*, as the case may be? I have not heard of your making a speech to the *ladies*, or any other crowd of our *fellow-citizens* in behalf of the Great Magyar, and 'material aid' for Hungary, nor yet of your having joined a crusade against the Bridges over the Monongahela! Perhaps the newspapers have not done you justice. By the way, think of two millions of Presbyterians in Hungary to be trodden down and crushed by a combination of monstrosity, humbuggery, and old grannyism, such as that namesake of mine—the little man in his uncle's breeches, and Pio Nino of Gœta memory! Ought we to sympathize with the oppressed; or leave it to God, in his own time and way, to vindicate their cause against their oppressors? Let me stop, however, or you will think that I am more than half carried away with the Hungarian *furor*.

"Our quiet little *burg* has not been sufficiently stirred by the commotions from without to throw up any thing of interest enough to be noted. We have here within ourselves, however, a world of our own: a kind of college world, in which we have had a small share of *noisy and belligerent* demonstrations.* But these have now pretty much disappeared, and, making no account of the scarred, wounded and missing, we are at length left with something less than one hundred *promising youth* in comparative quiet.

"We have indeed had one event to record, that to our community was one of no ordinary interest,—i. e., the death of the venerable Doctor McConaughy. He was

* Referring to some disturbances among the students in College.

beyond all doubt a good man; and if there is a home for the pious beyond this world of sin and sorrow, we cannot question that he has exchanged for its holy rest, the toils of his long and well spent life.

"In the church here there is nothing of particular interest. Have you any thing good this winter in yours? I am not without hope that we may again have a good time in our church at Ten Mile on our approaching Communion. *Certainly I feel it in my heart to long and pray for it.* What a glorious thing is a revival of religion!"

The friends of Professor Murray will readily perceive in this extract the internal evidence of his authorship, and be reminded how contiguous, in his case, lay the elements of jocularity and seriousness,—how entirely compatible in him were the love of merriment, and the deepest sense of religion; and how easily and naturally he could pass from the most laughing enjoyment of the one to the exercise of the strongest emotions of the other. But further,—by the close of the extract, in connection with its date, we are reminded of a great and important change that occurred in his religious history towards the close of his life, by which his ministry was divided into two distinct periods. One was to the other as the ministry of John the Baptist to the ministry of the Gospel after the outpouring of the Spirit. Our friend had never before witnessed a special revival of religion. But now it pleased God to visit the congregation in which he preached, and many other congregations in the Presbytery of Washington, with a glorious season of refreshing, and Professor Murray, though long before this date, I doubt not, a converted man, was signally honoured both in sharing and promoting this memorable work of grace. He had before been baptized with water unto repentance, but now he was baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. His preaching had always been in form evangelical,—but in the former period, though there was much of the spirit and power of Elias, there was little of the simplicity and pathos of the Apostles. Richard Cecil, in his life of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, remarks that, at an early stage of his progress, "while he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, he was said to have done it in too harsh a tone. He had light enough to perceive that men were far gone from God, but he had not himself sufficiently tasted the sweetness of that dispensation of mercy, which furnishes the strongest argument for bringing them back again. There is a hard, dry, and repelling mode of reproof, which tends rather to *shut up* the heart than to *open* it. The tempest may roar, and point its hail-shot at the traveller; but he will rather wrap himself closer in his cloak than quit it, till the sun breaks out again." Bating the harshness alleged against Cadogan, this remark was applicable to Murray; and there was a time when it was said of his preaching,—"It is too intellectual and ambitious: it lacks heart and self-consecration." At that time he could scarcely sacrifice a classic sentence to save a soul; but now he could say,—"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord." He had always preached Christ; but oh, how differently! He *had* preached Him as the Baptist did: "This is He of whom I *spake*, and *I knew him not*. But now he saw and bare record, and with his admiring eyes upon Him, he cried to his hearers,—*Behold, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!* This illumination of our brother's mind—to borrow again the language of Cecil—was not that *cold* apprehension of evangelical truth, in which, like the moonshine of a frosty night, much may be *seen*, but nothing *grows;* but was like the light of the sun, vivifying and expansive." He had become a child of the light and of the day, a child not of the moon but of the sun; and now, with the beloved disciple, he could say,—"That which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ." Before this change came over him,

before he had received this special *unction from the Holy One*, he could preach but seldom, and not without the most finished preparation; but now he could adopt the maxim of the venerable Dr. Livingston,—"Semper paratus," and if necessary, like the present young Whitefield of London, preach every day and electrify the crowds that flocked to hear him. Before, he was more ambitious of preaching to the higher classes of society, and they especially were his admirers; but now "the common people heard him gladly;" and if, as in the case of Spurgeon, it was contemptuously said "the rabble ran after him," he too could cry, then "God save the rabble."

It ought to be added that all the zeal which he now displayed was characterized by unfeigned humility, and a most lovely Christian spirit.

Most truly and affectionately yours,

H. R. WEED.

FROM THE REV. H. G. COMINGO.

STEUBENVILLE, O., July 27, 1857.

My dear Sir: At your suggestion and request, I most cheerfully sketch a few recollections of the late Professor Nicholas Murray. As a member of the same Synod, and as a Trustee of the College with which he was connected, I was brought frequently in contact with this remarkable person, and formed an intimate acquaintance with him, lasting for several years. In the earlier part of this period, I often heard him preach, and saw him in the official relation he sustained to the College. As a preacher, he was accustomed, at that time, to make the most elaborate preparations; and, by laborious processes of memory, always so commanded these preparations that he delivered sermons—somewhat, in character, like those of Bishop Butler, without the aid of a single note. I always heard him with admiration and surprise; yet, over all this polished diction and powerful logic, there seemed to be an icy coldness,—even though he spoke with great emphasis and animation. As a teacher, he was most accurate and thorough,—laying deep and broad the grammatical basis of each language in the minds of his classes, and exploring the profoundest depths of its philosophy. His pupils, who were at all disposed to avail themselves of their advantages, I believe were almost universally distinguished, when brought in contact with the graduates of other colleges. He was, at this period, a person of unbounded ambition, and his own accuracy and critical skill presented to his mind a constant temptation to expatiate upon the imperfections and inaccuracies of others. The indulgence of this habit, connected with a natural vein of facetiousness, often served to wound the feelings of his brethren, and lessen their complacency in his society.

The few last months of his life have a special interest connected with them, and to this period I wish more particularly to confine my remarks. He was employed in preaching to a church within a few miles of Washington, which has been signally blessed with revivals of religion. In one of these, Professor Murray was permitted to labour, with great interest,—perhaps about a year before his death. At that time, he was the subject of remarkable exercises, that resulted in a most striking change in his views and feelings, as well as in his prayers and ministrations. He became pre-eminently a man of faith. When he opened his lips to address the throne of grace, he seemed to stand at the very gate of Heaven; and when he preached, it appeared that his mind was so absorbed with the person, offices, and mediatorial glory, of the Redeemer, that his soul was literally on fire. The burden of all his messages was Christ and Him crucified. In my correspondence with him about preaching in my congregation, the winter before his death, I was profoundly impressed by the striking change in the tone of his letters—instead of sarcasms and criticisms, almost

every sentence indicated an outflowing of his love to Christ, and his glowing zeal in his cause, connected with a childlike humility that at once amazed me, and touched my own heart with a strange power.

At the appointed time, in February—only about six weeks before his death, he came to preach to my congregation, during a Communion season. He was full of fervour and zeal for his Master. He spoke freely of his change of views, and the glory with which the Cross had recently been invested to his mind and heart, and of his surprise that it had never burst upon him before. When he preached his first sermon on this occasion, the text of which was, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," several persons were present who had known and heard him before, and they were amazed at the wonderful change in the manner and spirit of the man. He occupied almost every moment of his time, in his room, during his stay at my house, in prayer and preparation. At very late hours of the night, he was walking his room, and overwhelmed, as I incidentally learned, with such glowing contemplations of his Saviour, that sleep fled from his eyes. The services were deeply interesting. I think I have never heard any man preach with such pathos and power as he did in these successive sermons. Hardened unbelievers and scoffers admitted that they could not refrain from tears. Some,—and men too who were unused to weep,—alleged that they staid away because they could not control their feelings. I heard of one obdurate infidel, who was chained to his seat under one of his sermons,—who whispered to his companion that he would give any thing to be out of that place. In his conversations at the fireside, he was constantly recurring to the efficacy of prayer, and to the great importance of faith,—strong, earnest, realizing faith. He spoke with decided disapprobation of his former course of uncharitableness and severity, and exhibited in his remarks of others a gentle and kindly spirit. A considerable number of persons were deeply impressed, and led seriously to inquire what they should do to be saved, during these exercises. For these especially he felt the deepest interest, and sent to me frequent communications, bearing specific and encouraging messages to each one, adapted to the peculiar phase of his case. The most affectionate sympathy he uniformly expressed, for those engaged in the pastoral work. To such, in the surrounding region, he was ever ready to go, even for many miles, through cold and rain, that he might cheer them on in their work, and assist them by his labours. His greatest delight was to point men to that Saviour who is both able and willing to save to the uttermost. Just before his death, he was present where about one hundred were admitted into a neighbouring Church, at one Communion season. This was a joy to his soul almost too great to be borne. I think it was from this church that he returned to languish a few days and die. Immediately after he was taken ill, he became convinced that his work was done. His expressions of confidence and joy in the Saviour, were most rapturous and cheering; and thus he took his flight to the presence of Him whom he so dearly loved to preach to dying men, and whom he most earnestly longed to behold,—persuaded that he should see Him as He is, and be like Him. The last year of his life, in religious experience and ministerial usefulness, I doubt not, greatly exceeded all the years that had preceded.

In the recollection of this remarkable experience, I am often ready to say,—what stupendous results would accrue to our sin-ruined world, were the entire ministry baptized with a similar measure of the Holy Ghost, and sent forth to their work with like zeal, faith, earnestness, and power.

Very truly and faithfully yours,

HENRY G. COMINGO.

FRANCIS S. SAMPSON, D. D.*

1839—1854.

FRANCIS S. SAMPSON was the son of Richard Sampson, a distinguished agriculturist in the neighbourhood of Dover Mills, in the County of Goochland, Va. He was born in November, 1814. At the age of sixteen, he was placed at the school and in the family of the Rev. Thornton Rogers,† of Albermarle, who was his maternal uncle. Up to this time, he had devoted himself, without much restraint, to youthful vanities and follies, and had indulged in a habit of profane swearing. But finding himself now in a religious atmosphere, his mind, by an almost imperceptible influence, gradually took on a serious tone, and for about twelve months he was in a state of deep religious concern; though, from the fear of ridicule, he studiously concealed his feelings, and sometimes struggled against them. In the spring of 1831, he chanced to hear a Sermon from the Rev. B. F. Stanton, then of Prince Edward, from the text—"Secret things belong unto the Lord thy God;" and the effect of it was to fill him with apprehension and distress, and induce a resolution to seek more earnestly the salvation of his soul. But the fear of reproach and the love of sin still continued to operate; and, on being sneeringly charged by one of his school-fellows, who had observed in him a change of deportment, with "getting pious,"—in order to vindicate himself from such a suspicion, he uttered a terrible oath. But no sooner had it passed from his lips, than his remorse became intolerable, and he was overwhelmed with anxiety lest he had committed the unpardonable sin. This was the immediate harbinger of the joy and peace in believing. He now cast himself, as he believed, upon his gracious Redeemer, and entered with full purpose of heart on the way to Heaven. His uncle, who, until this time, had not even suspected that he had any serious thoughts, but had deprecated the influence of his profaneness upon his own family, was equally surprised and delighted to be informed by a written communication from him, of the great change of which he hoped he had become the subject. It was to the influence of Mr. Rogers' daily example, more than any thing else, that young Sampson attributed his conversion.

He made a profession of religion, and became a member of the Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville, then in charge of the Rev. Francis Bow-

* Memoir by Dr. Dabney.—MSS. from Mrs. Dr. J. H. Rice, and Rev. William S. White, D. D.

† THORNTON ROGERS was born of Presbyterian parents, in the County of Albermarle, Va., December 24, 1793. The first classical school he attended was conducted at Gordonsville, Va., by the celebrated Dr. James Waddel. He subsequently attended another classical school, of a very high order, taught near his father s, by a Mr. William Roberteon; but he never entered College. He was made a ruling elder at an early age, under the ministrations of the late Rev. William J. Armstrong, D. D. His occasional addresses in private meetings were so pertinent and excellent as to lead some of his friends to suggest to him the idea of devoting himself to the ministry; and he finally yielded to the suggestion, and, after prosecuting his theological studies under many disadvantages, was licensed by the Hanover Presbytery, in 1829. He continued to reside on his small farm, and to preach to the people in the neighbourhood, who heard him with great pleasure and profit. In August, 1833, he was ordained at Gordonsville, in the same house of worship in which Wirt heard that incomparable effort from the "blind preacher." The little flock of which he now took the spiritual oversight, greatly loved him, and received much benefit from his ministrations. But he was not permitted to serve them long. Just one year after his ordination, he was attacked with a fever, of which he died September 1, 1834. He was an eminently devout and godly man, and his death-bed presented a wonderful illustration of the all-sustaining power of Christian faith.

man, on the 13th of August, 1831. On the 10th of September following, he entered the University of Virginia, and continued his studies there till July, 1836, taking a very extensive and thorough course, not only in the academic departments, but in the schools of Junior Law, Anatomy, and Physiology, and securing the degree of Master of Arts, which was then attained by very few. The influence of the University of Virginia was at that time wholly adverse to the culture of religious feeling; and yet, by his conscientiousness and decision on the one hand, and his courtesy and kindness on the other, he succeeded at once in exhibiting a fine example of the Christian graces, and in securing the respect and attachment of even those who had no sympathy with his religious convictions or feelings.

On the 9th of November, 1836, Mr. Sampson became a member of the Union Theological Seminary, Va. Here also his course was marked by great diligence and success in study, and by an eminently consistent and devoted Christian life. On the resignation of Professor Ballantine, in the spring of 1838, he was appointed teacher of Hebrew, and from that time continued to perform other duties of the Oriental department. He was licensed to preach by the East Hanover Presbytery, in October, 1839, and was ordained as an Evangelist, by the same Presbytery, in October, 1841.

Early in the spring of 1846, he suffered a severe attack of pleurisy, which was occasioned immediately by fatigue and exposure in preaching, but probably owed its more remote origin to excessive and protracted application to study. Though the disease for a time seemed likely to have a fatal issue, it was finally subdued; but his constitution received a shock from which it never recovered. In the summer of 1848, he crossed the ocean, and, after spending nearly a year in Europe, chiefly at the Universities of Halle and Berlin, in the prosecution of his Oriental studies, he returned in August, 1849. In October, 1848, he was elected Professor of Oriental literature and languages in the Seminary with which he had been connected; but he had for many years performed the work of a full Professor, though with the title and compensation of an assistant.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hampden Sidney College in 1849.

Though Dr. Sampson, on his return from Europe, was so much invigorated in health as to relieve his friends, in a great measure, from anxiety in respect to him, he was soon attacked by a nervous fever, which left him with some threatening indications of pulmonary disease. But though his bodily system was evidently much disordered and enfeebled, he continued to perform his official duties; and for a few of the last months of his life, cheered on by the increasing prosperity of the Seminary, and the fresh tokens of favour it was receiving from the ministers and the churches, he seemed to address himself to his various duties with more than his former vigour and cheerfulness. When some of his friends ventured to expostulate with him for over-tasking his strength, he answered—"Perhaps I have but a few days or weeks more, in which to do my task. I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day." These solemn and earnest sayings of his proved sadly prophetic.

On Sunday the 2d of April, 1854, he preached in the College Church, in the absence of the Pastor, and with a degree of power and fervour, which he had rarely, if ever, exhibited. After the services of the day, he retired to rest, apparently in his usual health—his last act having been to

administer to the comfort of a sick servant. Before the next morning, he was taken seriously ill, and his disease proved an insidious and fatal pneumonia. After a week of great suffering,—endured, however, with the utmost patience, and an entire confidence in the grace and faithfulness of God, he died on Sabbath afternoon, the 9th of April, in the fortieth year of his age. On Tuesday following, he was borne to the grave, in the Seminary burying-ground, by the hands of his pupils, and in the presence of an immense multitude, which seemed like one vast congregation of mourners.

Dr. Sampson was married in 1840, to Caroline, daughter of Russell Dudley, of Richmond, Va. They had six children,—four sons and two daughters.

In 1851, Dr. Sampson delivered, at the University of Virginia, a lecture on "the authority of the Sacred Canon, and the integrity of the Sacred Text," which was afterwards published, in connection with the series of which it formed a part. In 1856, there was published, under the editorial supervision of his successor, Dr. Dabney, a Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, which he had prepared, and which shows that he was no ordinary proficient in Biblical learning.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT L. DABNEY, D.D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, VA.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
February 17, 1857.

Rev. and dear Sir: My first acquaintance with Dr. Sampson was in the summer of 1837, when he was a Junior student in this Seminary, and I a youth attending the exercises of Hampden Sidney College hard by. The College enjoyed that summer a powerful revival, in which not only the Professors, but some of the students of the Seminary, laboured in concert with the officers of the former institution. Dr. Sampson then gave me, on one or two occasions, some Christian counsel of a very sober, judicious and affectionate character. At the close of one of these interviews in my room, as I had begun to exercise a trembling hope in Christ, he put in my hands the little tract of Dr. Ashbel Green, entitled "Questions and Counsel for young Converts," —marking, as he did so, with his pencil, the sentence where the venerable author urges his readers to go over the questions weekly. This tract was of great use to me.

In 1844, I returned to this place as a student of Divinity. Dr. Sampson then held the post of assistant Professor, teaching the Hebrew language and exposition, the department of Biblical Introduction generally, and the Epistle to the Hebrews. I sat under his instruction throughout my whole course with great profit; and, in common with my comrades, visited him and his amiable wife in our seasons of recreation, and enjoyed much personal conversation with him. After I entered the active labours of the ministry, (in an adjoining Presbytery,) I met him occasionally at Synods, and always with pleasure.

In the spring of 1853, I was elected to the Professorship of Church History and Government in the Seminary. He immediately wrote, most cordially urging me to accept the post. This I ultimately concluded to do, and became his Colleague in August of that year. A large part of the summer vacation immediately preceding my entrance on my labours in Prince Edward, we spent together, at watering places, and at my house in Western Virginia. He at once received me as an equal to his intimacy, with an unaffected cordiality and simplicity which speedily effaced all remains of the feeling of pupilage, that was left

from my inferior relations to him a few years before. He was then full Professor of Oriental Literature. He had been greatly afflicted by feeble health, but was apparently recuperating, and was buoyed up by lively animal spirits, the most constant and delightful Christian joys, and bright hopes of the coming prosperity of his favourite institution. His studies had not led him at all into my department of instruction since his own licensure; but I received from him invaluable aid,—coming to my work, as I did, raw and unskilled. Although he had been, for fifteen years, wholly devoted, as it seemed, to his favourite studies, he was about as well informed in my department as you would expect to find the very best Divinity student on the day he presents himself for trial, with all the additional power and breadth of thought which he derived from his mature training. Thenceforward, until his death the next April, we were next-door neighbours, in constant and most familiar professional and social intercourse. We conferred together of all our interests, and all the subjects of inquiry which occupied our minds. Thus my acquaintance speedily grew into an affection, (which it is my pride to believe he reciprocated,) such that I have little hope I shall ever enjoy many like it, this side of Heaven. I may say indeed, in the graphic words which describe the friendship of Jonathan and David,—"My soul was knit with his soul." And ever since his death, my heart has not ceased to respond to the wail of David for his friend,—"I am distressed for thee my brother—very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." I have enjoyed therefore the fullest opportunities for knowing him. My only disqualification for making a judicious estimate of his character is the partiality of my affection.

Dr. Sampson was in person light and graceful, and of a florid complexion. His personal habits, as to diet, sleep, and recreation, were simple, methodical and temperate, without being ascetic. His dress was scrupulously neat and appropriate, without the faintest approach to display. In his approaches to his fellowmen, there was the happiest union of unaffected modesty and graceful quietude with Christian dignity. Yet his was a dignity which repelled no advances of affection or confidence, nor any thing but impertinence. His friends who most desired to see him shine in society, as his solid worth entitled him, sometimes accounted him too modest. Yet, with a modesty which almost amounted to diffidence, he was the farthest of all men from a timid or truckling expression of his opinions. When an erroneous sentiment which he conceived to be of any importance, was thrust upon him in conversation, he most distinctly defended his own opinion, with a singular union of inflexible, even impracticable, mental honesty, and courteous deference. He was the last man in the world to be wheedled into the softening of a truth down, or the admission of a faint shade of the error he had been opposing, by any of the blandishments of politeness, or by the fear of seeming too pertinacious. Much of the singular amiability of his social character is no doubt to be attributed to the influence of grace. Had he grown up unconverted, he would have been known as a man of high and determined temper, of energetic will, and persevering activity. Divine grace softened what was violent, and refined what was valuable, in his temperament, until the result was a rare and lovely union of the strong and the sweet.

One of Dr. Sampson's most striking and valuable traits was his methodical industry. To any one who knows his ancestry, it is very plain that this quality was received from them, both by inheritance and inculcation. That whatever is worth doing is worth doing well; that each task must be done with one's might in just so much time as is needed to do it perfectly, and no more; that no task is to be left till all is perfected which can be done to advantage—these were the rules of working which he carried with him from the time of his boyhood to the school, the University, the study, the lecture-room. The same thoroughness, the same deep ploughing, the same complete harrowing, the same utter extirpation

of obstructions, the same perfect finish which characterized the farm of his father, prevailed in his scholarship and instructions.

One of the most prominent traits of Dr. Sampson's Christian character was the uniformity and healthfulness of his devotional spirit. While his private habits in this matter were covered with a sacred veil, which none dared to attempt to lift,—drawn alike by the reverence and the modesty of his spirit,—his profiting was so outwardly evident to all, that no one could doubt his diligence in the closet. While his brief diary laments occasional spiritual declensions, there is reason to believe that he never knew what it was to lose the assurance of hope; and that the flame of devotion burned in him with a glow unusually steady. In public, his prayers were eminently edifying to believers, marked by scriptural tone, humble sincerity, appropriateness and comprehensiveness. But to know the sweetness of his spirit of prayer fully, one must have enjoyed the privilege of being an inmate of his house, and frequenting his domestic altar. Family prayers were, in his house, no hurried, unmeaning form. The whole air and tone of the exercise showed deep sincerity and earnestness. After a daily catechising of children and servants, the reading of the Word of God, and a hymn of praise, he bowed his knees with a composed awe and seriousness, which seemed to communicate itself to all the circle. What deep sincerity, what discrimination and justice, what point, what fulness, what grave tenderness, characterized those prayers, as he brought before the throne of grace his household—his children, his servants, his relatives, his brethren in Christ, the Seminary, the Church, and the whole interests of a perishing world!

Dr. Sampson was eminently conscientious in every thing, and in nothing more than in the use of property. Whether his circumstances were scanty or affluent, he was simple in his tastes, unostentatious in his person, and economical from principle. In accordance with the general system of all his habits, he kept an exact account of all expenditures—a thing which is, indeed, a necessary foundation for the proper practice both of Christian liberality and Christian economy. He was economical only in order to have the means to be liberal. His Christian hospitality was overflowing; and it was truly the hospitality of a Christian minister, designed not for its own display, but for the bestowal of comfort on others. To every cause he gave, always with the heart, and when his means became ample, with the hand, of a prince. It was one of the secrets which his Christian modesty never revealed, that he kept a strict account between himself and God, in which all sources of income were stated with scrupulous exactness, and a fixed and liberal portion of the same was set apart to alms-giving; and this account was balanced with as much regularity as his bank-book. Meanwhile, he was not without the pretext, which many professors of religion find, for stinting their liberality, in the claims of a growing family.

I must say something of Dr. Sampson as an instructer; for in his practical skill in this department was, I think, his peculiar value to the Church in our day. I hesitate not to say that, as a master of the art of communicating knowledge, he was, in my view, unrivalled. It was not that his lectures presented those grand sayings which electrify for the moment, nor that any one of his efforts produced on the pupil an impress of pre-eminent talent,—but there was just the combination of that justness of mind, steady animation, thorough knowledge, patience and tact, which give the highest skill in teaching, both as it is a trade and as it is a science. He was equal to its profoundest researches. He shunned none of its most irksome drudgeries. One of the foundation stones of his success was his own indisputable scholarship. No man ever passed through one of his classes, without a profound and admiring conviction of this. Another was in his unfailing animation and vivacity of mind, which was so keen, even on subjects usually esteemed dry, as to seem unaccountable to many. The exertion of voice and body which he unconsciously employed, when thoroughly warmed to

his work, was often the subject of playful remark between him and his colleagues. This animation communicated itself to his pupils,—so that usually their highest diligence was exerted in his department, though it was one not most attractive to all minds. But to this result, another quality, which is invaluable to the teacher, also contributed. This was the energy of his own will, which pressed on towards the objects of his exertion with an impetus which swept all along with it and communicated its own life to the most sluggish. In every act of his in the class room, there was expressed the idea of *work;* and all who frequented it soon felt instinctively that it was not the place for loitering. It might be said that his watchword was *thoroughness*. With an admirable patience he expounded his subject so as to make it luminous to the weakest eye; and if his questions revealed the fact that there was still some one who did not fully comprehend, he would resume his explanation, and repeat in varied forms, till his ideas were thoroughly mastered. Out of this habit, and the propensity of his mind to thorough work, probably grew that which might have been considered his preminent fault as an instructer. His explanations sometimes degenerated into excessive amplification, which became wearisome to those who had given him a moderate degree of attention from the beginning; and he thus unduly protracted his prelections.

His intercourse with his pupils was marked by a happy union of modest dignity, which repelled improper encroachments, and cordial, ingenuous kindness, which conciliated confidence. In his presence, each one felt that there was a simplicity and candour which set the stamp of reality on every kind attention. It is believed that there is not one of his pupils who did not feel for him not only respect, but warm affection; and many can join in the sad words of one who remarked, when speaking of his death,—"Well I never expect to meet with another minister of the Gospel whom I shall love and revere as I did that man." Often it was a subject of wonder to his colleagues how so much affection could be retained from those towards whom he exercised so much fidelity in admonishing.

The distinctive traits of his expository instructions may perhaps be described as justice of thought, neatness, and impartiality of mind. He believed the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. His soul loved their spiritual truths; and often in the lecture-room he soared away from the dry dissection of words and propositions into regions of devout meditation, and made his class forget for the time the exercises of the head, in the nobler exercises of the heart.

Dr. Sampson's preaching exhibited always the lucid order, and the animation of mind, which marked every thing that he produced. His best sermons rose to a grade of excellence which is seldom displayed in any part of the Church. And it was an excellence which was most appreciated by the most cultivated and mature minds. Whilst there were other preachers who would be more sought after by the masses, he was preferred by the men of thought and acquirement. His plans of discussion were marked by a just and comprehensive view, which showed both the profound Theologian, and the ripe Biblical scholar, who had drunk deep into the spirit of the Word of God. His propositions were usually stated with singular accuracy and beauty of language; but it was a beauty rather logical than theoretical, rather chaste than florid. Indeed his whole method of discussion wore an appearance of directness too severe to admit of any license or ornament. Yet in the judgment of all those who are capable of appreciating a felicitous purity and aptness of language, and thoughts of vigorous symmetry, many passages in his sermons rose to the highest grade of eloquence, coupled, as they were, with his genuine fervour and fire. His preaching was rich in matter, and eminently scriptural, such as is best fitted to feed the spiritual mind. It was always remarkable for its elegance and elevation, which were never tarnished by any thing coarse in allusion, ludicrous in association, or

bungling in structure. But it was, the least of all men's, a finical elegance. It was rather that of an energetic and lofty simplicity. That men of strictly scholastic training and pursuits, should excel in the particular work of the pulpit, is rather the exception; but he was certainly one of the most brilliant of these exceptions. By the intelligent public his preaching was even as highly esteemed, as his professional labours were by intelligent students.

Dr. Sampson could not be called a genius. He was what is far better,—a man of high talent. His mind presented nothing that was salient or astonishing. But this was not so much because there was not power, as because it was power symmetrically developed. His was just one of those excellent minds, which grow most and largest by good cultivation. In wide and adventurous range, his speculative powers were not equal to those of some other men; but in power of correct analysis, in soundness of judgment and logical perspicuity, he was superior to all I have ever known except a very few. Indeed when a speculative subject was fully spread out before his mind for consideration, his conclusions seemed to be guided by a penetration and justness of thought almost infallible. This consideration was deliberate, and his decision was very rarely expressed with haste, or even with promptitude. Hence his writings and conversation never exhibited any of that paradox, or that bold novelty and dangerous originality, which are too often mistaken for greatness. His talents, if they had less to awaken an empty astonishment and admiration, were far safer, more reliable and more useful. It was hard for any thing sophistical or unsatisfactory to escape detection under his steady gaze. He was particularly free from that common fault of many minds of large grasp,—the adopting of *major* propositions so large that they will contain the conclusion which the reasoner desires to derive from them; but at the same time so shadowy, that they contain he knows not how much more.

In his powers of arrangement he was undoubtedly superior to any man I have ever known. In his mind the elements of thought seemed to group themselves always, and spontaneously, into the most philosophical order possible, with a regularity like that of the atoms of limpid water, when they crystalize into transparent ice.

The efforts of Dr. Sampson's imagination were rather of that kind which Mr. Macaulay describes in Sir James Mackintosh. They consisted not so much in the original grouping of elements into new, but life-like, forms, as in selecting appropriate forms already shaped out, from the stores of a well furnished memory. In those severer exercises of imagination, which are required in mathematical thought, and in the bodying forth of scientific conceptions, this faculty was eminently distinct and vigorous. But in its more poetic exercises it was limited. His power of calling up that species of illustration which is flowing and graceful, was scanty; and while the operations of his faculties, especially in lecturing and preaching, were unusually fervent, it was rather, so far as it was not spiritual, the dry heat, if I may so term it, of intellectual animation, than the glow of genial fancies. And yet there were a few occasions on which he showed a high measure of the graphic or pictorial power; which might indicate that this faculty was rather disused by him than lacking in him. Another of his mental peculiarities has been already hinted—his almost impracticable honesty. He could never be induced to accept a proposition, unless it wholly commended itself to his mind as true. His memory was most retentive, for all things which were arranged in it by any logical association; but for things sole, or merely verbal, it was sometimes treacherous.

Upon the whole, considering the admirable justness and perspicuity of his mind, its vigour and accuracy in analysis, its wonderful capacity for philsophical arrangement, and the energy of its purposes, he might have been truthfully called a man of great powers. The symmetry of those powers, his modesty in

their display, the very accuracy of thought which expressed all those paradoxical brilliances that catch the admiration of the crowd, forbid that he should be promptly appreciated. Hence his proper grade will probably only be assigned him by those who, like myself, had opportunities to contemplate his mental powers deliberately. But it is my sober judgment, — a judgment formed maturely, in advance of that warm personal attachment which I shall ever esteem one of the chief blessings and honours of my life, that Dr. Sampson, for his particular work, possessed capacities unsurpassed by any man which our country has produced, and equalled by very few.

With Christian regards,

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT L. DABNEY

WILLIAM COWPER SCOTT.*

1840—1854.

WILLIAM COWPER SCOTT, the eldest son of the Rev. William N. Scott, and a grandson of the Rev. Archibald Scott, successively ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia, was born in Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Va., on the 13th of January, 1817. His mother, whose maiden name was *Nancy Daniel*, was a native of Charlotte County, in the same State. When he was four years old, his parents moved to Hardy County, where his father entered upon a wide and laborious missionary field, in which he spent a long and useful ministerial life. He gathered, as the fruits of his ministry there, three Presbyterian Churches, and still (1856) lives and labours among a people whom he has served thirty four years.† The scenery of this county is strikingly bold and beautiful. Mountains of towering height and startling abruptness are separated by valleys of almost enchanting beauty. The population of this region, having long been shut up in their valleys, constitute a society peculiar indeed, but distinguished for rural plainness and great moral worth. It was here, amid such scenes, and under the eye of pious and judicious parents, that William C. Scott spent the most impressible period of his life.

He was conducted through his academic course, principally by his father, who, to support his family and educate his own children, had opened a school, which he continued, with occasional brief intervals, for twenty

* MS. from his brother, Rev. John A. Scott.

† Since this sketch was written, the venerable man here referred to has deceased. He was born in Augusta County, Va., March 4, 1789; was successively under the instruction of the Rev. Samuel Brown and the Rev. William Calhoon, and was ultimately associated as Tutor with the latter. He completed his classical course at Washington College about the year 1810. He studied Theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Moses Hoge, and after his licensure by the Lexington Presbytery, engaged somewhat extensively in missionary service in his native State. Soon after his marriage in 1814, he took up his residence in Berkeley County, where he opened a Female Academy. Here he continued teaching with great success, and supplying vacant churches on the Sabbath, till 1822. In 1818, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Winchester as an Evangelist. In the spring of 1822, he removed his family to Lunney's Creek, in Hardy County, where he spent the rest of his life. About two years before his death, he withdrew, on account of bodily infirmity, from the pastoral charge of the churches he had gathered. He died on the 24th of January, 1857, in his sixty-eighth year. He was distinguished for solid and well-directed powers, for earnest, active piety, and an eminently useful life.

years, and which proved a source of incalculable benefit to the whole surrounding country. Though he did not evince any unusual precocity of mind, he was apt to learn, and made commendable progress in all his studies. His faculties were remarkably well balanced, from their earliest development;—neither reason nor imagination, neither the practical nor the philosophical, having the ascendancy, but all existing in admirable proportions. The effusions of his pen, even in boyhood, showed at once a fine talent at description, and a nice power of discrimination. His soul was exquisitely alive to harmony—it seemed to be his ruling passion, and it impelled and guided his powers in all their excursions in the realms both of nature and of grace. He was never wanting in either physical or moral courage. But such was the restraining power of his educated conscience, that casual observers might have construed his carefulness of conduct into a want of due intrepidity. His *moral* courage was predominant, and it never failed him in any emergency.

In October, 1831, he attended a meeting of the Synod of Virginia, in its sessions at Harrisonburg, in company with his parents, and some young friends from his father's charge. A revival of religion commenced in connection with the meeting of Synod, and continued for several weeks; and it was at this time that young Scott became hopefully a subject of renewing grace. Shortly after, a revival took place in his father's congregation, in which he not only took a deep interest, but bore an active part. He, together with many of his youthful associates, united with his father's church in the spring of 1832. It was about this time that he seems to have become impressed with the idea that he was called to preach the Gospel.

In due time, he became a member of South Hanover College, Ind. where he continued until he graduated in 1837. During his college course, he was distinguished for his exemplary deportment, not less than his success in study and his marked intellectual developments. In the autumn of the year that he graduated, he entered the Union Theological Seminary, Va., as a student of Divinity, and passed through the regular three years' course. Here the depth of his piety, the high literary merit of his performances, and the vigour and originality of his intellect, marked him as a candidate for the ministry of no ordinary promise. In April, 1840, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Winchester. About the same time, he was married to Martha H. Morton, of Charlotte County. The next summer he spent in the mountains of Virginia, labouring in connection with his father, and visiting some vacant churches. He was called to the charge of Bethel Church, which had been founded by his grandfather, in the Valley of Virginia. But, declining the call, he became, during the ensuing autumn, a stated supply to three churches on Staunton River,—namely, Providence in Halifax County, and Cub Creek and Bethesda in Charlotte County. The following year he was called to the pastoral charge of the Churches of Providence and Bethesda, and was ordained by the West Hanover Presbytery at Providence, in May, 1842. He resided here from the autumn of 1840 till the spring of 1846, when he accepted a call from the Church in Farmville, Va. Before he had been three years in Farmville, a bronchial disease had so far developed itself, that he was compelled to resign his charge, and abstain entirely from all public service. He now retired to a small farm which he owned in the bosom of his first congregation. After two years' abstinence from the pulpit,—during which he was

their display, the very accuracy of thought which expressed all those paradoxical brilliances that catch the admiration of the crowd, forbid that he should be promptly appreciated. Hence his proper grade will probably only be assigned him by those who, like myself, had opportunities to contemplate his mental powers deliberately. But it is my sober judgment, — a judgment formed maturely, in advance of that warm personal attachment which I shall ever esteem one of the chief blessings and honours of my life, that Dr. Sampson, for his particular work, possessed capacities unsurpassed by any man which our country has produced, and equalled by very few.

With Christian regards,

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT L. DABNEY

WILLIAM COWPER SCOTT.*

1840—1854.

WILLIAM COWPER SCOTT, the eldest son of the Rev. William N. Scott, and a grandson of the Rev. Archibald Scott, successively ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia, was born in Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Va., on the 13th of January, 1817. His mother, whose maiden name was *Nancy Daniel*, was a native of Charlotte County, in the same State. When he was four years old, his parents moved to Hardy County, where his father entered upon a wide and laborious missionary field, in which he spent a long and useful ministerial life. He gathered, as the fruits of his ministry there, three Presbyterian Churches, and still (1858) lives and labours among a people whom he has served thirty four years. The scenery of this county is strikingly bold and beautiful. Mo[unt]ain towering height and startling abruptness are separated by va[lleys] of enchanting beauty. The population of this region, having [been] up in their valleys, constitute a society peculiar in [its] for rural plainness and great moral worth. [Here] and under the eye of pious and judicious [parents] spent the most impressible period of his [life].

He was conducted through his academ[ical] who, to support his family and [educate] school, which he continued [for] two

* MS. from his brother, R[obert] L. Dabney.

† Since this sketch was [written] born in Augusta County, [Va.], Rev. Samuel Brown [Scott], the latter. He [was] studied Theology [under] the Lexington [Presbytery] State. Soon [after] he opened [a] vacant [congregation] Winch[ester] in [Frederick] with [which] go[od] [fo]

years, and which proved a source of incalculable benefit to the whole surrounding country. Though he did not evince any unusual precocity of mind, he was apt to learn, and made commendable progress in all his studies. His faculties were remarkably well balanced, from their earliest development;—neither reason nor imagination, neither the practical nor the philosophical, having the ascendancy, but all existing in admirable proportions. The effusions of his pen, even in boyhood, showed at once a fine talent at description, and a nice power of discrimination. His soul was exquisitely alive to harmony—it seemed to be his ruling passion, and it impelled and guided his powers in all their excursions in the realms both of nature and of grace. He was never wanting in either physical or moral courage. But such was the restraining power of his educated conscience, that casual observers might have construed his carefulness of conduct into a want of due intrepidity. His *moral* courage was predominant, and it never failed him in any emergency.

In October, 1831, he attended a meeting of the Synod of Virginia, in its sessions at Harrisonburg, in company with his parents, and some young friends from his father's charge. A revival of religion commenced in connection with the meeting of Synod, and continued for several weeks; and it was at this time that young Scott became hopefully a subject of renewing grace. Shortly after, a revival took place in his father's congregation, in which he not only took a deep interest, but bore an active part. He, together with many of his youthful associates, united with his father's church in the spring of 1832. It was about this time that he seems to have become impressed with the idea that he was called to preach the Gospel.

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industriously employed in doing good,—in study, in teaching school, in writing for the literary and religious journals, and in acts of Christian kindness in his neighbourhood,—he was able again to preach, and was called with perfect unanimity to become a second time the Pastor of the Bethesda Church. This church enjoyed the first and the last of his earthly labours. He was actively engaged in the *extension* of the congregation, when his Master interposed, and called him up to higher services in the Church triumphant.

Mr. Scott died of typhoid fever on the 23d of October, 1854, after a week's illness. His latter end was not only peace but triumph. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. J. S. Armistead, D. D. He left a widow and four small children,—all of them sons.

The most important and enduring memorial that Mr. Scott has left of his talents and character, is a work published in 1853, entitled "Genius and Faith." The subject of the work was suggested to him by his observing in College the tendency of many young men to divorce these two qualities, as if they were incompatible with each other. It became with him a favourite subject of contemplation, until, at length, during the period that he was obliged, on account of ill health, to suspend his labours in the pulpit, he embodied the results of his reflection in a volume which is a treasury of invaluable thought, and in respect to which it is difficult to say whether the poetical, the philosophical, or the Christian, element has the predominance.

FROM THE REV. J. S. ARMISTEAD, D. D.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY, Va., August 22, 1855.

My dear Sir: My opportunities for knowing the Rev. William C. Scott were uncommonly good. My acquaintance with him began while he was a student in our Seminary in Prince Edward, and was continued, and became more intimate, during his whole ministerial life. For several years, while he was settled at Farmville, he was my nearest neighbour in the ministry,—our churches being only divided by the Appomattox River. We had frequent exchanges of very pleasant professional labour,—he preaching to my people, and I to his. And after the failure of his health at Farmville, and his return to his first pastoral charge in Charlotte County, I had several opportunities of visiting him, and preaching to his people, which I always embraced with great pleasure. I cordially loved him; for he was a man to be *loved*, as well as honoured.

His intellect was of high character, and was cultivated and furnished with more than ordinary care. His perceptions of truth were clear; and as his mind was well trained, and strictly logical in its operations, his views of Christian doctrine were symmetrical as well as thoroughly evangelical. He held and expressed no half-formed opinions in Doctrinal Theology. He surveyed the whole domain of revealed truth, and had clear perceptions of the beautiful and perfect symmetry that pervades it.

I have known but few theologians who understood better than he did, the harmonious relations and nice adjustments of every part of Divine truth to the whole, or who were more careful to give to every doctrine and precept its proper place. This was clearly seen by intelligent hearers and readers, both in his preaching and in his writings. His reason bowed humbly, reverentially, and obediently to the Word of God, because his heart was right. Few men that I have known, understood better than he did, what is the legitimate province of human reason, in the investigation of spiritual truth, and therefore few men had clearer views of such truth. He discarded utterly the figment, that man is not

to employ most vigorously his intellectual faculties when he comes to the study of God's holy word—that his *reason* is to be sacrificed to his *faith*. But while he acted on the principle that God authorizes and commands us thoroughly to investigate the grounds of our faith, he realized, at the same time, that He withholds from us all authority to exalt our reason as a *rule of judgment*,—discarding or retaining doctrines propounded for our belief, as they may or may not, accord with our taste, or our capacity of perfect comprehension. Hence, his reception of the truth was intelligent, and his love for it was ardent, and its power over him was sanctifying and comforting. He saw, and admired, and illustrated in his consistent piety, the supreme excellence and perfect harmony which pervade the whole revealed truth of God.

This was the secret of his power as a preacher, and his grand recommendation as a writer. His whole character was strongly built on religious principle; and had it pleased God to give him the physical health and strength which are necessary for the exhibition of high and sustained emotion, he would have been one of the most impressive and powerful preachers of his day. But feeble as his constitution was, and naturally modest and retiring as was his disposition, he felt the necessity of restraining emotion, and of learning to husband his resources. It was impossible, however, not to see that in his case there was a close and most important connection between clear, strong, spiritual perceptions of Divine truth, and a holy and humble walk with God. How lovely his character was in this respect, and how earnestly he laboured to form others to the same character, there are still many living witnesses.

His character as a Christian was in perfect keeping with his views of Divine truth. It may generally be assumed as true, that no man is better than his principles; and that a man who adopts correct views of truth, intelligently and honestly, will illustrate them by a consistent and holy life. This was eminently true of my lamented friend. He was a modest, diffident, retiring man; but he was, at the same time, a fearless advocate of the true, the beautiful, the holy in human character, and a lovely example of what he taught to others. It may safely be said that few Christians reached higher excellence of personal character, in all the relations of life, than he did.

As a man of highly cultivated intellect, of correct literary taste, and of manly scholarship, he contributed his share to the literary reputation of his native State, and of his country. His published volume on "Genius and Faith," or the connection between genuine Poetry and true Religion, has settled his claim to distinguished authorship. It is a work which very few scholars could have produced. It deserves to live, not merely for the noble views of truth which it strikingly and vigorously exhibits, but for the high literary merit which has, with remarkable unanimity, been accorded to it.

With high regard, yours very truly,

J. S. ARMISTEAD.

FROM THE REV. C. R. VAUGHAN, D. D.

LYNCHBURG, Va. August 18, 1855.

Rev. and dear Sir: My acquaintance with the Rev. William C. Scott began during the sessions of West Hanover Presbytery, at the time I came under its care as a candidate for the ministry, in 1845. We had an agreeable occasional intercourse during the time of my continuance in Union Seminary,—he being then Pastor of the Church in Farmville, and I, during a portion of my time, boarding at my father's in that place, where I enjoyed the privilege of sitting under his ministry. In 1847, I graduated and received license. In the fall of that year, I was commissioned as a missionary to the slaves of Cumberland and rince Edward,—my head-quarters and his appointments in the month being in

Farmville. During a period of eighteen months, or thereabouts, I was in familiar and almost daily contact with Mr. Scott, then Pastor in Farmville. We became very intimate. Our intercourse was of the freest character. The congeniality of our views and feelings on many important subjects drew us into more than usual freedom and confidence of association. In a word, I may well say that there are only one or two ministers with whom I may claim a more intimate acquaintance, or a more fraternal relationship.

Mr. Scott was a man of decided ability, great refinement of taste, vigorous powers of logical discrimination, combined with a nearly equal degree of poetic talent—he was a fine writer, and a speaker of very pleasing address, when in the full flush of health. His preaching was always marked by careful preparation, by clearness and accuracy of statement, by uncommon elegance of composition, with occasional bursts of great poetic beauty and devotional enthusiasm. His style as a writer was highly finished, though somewhat impaired occasionally by a slight mannerism in the structure of his sentences. His manner in the pulpit was generally calm and dignified, with flashes of sudden passion, which elevated him to a very striking degree of oratorical power. He spoke, for the most part, from a manuscript, though he extemporized often with decided effect. The highest power of his intellect was perhaps the power of philosophical analysis, which he possessed to a very uncommon degree. His work on the relations of Poetry and Religion will convey a high impression of his analytic, as well as of his imaginative, faculty, to any competent critic.

Mr. Scott was hindered by excessive modesty from taking the public position to which his talents entitled him. A shy and retired student, he delighted in nothing so much as the seclusion of a retired position, the company of his books, and the opportunity to indulge the impulses of his own mind. His diffidence was a marked feature in his character, and deprived him of much both of honour and usefulness, that were fairly within his reach. He was distinguished by the amiability of his feelings, and the unobtrusive excellence of his whole character. He was an occasional contributor to the religious papers, and to the Southern Messenger, in which his work on Genius and Faith originally appeared: on that work, however, all his claims to literary reputation must rest. Many a book has brought both fame and fortune to its author, without one tithe of the thought or merit of composition, contained in this fine philosophical review.

Mr. Scott was tall and well-made in person, with large and masculine features, an eye not distinguished by brilliancy or power of any sort, and a forehead of very fine development, in both size and shape. His manners were strongly marked by the kindness as well as the modesty of his character. I regard him as having been decidedly among the first men in the Synod of Virginia, in point of real intellect and substantial excellence.

Yours truly,

C. R. VAUGHAN.

WALTER MACON LOWRIE.

1841—1847.

FROM THE REV. R. W. DICKINSON, D. D.

NEW YORK, December 10, 1850.

Rev. and dear Sir: In complying with your request to furnish for your work a sketch of the life and character of the late Walter M. Lowrie, I thank you for the opportunity it gives me to render a tribute to the memory of one in whose mission I was naturally led to take a special interest from the circumstance that, in the providence of God, I was called to officiate both on the occasion of his licensure and of his ordination. My acquaintance with him began, when he was taken under the care of our Presbytery, as a candidate for the holy ministry; but since his decease it has been my privilege to see various letters from some who were intimately acquainted with him in early life, which embodied their reminiscences of his College life and Seminary course. His letters and journals, however, as edited by his father, the Hon. Walter Lowrie, are the sources whence I have drawn most of the material for the following sketch.

In the life of WALTER MACON LOWRIE who was born February 18, 1819, in Butler, Pa., nothing claims our special notice until we reach the period of his conversion. This occurred in the winter of '34–5, during a remarkable revival of religion in Jefferson College, of which he had been a member since the fall of '33. He was among the first of the students then brought to a sense of their character and condition as sinners; but, before he had attained peace, and even while labouring under the greatest distress of mind on account of the hardness of his heart, he spoke of the revival as a "work that would tell over the world." His exercise of mind at the time, however, differed not from the general experience of converted youth, excepting that his chief difficulties arose from the fact that he had not those "deep and pungent convictions," nor those "high exciting joys," which are sometimes felt,—nor was it to be expected that he should,—considering the manner in which he had been educated by his parents, the exemplary correctness of his life from his boyhood, and the evenness of his temperament. Strange perplexities too thronged his mind, while contemplating the duty of communing at the table of Jesus. He felt there "was something wrong within him;" he knew not what, "unless it was that spiritual pride had inflated his heart." But at last "all his difficulties vanished, and his mind was filled if not with joy, yet with a peace that passeth understanding."

But He who had called him, designed to prepare him for an arduous and trying service; and it was necessary to this end that he should have a deeper insight of his own heart, and a more operative sense of his need of sanctifying grace. A bitter experience awaited him, and that under circumstances most favourable to the exercise of faith and love. While again partaking of the emblems of Christ's broken body and shed blood, his mind was so assailed by distressing thoughts that his hope became as the givin-

up of the ghost. Yet, miserable as he was, that Communion proved to be most profitable.*

Shortly after this, the incident of his meeting an old negro woman occurred, which, though it may appear to some too simple to be formally noticed, is not without its significance. No collegian who had not become "a new creature," would have stopped to converse on the subject of religion in connection with the missionary cause with such a person, much less noted her words, and derived a lesson from her attainments in piety. It intimates in signs which cannot be mistaken, that lowliness of spirit which is so essential in Christian character; that quick perception and high estimate of personal religion which mark the new born soul; a docility which foreshadows high spiritual attainments; and a sympathy with the mind that was in Christ Jesus, which may soon be developed in acts of self-denial.

"The child is father of the man."

Though he had at first thought that his new relation to the Church "would make a great difference in his choice of a profession," he was at a loss to know whether he should then examine the question, as to his duty to become a minister of the Gospel, or defer it to the close of his collegiate course; and the manner in which he canvassed the subject, together with the plan which he proposed to follow, evinced more than ordinary discrimination and forethought.

Life is too short to justify delay in the choice of a profession, by one who has been awaked to a sense of life's great end. No mind is competent to the mastery of every branch of literature and science. No one can become equally eminent or successful in every department of human toil; nor does the mind ever work to equal advantage when turned from the pursuit to which it had for years addressed its powers. There is great force in the reason assigned by young Lowrie that he might concentrate his powers, and make all things tend to this one object. Men fail, not so much from want of mind, as from the misdirection of their talents; nor so much from want of moral principle, as of fixedness of purpose. Unity of aim implies perseverance, and without resolute diligence the greatest powers are vain. Both success and eminence in any relation can be almost invariably traced to an early choice and inflexible purpose. It is worthy of note, therefore, how the work of the Gospel ministry took possession of young Lowrie's mind. It was not, however, as a means of livelihood, or as a profession by which he was to gratify personal ambition and rise to distinction. He was to enter the ministry from a sense of duty—to do good to perishing men, not to enrich or elevate self. And though he showed great decision and energy, it was the seal of his "new heart and right spirit," that rendered him proof against those temptations to loitering and indecision to which young men so often yield, only to regret in after life. From the hour of his decision he never lost sight of his object. It quickened his perceptions, roused his energies, guided his selection of books and company, and while deepening his interest in his religious privileges, led him to assume the superintendence of a neighbouring Sunday school, to take an active part in the "Brainerd Evangelical Society," and also in the "Society for Inquiry," and in these Societies which were connected with the College,

* See Memoir of Walter M. Lowrie—Edited by his father, the Hon. Walter Lowrie, pp. 10, 11.

to devise ways and means for promoting a deeper spirit of personal piety among the religious students, and a more hearty interest in the cause of foreign missions.

The subject of missions seems to have taken strong hold of his mind from the hour he made choice of the ministry as his profession. "Something seems to be telling me," he writes to his father, "when I think of you all, that I must endeavour to spend as much time with you as I can *now;* for when I am settled in life, I shall have very few opportunities of being with you. I do not anticipate much temporal pleasure or ease, and perhaps it is as well that I should now learn to deny myself as at any time; but still I find an unwillingness to entertain the idea of totally denying myself your company. However, I hope that if it shall ever be incumbent on me, I shall not hesitate to leave even father and mother, and all to whom I am bound by the ties of nature. I hope you are all in good health. Would that I had the same hope in relation to matters of more importance. I can do nothing but pray, and yet in my condition I am more fit to have prayers offered for myself than to offer them for others."

At last, after having scrutinized his motives, solicited paternal counsel, and sought wisdom from the Most High, he comes to so clear a sense of his duty, that a load is taken from his mind. Nor is it less worthy of note, that he came to this decision in the place where only two years before he was on the point of abandoning his hope: while commemorating the death of Him, who came into our world "to seek and to save that which was lost."

It may be thought that so great interest in religious matters must have interfered with his regular studies, and that he was too much under religious excitement to enjoy a healthful tone of piety. This, in repeated instances, has been the effect of a revival of religion in a College; but whatever importance may be attached to religion, a neglect of study cannot be justified; since the primary duty of a collegian is to meet the requisitions of the course, and thus prepare himself for public life. That must be enthusiasm, not piety, which impels one to merge his studies in devotional meditation and meetings. But Lowrie's religion gave to study the aspect of duty, and his decision on the great question only rendered him the more determined to overcome all difficulties in the acquisition of knowledge. It was, however, much to his surprise, (and his allusion to the circumstance is with characteristic modesty,*) that he was ranked among the first of his class in scholarship, and appointed to deliver the Valedictory. He bade farewell to the scenes of his College life in October, 1837,—having spent five years in Cannonsburg; during which time he had acquired a good education, chosen the good part, exerted a salutary influence, resolved on his employment through life, and prepared himself to enter on his theological course. What could such a youth have had to regret as he looked back? Several things it would seem; "and yet there is nothing I regret so much in my course in College, as that I did not try to secure the affections of young non-professors, and lead them to delight in the pleasures of the mind, and especially those of the soul. It makes my heart ache to think how many opportunities of doing good I neglected to improve. Yet

* Memoir, p. 17.

perhaps were I ever so situated again, I should act as before. Still it does seem as if I would try and do better."

While in College, Mr. Lowrie called on a young man,* in relation to some interest of one of their Societies. Though alike the subjects of the same revival, neither had much knowledge of the other; while each through diffidence had said little to any one as to his own private feelings on the subject of personal religion. Both had been sighing for Christian intercourse, and had alike struggled with pent up feelings. Soon after their meeting, they, in some way equally unexpected to either, got into conversation on their respective experience of the grace of God; and so absorbed did Mr. Lowrie become, that the object of his errand was lost sight of in "the sweet and holier topic of Christ's love." The mutual interest in each other awakened by this interview, speedily led to another, and still another, and thus, in that oneness of views and feelings which true Christian experience alone inspires, commenced a friendship which united their hearts and identified their plans. They were wont to converse and pray together, to exercise in company, and act in concert, and being alike interested in promoting their own personal piety and advancing the cause of Christ, both at last gave themselves in purpose to the missionary work, and held themselves in readiness to go wherever God might call them. College friendships often yield to other interests; but in this case there was no abatement of affection and no diminution of confidence. To no one out of his own family was Lloyd more warmly attached, while "the thought of being saved with his friend often filled his soul with a pure delight." Lowrie had formed other friendships; but to Lloyd he was wont to unbosom his secret thoughts, and to him, next to the inmates of his own family, wont to write just as he felt; and the reason seems to have been that with him he had spent so many soul-subduing hours in Christian fellowship, and enjoyed a foretaste of that world where perfect love and friendship forever reign. The spring before he left College, he unexpectedly met Lloyd and joined him in a walk. The day was beautiful and all nature inviting. Lifting their thoughts above the scenes through which they passed, Heaven became the subject of their conversation, and from the manner in which both in after years adverted to this conversation by the way, they must have then experienced some anticipative sense of the joys of Heaven. This walk, however, left an ineffaceable impression on Lowrie's mind. It served to invigorate his faith, to brighten his hopes, and sometimes in his hours of

* The individual referred to was JOHN LLOYD. He was born in Huntingdon County, Pa., October 1, 1813. He entered Jefferson College in the spring of 1834; made a profession of religion in the second session of his course; and graduated with distinction in September, 1838. Having spent two years in teaching in Western Pennsylvania, in order to provide means for prosecuting his theological studies, he entered the Seminary at Princeton in November, 1841, and during his course acted as Tutor, for a session, at the College at Easton, Pa., including his first vacation at the Seminary in 1842. In the autumn of 1843, he placed himself under the care of the Board of Foreign Missions, and the field of labour assigned to him was China. During his last session in the Seminary, he was licensed by the Presbytery of New York; but he transferred his relation to the Presbytery of Huntingdon from which also he received ordination, a short time before departing on his mission. He sailed from New York in company with three other missionaries, on the 22d of June, 1844, and arrived at Macao in October following. In November, he proceeded to Amoy, where he became very happily associated with several missionaries, both from England and from the United States. He addressed himself now with great diligence and success to the study of the language, and soon acquired so much knowledge of it as to be able to enter advantageously upon his missionary work. On the 23d of November, 1848, he was attacked with typhus fever, which had a fatal termination on the 6th of December, just four years to a day from the time of his arrival at Amoy. He possessed a vigorous mind, an equable temperament, an amiable, generous spirit, and an earnest devotion to the best interests of his fellow men.

gloom and despondency, it rose on his memory, like a bright vision, to revive his sinking spirits, and incite him to perseverance.

I have thus alluded to the occasion and the nature of this friendship, because most of his letters from the time of his leaving College to the completion of his theological course were addressed to Mr. Lloyd; but, though so many letters passed between them, and they held such delightful communion, they did not meet again for many years, and then under circumstances peculiarly interesting and doubly gratifying.

On entering the Theological Seminary at Princeton, he formed but few acquaintances and went but little in society. This was owing rather to his greater fondness for study than for company,—his stronger inclination to meditate than to converse. Though remarkably affectionate, he was peculiarly reserved; so much so, that his manner, at times, had the appearance of being assumed; and to this may be traced his wonted taciturnity in his intercourse with strangers in after years, and his want of freedom in conversing on the subject of religion with those with whom he was not particularly acquainted. This was subsequently a matter of regret with Mr. Lowrie, yet not without its advantage during the period of his preparatory course. In keeping him aloof from company, it threw him more on himself, rendering him more susceptible, serious, and meditative—fostering the love of study and the habit of solitary thought. No one ever entered the Seminary with more conscientious views, or pursued his studies with more unwearied assiduity. Hence his order for the day, and his regularity and constancy in exercise. He would even journey on foot, for the sake of securing a greater stock of health against the demands of the ensuing session, though at the same time he improved his vacations. During one of these he re-arranged the Seminary Library, and made a new catalogue,—a work of no ordinary labour, yet to one of his fondness for books and love of order, not without interest. During another he prosecuted the study of the Hebrew; not because his advantages in the Seminary were not sufficient, but on account of Nordheimer's reputation as a teacher, and his desire to perfect himself in that branch. Hence also he availed himself of such society as would further him in his plans for self-improvement; and the same may be observed in the character of his miscellaneous reading, and in the manner in which he spoke of such books as he had read, or the sermons which he had heard. It was always some character, some thought or sentiment, throwing new light on religious experience, on the meaning of a passage of Scripture, or on the nature of his contemplated work, that arrested his attention.

I am not aware how much time he spent in solitary prayer, or that he kept a diary of the changes in his views and feelings. To one of his introspective cast of mind, this might have fostered modes of thought and feeling at variance with his comfort and his usefulness; and if this be not equivocal in its tendency, there was the less necessity for a diary in his case, as he was in habits of familiar and confiding intercourse with kindred spirits. The more he reflected on the work to which he had given himself, the more he felt the necessity of a deeper religious spirit, in order to his effective preparation, and therefore was inclined to write bitter things against himself: his coldness at times amazed as well as distressed him; nor is it surprising that it should, considering his elevated conceptions of Divine truth, and the importance he attached to the missionary work.

Though often depressed, he was seldom despondent; at times very happy, and again fearing the deceitfulness of sin, or shrinking from the temptations and trials to which, in imagination, he might one day be exposed. "Sometimes, when I think of these things," said he to a friend, "I feel inclined, if it were the will of my Master, just to lie down and die. The thought of having to spend eight or ten years in this wicked world is not very pleasing; but if it be my Master's will, I will cheerfully obey." Meanwhile, whatever his difficulties on the score of his own piety, he seems never to waver or regret his course; on the contrary, attains to clearer views of his duty, and at last feels that he would rather die than not be a missionary.

During his collegiate course his thoughts had been turned toward China; but now Africa, as a field for missionary labor, claims much of his attention. The fact that so few, if any, were willing to go there,—that the most of those who had gone had died, seemed only to kindle his ardour, and establish him in his choice. Still, though most decided in his views, he is willing to defer to the counsels of age, and to the decision of the Board;—thus giving evidence of a mind capable of exercising a calm judgment, and at the same time of that modesty and humility so much to be admired in youth. He had all along thought that he should be willing to go wherever duty might point, and now he is willing to go even to "the white man's grave."

His interest in the missionary cause, however, did not interfere with the prosecution of his studies. On the contrary, when, in April, 1841, he appeared before the Second Presbytery of New York to be examined for licensure, it was evident to all, from his explicit and satisfactory replies to every question put to him, that he must have diligently availed himself of his preparatory advantages. What his own thoughts and feelings were in relation to his licensure we have no means of ascertaining. There was deep solemnity in his aspect, and when, after the usual prayer on such occasions, the Moderator said,—"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority which He has given to the Church for its edification, we do license you to preach the Gospel,"—he bowed his head and wept.

After this, he went forth to make trial of his gifts, and until the autumn, was engaged in preaching. During this period he visited the missionary station among the Chippewas. This tour gave him an opportunity of seeing many places, and of forming not a few valuable acquaintances, and wherever he went, his visits were not less gratifying to others than profitable to himself. Perhaps no persons remember him with more affection than they whose acquaintance he formed during the time that intervened between his licensure and his ordination. This took place on the 9th of November, 1841, in the Grand Street Presbyterian Church. I recollect the time and the place—the solemnity of the candidate and the emotions of those who officiated on the occasion. He was my junior by many years, yet he had decided on a course which few of us had ever contemplated. We were surrounded by friends, and comforts, and privileges; he was about to give up all that is dear to the natural heart, and go forth to live and labour and die among the abodes of degraded pagans!

In the mean time, the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions had taken into consideration his application to be received as a missionary, and to be sent out under their care. In his application he had

expressed his desire to go to Africa; but there were special reasons for reinforcing the China Mission. One of the missionaries had died, and it was apprehended that the Mission would be defeated unless some one could be speedily procured; nor was it easy to find any one who could go there with advantage. The language was very difficult to be acquired,—translations of the Scriptures into Chinese were to be effected, and it was thought that Mr. Lowrie had peculiar talents and qualifications for such a task. Notwithstanding his deference to the judgment of the committee, their decision was to him a matter of surprise and regret. To the last he had looked forward to poor benighted Africa, and now to turn his face toward China, seemed like abandoning the cherished hope of years. But not *my will*, is the sentiment of his heart. *He is sent;* and this thought serves all along to sustain and encourage him.

Mr. Lowrie bade farewell to his country with no intention of ever returning; and his friends took leave of him with little or no expectation of ever seeing him again on earth. A free passage having been generously offered to him by the owners of the ship Huntress, he embarked in that noble vessel on the 19th of January, 1842. But we need not here lose sight of him. We may follow him in his course through the pathless waters, mark his actions, discern his feelings, and read his thoughts. At the request, and to gratify the wishes, of his mother, he kept a journal of the voyage; and had I been his fellow passenger, I could hardly have enjoyed so intimate an acquaintance with him as may be derived from its perusal. It shows the training to which he had been subjected, the resources of his mind, the versatile adaptedness of his powers: how the love of home enhances the love of Heaven; how the sensibilities of the man are refined by the acquisitions of the scholar and the affections of the Christian; how the desire of doing good triumphs over the discomforts of shipboard and all temptations to indolent quietude; how prudence tempers zeal, and gentleness wins prejudice, and cheerfulness recommends religion: what advantage the Christian scholar has in spending his time, and in deriving instruction and enjoyment from every passing object and any trifling incident. It is written without effort and without design,—like the spontaneous expression of one's cherished hopes and inmost feelings to a bosom friend, or the particular, though not tedious, narration of our travels to one whose varying countenance reveals the interest that is taken in all we saw, and said, and did. It is a transcript of the successive phases of his mind and heart, natural, truthful and vivacious—embracing beautiful sentiments and profitable suggestions, touching allusions and mirthful passages, scenes of grandeur and incidents of life—showing the man, as he was on shipboard, in his weakness, and in his strength, without either concealment or exaggeration—the Christian, in his moments of extatic elevation or of gloomy depression—the youthful missionary, as the home he had left, with all its tender memories, rose before the eye of his mind, or the land whither he was going cast its dark shadows over his soul; now aiming to know more of the mind and will of Him who had sent him forth, from the precious pages of his own word—now improving his opportunities of doing good to those around him—now looking through nature up to nature's God, and anon wafted, as on eagle's wings, to that world "where there is no sea."

While perusing his journal, I have been struck with the thought how much may be accomplished on shipboard; what attainments may be made: what a salutary influence may be exerted. It shows the enviable superiority of the Christian scholar as a voyager on the great deep; how every branch of knowledge may there be brought into requisition, and be made the means of widening one's field of observation and inquiry—thus not merely relieving the monotony of shipboard life, but opening sources of ever varying interest and instruction; especially the great advantage he possesses for improving and enjoying a long voyage, whose mind is enlarged by the discoveries, fortified by the principles, and animated by the hopes, of the Gospel. How interesting does the youthful missionary appear, when, through the medium of his journal,* we contemplate him a solitary voyager, going forth for purposes with which few if any on board can truly sympathize, conscious of no wavering, though often sensible of his insufficiency, no regret, though his eyes are often suffused with tears! He arrived at Macao, May 27, 1842; but his stay there was brief; for as he had been directed to proceed to Singapore as soon as he had made himself acquainted with the existing state of things in China, he left Macao on the 18th of June, in the Sea Queen, bound for that port. It would seem as if he had some presentiment of what awaited him, during his voyage down the China sea.† How affecting are his reminiscences of the *parting!* How comforting to him the thought that he was not on *his own* errand;—that He who had sent him forth would strengthen him for whatever sufferings he might be called to endure. How true is it that by those events which often perplex and confound the children of God, "He is demonstrating his power over them, and showing them that they are not the masters of their own lot." It is the great end of all his dealings with them, to convince them of their absolute subjection and dependance,—sometimes by involving them in unforeseen difficulties, or baffling all their calculations, to disclose to them the depths of their hearts, and then again by wrenching the heart with agony to test their faith and love.

Mr. Lowrie regarded the time spent on board of this vessel, as a "season of chastisement," yet "of great and unmingled mercy." He might not see how the interests of the Chinese mission could be promoted by such delay; but was satisfied that good would be the result. He was acting in obedience to the home instructions which he had received; anxious to reach the brethren at Singapore, and commence operations. While he tarried, the mission languished from want of aid; idolatry was riveting its chains around immortal minds, and men who had lived without God were hourly going down to death without hope; and why did not He who holds the winds and the waves in his hands speed him on his way? Was it an intimation from Providence that he had mistaken the path of his duty? Then the calms and the adverse winds to which Paul himself was subjected, and the storms by which his life was jeoparded during his voyage to Rome, should have been viewed by the Apostle in the same light. Or was it a trial of his faith and patience? Paul himself must have had a greater trial, for seemingly greater interests required his speedy arrival at Rome. Placed in such circumstances, Mr. Lowrie was necessarily impelled more than ever to devout meditation and study; and it was, indeed, a source of the purest consola-

* See Memoir pp. 71—129.
† See Memoirs. Voyage on the China sea, pp. 141, 164.

tion and encouragement to find that he was in all probability not so severely tried as the great Apostle to the Gentiles had been; that the account which Paul gave of his voyage to Rome, was almost word for word applicable to his own voyage to Singapore. We shall yet see him moving amid scenes of varied and thrilling interest; but we love to bring him before the eye of our mind, as he was in that noisome craft,—amid that wretched crew,—on that boisterous sea,—without a friend with whom he could exchange thought,—without an opportunity of doing good to those whose language he could not understand—there, with no other companion than his *old Bible!* Its truths, its counsels, its promises, all are doubly precious to his soul. We feel for him in his loneliness, but unless he had been thus, he would not have been brought so near to God. We sympathize with him in the absence of his privileges; but had he enjoyed them, he would not have been able to enter with so much cordial interest into the aspirations of holy men of old: so true is it that without being placed in circumstances of sore trial, Christians can never fully appreciate the value, or know the preciousness of God's holy word. That *old Bible* of his! what light does it reflect on his character and errand! A missionary with his Bible is one sent of God and not of man; a missionary studying his Bible is one who respects the mind and will of God; a missionary brought in the providence of God to discover a deeper meaning and a more precious view in some passage of the Bible is the man to preach the Bible from experience and the heart. Instructions from home are of little value compared with instructions from the sacred page; letters from home of but little use to comfort, if the great things which God has written to his servants, do not secure permanent interest; the company of missionary associates can but relieve for a time, if the company of Christ and his Apostles be not habitually valued; while this Book, in the light which it throws on the darkest hour, in the consolations which it imparts to the sorrowing, in the thoughts which it may awaken in the solitude of our condition, and in the sweet and precious promises which it unfolds, may make amends for the absence of all earthly friends and personal comforts; and Mr. Lowrie's experience of its preciousness in the hour of need is an evidence of its truth, as well as of the sincerity of his belief. (Memoirs p. 145–153.)

By the 10th of July, the vessel had gone half the distance from Macao to Singapore; but after this her progress was impeded by currents which soon became too strong to be resisted. The Monsoon blew with great violence; for several days no observations could be taken; and, after crossing and re-crossing their track for thirty-one days, they found themselves on the 11th of August, only one hundred miles nearer Singapore than they were on the 10th of the preceding month. Finding at last that they could not make head against the currents, and that their provisions were nearly exhausted, they very reluctantly turned about, and shaped their course for Manilla, where they arrived in safety on the 3d of August, after a voyage of sixty-six days from Macao.

Through his anxiety to reach Singapore with as little delay as possible, and at the same time, retaining no very pleasing impressions of the Sea Queen's speed and accommodations, he took passage in another vessel, and, as he thought, with a better prospect of reaching Singapore. This vessel was wrecked; and his narrative of the disaster and of his wonderful escape will abundantly repay perusal. After a most graphic description of the

perils to which they had been exposed, and finding himself safe on the land, he adds,—"It was a scene worthy of the painter's skill—our little boat fastened to the trees, our scanty baggage piled upon the shore, and ourselves under the custard apple-trees, standing with upturned faces, while the rain dropped upon our bare heads as we lifted up our voices, and, I trust, our hearts, to that God who had brought us through the dangers we never expected to survive."

Well might Mr. Lowrie repeat to himself one of his favourite texts: "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." The Sea Queen in which he had started for Singapore did not reach there in less than a hundred and twenty days from Macao; while the vessel, (the Oneida,) which did not leave Macao till three weeks after the Sea Queen, arrived at Singapore before he reached Manilla remained two months, and returned in November. Had Mr. L. gone in her, it would not only have saved him an immense amount of suffering, but might have altered the whole course of his life. Such was his own impression, as he recalled the reasons for his preferring the Sea Queen—the scenes through which he had passed, and found himself, after the lapse of four months, again in Macao, without having seen the place whither he had been sent. It was natural, therefore, that he should feel somewhat perplexed with the affairs of the mission. Still, he did not yield to despondency. The recent lessons which he had been taught, enable him to say from the heart,—

"I sure
"Have had enough of bitter in my cup
"To show that never was it his design
"Who *placed me here* that I should live at ease,
"Or drink at pleasure's fountain. Henceforth then
"It matters not, if storm or sunshine be
"My future lot: bitter or sweet my cup.
"I only pray, God fit me for the work!
"God make me holy and my spirit nerve
"For the stern hour of strife!"

The mission at Singapore having been abandoned for sufficient reasons, Mr. Lowrie resided in Macao more than two years; where, in addition to the prosecution of the Chinese language, making such observations of the country as were necessary to the selection of favourable points for missionary stations, and such an acquaintance with the character and customs of the people as would tend to facilitate his future operations, he preached regularly once a Sabbath to a small congregation of English and Americans. His sermons were admirably adapted to profit, and his manner was peculiarly solemn. Such was the testimony of his friend Lloyd, who had the happiness of joining him on heathen ground toward the close of the year 1844. It was while in Macao, that he experienced some change in his views on the subject of the Millenium. He had come to the belief that the Jews would be restored to their own land, and began to lean to the opinion that Christ would again visibly appear. But my limits will not permit me to enter into particulars, nor even to advert to the various things which have arrested my notice while perusing his copious and minute letters. On the 21st of January, 1845, he left Macao, and, after having been a while detained at Hong Kong, arrived at Ningpo, the final place of his residence and labours, on the 11th of April, 1845. While there, he was most industriously and usefully employed, and made great proficiency in the study of the language. Though he had not equalled some of his colleagues in

speaking, yet he had thrown much light on the colloquial language. Even in relation to speaking the language, he seems at last to have overcome every difficulty, as is evident from the fact that, for some time previous to his leaving Ningpo, he had been preaching to the Chinese. But his chief attention was directed to his preparation for usefulness through the medium of the written language. Hence, not only his translations of parts of the New Testament and a considerable portion of the Catechism, but his advancement in a plan for a Dictionary of the Chinese; and had his life been prolonged, he would, in all probability, have completed so great a work. No one, however, can form any adequate idea of his life and labours, who has not perused his letters. These constitute an autobiography as complete as he himself could have written; and they are the more valuable because written, with but few exceptions, for the special eye of those to whom he felt free in laying bare his inmost thoughts and daily practices. He knew that nothing that concerned him and his work would be uninteresting to them; and as he felt assured of their sympathy and prayers, we may regard his letters in the light of conversations with absent friends. The life of every man is made up of detail; and it is only from every day life that we can truly judge of any one's character. We cannot know what he is until we see him where there is no motive either to conceal or to display; and as a man is in private, such is his true moral character. He may not know himself, but they who are around him from day to day, know him better than he knows himself; and in like manner, as a man is in the judgment of the inmates of his own dwelling, such is he in the unrestrained familiarity of epistolary intercourse with bosom friends; and though many have endorsed the opinion of Dr. Spratt that letters between relatives and special friends are scarce ever fit to see the light, as in such letters "the souls of men appear undrest," yet these are the very letters which are most essential to enable us to judge with accuracy of the Christian missionary. No Christian, unless he has schooled himself into a morbid monotony of thought and feeling, can always appear the same. Whatever his attainments in personal piety, the strength of his self-denying purpose, or the diligence of his habits, there are times when the peculiarities of his temperament, or the natural cast of his disposition, will be strikingly seen; and I am free to say, in relation to the subject of this sketch, that, in my view, his piety is not less fervent, because it is occasionally mingled with a strain of native tenderness and innocent gaiety; his devotion to his work not less real, because, in his hours of intermitted application, he could enter with zest into cheerful converse or epistolary chat; his affection for his Master not less deep and abiding, because he could interest his absent friends in the arrangements of his house and the supply of his table: even his occasional moments of utter loneliness are not at variance with his sense of the value of God's favour; nor those feelings which bordered on despondency inconsistent with a pure and holy zeal. A missionary, like the Hindoo man-god, may have *fire* in him to burn up somewhat of the sins and miseries of the world; but so long as he himself carries into the field "of substantial, laborious operation" the infirmities of a fallen nature, all his hopes may fail him, and leave him spiritless for a time "amid the iron labour."

One of the most pleasing traits in Mr. Lowrie's character was his disposition to allay the natural anxiety of those who loved him most, by interesting them in all that appertained to his mode of living and daily employments—

his tender thoughtfulness of them even when most fatigued by the labors of the day. And, in this connection, it is important, as well as gratifying, to recall his unabated concern for the advancement of religion at home; his deference to his Presbytery in giving them, of his own accord, an account of himself; his joy on receiving the intelligence of his brother's conversion and the liberal gift to the mission; his statements in relation to the missionary work; his advice to those who contemplated the work in China; his anxiety to welcome new labourers; his interest in the cause of Sabbath School instruction, which led him, notwithstanding the pressure of his engagements, to write a series of letters to children;* in the action of the General Assembly, as evinced by his appropriate reflections on receiving the Minutes;† and especially his aim to rectify all false or romantic views of the missionary's life and work; as appears from his masterly essay on Missions.‡ That cause must have been dear to him, which enabled him to control as affectionate a heart as ever beat in the human bosom. That mind could not have been limited in its range or narrow in its devotion, which enabled him to keep in practical view the vital connection between the prosperity of the Church in America and the Church in China; to do so much towards awakening in the bosoms of Christians at home a deeper interest in the cause of Missions, while bending all his energies to the advancement of the cause abroad; even while pressed down by a sense of the magnitude of his own work, to realize the responsibilities of Christians in America; and, while surveying with a tearful eye the wide-spread desolations around him, to feel for poor benighted Africa.

His powers of observation were no less remarkable than the largeness of his views, and the purity of his sentiments; his power in recalling past scenes, or in availing himself of any branch of knowledge, than his ability to apply himself with unremitting assiduity. That he could study so many hours a day, investigate different subjects, superintend the missionary press, do most of the writing for the mission, prepare a sermon every week,—at first in English, and afterwards in Chinese; and in the mean time turn off so many letters to different persons on a great variety of topics, and keep such copious journals, was owing, I apprehend, to his method in study, his equanimity in temperament, and ability to turn from one subject to another without distraction; to the quickness of his perceptions and the vividness of his reminiscences; to his facility alike in learning and in writing rather than to any extraordinary powers. He could not be idle. If not able to engage in some regular task, he penned a letter, or added to his journal; noted some fact or classified some flower. Every thing on which his eye fell awakened some pleasing association or suggested some useful thought. The varied aspects of the country, its products and its commerce, as well as the manners and customs of the people, all in turn and at suitable times, interested his attention and furnished him with valuable information for future use. He was not less fond of order than averse from interruptions. Wherever domesticated, each part of the day had its allotted task; and each thing in turn was to be done and well done; at times applying himself with injudicious severity, but seldom loitering or listless, now exercising with the buoyancy of youth, and then entering with equal relish into

* See Letters to Sunday School children.
† Memoir, p. 416.
‡ Memoir, p. 445.

the pleasures of the social circle, or even the sports of childhood; sometimes blending the advantage of conversation with healthful recreation, and then again availing himself of his knowledge of botany or his love of music to relieve the solitariness of his walk or the loneliness of his abode. His conceptions almost equalled the force of actual perceptions; his susceptibility to all the deeper emotions of the soul, and at the same time, his quick sense of the ludicrous, his playfulness, his aptness in seizing the strong points of a character or of a scene, and his facility in narration and description, all fitted him for a striking dramatic writer, or a charming writer of travels. And, on the other hand, his habits of laborious and untiring application, coupled with his general scholarship and great facility in the acquisition of language, fitted him in an especial manner for the task of commenting on the Scriptures,—of translating them into the Chinese, and even of framing a Dictionary of that tongue. But even his intellectual powers and acquirements sink in comparison with his holy faith and self-denying zeal. It is his missionary spirit,—his steady devotion to his object amid all trials and difficulties, that impresses us with sentiments of unaffected regard for his character; and it is in this light that we love to contemplate him. Though fond of the beauties of nature, and alive to the attractions of literature, he seems to have been only the more charmed by the richness and variety of the Scriptures. As the Iliad was to Alexander during his marches through the East, so was the Book of Books to Lowrie in his journeyings and labours to prepare the way for the final subjugation of the heathen to the King of Kings. It is refreshing to faith to contemplate such a spirit; never forgetting his spiritual birth-day, yet remembering his constant need of Divine guidance and succour, realizing that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps, yet exercising all due vigilance and forethought; lamenting his own deficiencies, yet hoping in the salvation of God; ever panting after the rest of Heaven, yet neglecting none of the duties of life. As he knew not what a day would bring forth, it was his practical maxim to "live by the day"—to go on as if he were to live to see the fruits of his toils, and yet to die daily. Uniting diligence in action with dependance in feeling, prayerfulness of spirit with rectitude of life; grave without austerity, and cheerful without frivolity; resolute in purpose yet childlike in his sympathies; and though firm in his conclusions, modest in his utterance and humble in his walk,—he seems to have been pre-eminently fitted for influence in the Mission and usefulness in his field.

Having been appointed one of the delegates, he is on the eve of setting out for the Convention at Shanghai. That Convention would be composed of Medhurst, Boone, Bridgeman and Stronarch. He knew that he would be the youngest member, and on that account thought that he would have nothing to do but "to sit still and listen;" or if the services should be protracted, that he would continue his studies. He looked forward, however, with more than ordinary interest to the principal question which would probably occupy the time of the Convention, and that was, the proper Chinese term for the *Elohim* of the Old Testament, and the *Theos* of the New. He had written on the subject for the November and December numbers of the Chinese Repository, 1846; and, though it might seem presumption in him to differ from Dr. Medhurst, he was convinced that to continue the use of the Chinese *Shang-te* or the word *Te* for the true God, was only to confirm the Chinese in their idolatry. In his view, *Shin* wa-

the only word that conveyed the true idea of God; and had it not been for his intense anxiety to settle this all-important word, he would greatly have preferred remaining at Ningpo,—so attached had he become to his work there, and so desirous of prosecuting his studies. It is remarkable that in the very letter in which he unfolded these views, he should have alluded to the loss which some of the brethren of the Mission had sustained by having their books fall into the hands of pirates. The pirates had become exceedingly bold, and on this account "he knew not how he should get to Shanghai." But taking the route by Chapoo, which "he considered an open route," he arrived in safety at Shanghai, the first week in June, 1847, and was entertained by Bishop Boone. He had remained there for nearly two months, engaged with his associates in the great object for which they had convened, when he was sent for to return to Ningpo with reference to certain occurrences at that station. Accordingly, he left Shanghai, and thinking to expedite his return, engaged at Chapoo, on the 19th of August, a regular passenger-boat to carry him and his attendants to Ningpo. As the wind became unfavourable soon after the vessel set sail, "it was necessary to beat, and the boat sailed about twelve miles in a southeasterly direction, when suddenly a vessel was seen bearing down upon them very rapidly. The boatmen became alarmed, and would have turned back, had not Mr. L. endeavoured to allay their fears; and, as the vessel approached, he showed a small American flag which he had with him; but to no purpose. After a discharge of fire-arms, the pirates boarded the boat with swords and spears, and began to thrust and beat all who stood in the way. They then broke open every thing, and took such things as they wished,—even stripped the Chinesemen of their clothes; but Mr. L. they did not touch, and so collected was he that he gave them his key to prevent their breaking open his own trunk. But at last they stripped and beat his own servant, which so overcame him that he went upon deck and seated himself on the windlass to await the issue. It is not known by what motive the pirates were influenced in resolving on his destruction. It might have been from the impression that he was a man of influence, and would exert himself against them with the authorities; or, swayed, as such people usually are, by some ruthless superstition, they might have thought the sacrifice of a foreigner would propitiate their idol-god. This seems the more probable reason, as he was the only one on board on whom they sought to lay violent hands; but how shall I record the manner in which they executed their dark purpose? There is to my mind something painfully affecting in his condition. But a few years before he was kneeling on consecrated ground, surrounded by Christian fathers and brothers who laid their hands on his head, and by solemn prayer set him apart to the work of the Gospel ministry in pagan lands—now, pirates come about him, and with merciless hands seize and overpower him, and cast him into the raging sea. In his extremity, he naturally made for the vessel, but the threatening spears of his assailants caused him to breast the billows, and after a few brief struggles, he sank to rise no more until the sea shall give up its dead.

Thus ended the missionary career of Walter M. Lowrie—a man, who left behind him few equals,—no superior in the field; who, though young in years, was old in wisdom and ripe in experience; who had never made an enemy nor alienated a friend; by his judgment and fidelity had won the

esteem and confidence of all his compeers; by his assiduity had mastered the most difficult of all the written languages, and prepared himself to act with efficiency in the work of evangelizing the Chinese.

We have followed him in his short journey through life, marked his proficiency in study and growth in grace, noted the warmth of his heart and the strength of his purposes, seen him breaking away from the ties of home and country, going forth alone to the land of idols, devoting himself with an energy that could be shaken by no trials; attaining to a high degree of scholarship and a high position of influence and usefulness; taking his place in the convention for the translation of the Scriptures; and when our hopes of him were raised to the utmost, we have seen the waves of the China Sea close over him: but his character survives; his example lives; his memory shall not perish; though the noble monument erected for him by his missionary brethren at Ningpo should crumble into dust.

I remain, dear Sir,

With sentiments of the highest esteem,

Yours very truly,

R. W. DICKINSON.

JOHN HUMPHREY, D. D.*

1841—1854.

JOHN HUMPHREY was the third son, and fourth child, of the Rev. Heman Humphrey, D. D., and was born in Fairfield, Conn., March 17, 1816. When he was less than two years old, his father removed with his family to Pittsfield, having accepted the pastoral charge of the Congregational Church in that place; and, after remaining there nearly six years, he removed, in the autumn of 1823, to Amherst, in consequence of having been chosen to the Presidency of Amherst College. It was here that his son John had his classical education,—having the advantage of living under the paternal roof, not only while he was fitting for College, but during his whole college course. In his boyhood, he was distinguished especially for his genial disposition, and his superiority in athletic sports; and those who knew him then, and in subsequent life, recognised in the boy the germ of those fine traits which so adorned and elevated the character of the man. He entered Amherst College in 1832, and was graduated in 1835,—having sustained an excellent reputation for scholarship and general deportment.

The year following his graduation he spent as Principal of an Academy in Prattsburg, N. Y. Here he was eminently successful as a teacher, and the Trustees of the institution would gladly have retained him in their service; but, having resolved to devote himself to the ministry, he felt unwilling to delay any longer his immediate preparation for it. Accordingly, he left his school at the close of the year, and in the autumn of 1836, entered the Junior class of the Andover Theological Seminary. In the following summer, owing to Professor Stuart's ill health and consequent inability to

* MS. from his father.—Memoir by Rev. Dr. Budington.

teach, he prosecuted his studies at the Seminary on East Windsor Hill. In the autumn of that year (1837) he accepted a Tutorship in Amherst College, which brought him again to reside under his father's roof. Here he continued till sometime in 1839, in the latter part of which year we find him again pursuing his studies at Andover. He completed the prescribed course in the autumn of 1841, and immediately after accepted an invitation to supply for a season the Congregational Church in South Berwick, Me., then vacant by the recent lamented death of William Bradford Homer. Here he found himself in the midst of a highly intelligent community; and he seems to have been very happy for the time in his ministrations, though there were some reasons why he chose to remain there but a few months. After leaving South Berwick, he supplied a vacant pulpit for some time in Springfield, Mass.

In the spring of 1842, he made a journey to Kentucky, in fulfilment of a long cherished purpose, partly to visit his brother who was Pastor of a Church in Louisville, and partly to gratify his curiosity, and extend his acquaintance. He was absent on this tour for several months, and it seems to have accumulated for him a rich treasury of pleasant and enduring recollections. On his journey Westward, he visited Washington for the first time, where he had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, and other of the magnates, and of seeing and hearing much that interested him; though he seems to have been impressed with the idea that worldly greatness loses nothing by being contemplated at a distance.

In October, 1842, Mr. Humphrey preached, for the first time, in the pulpit of the Winthrop Church, Charlestown, Mass. This was a young but prosperous congregation, which had been gathered chiefly by the labours of their first Pastor, the Rev. Daniel Crosby,* whose declining health had now left them without a settled ministry. Mr. Humphrey's labours here proved highly acceptable, and the congregation proceeded almost immediately to make out for him a call. Though he hesitated not a little in respect to his duty, from an apprehension that, with his indifferent health and limited experience in the ministry, he should be inadequate to the labours and responsibilities of the place, he ultimately accepted the call, and was ordained Pastor of the Church sometime in the month of November. On the 2d of July, 1845, he was united in marriage to Lucy V., daughter of William Henderson, of Thomaston, Me.,—a union to which he traced ever after his dearest earthly joys. They had three children,—one of whom died before the father.

Mr. Humphrey's ministry at Charlestown continued between four and five years. During this period, he laboured with great fidelity and acceptance, but his failing health at length admonished him of the necessity of at least

* DANIEL CROSBY was born in Hampden, Me., October 8, 1799; was graduated at Yale College in 1823; finished his theological course at Andover in 1826; was ordained Pastor of the Congregational Church in Conway, January 31, 1827; resigned his charge July 24, 1833; was installed Pastor of the Winthrop Church, Charlestown, August 14, 1833; resigned his second charge in May, 1842, when he entered upon editorial duties at the Mission House in Boston, in behalf of the American Board. He continued to reside in Charlestown till his death, which occurred on the 28th of February, 1843, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He published a small work on the "Character of Christ," and several occasional Sermons. The Rev. Dr. David Greene, who preached his Funeral Sermon, which was published, represents him as having been distinguished for "common sense and practicalness," for "honestness of intention and directness of aim;" as having preached sermons "laboriously thought out and constructed for himself;" as being "remarkably methodical and efficient as a pastor;" and as being perfectly resigned to the will of God in the prospect of his departure.

abridging his labours. Accordingly, in the spring of 1847, he resigned his pastoral charge, and left Charlestown. After devoting some time to relaxation,—most of which he spent with his father, who had now returned to reside in Pittsfield,—his health seemed so much invigorated that he felt justified in attempting to resume his labours; and, accordingly, about the beginning of February, 1848, he accepted an invitation to preach to the Presbyterian Church in Binghamton, N. Y. The result was that they gave him a call, which he accepted; and in the early part of October following, he was installed as their Pastor. Here he remained till the spring of 1854; and, after struggling for a year and a half with poor health, he was obliged again to ask for a dismission, which took place in March of that year.

On leaving Binghamton, he accepted an appointment to a Professorship in Hamilton College, to which was attached the pastoral care of the students, and he fondly hoped that a few months' relaxation, in connection with a sea voyage, would enable him to enter upon duties every way so congenial with his tastes and habits. Accordingly, he sailed for Europe in April; but the effect was by no means what he and his friends had hoped for. After passing a few days in London, he went to Paris, where he became so ill that, for a short time, he was unable to travel; but he soon made his way back to Liverpool, and embarked on his homeward voyage. He reached Pittsfield in June, in a state that forbade the hope not only of his recovery, but of his life being continued beyond a brief period. He gradually declined during the summer and autumn, always sustained by the serene and joyful hope of a better life, until the 22d of December, when he gently laid aside the earthly tabernacle. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Samuel Harris, then Pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Pittsfield.

Though it was my privilege to be somewhat acquainted in Dr. Humphrey's family in my early life, and the early part of his ministry, it was two or three years before the birth of his son *John;* and I think I never met this son till after he had reached manhood, and entered the ministry. Indeed I never saw him but a few times, and then only when he was a casual visitor at my house; but he was not a man to be even slightly known and soon forgotten. Possibly some might say that he had no very strong points of character—perhaps not in the common acceptation of that phrase; certainly not in the sense of singularity or eccentricity; but he had what was far better—he had fine qualities of both mind and heart, which so admirably blended and harmonized, that though their combined influence was as silent and gentle as the dew, yet it was far reaching, irresistible, and in the highest degree benign. It was impossible to hear him converse, or preach,—I had almost said to look at him when he said nothing, without feeling one's self in contact with "a spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind." With a lively, gentle and genial spirit, and the most considerate regard for every one's feelings, he united a peculiarly delicate and yet vigorous mind, a large fund of general knowledge, fine powers of conversation—all that was necessary to render him a most agreeable companion. It was evident too that he had learned much in the School of Christ; and that while he thankfully enjoyed earthly blessings, his heart was chiefly upon his treasures above. I never heard him preach, though he preached for me once or twice with great acceptance; but no one can read his published Sermons without recognising in them the marks of an exceedingly

well-balanced and richly-stored mind, as well as of a spirit deeply imbued with a sense of eternal realities.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM J. BUDINGTON, D. D.

BROOKLYN, February 16, 185[illegible].

Rev. and dear Sir: My recollections of the Rev. John Humphrey date back substantially to the beginning of his ministry, although I had known him before. He had a short but beautiful, and I will add, successful, life; for, dying though he did in early manhood, and amid the promises of larger achievements, the fruits he matured were by no means inconsiderable.

As a preacher, he was both attractive and impressive,—his style blending, in happy proportions, strength with beauty, precision of diction and logical sequence of thought with the graces of a flowing rhetoric. His manner in the pulpit was grave, yet animated; unaffectedly simple, but indicative of a controlled enthusiasm, and often awakening a like emotion in the hearer. His delivery was rendered more effective by the beaming light and sweetness of his countenance. It was a face expressive of high and clear intelligence, and always radiant with kindly and cheerful feeling; but when his mind glowed with the sacred theme of the pulpit, his face became luminous as with the light of the spirit within.

His religious character appears to have been a silent and steady growth from infancy up; and it is the more instructive and encouraging to the Church of God, that a character beginning thus in the household baptism of a Christian minister, should have ripened into such beautiful proportionateness, and borne the choicest fruits of Christian discipleship. Mr. Humphrey never could tell the time of his conversion, or if he fixed upon some deeper experience in his ripening youth, it became evident, in the light of earlier and after days, that such experience was the conscious development of a previous growth, rather than the original implantation of Christian principle. His experience is a proof, and his character a bright illustration, of the fact that a Christian home, as it is the first appointment of the God of nature, so it is the most efficient institution of the God of grace, to train up his children for his Kingdom. A father's lessons proved the ministry of grace to his son; and a mother's knee was the first altar at which he bent.

His death was thoroughly natural,—in simple keeping with his character and life. Loving life, and even longing for it, he frankly said that if it were left to his choice, he should chose to live longer, but his supreme choice was to have God's will done, and with cheerful hope he awaited the last, having full confidence that all God's orderings concerning him would prove infinitely wise and good. The submission, as intelligent as it was unrepining, with which he bore the sufferings that carried him to the grave, was all the more beautiful, because it co-existed with a desire to live, and with an interest unabated in his plans of usefulness. It was obvious that he felt the joy as well as the necessity of submission; there came out from his meek and chastened spirit a radiance as rich and beautiful as streams from the sunset skies of October. It is really surprising, how, over a nature, by original constitution and long culture, so mild and loving, such a change should have passed through the ripening process that herald the approach of death, heightening all that was beautiful in the nature, and teaching us that the least in God's upper Kingdom of glory is greater than the greatest among the children of earth. Humility, ever a prominent grace with him, was constantly deepening itself in the heart, and the desire rising uppermost to lay all at his Master's feet. He had no raptures in dying, but a peaceful confidence of entering Heaven. It was the departure of the beloved disciple; love settling down into the consciousness of eternal peace. He was

likened, and by no forced comparison, to the Apostle John—it was applied to him frequently during his life; but in his last sickness, the resemblance came out so strongly as to force itself upon every heart. Whether his mind was running upon the words of the Apostle John, or, as seems most likely, tides of the same warm affection, which made John the beloved disciple, were rising in his soul, he fell into the same modes of address, calling those about him "children," and speaking to them with inexpressible tenderness. No one who gazed upon him when the long anticipated change transpired, will ever forget "the expression of blissful wonder that came into his eyes," as the fading forms of earth were supplanted by visions that made death no longer a sacrifice, but an adoption and coronation among the sons of God.

I regret, my dear Sir, that I am unable to convey, in a brief letter, any juster conception of my friend's beautiful character,—beautiful in the original endowments and adjustments of nature, and more beautiful in the training of grace, which so early fitted him for the companionship of the skies. But if this unworthy tribute to his memory shall subserve any of your purposes, it is quite at your disposal.

Very respectfully yours,
WILLIAM J. BUDINGTON.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL HARRIS.

PROFESSOR IN THE BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

BANGOR, Me., January 8, 1857.

Dear Sir: I am very willing to comply with your request to write to you respecting Mr. Humphrey, for I always love to think and speak of his beautiful character. Our acquaintance commenced at Andover. After our separation there, I seldom met him till the later years of his life; but I remember him, in both our earlier and our later intercourse as remarkable for amenity of manners, gentleness and affectionateness, sweetness of temper, refinement and delicacy of feeling, scholarly culture, and a beautiful harmony of mental development and moral character. He was a man that drew every body's love. He occasionally preached in my pulpit. His sermons always left the impression of great completeness and finish: there was nothing which one wished to alter, erase, or add; and they were always purifying and elevating in their gentle influence, and breathing with spiritual life.

The latter months of his long illness were spent at his father's house in my parish. The nature of his disease made him incapable of much conversation or mental effort. He sat much of the time leaning his head on a pillow on the back of a chair before him; and in this posture, which made his sufferings more tolerable, he wore away the painful hours, always with a hopeful serenity, and a patient and loving submissiveness, which revealed in new lustre the beauty of his character. Two or three days before his death, in reply to a remark respecting Christ, he said to me with emphasis,—"I do trust him." I said,—"you have preached Christ;" he replied,—"Yes, would that I had preached him more, more;" he added,—"the doctrines which I have preached give me comfort and strength; I wish I had preached them more faithfully." He afterwards said thoughtfully,—"I have no raptures; I have peace; I trust I shall enter Heaven." And so this "beloved disciple"—for thus he was often called—passed away to his rest.

With much respect, sincerely yours,
SAMUEL HARRIS.

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